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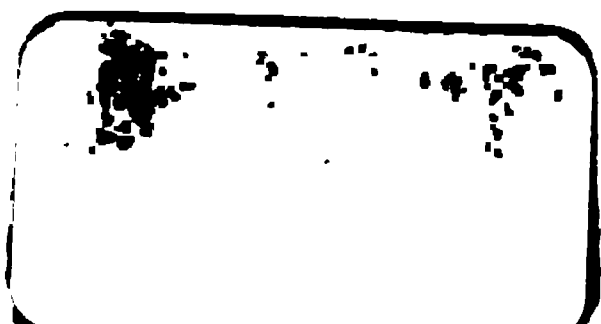
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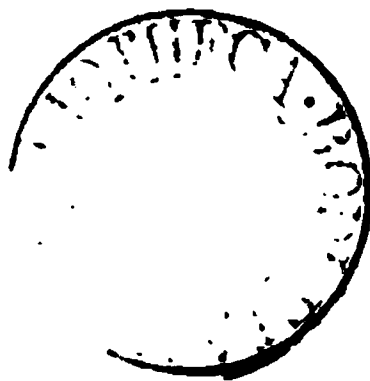
**T H E**

**BRITISH JOURNAL.**

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**JANUARY TO JUNE, 1853.**

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**VOL. III.**

**L O N D O N :**

**JOHN MORTIMER, PUBLISHER, 141, STRAND.**

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**MDCCCLIII.**



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THE  
BRITISH JOURNAL:

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LABOUR IN AUSTRALIA.

WHEN daily accounts are reaching us of the excitement caused—and naturally caused—in Australia by the constantly increasing discoveries of gold fields; each apparently yielding more abundantly than the last—when we are told that the flocks, on which her prosperity depends, are dying for lack of shepherds to attend them; and that the harvests are rotting on their golden stalks for want of husbandmen to gather them—it were indeed time, under any circumstances, to bestir ourselves, and, if possible, to spare some portion of the overflowing population of the mother-country in order that they might assist her colonizing children in their hour of need. But when we consider the treble advantage which would be derived from organised systems of emigration—the benefits which would be reaped by the colonies, the over-wrought mother-country, and the individuals carrying their energies to a new land; the only question which arises to our minds, is a wondering enquiry why some more effective measures than those already in operation have not been, and are not still being, systematically pursued? It cannot be sufficiently regretted that this question should ever be made a party movement, as has, but too often been the case. On a broad and general basis it appears to us that the only question to be asked, is the question of the poet:

“ Is there no beggar at your gate?  
Nor any poor in all your lands?

And until that question can be as satisfactorily answered as the constitution of human nature will permit, the inquiry—shall emigration to our colonies cease to be encouraged? must be considered as still an open one.

We have said as satisfactorily as the constitution of human nature will permit, because we are painfully aware that there exists that, in the first principles of which society is constituted, which precludes the possibility of *any* congregation of men being without its quota of spirits, who, from lack of industry, perseverance, and energy, defy every attempt to raise them from the lowest depths of poverty. Beings in whose natures the seeds of self-respect—even if sown—seem unable to germinate and take root.

But it is not with this unhappy, and, we earnestly trust, rapidly decreasing minority, that we have now to do. Our present task lies with those whom a sufficient stimulus would excite to help themselves—with those who need no such stimulus, who ask but the most moderate extension of the helping hand—and above all with those whose youth, rendered even yet less manful by their education, unfits them for dependence on their own energies. It is not our intention, even to attempt to grasp this question in all its world-wide bearings. Bearings, which may task the comprehension of the most clear-headed of statesmen. Still less is it our intention to enter on the large questions of political economy. We trust that, ere long, parliament will be called upon to examine whether some portion of the five millions with which Britain

is annually charged for the support of paupers—many of them able-bodied men, to whom the very relief is a degradation—might not be more economically, and far more satisfactorily applied to the transplanting certain of them to a new and budding land. A question which we know no man more capable of bringing before the House, in all its mighty bearings, than the Hon. Sidney Herbert, the member for South Wiltshire. For the simple reason that no man is so fitted, efficiently to carry out a public measure, as that man who, in a private and individual capacity has forwarded on a smaller scale that which he afterwards would lead the nation to effect on a public and national basis. Such a man, without exertion, commands attention by his smallest word, and his slightest argument bears with it a preponderant weight ; and to such men we commend the subject. But we have yet a correlative suggestion to make. Two portions of the world, in which our interests are nearly balanced, are in very different social stages. In Australia the immense demand for labour has caused the migration from Adelaide to other parts of the settled districts of five thousand men, out of a population of sixty-seven thousand ; yet this is but a handful, as it were. In New South Wales the flock-masters are suffering, not for want of capital, not from failures in their stock, not from those adverse seasons, upon which all engaged in agricultural pursuits are so eminently dependent. But from the actual want of men to execute their work for wages. This want, and this want alone, is draining them of their capital ; is exposing their flocks to the ravages of the dingoes and to the various consequences of neglect and want of superintendence ; and is leaving their crops, which a benign and favourable season has brought to perfection, to fall again, untended, to the earth from whence they sprung. Their shepherds, untempted by the highest remuneration which they have it in their power to offer, leave “ wool-gathering,” and speed to the “ diggings.” They have imported Chinese labourers, and these faithful, though touchy and easily offended men, are at present perhaps more steady at their posts than their former servants, yet this measure can only arrest the progress of affairs, as the pebble arrests the torrent. At Melbourne, while the crops which must feed the gold diggers are rotting, the most inexperienced, the most unskilled labour is commanding wages of an ounce of gold—valued in the colony at three pounds sterling—per week, in addition to food and lodging, and yet the demand is wholly unresponded to—the craving for labourers is unsatisfied. Such is the Australian side of the picture. To the British side of the same picture we have already alluded, as a topic demanding the investigation of the highest powers ; but we must now return to the suggestion of which we spoke. In every Union in the land, each parish of Great Britain has its number—greater or less—of children ; young boys brought up from early infancy, at the expense of the ratepayers, and reared within the four walls of those Union Houses. In very many instances, we doubt not these boys are educated in perhaps the best mode which is possible in the existing state of the laws. That is, they are, in very many instances, taught to read, write, and keep accounts, correctly and readily. They are *perhaps* carefully instructed in their religious and moral duties. Some few individuals more worthy of the boon, are initiated into the mysteries of certain handicrafts. The remainder are taught to knit ; and far better is it that a young boy should be employed in knitting, than that he should be left wholly unemployed, to seek in mischief that occupa-



tion which all children instinctively demand ; yet knitting is not exactly the employ for manly energies ; neither is it an occupation calculated to develop manly resources. These boys, we repeat, are trained up to a certain age, without one single care bestowed upon the training of their muscles ; upon the education of their physical strength. And yet it is to the exertion of that strength that a very large proportion must look for support through life. In carving the partridge or the woodcock, we practically admit the principle that *use develops and solidifies muscular strength*. The first named bird passes most of its time on the ground, actively running about for the greater portion of the day, and thus acquires great firmness in the muscular fibre of the legs ; the last spends its time mostly on the wing, which gives a similar texture to the muscles of its wing, and consequently of its breast [the muscles of the two parts being intimately united and dependent on each other.] We seize on the fact, and embody it in the old philosophic rhyme ;

“ If the partridge had but the wood-cock’s thigh,  
 ’T would be the best bird that ever did fly ;  
 If the woodcock had but the partridge’s breast,  
 ’T would be the best bird that ever was drest ! ”

But we neglect—culpably neglect—to draw a human inference from our gastronomic discoveries, and raise our eyes in wonder at the universal objection of masters to receive into their employ these poor untrained lads, who faint beneath the noonday sun, or bend like saplings under a trifling load. Of course we do not here allude to the moral strength of self-dependence, though even that may be advanced by a different course of physical training. Again, there are masters whose occupations do not demand the unbending firmness of muscular fibre of which we speak ; yet they are met by a want, a deficiency, in the everyday teaching of these boys, which makes them at once burdensome to themselves and those around them. The cottage children are helpful from their very cradles—aye, even the most neglected amongst them—they see the daily struggles to meet the daily necessities ; they see—and there are few children who do not quickly become adepts in such arts—the many little arrangements and contrivances by which the daily supplies are husbanded, are eked out by good management, and, greater or less, skill. And in learning how to make the most of that which has been purchased for a shilling, they learn almost how to double that shilling ; and, better yet, they learn, should that shilling fail, what next best substitute they may turn to, in order, not only to earn sixpence in other ways ; but how, when it is earned, they can effect some thrift by which to make it the best *possible* substitute for the shilling of which they are, alas ! deprived.

Such knowledge, such expedients, cannot obviate the woes of poverty ; but, so long as that poverty has not become absolute, they tend *materially* to lighten its too heavy burdens ; and, therefore, the knowledge of such expedients is a thing ardently to be desired by every lover of his fellow-men. Such knowledge, however, the children brought up in the Unions do not, and cannot possess. Their daily food is furnished forth ready cooked, regularly measured out in stated and unvarying portions. And these things *must be so, lest greater evils betide*. Yet they are evils notwithstanding ; and as such, should be softened where practicable, although we have it not in our power to obviate them.

Industrial schools, on the self-supporting principle are daily estab-

lishing a deeper hold amongst the many improvements of the day. Schools on a partially self-supporting system are becoming yet more numerous, and it does not appear to us that the obstacles are insurmountable which should prevent the juvenile departments of our Unions from being prepared for the world, through which they are to battle with no other friend than their own energies, on some such principle; which of course would become more developed as the system worked longer and more enduringly. Some such scheme might send them forth into the world far different beings from the spiritless, too often abject, and self-distrusting creatures they now appear. And such a scheme might move hand in hand with yet another and a nobler means of launching them on life. Why may not these boys be sent under proper and efficient guardianship to the Australian settlements? As time speeds on, the course of preparation which they should undergo for the change, which would ultimately convert them from paupers into thriving and prosperous labourers in a new and too thinly populated country, may be improved and increased. At present, the very voyage, under proper regulations, would land them on Australian shores as very different beings from what they were when they left the walls of their overgrown nursery, and came wondering forth to the world, with spirits, half of men, and half of babies, mingling in their boyish frames. Doubtless, on the arrival of such a party of emigrants, the colonists might say "we want immediate labour, we would you had sent us fifty men for every hundred boys." They would most undeniably refuse to give them wages such as those to which we have alluded, (and which even as regards men, is but a temporary and a most unwholesome policy.) But no person could, for a single moment, have seriously contemplated such a thing. If these boys, for some time after their arrival received no other wages than their food, lodging, and clothing, the change would yet be a good and a hopeful one for them. And a time would assuredly come, when the colonists would say, "these boys at whom we scoffed have grown up, moulded to our very hands, they have arrived at manhood in the midst of habits and operations which are essentially different from parallel habits and operations in the northern hemisphere, and they are consequently our most valued and ready-witted workmen." While on the other hand these nurslings of the British Unions would look with heartfelt commiseration on such of their brethren as had been suffered to remain under the old system, and would gaze with quiet thankfulness on their own prosperous state of comfort; on their happy and self-depending homes, on their thriving little ones, and on the sunny future which they could look forward and descry for them.

Some of our readers may object to this proposal, upon the plea of the non-existence of funds for the purpose; yet, were the expense to be wholly a national one, we should feel the objection to be short-sighted. But there is no reason why it should be so. We believe that the parochial rates would be ultimately lessened by such a measure, and therefore there can be no sufficient reason why these boys should not be, in part, sent out at the expense of their respective parishes, while the Australian Land-fund might devote a portion of its profits to the furthering of the scheme. And thus an outlay, which would be little felt at the time of its occurrence, would ultimately lighten the poor-rates of Great Britain, while it produced more solid good in another way.

The appointment of proper and efficient protectors for these boys of

course involves a very serious responsibility. Yet such responsibility only serves to show the absolute necessity which would exist for such appointments. Guardians should be chosen from among men whose standing in Society, *each in his own district*, should be such as may be reasonably supposed to guarantee his faithful discharge of the duties imposed upon him. And for the efficient performance of these duties, he should be answerable to the legally constituted authorities either of Australia or of Great Britain herself. Such men cannot be rashly chosen, yet they may be met with ; and, perhaps, all other circumstances according, they were best selected from amongst emigrating farmers, and other men possessed of *small capital* about to invest their fortunes in the colony. As such men are the most likely to have a care for the well being of those who are to become members of society in a country which is henceforward to be their own abode ; while there can exist no feeling of rivalry or competition between classes which—for some years, at any rate—are not likely to clash in the struggle onwards. Such a system has, we understand, been tried, on a small scale, in some of our unions ; but we would make it a regular, and national, proceeding. We would have it the rule, and not the exception. Because we believe, that in so doing we should indeed be furthering—as it is the duty of states, as well as of individuals to do—the “greatest happiness of the greatest number.” That we should be taking one step towards rescuing Australia from a ruin which seems to impend over her ; that we should be actively benefiting our own land ; and finally, that we should be laying a reasonable and lasting foundation for the prosperity and well-doing, not only of a numerous class of individuals, whose wrongs were inflicted in the helpless years of childhood, but also of their descendants, even to many generations yet unborn.

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF PETER PINDAR.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

“It is better to live happy on one guinea than miserable upon ten,” said Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar, when he gave up his practice as a physician in Cornwall, and made London his residence—a sentiment the wisdom of which rather belongs to the time when it was uttered, than to our day. The old churl with the forelock and hour-glass has destroyed all that could perish of many a noted character since he levelled a poet, satirist, and humorist, as novel, bold, and original as this country ever produced—one who declared it was sweet—

“To hear the shrinking great exclaim—‘That’s Peter,  
Who makes much immortality of metre ;  
Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,  
And cares no more for kings, than kings for him !’ ”

Kings were his shuttlecocks. The follies and foibles of men in high places were his game. With great opportunities, he penetrated deeply into character, observed the weaker points in human nature, and with a genius inclining to satire, indulged it to the full bent of his inclination. Nor let it be said he was not a discriminating writer. Time has confirmed his judgments. A proof of this is found in his decisions regarding the academical artists gone to their account. Those whom

he praised are more highly estimated now, judging by their works, while of those he censured, time has justified his criticisms.

But my present purpose is to give a few recollections of the man before he left Cornwall, for which I am indebted to others; and secondly, some that fell under my own observation during an intimacy with him in London of thirteen years' duration. Many statements regarding him are partial, others erroneous or unjust. His command of his native tongue, knowledge of human nature, shrewdness, and affected simplicity, were peculiar, and justify Leigh Hunt's remark, that with an original vein of humour, he had "such a mixture of simplicity, archness, and power of language, with an air of Irish helplessness running throughout, as is irresistibly amusing, and constitute him a class of himself—he is the Fontaine of lampooners."

He was born at Dodbrooke, near Kingsbridge, about 1738, from which town it is little more than nominally separated. The house which had belonged to his family for many generations, having been sold by the poet, has been pulled down and rebuilt. It stood on the left-hand side of the road at the south end of the town, and east side of the creek. The front was shaded by a fine spreading tree. Turner, just deceased, took a sketch of it in presence of the writer. Wolcot's relations seemed to have settled in Cornwall at Fowey and Penryn. An uncle at the former town received him early; he was educated under his superintendence. This uncle brought him up in his own profession of surgeon and apothecary, in which he made good progress. Wolcot had two sisters resident at Fowey, whom I well remember seeing. One was named Stephens, the relict of a medical gentleman; the other was a staid maiden lady, who much resembled her brother, having the same handsome features, and a complexion of as dark a hue. How he passed his time here is not clear, except that he wrote verses before he was of age, and inserted them in *Martyn's Magazine* for 1756. These were his first effort, and were entitled "Lines to Mr. Pitt on his recovery from a fit of the gout." At this time, too, he fell in love with Miss Coryton, to whom he addressed the song beginning, "How long shall hapless Colin mourn," set to music by Jackson of Exeter, the well-known composer. This song, with the music, was for forty years very popular in the west of England. What he did, or his whereabouts, until he went to Jamaica, in 1768, with Sir William Trelawny, a distant relative, does not appear, but as he was Physician to the Governor, and styled Physician-General to the Island, he must have walked the hospitals, and obtained a diploma during the interval.

Trelawny, the residence of the family of that name, is at no great distance from Fowey. I well remember, when speaking one day of the great Earl of Chatham to Wolcot, that he cited as a proof of Chatham's commanding manner in the House of Commons, that Sir William Trelawny told him he could never look Pitt in the face in the House, that "his eyes nailed him to the floor" when he attempted it.

A son of the celebrated Admiral Boscawen sailed with the Governor and Wolcot. He was a lieutenant in the navy, a very amiable young man, to whom the poet addressed some lines regarding an adventure they had on their way out at Santa Cruz. Long years before I had an idea of being personally intimate with Wolcot, who had quitted the country antecedent to my seeing the light of day, I heard that Mrs. Boscawen, who had survived the Admiral forty-four years, was to be

brought down to the family vault in St. Michael, Penkivil, to be interred. She resided at Richmond, in the house of Thompson, the poet, where she had carefully cherished every memorial of him. As the vault had been disused many years, and it contained the earliest branches of the Boscawen family, I had the curiosity to descend into it. One coffin was of enormous size, large enough for big Bright. Upon it was placed a pigmy coffin in comparison, of a very singular form to my youthful eyes. A small hole or crack had emitted so noisome a smell, that it was some time before the vault was cleared of it. "That coffin," said the sexton, "came from the West Indies thirty-two years ago, and contains the body of a son of Admiral Boscawen." Sitting with Wolcot at Somers Town, some years subsequently, and mentioning the incident, he sighed deeply, "Ah, that poor fellow went out with myself and Trelawny to Jamaica, and was drowned swimming in Port Royal harbour. His body was brought to England by Lady Trelawny and myself, when we returned after the Governor's death. They make the coffins there of that form."

Wolcot was promised the secretaryship of the island, in case of a vacancy occurring, for he was not fond of his profession. The secretary died, but the governor did not fulfil his promise, offering Wolcot a living of £800. per annum value in lieu of it. The doctor was dissatisfied, but all in vain. He was no hypocrite, and he could not at that time easily pass over many obligations that seem imperious on the consciences of those who undertake the office, but which few or none who do take it make much scruple about, declaring them matters of form. Yet it seemed his only trust for a future provision in life. He set out for England accordingly, and was ordained both deacon and priest by the Bishop of London. He then returned to Jamaica, and officiated for a short time in his parish church, it is said effectively, for he was an excellent reader and emphatic speaker. The appointment sat ill upon his mind, and he soon resigned it. He used to say, that while thus officiating in a black gown, twice too large for him, an earthquake shook the church, and his congregation all ran out as fast as possible. He could not clear himself of his gown, nor get on with it upon his back. In this dilemma, he grappled his clerk with both hands. The poor official shook with terror. Wolcot declared he would not let him go if he did not assist him out of the incumbrance. Poor "Amen" obeyed; "and by that time," said the doctor, "we had the race out all to ourselves."

The governor's sister, Miss Anne Trelawny died in Jamaica, as well as her brother. She was exceedingly credulous, and the doctor used to mystify her continually. Among other things he persuaded her that a cherub had been caught in the Blue Mountains and brought into the town. "Well and what did they do with it doctor?" "They put it in a cage with a parrot." "And what then doctor?" "Why before the morning the parrot had picked out both its eyes." "You don't say so doctor!"

This lady had many amiable qualities, and the doctor wrote an Elegy upon her death, inserted in the Annual Register for 1773, under the title of the "Nymph of Tauria." It formed part of a series called "Persian Love Elegies," never, I believe, published together. The idea was taken from the Oriental Eclogues of Collins; neither would suit the modern taste, but in that day they were much admired.



"How could you write such a beautiful Elegy upon Miss Anne Trelawny," said a captious old maid to Wolcot. "Madam, I could write such another upon you or a broomstick," was the poet's reply.

Coming back to England with Lady Trelawny they soon afterwards were on the point of making a matrimonial union; in fact, everything was arranged with a view to the marriage, when death stepped in and carried off the widow, much to the doctor's disappointment. He now commenced medical practice at Truro, where he had a house upon the Green. He bore the character of an able and benevolent physician, particularly in cases of fever. In these, to the great horror of the surrounding practitioners, he permitted his patients to take as much cold water as they liked. This was stark heresy in medicine at that time, but the doctor cared as little for the censures of his brethren as for their opinions. He provoked the apothecaries too, for he frequently analyzed the medicines they made up before he would suffer his patients to swallow them. This they considered an interference with vested interests, but they dreaded the doctor's satirical pen, and in most cases were content to pocket the affront. Of his severity upon one esculapian professor, I well remember hearing. He was a parsimonious, ignorant personage, a surgeon apothecary. The doctor, whose numerous satires on such subjects would form a curious collection, advised the man of drugs not to buy up the cast off gloves at the Truro assemblies to spread his plasters upon, and not to overbleed his patients as everybody was aware he kept pigs.

It was in the same town that attending a lady patient of advanced age, she complained of being hurt by the crumbs of bread getting among the clothes. It recalled, she said, the story of the "Pilgrims and the Peas" to her recollection. Wolcot made her relate it, and hence came his excellent version of the tale so well known to the world. I have already said he was not fond of his profession though successful. "Physic," he said to me one day, "is a very uncertain affair. I often picked people's pockets. I could not go away from a patient and not prescribe, so in such cases I prescribed what would neither do good nor harm. A physician can only watch nature, and when she is going right give her a shove behind."

Full of lively conversation, and delighted to expose presumption and folly at any risk, especially if they appeared with high pretensions; he was, on the other hand, exceedingly attached to genius wherever he found it, and kind in imparting instruction. Verse, music, and painting, were his luxuries, and he was a proficient in all three. At Truro he lived simply, his fare being plain and frugal. The same was the case to the last of his life. He would sometimes, when visiting patients in the country and being detained, go into the kitchen and cook his own beef-stake, in order to show a country cook how they did it in London, out of which, he would contend, no beef-stake was ever properly dressed. He was a welcome visitor everywhere among the country gentlemen. He had many good stories to tell, and told them well. The ladies too were fond of his society, and he was fond of theirs; but there were some exceptions in those who, would insist on his writing verses about them, a request he always deemed an annoyance. At Croftwest, the seat of Thomas Mitchell, Esq., he was one day assailed by a lady of this class for the tenth time. "Do write some verses about me doctor." Nettled a little at the interruption, it was just after dinner, he took out his



pencil and wrote on a letter cover the following lines. It must be observed that the lady had a brilliant complexion, but squinted intolerably, and that the doctor's complexion was mahogany colour.

"O sweet Nancy Spencer, those beautiful eyes  
Were made for the downfall of man,  
At the sight of their fire thy true lover fries,  
And whizzes like fish in a pan :  
O gemini father ! how nature would quake  
Were you gifted with every perfection,  
I tremble to think what a havoc you'd make  
Were you blest with my air and complexion !"

It was at Truro, after his return from Jamaica, that he found a school-boy attempting to render the beautiful latin lines "To sleep, &c." (*somne levis*) into English. He rendered them nearly off hand thus exquisitely—they have been before printed, but will bear repetition :—

"Come gentle sleep attend thy votary's prayer,  
And though death's image to my couch repair—  
How sweet, thus living, without life to lie,  
Thus, without dying, O how sweet to die !"

There was an individual at Truro, who by dint of good luck in mines and boroughmongering, arose from an obscure beginning to a seat in parliament. He was illiterate, and for some reason not known, became one of the doctor's butts. Wolcot composed a satire in the way of a Christmas carol, appended the town crier's name as the composer, and circulated it. This personage having invited a distinguished party to dinner, among whom were Lord B., Sir C. D., and similar "great volk" of the neighbourhood, the doctor heard of it, and determined to mortify the pride of their host, the complexion of whose mind he well understood. The M. P. entertainer had an aunt, whose position in life was little better than that of a washerwoman, and she was equally vulgar in mind. Wolcot wrote her an invitation to dine in her nephew's name, on the day and hour fixed to receive the great people. It turned out to be so well-timed, that as the noble guests were entering the dinner-room, the old lady appeared in all the finery she had of her own, or could borrow for the occasion, and a most grotesque figure she cut. The donor of the feast was in all the horrors that low minds feel upon such occasions, and the tale with numerous additions was soon bruited all over the town. The carol consisted of eighteen or twenty stanzas. Of these only three or four are yet extant I believe. Speaking of the hon. member it ran—it is the crier speaks—

"Folk say that his speeches are terrible stuff—  
False grammar, false English, and nonsense enough ;  
But if Richard tells truth, I shall ne'er believe that,  
As Tom Tub made them all for the pole of his hat.  
I have heard that he hath not the soul of a cat—  
In the country I grant it—but what of all that ?  
In the Parliament, look ye, he stands like a steeple,  
And roars like a bull for the good of the people.  
And then in the church we must surely declare,  
That nobody ever saw such a fine mayor :  
Even the bagmen did never a finer cast eye on,  
When he read like a bishop, and look'd like a lion !"

It was but natural that as the doctor lashed some of the individuals who held corporate offices in the boroughs of Truro and Helston, for he practised at both places, they should seek to be even with him, by

showing him little authoritative annoyances whenever it was in their power. At Truro they determined to saddle him with a parish apprentice. He resisted and appealed in vain. Finding his efforts abortive, he removed all his furniture to Helston, and left a note for the mayor and justices appended to the keyhole of his house,

"Gentlemen, your blunderbuss has missed fire."

"Your's, JOHN WOLCOT."

It was while resident at Truro, that the doctor took Opie out of the sawpit as he phrased it. He was visiting St. Agnes, a hamlet about seven miles west of that town, and was shewn some wretched attempts at drawing. One picture was designed to represent a farm-yard, the other a cat. The doctor told me that he did not observe a particle of genius in either, but he was informed that they were the unaided efforts of the carpenter's son, whose house he had just entered, and that the lad worked hard to do what he had performed, shewing a great desire to learn to "dra" as it was expressed. The boy was called out of the sawpit at the Doctor's request. "When," said Wolcot, "I was struck with his ardent desire to improve himself in the art, not by what he had executed. The boy seemed to give it his whole heart, and it was that which fixed me in doing what I could to aid him." The boy's parents discouraged him, and did not think he was good for much, Wolcot's instructions soon made his merit apparent. Nothing could be more kind and considerate than his treatment of this "rough diamond," as he used to call Opie. When he had made a sufficient progress from Wolcot's instructions, the latter gave him letters of introduction to the gentlemen of the county, and the artist set out on a tour of portrait-painting. The doctor, who loved art for its own sake, stipulated that Opie should be treated as a gentleman, and received as a parlour guest. "I want to polish him; he is an unlicked cub yet. I wish to make him respect himself. Therefore, wherever he has visited, he has been treated as a gentleman." In only one instance, that of a clergyman, was Opie otherwise received than as a parlour guest—this was wise and considerate of his patron. Although young Opie was unpolished, he had nothing of the grossness of vulgarity about him. His strong mind was at all times sufficient to direct him as to propriety of conduct. This is an answer to some biographies of the painter, which state what is not the fact. Opie first painted heads at five shillings, and then raised his price to ten and sixpence, while he was in the doctor's house at Truro. After his first travelling expedition through the county, he brought back twenty guineas, clear of all his expenses, in his eyes a wonderful sum. He first flung the money upon the doctor's table, looked at it a moment with a sort of rapture, then swept it off upon the carpet, and rolled himself over it, exclaiming "here I be rolling in gold."

Opie's first efforts without judgment or experience were remarkable for boldness and truth of colouring, but little else. In colouring, except Reynolds, he was soon superior to any artist of his time. His drawing was incorrect, and of the taste and tact he afterwards acquired, he exhibited nothing; still his colouring was magical. Such was the statement of Wolcot, and there was no better judge. The doctor himself seldom painted in oil, he preferred crayons, with which he worked very effectively. "No better representation of the earth can be made than with earth itself," was his excuse, when he would give a reason for this preference.

## HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY FRANK FAIRLEGH.

(Continued from vol. 1, page 261.)

### CHAPTER XII.

HARRY PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT.

THE moment Harry reseated himself at the dining-table, two of his old college friends placed themselves beside him, and plunging at once into recollections of auld-lang-syne completely monopolised him. He was roused at length from an interesting reminiscence of how gloriously drunk Jones of Maudlin had been at Tippleton's wine-party (when he *would* sing a pathetic ballad, beginning "There's a wail on the mountain," and was stopped by a roar of laughter chorusing the enquiry, "how the d——l it (the whale) got there?")—by hearing his own name eagerly pronounced—the speaker was Mr. Hazlehurst. "Excuse my interrupting your conversation for a few minutes, Mr. Coverdale, but we want your opinion. You've travelled and seen the working of different tariff regulations, and had opportunities of comparing the prosperity of other nations with that of our own, while at the same time you are a sufficiently large landed proprietor to give you a stake in the country, and to induce you to feel a strong interest in the general prospects of the agricultural population. I am sure you must agree with me in considering protection a most essential and salutary measure."

"If I might be allowed to make just one observation before Mr. Coverdale favours us with his views on this important question," insinuated Mr. Crane, in the mildest and most affectionate tone of voice imaginable, wine always reducing this excellent man to a state of weak and inappropriate philanthropy—"if I might observe, that with the highest respect for, and admiration of, the agricultural population of this great country, I feel it incompatible with my feelings as a Protestant Christian, and therefore so to speak, in a general way as a brother, and more particularly as a mill-owner, to forget the thousands of operatives who crowd our large cities, and when filled with cheap bread, add to the dignity and prosperity of the nation; but on the contrary, when deprived of this means of support, object to resign themselves to the dispensations of a benignant Providence, and fly in the face of society as chartists, levellers, red-republicans, and all that is dangerous and subversive of morality and security of property. If I may so far presume as to call Mr. Coverdale's attention, to the desirableness of providing food at a rate which will enable the manufacturing classes to exist without constantly working themselves up into a state of illegal desperation, I shall feel that I have, if I may be allowed the expression, unburthened my conscience"—thus saying, Mr. Crane, cast a timid and appealing look from Harry to his host, and sipped a glass of Burgundy with the air of a man apologising for some misdeed.

"It is not a subject upon which I have ever expended any vast amount of consideration," began Coverdale, wishing in his secret soul, that he

had the feeding of Mr. Crane for the ensuing six months, in which case that gentleman would probably have had an opportunity of practically testing the merits of *very* cheap bread indeed, and of nothing else, except perhaps cold spring water; "but the common sense of the matter appears to lie in a nut-shell—the two great divisions of the poorer classes, are the manufacturing poor and the agricultural poor—the manufacturers being the most numerous—to sacrifice one to the other is unfair, but to offer up the greater to the less is ridiculous—free trade has had a fair trial, and is proved to benefit the masses, though it lies heavily on the land-owners;—well then, relieve land of its burthens, and change the income tax into a permanent property tax to re-emburse the exchequer—that's the line I should take if I were Premier, which thank Heaven I'm not."

As Harry concluded, two or three men began to speak at once, but Mr. Hazlehurst, by a solemn wave of the hand, immediately silenced them. That excellent magistrate had drank more wine than was by any means good for him—his constitution was gouty, and he had not had a fit for some time; before such attacks he was usually as irritable as though his brain were a hedgehog, and society at large a wire-haired terrier attempting to unroll it—claret was the most unwholesome wine he could take, and on the evening in question, he had imbibed nearly a bottle thereof, but of all this *dessous des cartes*, Harry was innocently unconscious.

"I beg your pardon gentlemen," began Mr. Hazlehurst solemnly, "but the right of reply at present rests with myself. Moreover, if my ears did not deceive me, Mr. Coverdale has made an observation which I must call upon him either to explain or retract; but in the first place, let me express my surprise and regret, Sir," here he addressed himself pointedly to Harry, "that a young man in your position, a large landed proprietor, a lover of field sports, possessing a practical knowledge of land, and a personal acquaintance with the habits and customs of the agricultural poor, the bone and sinews of our country, should thus turn against and betray the interests of the class to which he belongs, and league himself with those who would, in their short-sightedness, sap the vitals of that free and independent character which has made us the great nation that we are. With regard to the observation to which I alluded, I believe, that having stigmatised the opinions I hold as a sacrifice of the greater to the less, you deliberately pronounced them ridiculous. Have I not repeated your words correctly?"

"I certainly said that to sacrifice the greater number to the less would be ridiculous," returned Harry, completely taken aback at this sudden and unexpected accusation, "but I only meant ———"

"You meant what you said, I presume?" interposed Mr. Hazlehurst, in the magisterial tone of voice in which he was accustomed to cross-examine and be down upon equivocating poachers.

"Of course I did," returned Harry, his eyes flashing as he observed a sarcastic smile upon the face of Horace D'Almayne—"I always mean what I say, but my remark related solely to general principles, and had not the smallest reference to you, personally, Sir."

"Which is equivalent to saying, that I do not understand the common meaning of words," returned Mr. Hazlehurst in the same irritating tone of voice. "Really Mr. Coverdale your explanations do not tend to do away with the unfavourable impression your observation forced upon me."

"It is equivalent to nothing of the kind Sir," rejoined Harry, losing his temper; "but if you choose to put a wrong construction upon everything I say, it is useless for me to discuss the matter further with a man so—a—so ———"

At this critical moment, Tom Hazlehurst who had been listening with a countenance of blank dismay to the altercation between his father and his friend, contrived either by accident or design to throw down and break a valuable china plate. This incident created a diversion by calling forth an outburst of parental wrath, under cover whereof, Harry regained sufficient self-control to enable him to suppress the word "wrong-headed," with which he had been on the point of concluding his sentence. At the same time Mr. Crane, having a mortal antipathy to anything like quarrelling, which, as he said, produced "an insalubrious agitation of his nervous system," or, in plain English, frightened him out of his wits, suggested that they should join the ladies—which proposal led to a general move. Five minutes reflection in an atmosphere less oppressive than that of the heated dining-room caused Harry to perceive that, in having allowed himself to be provoked by the obstinacy of a pig-headed and slightly tipsy old gentleman into even a momentary forgetfulness of the respect due to Mr. Hazlehurst's years and position, he had acted wrongly and foolishly. It moreover, occurred to him now that it was too late to be of the slightest use, that, by this unfortunate disagreement he had completely neutralised any influence he might have possessed with his host, and thus, in fact, frustrated the whole purpose of his visit, by which means Arthur would be vexed, and the possibility of Alice's marriage with Mr. Crane rather increased than otherwise. Just as he was about to exchange the cool air of the garden (whither, on leaving the dining-room, he had betaken himself) for the less agreeable temperature of a crowded drawing-room, he was patted on the shoulder by one of his college acquaintance.

"Ah, Knighton, what is it man?" observed Harry, wishing his dear friend at Jericho. "I took you for the stem of a tree, you stood so motionless."

"Why the fact is, my dear fellow," returned Knighton, a well-disposed goose who, when Harry first commenced his college career, had formed an enthusiastic attachment for him, in return for which he expected his friend to advise him how to act, and what to say, upon every occasion, trifling as well as important—a tax which even Harry's good-nature found somewhat oppressive, "the fact is, I consider it quite providential, if I may say so, finding you here to-night,—you know I always like to have your opinion before I make up my mind—there is nobody with such good sense as you, at least nobody that I've ever met with. My dear Coverdale, I'm going to take the most important step, that is if you see no reason against it, which I can scarcely feel a doubt of; but I'll tell you the whole affair, beginning properly at the beginning. When I was down in Hampshire three years ago ———" but we will not inflict Mr. Knighton's amiable prolixity on the reader, suffice it to say, that having linked his arm within that of Coverdale, he paraded his victim up and down a certain gravel walk for the space of at least three-quarters of an hour, while he poured into his ears as dull a tale of true love as ever ran smooth; true love of the very mildest quality which was certain to end simply and naturally in a stupid marriage, about the whole of which affair there could not by possibility

be two opinions. At length when Harry had agreed with everything and to everything at least twice over, and strongly advised his tormentor to act as he felt certain he would have done if his advice had been just the other way, (for this young man although he eagerly sought counsel, by no means considered himself bound to walk thereby), it suddenly occurred to Mr. Knighton that he was doing an unkind thing by his friend, and a rude one by his host in not sooner joining the ladies; according at (literally) the eleventh hour, he exercised thus much self-denial, viz., having nothing more to say, he said it. When Coverdale entered the drawing-room he cast round his eyes to discover what might have become of Alice and Mr. Crane, and failing to perceive them was about to find some excuse for making his way into the boudoir beyond, when Emily pounced upon him to entreat him to sing for the edification of some dear Mary Jane or other who was dying to hear him, and the very identical Mary Jane herself seconding the request in a mild, insinuating, bleating tone of voice, as of some bashful but persuasive sheep, there remained nothing for him but to consent, which he did with a very ill grace indeed. Having dashed through a tender and sentimental Italian love-ditty in a ferocious, not to say sanguinary style, he declared he was so hoarse that he could not sing another note, and again made an attempt to enter the boudoir, which he succeeded in reaching, just in time to see Alice quit the room with a heightened colour, and in a manner which betokened hurry and agitation, while Mr. Crane remained gazing after her with a countenance indicative of the deepest and most helpless bewilderment. From these symptoms, Harry rightly conjectured, that while he had been off duty the cotton-spinner had popped; but whether his offer had been accepted or rejected, he was utterly unable to divine. Mr. Crane looked stupid and puzzle-pated, but he was sure to do so in any case. For the rest of the evening, Coverdale was in a fearful state of mind; people stayed late, and it seemed to him as if every body had entered into a league to worry and torment him. First, the young lady who had sat next him at dinner got at him again, and flirted at him so violently, that (his thoughts running entirely on marrying and giving in marriage) he became possessed of a nervous dread lest she should be going to make him an offer—this idea gaining confirmation from its suddenly occurring to him that it was leap-year, he grew desperate, and pretending that Emily had made him promise to sing again, astonished that damsel, by crossing over to inform her that his hoarseness had entirely departed, and that he should have the greatest pleasure in favouring her friend with the song she had wished to hear, for which piece of inconsistency Emily bestowed upon him a glance so penetrating and satirical, that he longed to box her pretty pert little ears for it. When the song was over, Knighton emerged from behind a very broad old lady, somebody's mother-in-law, very far gone in Curaçoa, which she concealed beneath a pious zeal for clothing the natives of Bare-li-Aragon (an unknown island discovered by Juan de Chuzacruz in the sixteenth century, and forgotten ever since) in the cast-off garments of the Blue-coat School-boys. The moment Knighton got clear of this philanthropic Amazon, he pounced upon Coverdale, and carrying him off to a recess, then and there related to him an uninteresting episode in his amatory career, which was not of the slightest importance either to himself or to any body else, but which took nearly as long to communi-



cate as the original history. During this infliction, Harry's attention was occupied by observing the behaviour of Mr. Crane. Almost as soon as Alice quitted the boudoir, Kate Marsden had entered it, and begun a long and apparently interesting conversation with Mr. Crane, during which that gentleman, who at the commencement appeared rather low and desponding, gradually brightened up, and under the influence of his fair companion's society, grew quite lively and animated—in fact (if by any stretch of imagination the reader can connect two such antagonistic and unconjunctable ideas as Mr. Crane and flirtation) an uninitiated spectator beholding the pair, might legitimately have come to the conclusion that Kate Marsden and the cotton-spinner were very decidedly and unmistakeably flirting.

The longest evenings come to an end at last, and Coverdale having seen Knighton safely deposited in a dog-cart, with nobody to bore but a sleepy groom, was making his way to the spot where the bed-room candlesticks were usually to be discovered, when he suddenly encountered Mr. Hazlehurst—standing aside to let him pass, Harry, in his most polite and conciliatory manner, wished him good-night. The only reply vouchsafed was the slightest and stiffest possible nod of the head, and with a countenance as dark and louring as the most viciously disposed thunder-cloud, the offended autocrat passed on.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### “DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.”

When Coverdale reached his own room his first act was to lock the door, his next to fling open the window; he then untied his neckcloth, pulled off his coat and boots, and substituting for them a dressing-gown and slippers, cast a long lingering glance at his cigar-case. Shaking his head negatively, he muttered, “I daren't risk it, old Hazlehurst has a wonderful nose for tobacco, if it were but as good for partridges and pheasants he'd make an invaluable retriever”—he paused, sighed deeply, partly for want of a cigar—partly because, though he was not at all aware of it, one of the great realities of life was, for the first time, dawning upon him; then drawing a chair to the open window he seated himself and gave way to thought.

“I've made a pretty mess of it this evening and no mistake;” thus ran his ideas—“gone and offended the governor, and rendered him as savage as an old rhinoceros, so that the more I want him to do anything the less likely he'll be to do it. Then in my confounded good nature I've allowed that ass Knighton to detain me with his stupid prosing so that I lost sight of the cotton-spinner, and gave him a chance of making Alice an offer, a chance of which the old fellow had wit enough to avail himself, I'm almost certain. Arthur will be in such a rage! and enough to make him—the notion of sacrificing Alice to such an old anatomy as that—a yellow brute like a resuscitated mummy, without more than two ideas in his head, and such ideas, cash and cotton; he thinks of nothing else asleep or awake. I wonder what answer Alice gave him; but there isn't much doubt of that, the poor girl daren't disobey her father—besides women don't refuse £20,000 a-year. Well, I wish old Crane joy of his bargain. She'll soon get sick of him, and be miserable of course; then she'll take to flirting with every young fellow she meets, to get rid of her *ennuie*, choose out one

to establish a platonic friendship with perhaps—I've seen all that sort of thing in France and Italy often enough. D'Almayne very likely, he's just the sort of puppy to lead a woman on—she laughs at him now, but it may be different when she's only old Crane to contrast him with—by the way I'll give Arthur a hint on that score." He rose, paced up and down the room several times then continued—"I wonder what can be the matter with me. I feel most absurdly and unpleasantly miserable." He re-seated himself by the window, tossed back his hair, and sat silently watching the moon just then emerging from behind a bank of clouds. It was a time and scene to elevate and purify man's nature; and Harry was not insensible to the influence—he thought of his boyhood, and his mother's tender love; he recurred to the moonlight stroll in which he had confided these cherished memories to Alice, and the warm and ready sympathy with which she listened to the recital, then minute points in their subsequent intercourse came to his recollection—smiles, words, and glances, trifles in themselves, but when collected suggestive of a definite idea; and lastly, her look when she quitted the dining-room that evening flashed across him, and with a sudden start he pressed his hand to his forehead as he resumed—"Fool that am, I see it all now—now when it is too late. I might have won her love—it only required to tell her of my own feelings to change the affectionate interest she has conceived for me into a warmer sentiment; and now, perhaps piqued by my apparent indifference, she has accepted this man, and sealed her own unhappiness, and mine too, for that matter; but I deserve it. Why did I let this chance of a bright future escape me?—to fancy that the mere physical excitements of hunting and shooting (pastimes for a thoughtless boy) could content a being endowed with reason and feeling, though really I doubt whether I deserve such a title. I must have been blind, stultified, not to see all this before!" Burying his face in his hands, he remained for some time in deep and self-upbraiding thought—rousing himself at length by an effort, he continued—"Well! it's no good sitting here tormenting myself all night long—I'll go to bed, (though, of course, I shall not sleep a wink) and in the morning I'll walk over to the rail, meet Arthur—tell him how I've mismanaged everything he expected me to do, and find some excuse for leaving this place to-morrow. I should go mad if I were to stay here longer. Heigho! I wonder what will become of me—it will be no pleasure to look forward to the shooting season now. I don't believe I shall ever care to hit a bird or mount a horse again. I'll go to India and join the army as a volunteer, or start off to look for the north pole, or something. I shall hang myself if I stay at home and do nothing but think about Alice and that detestable old Crane." By the time his meditations had reached this point, Coverdale was unrobed; and jumping discontentedly into bed, had not laid his head on his pillow for five minutes, ere he was sound asleep, and dreaming of a battue, in which he tried to shoot Mr. Crane (who on that occasion only appeared the usual size of life, but ornithologically and picturesquely attired in the tail and plumage of a cock pheasant) and could by no means persuade his gun to go off.

The sun shining in through the open window awoke Harry when he fancied he might have been asleep about a quarter of an hour; on referring to his watch, however, he found it was half-past six, and as the train by which Arthur Hazlehurst was expected, would

arrive at twenty minutes past seven, and it was a good half hour's walk to the station, he rose and began dressing. As his thoughts recurred to the events of the previous evening, all his cares and anxieties came back upon him with redoubled force, and he felt more thoroughly out of sorts, and unhappy than he ever remembered to have done since he had come to man's estate. When the operation of shaving obliged him to look in the glass, he was surprised, and if the truth must be told, rather alarmed also, as he caught sight of the expression of his features—"What a hang-dog miserable brute, I look like," he muttered to himself, "it strikes me I drank more wine than is good for one, last night—that comes of old Hazlehurst bringing out Burgundy, after everybody had had enough—the old boy must have been frightfully screwed himself, or he would never have got so cantankerous with me about nothing—I hate a man who grows quarrelsome over his liquor—Heigho! I feel shockingly seedy, and down in the mouth—what the deuce am I to say to Arthur—how on earth am I to set things right again with the old man; I wonder whether he will be stupid enough to expect me to make an apology? I wouldn't mind doing it to an old codger like that, but 'pon my word I should not know what to say—I've nothing to apologize about that I can see. I hope Arthur won't be angry, or worse still, unhappy about Alice—poor dear Alice, if she comes down to breakfast looking miserable I shall never be able to stand it, I'd better not look at her at all, that will be the only plan—I'll be off before luncheon. When I get home, all by myself, and have nothing to do but sit and think, I shall have a pleasant life of it. Well, I certainly *have* gone and done it this time handsomely—rather.

Thus fretting and worrying himself he finished dressing, and making his way quietly down stairs, effected his exit unobserved; fancying he was late, he started at a brisk walk, and having crossed the open part of the park, reached a stile at the entrance of a grass-grown footpath overshadowed with trees. Before entering this, he looked at his watch, and found that instead of too late, he was too early by nearly half an hour; accordingly getting leisurely over the stile, he strolled onward in the direction of a rustic bench, which he remembered to have seen some short distance farther up the path, where if the truth must be told, he proposed to console himself with a cigar. As he came in sight of this bench, he perceived that it was occupied, and a second glance was scarcely needed to convince him that the occupant was Alice. For a moment he was perplexed as to what course to take, whether to join her, or to retrace his steps, and avoid a meeting which he felt under the circumstances must necessarily be most embarrassing. Perceiving that the young lady's head was turned in the opposite direction, and that she had therefore not yet seen him, he drew back a pace or two, so as to place the trunk of a towering elm between them—"What shall I do," thought Harry; "I have not an idea what to say to her that would be likely to be of any use; in fact, there's nothing to be said. She has accepted Old Crane, and now she's come here to meet Arthur, tell him what she's done, say she could not help it, and ask him to forgive her and make the best of it. I shall be *de trop* evidently, so the best thing I can do is to jog back again; and yet—and yet I should like to walk by her side, and look into her dear blue eyes once more,—heigho! I almost wish my dream would come true, only

reversed, and that I were the pheasant and Crane going to shoot me, though I should not be in much danger, for the old muff would be sure to miss me. Well, I suppose I'd better be off—is she there still?—yes, but what is she doing—crying?—why by Heaven she's crying, as if her heart would break. Oh, you know I can't stand this, so its no use thinking any more about it. Speak to her I must and will." And suiting the action to the word he was about to spring forward and join her, when it occurred to him, that it would only distress and annoy her if he were to obtrude his presence upon her, when, imagining herself alone, she was unrestrainedly giving way to her grief; so with that tact springing from innate delicacy of feeling, which prevented Coverdale's honest straight-forward character from ever becoming rough or overbearing, he waited till poor Alice had dried her tears, and with slow listless footsteps (sadly different from her usual bounding and elastic gait,) resumed her walk, in the direction of the railway station. As soon as she was fairly started, Harry emerged from his hiding-place, and followed her with vigorous strides. When he had approached within hearing distance, he endeavoured by various means, such as stamping with his feet, brushing against the underwood as he passed, and the like, to render her aware of his presence, but for some minutes without success. At length, however, a violent onslaught he made against a blackthorn bush (by which means he acquired a practical knowledge of the penetrating disposition of thorns) attracted her attention, and with a start sufficiently violent to show that her nervous system was unusually excited, she turned and beheld him. Reassured by finding that the alarming sounds had been caused by the approach of a friend rather than by that of a wild beast, or an ogre (plagues so common in the midland counties of "England in y<sup>e</sup> nineteenth century," that her imagination had naturally suggested them immediately), Alice waited till he came up, and received him with her customary bright smile, although her heightened colour, and an unusual degree of consciousness in her manner, proved that for some reason the meeting rather embarrassed her also.

"You walk by times, Miss Hazlehurst," began Harry, anxious to break the ice, but not knowing in the slightest degree how, when it should be broken, he was going to proceed. "You are really a pattern of early rising; but I have a notion we are both bound on the same errand, namely, to meet Arthur—am I wrong?"

"Quite right," was the reply; "I got up at a wonderfully early hour, considering that I was too much excited and tired by such an unaccustomed event as a dinner-party, to go to sleep for a long time."

"You look fagged and weary even now," returned Coverdale, regarding her anxiously, "and you will fatigue yourself still more by walking to the station and back; are you prudent to undertake so long an expedition before breakfast?"

"Oh yes," was the reply; "it will refresh me and do me good—besides I want particularly to see and talk to Arthur."

"I will accompany you as far as the station, if you will allow me," returned Harry, "and as soon as your brother arrives, leave you to talk with him in peace; the few words I have to say to him, will do equally well after breakfast."

Alice signified her consent, and the conversation continued for several minutes to turn on indifferent subjects, though the burthen of sustain-

ing it fell chiefly upon Alice, Harry's observations becoming shorter and less coherent at each reply. At length, however, Alice's stock of small-talk failed her, and Harry, in despair, was about to hazard some such original observation as that the trees were looking remarkably green, when his companion suddenly addressed him.

"I am afraid you will think that I am interfering very unnecessarily and impertinently, Mr. Coverdale, but I must trust to your kindness to make allowance for me."

"She is actually going to confess the cotton-spinner to me, and tell me I'm in the way, most likely. Cool hands women are, and no mistake," thought Coverdale; he only said, however, "Pray, go on."

"The fact is," resumed Alice, with a faltering voice, "my brother Tom informed me (you must not be angry with the poor boy, for he did it out of regard to you) that you—that is, that my father and you differed about some political question after dinner yesterday, and that my father was so carried away by the subject, as to become injudiciously warm, and, from Tom's account, personal, and that he annoyed you. Now, I am so very sorry this should have occurred, for he had formed such a high opinion of you, and Arthur was so much pleased to see how well you got on with him, a point on which, for some reason he had been unusually anxious." (Coverdale bit his lip, and cut off a thistle's head viciously with his cane.) "Now, if you could be so very kind as to overlook anything my father may have said, it would make me—I mean it would make Arthur, and—and—all of us so much happier."

"My dear Miss Hazlehurst," began Harry, vehemently, "how very kind of you to trouble yourself about me; I am most anxious to say or do anything to regain Mr. Hazlehurst's good opinion. I know I made him rather an impertinent answer, but really I was so unprepared for such an attack; and then, to make matters worse, that old idiot, Mr. Crane—that is," he continued, suddenly recollecting to whom he was speaking, and turning crimson as he did so, "I beg your pardon for speaking so disrespectfully of him to you; I really forgot whom I was addressing, I am certainly losing my senses." With a blush as bright, though not quite so deep coloured as that of Coverdale, Alice, turning away her head, replied—

"Mr. Crane's only claim on my respect is, that he is my father's friend; if I must tell the truth, I do not myself consider him very wise."

"His *only* claim did you say," exclaimed Harry, earnestly. "Oh, Miss Hazlehurst—Alice—pardon me if I ask you to deal openly with me; am I then wrong in supposing that you are engaged, or about to become so, to Mr. Crane?"

"Oh yes," was the hurried reply; "such a fate would render me most miserable."

Upon this hint Harry spake; the reality and strength of his feelings imparted an earnest dignity to his manner, and an unwonted eloquence to his speech, which would have deeply affected his fair auditor, even had her own heart not pleaded warmly in his favour. As it was, before they arrived in sight of the railroad station, Harry had come to the conclusion, that the communication he should have to make to his friend Arthur, would be very much more satisfactory, though perhaps little less embarrassing, than the one he had originally designed. It certainly was a considerable change in the tenor of his report to be



forced to explain, that instead of the most miserable being in the world, he considered himself by far the happiest, and that Alice—resolved not to marry the cotton-spinner—had given her heart, and promised her hand, to him.

And thus, short, sharp, and decisive, began and ended "HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP;" "what came of it," may be learned by any reader sufficiently persevering to peruse all that yet remains to be told of this veracious history.

(*To be continued.*)

## "OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS."

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

A DEFINITION is proverbially difficult—as Plato could testify—and yet people are fond of definitions, and love to exercise their defining wits upon all manner of subjects—themselves included. Thus we in England have dubbed ourselves—a bell-ringing nation—a speech-making nation—a toast-drinking nation—a roast-beef-eating nation—with half-a-dozen other epithets constituting our character as a nation, to all of which we take leave to add that we are an advertising nation—an advertisement inserting, an advertisement reading, and an advertisement believing nation. In this respect, indeed, we imagine that we are paralleled by but one other people, and that is kith and kin with ourselves, and no doubt, carried the germ of the quality across the Atlantic in the *May-flower*. But in the matter of advertisements, we think we still hold the lead of our transatlantic children. Far be it from us to under-rate American advertising genius. We admit its great qualities—its energy, its intrepidity, its freedom from convention, and its universal tendency to be brought into requisition in the case of little domestic differences, a characteristic which adds very greatly to its piquancy. Thus,—

"John P. Swollopper, Esquire, of Troy, U.S., will not pay a cent of Nancy Swollopper his wife's debts, she having left him because he gave a tarnation licking to Doctor Columbus Podge, who was not Nancy Swollopper's cousin."

Or,—

"This is to give notice to Hiram Blazes, Esquire, that if he is seen again getting over the Fence of Washington Lafayette Bunks, Esquire's, Garden, with intent to speak to Miss Honoria Washington Bunks, at her bed-room window, the said Hiram Blazes will be rode on a rail by the friends of the said Washington Lafayette Bunks, Esq., and other citizens of New Nineveh."

Such, we admit, are not the staple of "our advertising columns." But when we accord in this and in such respects as strong go-aheadiveness and great freshness of invention—a perfect grove of laurels to our Yankee friends, we must put them behind ourselves in the pursuit of advertisement inserting, manufacturing, and believing. We have carried the art to a delicacy of perfection not known in the more primeval States. Our puffs have an invention, a delicacy, an all-embracing capacity—a suitableness to every turn of human foible,

which, like Lady Sneerwell's scandal, is totally inimitable. Our mysterious announcements are so wonderfully mysterious—our appeals to our own credulity are so delightfully transparent—our gullibility is touched off with so masterly a hand, and in so brilliant a blaze of colouring—that really above all the columns which have been celebrated upon earth—above the columns of Memphis and the columns of the Parthenon, the columns of Alexander and the columns of Napoleon—we must place our own Advertising columns of England.

Observe how amiable is the picture they paint of our national kindness and our national and commercial philanthropy :—"A partner with £1000. of ready capital is wanted to start a concern which will bring in £5000. per annum," and it is added, but not quite so candidly, that "such an opportunity seldom offers." But after all this is mere modest national depreciation on the part of the advertiser. Why, his announcement is the eighth or ninth similar one in the column. J. B. has a patent worth £1000. a-year to "dispose of for £20." Kind J. B. A man that, who loves his fellow-creatures. R. S. will teach, for one guinea, a "light and remunerative business, much in request at the West-end, which will bring in from £3. to £5. weekly." Something enormously to his advantage will be communicated by O. P. to the individual who will send twelve postage stamps, pre-paid, to O. P.'s address. And if any body in want of a quickly-made fortune will only apply at the agency office of P. and Q., the thing will be done—on the receipt of the premium, the amount of which, with other particulars, will be stated on—pre-paid—application. It is curious to observe how much more probity, energy, and industry abound, than hard cash. You continually find probity, energy, and industry advertising for cash, but you never come across cash searching all but hopelessly up and down the column for probity, energy, and industry. The things are evidently to be picked up. They are not worth an advertisement. Cash has only to close his fingers on them, and they are his own. Inventors of novelties are always, somehow, just as uncommonly poor as the triad in question. A mechanic has discovered the means of dispensing with gas, and lighting London for the cost of £20. a-year, but being in bad health, and wishing to retire, he offers to sell the right to the discovery, for one year's income, to the first "enterprising individual with capital" who offers. Another ingenious gentleman is prevented from practically maturing a plan to abolish steam, and substitute a far more efficient method of locomotion, by the paltry want of £12. 17s. 6½d., and a brother inventor has had his models for new patent balloons to go best against the wind, seized for rent by a flinty-hearted landlord, so that the empire of the air is denied to us for only £2. 10s. arrears, and seven and sixpence to the broker's man. All these unhappy geniuses appeal against fate by advertisement. They fling their cases before "enterprising individuals with capital." Sometimes they are content with people of the kind possessing a "little capital." They will furnish all the moral and scientific qualities—they will invent, construct, achieve whatever the "enterprising individuals" choose, always provided that the "enterprising individuals" find the capital.

But if money seems scarce so does health. Not that there is any want of specifics for it. Life-pills and saving ointments—the pills which were prepared by Methuselah and improved by old Parr—are

according to the advertising columns, heartily at our disposal; and were we to make ourselves greasy with Professor Holloway's ointment, we should, we suppose, walk the world immortal. For look at the cures which these and countless similar applications have wrought upon afflicted humanity. Consider the bad legs of forty years standing which at this moment are capering up and down Britain elastic as the limbs of the roe or the coryphée. Think of the coughs which, after they have been sounding one perpetual knell for a quarter of a century, have been hushed in a moment by the magic of a bit of plaster into eternal silence. And ponder deeply the multitude of asthmatics who, after having been obliged to sleep upright since they were boys and girls, are now longer in the wind than pearl divers. Surely, it would be ungracious to dispute the accounts so copiously published. Here you have them duly signed by the patients themselves, dated from their places of abode, and attested by the ministering shopkeeper. Any man who could hesitate over such touching certificates of woe must be indeed a hardened sceptic. The other day we came upon the gratifying announcement of the cure of three ladies in Cornwall—"one at Bude, one at Heale Burdock, and the other at Bura Farm," by a medicinal pale ale—followed by the finely logical announcement that "the lady at Bude has suffered from bronchitis, but that the others can be referred to,"—the first-mentioned authority not being prepared as it would appear to throw any Bude light upon the subject. The patients' letters, however, are very generally cast in much the same mould, as for example:—

"Scrogford by Puddleton

"SIR This comes to say that for three and thirty year come Christmas I have not had a wink of sleep nor a moments ease by the rheumatics which they were most severe in my head back and also my limbs with slow fevers and tumours all over which were seen by many medicle gentlemen but without relief as likewise by the County Hospital from which I was discharged incurable by all the faculty when hearing of your blessed pills which a blessing they were to me I commenced taking 25 of No I every morning and 32 of No III every night since which I am greatly relieved in the tumours and limbs and can walk and sleep as well as ever being now perfectly cured and

"Remain with thanks

"MARTHA JONES

"PS Please send 17 boxes of largest seize No ones and 12 of largest size No fours"

We are generally struck with these P.S.'s, however, as ominous. The patient is cured, but he wants more physic. Perhaps, however, the drug is so nice in itself, or the swallower has acquired so strong a taste for drugs that he or she is unable to give them up. They may grow on one, like snuff, or drams, and the patients may have got into the habit—like snuffers, or spirit-drinkers—not indeed of indulging in a "friendly pinch," or quaffing together a "social glass," but of treating each other to a "friendly powder," or emptying jointly a "social Pill Box."

For people, however, of other tastes, the philanthropic medical advertisers have, as might be expected, other specifics. Just after the announcements of a Pill and Potion gentleman, comes a triumphant heading of "No more Physic." Some wonderful bread is to do the



trick, or some peculiar "vegetable food," which is indeed dear; but, then, consider its virtues, and how it comes from Arabia, although spiteful people do say it is gathered in snug little gardens all round London. If you dislike being dieted however, you can be set upon your legs in another fashion. There is a mystic mode of cure as certain as "that water quenches thirst." One gentleman patches you up a shattered constitution by mesmerism, and his neighbour is perfectly ready to make you young again by galvanism. It is really odd that, with all these Esculapii about, anybody should die at all. For the slighted faculty we have not a word to say. Every advertising patient has first been treated by the faculty but only got worse and worse. No, no—the Pills, the Plasters, and the Ointments, are the things—the Pills which cured the ladies who have had bad legs of fearful standing—the Plasters which have patched up gentlemen who fell down coal-pits, or got run over by express trains—and the Ointments which sent bed-ridden old men and women hopping and capering from their blankets.

But you have Health and you want Beauty. Plenty of that ladies and gentlemen. Just run your eyes over "our Advertising Columns." Who wants skin as white as lilies or cream—or anything more brilliant still—and as soft as—no, the softness and the gloss are incomparable. Soaps of wonderful names and strange foreign extraction; Creams from far away lands; Pastes of dreadfully profound chemical composition; Balms and Greases, and Waters and Spirits—all await you. Buy a three and sixpenny pot, ladies, and you have in your toilet drawer the Fountain of Beauty. Standing a Blouseabella before the mirror, a touch of the magic paste or cream, or balm, and you turn round to greet your astonished maid a Venus from the bath. The advertisements tell you so and more. The profound *savants* in barbers shops, who labour amid the arcana of nature, preparing potfuls of cutaneous juvenility, and neat seven and sixpenny vials of delicate complexion, assure you every day, and in every one of "our Advertising Columns," that such are the results of their labours. And do we doubt? Not so. We are too deeply impressed with the truth of the old proverb, that all which appears in print must be true—particularly the Advertisements.

Fine hair is one of those boons, which our friends of the Columns are most liberal in bestowing. Here we also meet with patients who write for Balm and Kadydor just as the others did for Pills and Ointments; and strange to say, the lady or gentleman stating his or her hirsute experiences, has always tried, but without success, the whole range of specifics mentioned above and below, until he or she pitched upon the restorative of the advertiser. Sometimes the hair had been becoming thin; sometimes the patient had been becoming hairless. In every case, "three applications of your astonishing Necromantic Dew of Babylon (as used by the ancient Syrian kings) fully restored it, and now my hair is the admiration of all my acquaintances."

Our friends, the advertisers in this department, are generally sententious, and fond of apothegms. For example, that "a fine head of hair is one of the greatest ornaments of the human frame," is an assertion continually recurring: and every week, if not every day, comes forth a solemn warning, that "at this season of the year," we ought to be more than usually careful in the matter of our *chevelure*. The importance of length is duly insisted upon as regards the ladies, and the sex is called

upon to remember that the hair of the Indians is long, because they first used bear's grease, although profane and unreasonable people might frivolously maintain that the hair of the Indians is long, because the Indians don't cut it. The discoveries, botanic and metallic, at home and abroad, for the preservation and improvement of the hair, are indeed deeply gratifying, and show the progress of science. "No more grey hairs" shouts one enthusiastic dye preparer. Another exhibits an interesting portrait of a young lady with flowing locks—black as the raven's wing on one side—red as the best boiled carrots of the season on the other. After this, do we not appreciate our advance, since the days when

"Rufa with her combs of lead  
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red."

Who would wear his or her flowing locks the colour of the rising sun, or have the grey telling ugly stories, and revealing unpleasant dates, among the black, in the face of liquid dyes—some Chinese, others Arabian—all "instantaneous," all "infallible," all "imperishable," and all warranted to convert the hair by three strokes of the immersed comb into tresses, glossy as those which braid the brows of poetic heroines, and black—black, according to the American simile, as a blind nigger trying for a black cat in a pitch dark cellar. Do not out of respect for our ingenious friends of the Columns give in to the theory that your locks anointed with the "instantaneous" and "imperishable," present a fine deep purple appearance, variegated when the light falls on them at certain angles by stripes and patches of a rich green, and reject the heresy, that unless the dye be most skilfully applied, the gentlemen sitting on either side of you at dinner, may depart with two distinct and opposite ideas of the colour of what the Germans would call your "head thatch." On the contrary, be bold. Dare to dye—you cannot as an Englishman, refuse to believe in anything in print.

Need we refer you to other Advertising Beautifiers. We can send you to the philanthropist, who provides gentlemen with "a small white hand"—No. 6 gloves warranted to go on, where formerly  $8\frac{3}{4}$ ths were impracticable, or to the benevolent Dentist, who gracefully places in your mouth a set of Teeth—of newly invented composition, and warranted to masticate and articulate better than the old ones. If you be anxious for hirsute predominance, are there not—not only whiskers, but actually real moustaches, at once glossy and bushy, to be had for eighteen pence the bottle, or cheaper still, for twelve Queen's heads. We observe by the way, that ladies do a good deal of business in this style. Young gents about town, with souls above the little wisp of hair and gum with which an ordinary shaver would supply them, are strongly recommended to enclose their eighteen pences, or their half-crowns, to Miss Sofsoap or Madame Whiskerini, in return for which they will receive a phial or a pill box, the contents of which will set them up in a species of fluff, or, perhaps, if they are lucky, four or six bristles on the upper lip, making their owners appear at once martial and fascinating.

Is there any thing then, any element of beauty or symmetry which our friends, the Advertisers fail to furnish you with. You can have from them top coats, with Roman names, and shirts with Greek ones. Your hat may be furnished with a profound pneumatic apparatus for

the cooling of your head, and your boots may be of some mystic species of leather with a classic name which would astonish a mere vulgar cobbler of the old school. You may be dyed—false toothed, pommaded into beauty, and bear's greased into hairy luxuriance. You may in case of illness, even amongst all these blessings, be cured by one box of pills, and made all but immortal by another. You may turn any one of your twenty pound notes into thousand pound fimsies by the help of persons in lucrative lines of business, who want a little capital to start with. You may attain the reputation of the greatest discoverer of the age, by purchasing inventions of philanthropic but reduced geniuses. You may attain the reputation of the greatest author of the age by a small tip to the gentleman who writes standard works on any subject for five pounds a volume and his keep. What you will hear to your advantage when you enclose five shillings to O. P. Q. is inscrutable; while finally, if in order to keep a due check upon your mental qualities, and to become aware of your actual, moral, and intellectual condition, you enclose to X. Y. Z., a specimen of your pot hooks and hangers—you will forthwith receive, in answer to your application and your Queen's heads, an analysis of your character of the most curiously flattering description.

And all this through "our Advertising Columns." We would never know what a people we really are, were it not for these immortal structures—always being built—always being pulled to pieces—new every morning—changed every morning—every man almost in his turn contributing his brick or his stone, a humble chip or a flourishing capital—now wanting to buy, now wanting to sell, and ever struggling to obtain the foremost place, and attract the greatest number of eyes, of the busy bustling staring world—for whose delectation these strange fantastic, wise and foolish, grand and melancholy, pillars of printers' ink, are reared, with all the habits and the thoughts, and the doings of our people legible upon them.

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### BEAUTIFUL STREAMS.

BEAUTIFUL streams, that flow onward for ever,  
 Blessing the green earth wherever they flow,  
 Down the steep mountain-side gushing to sever  
 In the fair valleys and meadows below;  
 Singing amid the tall reeds as they wander,  
 Nursing the lily-bell on their calm breast,—  
 Well by their side may earth's weary one's ponder,  
 Seeking, alone, by their margin for rest.

Beautiful streams, that flow on to the ocean,  
 Life-giving founts as they wander along,  
 Who can behold them devoid of emotion,  
 Or love not the sound of their murmuring song?  
 Cooling the earth in the warm sunny hours,  
 Giving the poet his glorious themes,  
 Crowning the vales with the rich summer flowers;  
 Types of eternity—beautiful streams!

J. E. CARPENTER.

## CATCHING THE OLD WHISPERER.

A STORY OF LE MORVAN.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THE district of Le Morvan, though situated almost in the centre of France, is one of those unprogressing corners of Europe, which seem to have stood still and let the centuries, with all their changes, pass by. The aspect of things has altered but little there for the last five hundred years. A forest older than the days of Charlemagne covers the greater portion of the country, in the midst of which stands its only city, Vezelai, a town of the middle ages, built on the top of a steep hill. Its narrow streets and fortified houses are still shut in by gates and ramparts. Crafts and customs long out of date in Christendom yet exist within it; most of the shops have no windows, and the merchants bring their goods at intervals of two years or so, in wagons, from Dijon; yet to the dwellers in those solitary hamlets scattered throughout the forest, Vezelai is the great capital whose wealth and wonders can be told of only by the travelled few accustomed to attend its Martinmas market. A poor and primitive people are those forest villagers. The Jacquerie burned down the castles of their country ages ago, and luckily for them, they were never rebuilt; but in all other respects they retain the peasant life of ancient France. In their fields and homesteads many a generation has lived and died without even hearing the march of the outer world. The echoes of their land's numerous revolutions comes slowly and faintly to the woodland parishes. It is possible that some of their priests are still praying fervently for Louis the Sixteenth, at least such was the case at one period in the reign of Louis Philippe, in the small church and hamlet of Saint Marie.

The church had been built early in the fourteenth century, by a noble crusader, whose tomb is still within it; and the hamlet consisted of some half-dozen antique-looking timber cottages, with their fields and orchards lying round them in a broad open dell, girdled by the dense old forest, through which the rest of the parish dwellings were scattered for many a mile. Some stood alone in solitary and hidden nooks—some by two or three together on the wider clearings. Once a-year a pair of officials from Vezelai visited them to the most secluded hut, in order to collect a tribute of farm and forest produce for government, and there was a tradition that no conscripts had ever been levied from that commune, from the difficulties of finding its young men in the woods. As for the good priest who performed the above-mentioned service for more than forty years, he took particularly little pains with his out-of-the-world flock. Father Joseph received their scanty tithes, confessed and admonished them when wanted, attended to his own vineyard, entertained himself with its produce, and died at a good old age, in time to be succeeded by the son of his greatest parishioner.

The Perriers took rank in Saint Marie in right of the wind-mill which they owned, of their uncle, who was an old priest in Dijon, and of their brother, whom the said uncle had early adopted and educated for the church. He was appointed priest of the parish, and they called him Father Jean; but the rest of the family lived on in their old cottage. It stood the outermost of the hamlet on a solitary rising ground, sheltered by the thick forest. A great vine was trained up its wooden

walls, and round the rude porch at the door; there were corn-fields in front, and an orchard in the rear, the wind-mill on one side of it, and a rough farm-yard on the other; while the rest of the Perriers' land was mostly mere pasture lying in the shadow of the tall trees. At this time the cottage was occupied by two sisters, Basilene and Ninette, and their brother Claude; but between the elder and younger sister there was an interval of no less than ten years, in which Claude and Jean reckoned their birth-days, the priest's higher destinies had long separated him from his family—he lived in another cottage hard by the church, known as the curé's house to his grandfather, with an extremely old housekeeper)—and Claude was the only man in the household: a tall, strong-armed, fair-faced peasant was the forest miller, but far liker a German than a Frenchman. Claude had little of the life and fire of his people. He would work steadily from morning till night in either mill or farm, cared nothing for dance or merry-making. His only relaxations were a smoke in the porch on summer evenings, a doze by the fire on winter nights, and a stolen visit to Florette, the daughter of his nearest neighbour; for all other matters, he did precisely as his elder sister bade him, and Basilene owned there was sense in her brother, if it could be got out. Few supposed that its getting out was a likely occurrence, but the whole commune knew that Claude had a courage never found to fail against the wolves in winter time, a jealous pride on the subject of his family's honour, and a temper which, though slow to rise, was terrible in its violence. Not even his sister could control that, though he had grown up under her government, for Basilene was emphatically the head of the house ever since their father and mother's decease, when she was just eighteen; robust, active, and managing, from those early years she had taken the oversight of the mill and farm, never shrinking from man's work, and keeping a sharp eye on domestic affairs also. Now, Claude laboured out of doors, with the help of Guillemme and Ambrose, two poor relations, who had been with them for years. Ninette was old enough to assist within, but Basilene was still the superintendent of the whole. It could not be that her notable industry and prudence, not to speak of bright black eyes, a richly brown complexion, and a largely increased portion of cattle, sheep, and all manner of household requisites, would not attract suitors among the forest homes, and year after year some claimant to her hand had come forward in the fashion of his people; but to all and sundry Basilene averred that she could not be wanted at home. "Claude, poor boy, had quite enough to do with the mill; and who was to look after their youngest sister?" upon which she concluded with a strong recommendation of some neighbour's daughter, and Basilene reckoned it the chief of her good works, that she had helped in getting at least six girls settled in the parish. The weightiest portion of her own apology, however, seemed likely to be done away. Even before Father Jean succeeded to the curé's house, there had been strivings for Ninette's hand at harvest-home and vintage dance, as the prettiest girl in the commune, and now a suitor eligible enough for the curé's younger sister appeared in Honore, the son of old Monod, and brother of Florette.

Old Monod was the Perriers' next neighbour, a widower, and far advanced in age, but blest, as he said, with two good children, the one a handsome, high-spirited young man, who kept his farm in a model

state for Saint Marie ; and Florette, a gentle, prudent girl, who found many excuses for Claude Perrier's frequent coming to their cottage. So far, things went well. The pretty Ninette, like most unengaged girls of eighteen, had no objections to the best match in the hamlet, old Monod was delighted with the prospect of the curé's sister for a daughter, aye, and the curé's brother for a son ; for though Claude was rather regarded as the fag-end of the family, it was an understood matter between the houses that they should make a fair exchange, and both the pairs be betrothed on one day, which was fixed for Martinmas-eve, and it was now midsummer. Claude rose early that season to fell firewood, before the harvest came on ; and one morning, having awoke Ambrose and Guilleme, he set off as usual, with his axe on his shoulder, far into the forest, where he was wont to hew, expecting them to follow. They did not come ; and Claude had bestowed a few hearty strokes on a tall beech, with as many curses on their laziness, when he was astonished to see scrambling through the underwood in the dell below, a delicate but most weary-looking youth. His clothes, which seemed never made for forest wear, were rent in all directions, fragments of boughs and leaves were tangled in his long hair, and Claude suspecting that he had lost his way, hailed him with, " Whither do you go so early, friend ?"

" I want to get out of this confounded forest," said the stranger, in a fine Parisian accent. " I have been here all night walking to no purpose could you tell me where that way leads ?" and he pointed to a path among the trees.

" Straight to the gates of Dijon, but they are twenty leagues off," said Claude, who, dull as he was, knew every path in the forest.

" Twenty leagues," said the youth, his spirits seeming to fail utterly at that announcement. " Then I can go no farther," and he flung himself down at the foot of an old oak, adding, " is there no town, no village nearer ? My uncle lives in the Chateaux de Maron ; he is a rich man, and would reward any who shewed kindness to me."

" There is no reward wanted," said Claude, as throwing down his axe he took up the exhausted boy, like a log of the wood he was felling, on his back, and trudged away with him to the cottage. There he placed him on the oaken seat in the porch, brought forth a wooden flagon of his best forest wine, and roused the household with shouts that he had brought home a stranger. They were soon astir, and if the youth's uncle had been rewarder-general, he must have found it difficult to acknowledge the hospitalities showed on their unexpected guest. It is needless to be particular on the good Samaritanship of the Perriers, how all the simple specifics known to the peasantry of Le Morvan, where every family is its own physician, were produced for the stranger's benefit ; how his blistered feet were bathed by the kindly hands of Basilene, and how the entire household united in preparing him a savoury breakfast. With what interest did they listen to his story, news being particularly scarce at Saint Marie—it was in short that his name was Alphonse de Cassite, that he came from the great city of Paris, concerning which Basilene remembered she had heard her brother the curé say, that the King and'an Archbishop lived there—that his father was a merchant, and himself a student of law, that having come on a visit to his uncle at the Chateau de Maron, he had gone out with his fowling piece on the previous morning in hopes of some sport, that



he shot nothing, and lost his way ; that he wandered about and got nothing to eat, but mild half-ripened berries ; that in searching for them, he had leant his gun against a tree, and never found it again ; that he lost his hat in a bramble brake, and his shoes in a quagmire ; that he remained in the woods all night terribly frightened, lest the wolves should come upon him, and reached Claude's hewing place at the break of day.

The tale was substantially true, but Master Alphonse forgot to mention, that having got involved with Red Republican politics, and in love with the daughter of an artizan at Paris, his present visit was a species of exile, intended at once to indicate paternal displeasure, and give him time to change his mind on both subjects.

Strangers don't come often to Saint Marie, and the Perriers' guest created a proportionable sensation ; Father Jean hastened to the cottage to pay his share of attention. The Monods evinced their intended relationship in like manner, and all the neighbours gathered in with hospitable offers and boundless curiosity. Alphonse de Cassite seemed like a fragment fallen from the great world to them, and as rest and refreshment restored the young Parisian's spirits, he found means to make himself not only at home, but agreeable. Alphonse was a handsome graceful youth, about twenty, feeble and effeminate indeed in the eyes of the forest men, but he told even Father Jean news, which lasted him for years after ; and the women were unanimous in considering him an angel, for never had such fine things been said to them, young and old. There were two dances on the green in his honour, the foresters searched for his gun, hat, and shoes. The fowling piece was found, but not the other missing articles, which however Claude supplied from his own stock, and equipped with loose sabots, and a peasant's hat, De Cassite was on the third morning escorted in triumph by all the men of the hamlet to his uncle's residence.

The Chateau de Maron would have been called a large old-fashioned farm-house any where else ; but being the greatest mansion in the forest, it took the superior title. A well kept, though antiquated place it was, its farm-yard, garden, and great granary, enclosed by a massive and grass-grown wall, with an iron gate for general entrance, situated among fields and vineyards on a broad pastoral plain, through which the Nièvre, bridgeless for many a league and passable only by a shallow ford, swept away to the ancient woods of Le Morvan. There resided Philip Maron, the brother of Cassite's mama, and in his own opinion, as well as that of most of his neighbours the greatest gentleman in the province. Philip's ancestors had reaped the corn, and gathered the grapes on that same land for how many generations he alone could tell. There had been priests, nuns, and government officers in the family, and Philip had scarcely yet forgiven his long deceased parents, for marrying his only sister to the merchant in Paris. Philip was esteemed rich in the forest, sometime turned of forty, and supposed to be a confirmed old bachelor, but years before he had gone to see his plebeian relations in the capital. The journey was long, and the merchant had a niece, who had no portion, and said she liked rural retirement. Between her and Philip there grew up the best understanding, and it might have ended in a wedding, if she had not quarrelled with him at a ball, for advising her to go home at two in the morning. From that small beginning, things waxed so warm, that the lady called him a

monster, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, and went off in hysterics. As for Philip, he went off next day in the diligence to his paternal property, where he devoted himself to getting rich among his cottars, and his confession of faith henceforth was, that women were troublesome fools, whom no wise man ought to admit to his domicile, with the exception of old Lettice, his housekeeper.

Such was the guardian to whose wisdom Alphonse had been temporarily consigned, the old gentleman was willing to do his part, in preventing the farther disgrace of the family; but finding that his nephew knew nothing of wheat crops, and took no interest in oxen, he pronounced him a fool also, and left the youth to his own devices, the last result of which had made him the guest of the Perriers.

When the men of the hamlet brought home his nephew, Philip thanked them, especially Claude, with great courtesy, commanded Lettice to give each a draught of household wine from a huge wooden goblet, rimmed with silver, which had descended to him with the old house, and sent them home marvelling at the magnificence of the Chateau de Maron. It stood about four leagues from Saint Marie, by the common way, but a by-path through the thickest of the forest considerably shortened the distance, and by it Alphonse had been conducted home. It soon appeared that his perils in the wood had taught the young Parisian caution and not fear, for by the help of one of his uncle's labourers he found his way back, and having little employment for time or attention, became a frequent visitor at the Perriers' cottage. At first his comings were set down to the account of civility and gratitude. He had still wonderful things to tell, and they were proud of him being seen with them at the hamlet dances in his fine Paris clothes, but by-and-by the keen eye of the elder sister, and the keener ones of the Monods, discovered that the object of his visits, was the pretty Ninette.

Like most pretty girls, we are sorry to say Ninette was a little vain; she did not mean to break with Honore, but the novelty and grandeur of the greater admirer dazzled her, and Honore never flattered like him, she therefore did like silly girls every where, tacitly encouraged the new lover's advances, and tried to make believe she could not help captivating. Honore and his father were not men to see such goings on quietly. The code of manners in Le Morvan, old and strict as it is, allows no room for flirtation, and with the rude honesty of their forest race, Honore at once signified to the stranger that the girl was his sweetheart, and commanded her to dance with him no more on pain of his displeasure; while old Monod threatened in the hearing of all his neighbours, to break off the intended connexion with the family at the mill. The blood of the Perriers rose at that menace, one and all recollected that they were the curé's relations, and the Monods comparatively nobody, even Father Jean scarcely kept his temper within priestly bounds, for notwithstanding his better intellect, and education, it was near akin to that of his brother Claude. The result was a quarrel, in which both sides maintained their honour, and though the Monods did not absolutely renounce the engagement, the friendship of the families was broken up for some time. Meantime, the miller's eldest sister with her wonted wisdom, and governance, informed Alphonse, that as his comings had caused scandal, he was not expected to be seen at the cottage in future. Of course Ninette got a number of good advices, and was



rather kept under surveillance, but when did good advice, or vigilance avail in such a case? Alphonse had no occupation, the miller's sister had therefore supplanted the workman's daughter, besides the savour of forbidden fruit had been given to the affair, and his vanity required satisfaction of his rustic rival, but short as his stay had been among the forest men, it was sufficient to let him know that they had long knives and axes, and that his way did not lie across the Champs Elysée, so he trusted to Parisian ingenuity for prosecuting his suit in a series of stolen visits.

That useful labourer of his uncle's having been purchased by the present of a linen shirt, the first of its kind that ever was in his possession, had actually succeeded in getting him safe through one interview, in the orchard, where Ninette was gathering summer apples, and Jacques the said labourer did duty as a sentinel. He had arranged another, for things were progressing, behind the mill. One Sunday, when the Perriers had gone to mass, all but the youngest sister, who remained, of course, indisposed at home. Alphonse and she were exchanging vows behind the mill, Jacques had left his post for a regale in the orchard, when the fates ordained that Claude should return in search of a forgotten rosary, and just in time to discover the gallant Parisian kissing his sister's hand, with sundry assurances of eternal adoration. To rush into the cottage, and seize his axe, was the next moment's work with Claude, the truant sentinel caught sight of him coming forth with that weapon, and fled to his mother's hut. Ninette saw and shrieked, and Alphonse ran, while Claude pursued him far over the pastures, and through the wood, with many a wild Morvan oath and threat. The speed of fear could never enable the city student, to outstrip the fierce and active forester on his own ground, though Alphonse knew the race was for life, but Claude neared upon him every bound with his brandished axe, and was almost within striking distance, when a party of woodmen, late on their way to mass, dashed down one of the woodland paths, and seized him from behind. There was terrible work in disarming him of the axe, and no getting him back to mass on any terms. His wrath had been prevented but not cooled, and he insisted on following Alphonse home to the chateau, and "telling the noble gentleman, his uncle, what mischief the scapegrace was doing to his family."

Alphonse had taken refuge in Jacques's hut, which happened to stand almost in his way; but his assistant had arrived before him, and the eloquent old mother already prepared a scold for leading her son into danger. Alphonse went home cursing them both, but Claude and his complaint had been there, and his uncle warned him that the next was to be his packing-up day, because as the worthy proprietor remarked, he "could not afford to take care of common people's children when they would be mischievous."

From that sentence there was no appeal. Moreover, Alphonse was certain that the story would get wind, and himself get laughed at in Saint Marie: so he went back to Paris with a wonderfully good grace, and told his father that "there was no enduring the vulgar pride of the old savage, who had called him and his relations common people, and would not allow a young man to amuse himself in that desert of a place."—Thrifty Philip wrote no letters, and whether the merchant found his son's explanation satisfactory or not, was never made public.

It may be that the numbering with common people stuck in his mind, for he assured Alphonse that a tour in Germany would improve him vastly, and the student was dispatched with a more than ordinary supply for travelling expenses, and letters of introduction to all his father's mercantile friends from Strasburg to Dresden.

After his departure from their frontier, peace was restored to the home of the Perriers, though not without a family storm. Claude raged, father Jean rebuked with more of sharpness than charity, Ninette cried as might be expected; and Basile, after doing some duty in the reproving line, reminded her brothers that the girl was young, and had no mother.

Honore heard the tale (for it became hamlet gossip) and thought himself bound in honour to draw further off than ever. Claude did not go to the cottage now, and the old man was giving daily hints concerning Jerome, the son of one neighbour, and Felice the daughter of another, but all to no purpose, neither Florette nor her brother could forget the Perriers, and they talked together by the hearth, when their father was asleep, of how very ill they had behaved.

The summer days as they ripened the corn, tinged the grapes with purple, and gave a deeper tint to the forest foliage, smoothed down these recollections. Something like good neighbourhood again began to grow between the cottages, which though far from their old familiarity promised to wax warmer. The house and mill went peaceably on, under Basile's government, so did Saint Marie at large under the more sovereign rule of Father Jean, when as the first sickles glittered in the harvest-fields, an extraordinary rumour began to disturb the parish.

One morning a boar-hunter encountered Jacque hurrying home, his black hair standing almost erect, and his look wild with terror: he answered the hunter's questions at first incoherently, but at length growing more collected, the labourer solemnly declared, that while looking after some sheep on the outskirts of the Perriers' pasture land, which was by memorial usage, a kind of common for all who brought their wheat to the mill, he had seen in the grey of the early dawn, no other than the old whisperer himself. Why the Le Morvan people please to confer that title on the prince of evil would be as difficult to discover as the origin of his many names, including that of old Harry among ourselves; but Jacque averred that he had seen no less a personage, and described him according to the primitive faith of the forest, as walking like a man, but hairy and horned. The boar-hunter returned with his gun and spear to tell the news in the hamlet. Jacque went home, but before noon his tale was far beyond the boundaries of Saint Marie. It was believed by all the inhabitants, but Father Jean, who had set his face against popular superstitions, he sent for Jacque and strictly examined him, but his statement was soon numerously supported. Early and late goers abroad swore to have seen the same sight, some in the twilight, some at the dawn, but all in the vicinity of the Perriers. One had seen it among the corn-fields, another by their orchard fence, and old Monod at length staggered the curé's incredulity, by declaring he had seen the dreaded shape passing the mill.

The talk and terror which these reports created among the scattered people of that wild woodland parish, were sufficient to supersede every other interest. No one would stir abroad before sunrise, or after sundown, for fear of encountering the enemy of mankind,—young men

gave up visiting their sweethearts, and old friends their evening gossip. Woodmen would not hew in the darker thickets of the forest, and no reaper would work alone in the harvest-field. The most astonished if not the most frightened people were the Perriers themselves. What business the monarch of mischief had on their lands they could not divine.

"We have never refused charity, nor cheated at the mill," said Basilene, "why should evil things come about us?"

Their neighbours did not come to the same conclusion; dark suspicions rose in their minds of some undiscovered sin hanging over the place, by which the evil one had power to haunt it. Legends of the kind there were in Le Morvan as there are in every corner of Europe, and though the curé's family had hitherto stood high in rank and character at Saint Marie, there was a division of opinion on the point, in which but a minority stood on the side of the Perriers. Nevertheless, these were staunch friends, for all that had come and gone the Monods stoutly maintained that the mill family were no worse than their neighbours, Ambrose and Guillieme though terribly frightened and acknowledging to have seen something, would not leave their service, and Father Jean assured the parish, it was all a fancy; but people are apt to believe their eyes in Le Morvan as well as in most places, and the priest himself was convinced. Returning late one evening from the house of a sick parishioner, he took a by-path leading past his brother's vineyard, and suddenly turning a corner he beheld right in the way before him, the identical shape described by Jacque. The back was to him, and Father Jean tried to stand and look at it, but the apparition turned full upon him. There was a black unearthly face below the horns, and the curé's resolution at once giving way, he fled and never stopped till fairly on the miller's hearth-stone. The consternation which this event caused at the cottage may be imagined. Father Jean commenced a series of prayers and masses for his relatives, now honestly believing in their fearful visitor, and all took more strictly to their religious duties. As for Claude, except that he kept within doors after dark, and smoked an extra pipe or two, it wrought no change in him, though he composedly inferred that "the old one had some business at Saint Marie." Basilene could not believe that it was after all that celebrated individual. She had heard of strange animals being seen at times by their forefathers, and there were floating tales of wild unknown men, who lived long ago in the forest. Might not some such have again appeared, but what attraction brought it to their premises? That query baffled Basilene's wisdom, but the house was growing cheerless and troubled, and she remarked that their singular misfortune had fallen most heavily on poor Ninette.

The girl now no longer watched, had been absent late and long one evening after the publication of Jacque's report. She said seeing that the lambs were safe in the fold; but ever after Ninette looked fearful and anxious, and would scarcely stir over the threshold. The corn of Saint Marie was reaped, and Basilene was at work in the granary, (which in their district fashion formed the back part of the cottage and contained all manner of rural implements) making room for the incoming store, when her eye fell on the great wolf-trap, constructed by her grandfather, and employed ever since by the family, with remarkable success. There was not one of them but had a warm winter cloak

made of the skins it yielded, and the thought struck her if that trap were set quietly in the path leading from the forest where their dark visitor had been most frequently seen, might it not do some execution? If it was indeed a wonderful forest animal, they would find it in the morning, for the trap would hold anything, and Basilene with her solid notions and rustic education was not quite certain that they might not catch the foe of men himself, in which case they had Father Jean, a host of very ancient relics, and the holy water to depend on.

Basilene was alone in the cottage that bright harvest-day, Ninette and all the rest being in the fields, and as she stood meditating over the trap, her solitude was broken by the cheerful voice of Honore Monod. It had not sounded in their house for months, wrath and pride had separated the old familiars, but now that neighbours kept aloof from the haunted farm, Honore had laid aside offence and came to offer his help in the thrashing of their corn which was to commence that afternoon.

"I suppose you have heard what is said about our farm?" said Basilene, after kind enquiries for all at home. Honore frankly responded he had, but believed it was no fault of theirs, adding that for his own part, he had led an honest life, and with the help of God, he did not fear the old one. Basilene had always respected the sense and spirit of her intended brother-in-law, and such good courage emboldened her to declare her own ideas on the subject. Honore listened, concurred, and at the close of their conference it was fully arranged that the wolf-trap should be set that very night, known only to themselves and Claude, who should watch under the protection of Father Jean, if he could be induced to join them till sunrise in the corner of the orchard. Guillieme and Ambrose slept so soundly, that there was no fear of interruption from them, and to make matters still more secure, Honore contrived that Ninette should be sent to help his sister in cheese-making, and remain for the night, while he stayed with the Perriers.

Ninette went cheerfully to help her old friend, though she looked frightened at the first sight of Honore. Father Jean reckoning it no infraction of clerical dignity, came to assist in the thrashing, which was conducted in primitive fashion, on a space prepared for the purpose among the fields, and known as the thrashing-floor, where oxen as in scripture times, trod out the corn. When all the rest were busy, Claude and Basilene found something to do elsewhere, which occupied them more than an hour, and towards sunset Father Jean reached his own house, supplied himself with a book of the gospels, a bottle of holy water, and a small iron box out of the church, and telling his old housekeeper he would remain at his brother's cottage that night, took the road to the mill.

The work was given up early to the great satisfaction of Ambrose and Guillieme, and after supper in the porch by sunset light, the weary youths retired to rest. There was no thought of sleep in the four heads that bent together under the thick boughs of the orchard, close by the path in which the wolf-trap had been carefully set in a deep hole or pit, neatly hidden with loose turf, and early fallen leaves. The new moon was rising, the twilight had not yet died away, and Basilene's keen ear caught an advancing step. The four held their breath, for slowly sauntering along from the forest came something which none but the priest had seen before. The moonlight shewed them the hairy

hide and horns. It approached the trap, there was a falling sound, a smart loud click, and Basilene knew that the sudden cry of pain which followed it came from a human voice. As for poor Claude, the occurrence was too great for his unstable judgment. He darted out of the orchard with a shout succeeded by many another. The young helpers were roused and joined their voices to his in wakening the hamlet, as they sped through it with shriek after shriek, that they had caught the prince of darkness in his grandfather's wolf-trap. It was some time till the villagers could gather courage or rightly understand that startling announcement. At length, they were all on the spot, with axes, knives, and every variety of weapon to demolish the grand enemy, but when they arrived under Claude's conduct, the trap was indeed in its place and had caught something, as remnants of short and long hair testified, but the captured foe was gone together with the curé, Basilene and Honore Monod.

Claude and some of the bravest searched the wood in vain. But that night there was a knocking at the gate of the Chateau De Maron, when the last of the household, old Lettice, was about to extinguish her light, and a voice requesting that she would tell her master for the sake of charity and peace, that the curé of Saint Marie wished to speak with him. Thus adjured, thrifty Philip came out lanthorn in hand, and admitted to his court-yard Father Jean, and young Monod, each armed with a heavy axe, and conducting between them with his shoes once more lost, his clothes torn, and his face wonderfully blackened, his own worthy nephew Alphonse Cassite, while Basilene with a curious looking bundle brought up the rear. The bundle was laid down at Philip's feet. It consisted of two old deer skins with horns to match ingeniously patched together, so as to form a sort of dress. Father Jean delivered an explanatory oration on these appearances, from which and his nephew's confession, (the latter now flowed spontaneously) thrifty Philip learned that there had been a conspiracy in Jacque's hut, first to win Ninette, but she got frightened at the machinery, and then to be revenged on her family.

Hence came the fearful sights and tales, whereon followed the wolf-trap, and having caught Master Alphonse, and sworn him on the gospels never again to disturb the peace of an honest family, they had marched him in perfect quietness to his uncle. That worthy man scarcely believed either his eyes or ears, but at length recovering from his astonishment, he agreed with the three, being all discreet people, that their wisdom would be sufficient to keep the explanatory part of the legend among themselves, by way of warding off scandal, and his nephew promised with exemplary earnestness, that if he were once safe in Paris, and his father not told, his future conduct should be the model of correctness.

"You will go to-morrow morning," was Philip's brief reply. "But pray," he continued, turning to the Perriers, "Who desired the setting of the trap?"

"It was I, Sir," said Basilene, "but if I had known it was your nephew—"

"You are a sensible woman!" interrupted Philip, "and that was what I never hoped to find."

"Good night, Sir," said Father Jean, "I'm sure Saint Marie, is all in an uproar by this time. We must go and quiet the neighbours."



"Good night," responded Philip, "quiet them if you can ; and good neighbour," continued he, addressing Basilene, "I give you till to-morrow at noon to consider whether or not, you will be the mistress of the Chateau de Maron."

"When my sister is married, sir," said the frank Basilene with a courtsey.

"So be it," said Philip, and slamming the gate behind them his wooings concluded.

Readers, there were three betrothals next week at Saint Marie, followed in due course by as many weddings, which raised the grandeur of the Perriers higher than ever in the parish, though the lady of the Chateau was often sent for to give advice at the mill; with these events the terrors of the hamlet passed away, the published account being, that the adversary of souls had been caught in the miller's wolf-trap, but allowed to depart on his promise of never returning. There were grave debates among the older peasants touching the propriety of that course, and when they waxed warm, Father Jean conscientiously assured them, that it was probably not Satan, but one of his emissaries. Nevertheless, it is still an article of general faith in Le Morvan, that his majesty from below was captured, and peasants were apt to come from far and near, when wolf or fox, made more than usual devastation, to solicit Claude for a loan of that unfailing snare, known to all the district as the Perriers' Lucky Trap.

## OUR DEBATING CLUB.

BY PAUL PRESTON.

WHAT intellectual people we are becoming! Fresh reading-rooms, fresh lecture-rooms, fresh mechanics institutions, fresh literary societies, springing up every day almost as thickly as betting offices! Not quite so thickly however—so much the worse for the country: but after all, there is no love so strong as the love of lucre, and so betting offices and gambling-houses, and every other place that appeals to that intensest of passions will continue to thrive till Government or Sir Peter Laurie "puts them down," a feat which we fear will not be performed for many a long day. We steady moralists may weep over the evil and lament that our tears cannot wash it out. Meanwhile let us console ourselves with the reflection we started with—that everything which promotes the intellectuality of our race is in England "going-a-head." Look at the periodical you hold in your hand, good reader: examine it minutely—turn it over—see the type, the paper, the style, the title page, and, above all, the contents—One Sixpence! Do you suppose such a magazine could exist in an unintellectual land? Do you think you could get fifty pages of well-written matter every month printed on the best paper and "got up" with the most workmanlike finish for that ridiculously minute coin, unless there were thousands upon thousands as well as yourself ready and eager to get it too? Of course not—the thing wouldn't pay. Proprietors, publishers, and authors, would all be in jail in six months, or tasting the delights of workhouse soup in the dog days. "Very well then—why very well then," as Pompey says in "Measure for Measure," what does it all come to?—that in

spite of a propensity for gambling and a love of lucre affecting all classes more or less, we are a very intellectual people, and by no means indifferent to art, science, and literature.

A man may keep reading and thinking from morn till night half his life, and yet be a very dull, woolly-headed fellow after all. Intercourse with his fellow-creatures, conversation and argument, personal observation, and a dozen other things are necessary to make him an agreeable, quick, intelligent and useful, member of society. In order to ascertain your own *aplomb* try a wrestle with a friend: you will be astonished to find what new notions you get. You had perfectly made up your mind on a certain subject—you hadn't a doubt about it—you had devoutly believed your own conviction for six years. You get into conversation with Jones one night, and the discourse touches on the very subject. Jones doesn't agree with you at all: you are very much disgusted. How ignorant that fellow Jones must be! You always thought he was decently well read: but its clear you were mistaken; he's actually going to argue with you. You assume a benignant, pitying, smile, and listen. Hang the fellow! he's quoting a book you never read. He's laying hold of the subject quite at a different point from *your* handle: he's twisting it about very strangely. It certainly does look differently now, doesn't it? You rush to the rescue. Jones meets you, fences with you, parries your blows, gets one good thrust at you, follows it up and regularly thrashes you. Your opinion is completely changed on the point after you have held it for six years, its very strange: all you can do is to console yourself by smiling again and saying, "Depend on it, my dear fellow, you're perfectly wrong"—though you know the dear fellow is perfectly right, and in your secret heart you would like to kick him therefore.

Now a very excellent thing to make a man use his own wits and profit by his neighbour's is a Debating Club. We belong to a Debating Club, and are a very active member of it. We attend every meeting, and constantly make speeches. At first we were very nervous, especially when any one said, "hear, hear;" and we were not aware that we had said anything good, and so were left in an unpleasant doubt whether we hadn't said something very stupid, and were being ironically cheered for it. But we are getting over our nervousness now, and address the chair almost as coolly as Disraeli does the speaker of the House of Commons. One of the things that struck us on commencing our Debating Club career, was that at first every question proposed for discussion, seemed to promise none. The questions didn't seem to admit of any answer but one: the idea of anybody thinking any way but *our* way seemed incomprehensible, but we found that many of the questions were eventually decided just the *other* way. Such scenes as the following constantly occurred.

*Chairman.*—It is Mr. Tuppy's turn to propose a question for discussion at our next meeting.

*Mr. Tuppy.*—The question I propose, sir, is—"Was Charles the First a tyrant?"

*An hon. Member.*—Oh, I don't think that will do. It's been decided so often. Every body thinks the same about it now.

*Another hon. Member.*—Of course they do. He *was* a tyrant, you know.

*Previous hon. Member.*—Was? *wasn't* you mean.

"Indeed, I don't." "Nonsense." "How absurd ! &c., &c., &c."

*Chairman.*—It seems to be a very open question indeed, gentlemen ; at all events *here*. So, if you please, the question will stand.

Our Debating Club contains a great variety of characters. Most of us are young men, though we have two or three middle-aged members. Some of us are bankers' clerks—some of us are merchants' clerks—some are lawyers' clerks, and some are students of the Inns of Court, &c., but it is with our characters as debaters we have now to deal. Will the reader accompany us to one of our discussions ?

We enter a room termed a theatre—semicircular, with seats rising one behind the other, and a platform below, with a table covered with green baize, and a large arm-chair in which is seated the chairman. There are a great many people, for every member who thinks he is going to make a crack speech brings his mother and his sisters ; and every man who isn't going to speak at all brings *his* mother and sisters to quiz his rivals—so the sprinkling of smart dresses and bright eyes is considerable.

The chairman tells us that the question for this evening's discussion is, "Is woman intellectually the equal of man ?" to be supported in the affirmative by the proposer, Mr. Filagree.

Mr. Filagree rises. Mr. Filagree is a short, stumpy man, with a florid complexion, and the lightest of hair, crisply curling. At a distance, you would say he is whiskerless, but on a closer inspection you find that it is not his fault if he is so, for the few very white hairs which do grow on his cheeks are curled and combed and nursed with the greatest care. His eyes are round and prominent—they *may* indicate "language" to the phrenologist, but to a less scientific observer they are suggestive of a tight neckcloth and semi-strangulation. Mr. Filagree is dressed with great care—blue dress coat and brass buttons, white waistcoat, and black continuations ; and to complete the dazzling effect there is a massive gold (or electro-gilt) watch-chain trailing across his breast. The ladies like him—he is so polite ; and they admire him too—he dresses so nicely ; but it's a pity he's so extensive in the waist, poor man !

Mr. Filagree speaks in an energetic style—which fat men, by the way, never should do. He says—"Sir : It will be a matter of immense and bewildering surprise to me if any member of this society can be found so blind to reason, so ignorant of nature, so lost to sense as to deny for one moment that in every respect pertaining to the powers of the human mind, woman, bright, glorious, beautiful woman is fully and entirely the equal of her selfish and vain helpmate." (Immense cheering from Mr. F.'s friends, and great rustling of ladies' dresses and flashings of ladies' eyes—which latter may almost be termed the employment of undue influence against Mr. F.'s opponents ; three young gentlemen determine to "rat," and go over to Mr. F.'s side, so as to secure smiles from three pretty girls whom they have respectively "marked down.") Mr. F. goes on after a pause ; but we are not going to give all Mr. F.'s speech, or we should tire the reader as much as Mr. F. tired himself. Of course he got warmer and warmer, talked louder and louder, and on the whole acquitted himself with immense success—in spite of the misfortune of one of his waistcoat buttons flying off with a loud "pop" in the midst of his peroration, and exciting a little laugh from his opponents. Mr. Filagree resumed his seat amid loud



cheering, and evidently felt convinced that any lady present would have married him on the spot—provided of course that she wasn't married already.

There was a pause—a long and solemn pause. The ladies looked round, as if to say, "What rash man would venture to oppose *us*?" It certainly required a brave man to do so.

"Mr. Pendragon," cries the chairman, as a man gets on his legs and bows to the chair.

Mr. Pendragon is a tall, slovenly-looking Scotchman, with lantern jaws and lank hair, and an ungainly body and limbs that don't seem to belong to one another at all, and to own no common allegiance to the body or any part of it; for one leg twists one way and another bends the other way, one arm goes up and the other down, and all of them seem to act without consulting Mr. Pendragon's wishes on the subject—so that the serpents who acted as substitutes for legs in the well known mythological character, couldn't have moved about more independently of the man they were attached to, than Mr. Pendragon's legs and arms did with regard to him.

Mr. Pendragon is a hard-headed man from the University of Aberdeen. He has no more sentiment than a hippopotamus, and doesn't pretend to have: and he cares no more for ladies' smiles or frowns, than a crocodile cares for sunshine or showers. He gets up and tells his auditors that it may be all very pretty to turn sounding periods, and quote poetry, and smirk at the ladies (and here he looks contemptuously on Filagree,) but all that isn't argument. If women are the intellectual equals of men, why don't they show it? What have they done? Written poetry? Certainly. Not very good poetry, perhaps, and not always the most delicate either (here he grins sardonically, and some one shouts "order.") He looks on him contemptuously, and says "of course, he never suspected the honourable member of having heard of Sappho—far less of reading, or of having the ability to read, her works." The honourable member thus snubbed blushes and looks angry, and sinks into silence. Pendragon goes on and lashes poor Filagree dreadfully—his sarcasm is looked on by us as something like Lord Brougham's, only more severe. The brute absolutely ridicules female pretensions to intellectuality, thinks them amusing dolls to those who like such playthings, and very useful as cooks and upper domestics—but though he believes they have *souls*, he thinks their possession of *minds* very doubtful indeed. His speech is a "crusher:" he does not get any cheers when he sits down, but people feel uncomfortable, and don't know how to answer him.

"Mr. McGrady," says the chairman. Immense cheering from all parts of the room follows, as Mr. McGrady gets on his legs. He is an Irishman, and the great speaker of our club. Where he was born, what he is, where he was educated, what he was taught, how he lives—all these things and many others are deep mysteries, and seem to be constantly so in the case of gentlemen from the sister isle. But he can talk faster than any man in the club on his legs, he can quote Tommy Moore, and Byron by the yard, and he has a saucy, self-satisfied, laughing manner of saying every thing that always ensures him a round of applause at the end of each sentence. He is just the man to follow Pendragon: he comes like the *omelette soufflée*, after the *pièce de résistance*. He can't argue, but he can quiz, and joke and bully, and

so overwhelm his opponent with a hurricane of words, that if you don't agree with him, you can't find any "raw," to which to apply the lash in opposing him. A black-eyed, square-faced, merry and impudent looking fellow is Mr. McGrady, and the moment his "Misther Chairman" is heard, every face relaxes into a smile, and every one looks for the fun that is to follow—except Pendragon, who never smiles much, and doesn't like fun, except Scotch fun, which to English notions is no fun at all.

McGrady comes out in strong force to-night. He quizzes Pendragon immensely and makes his audience roar by his imitations (pretending they are unconscious ones) of the Scotchman's style of speaking. Pendragon never heeds all that; but sits listening for a bit of real "argument" and never hears a word of it from beginning to end of the speech which lasts half an hour, and yet is delivered at railroad speed and crowded with quotations from every book that is poetical from the very Psalms of David down to Mrs. Norton's last work—as thickly as an omnibus is stuffed with ladies and babies on a wet day. Thunders of applause, and the waving of every handkerchief carried by a lady in the room, follows McGrady, as he takes his seat, and poor Filagree feels that even he has had the "shine taken out of him" as a fast young hon-member whispers to his friend.

Mr. Puffy follows: and Mr. Puffy is like a pig waddling after a stag in comparison with McGrady. Puffy is slow and solemn and rather stupid; then Puffy has a habit of forgetting where he was in his sentences, and as he is strongly suspected of writing his speeches beforehand, he sometimes tags on the wrong ending to one period, and this evening he startles his audience by saying "Woman, Sir, can never, until the state of Society be greatly altered,"—a pause during which Puffy tries to recollect what follows, gets confused, and at last thinking he has found it says—"as a former speaker said, be properly and decently discussed in this room," which very remarkable conclusion was by no means what Mr. Puffy *intended* to say, but caused no little confusion among the ladies, cries of order, and shouts of laughter.

Several more gentlemen make several more speeches with more or less success; and then Filagree replies, but he is very nervous and some one whispering to him that his side is two to one against the others; Filagree cuts his speech short, and sits down, taking care, however, to wind up with the one magnificent sentence, that he had carefully prepared and pruned days ago; for it is a fact that all young speakers compose a "wind-up," to their speeches, and whatever turn the discussion may take, they always contrive to drag it in at the end, with more or less success according to their natural tact. Do not many speakers in another Great Debating Club do likewise? Don't we often as we read—"At all events, sir, whatever may be the result of this discussion, I feel that the subject is one which will receive the deepest, and most solemn consideration of this house, as one on which the prosperity, the honour, and the glory of this great country, and her future destiny amid the nations of the earth, in no small degree shall rest." Don't we often I say, when we read this, think of the statesman at home, sitting down, composing, and polishing it off ready for the occasion, as we have so often ourselves done with our own peroration for the Debating Club?

Perhaps the reader may think that we have laughed at our Club too much. Truth to say, we are by temperament disposed to look at the

humorous side of most things ; but don't let him fancy that we therefore underrate the value of the things themselves. "Be merry and wise" is a venerable maxim and a good one, and we are convinced that our Club has made us wiser and certainly no less merry. And so we heartily wish that it may prosper, and all similar institutions with it. We believe that the two first steps taken by a new community to show their intellectual progress (and we speak from what we have seen at home and in the colonies) are—first to establish a newspaper—and secondly to open a Debating Club.

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## SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENTS.

### NO. V.—KAFIR GRATITUDE.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

It is strange that Exeter Hall has lately been so silent on the subject of the cruel wrongs inflicted on their pet Kafirs, by those ruthless reprobates, the English colonists. It is not long since the Aborigines Protection Society were assuring those who knew no better that the Kafirs were a mild, peaceful, harmless, and inoffensive race, persecuted by the barbarous Dutchmen and Englishmen of South Africa, and goaded into warfare against their will.

These *soi-disant* philanthropists, who confine their sympathies to the possessors of black skins, and who would no more think of pitying their murdered and robbed fellow-creatures with white ones, than of weeping over the untimely fate of the lamb whose fore-quarter smokes upon their table—these advocates of every one whose acquaintance with nether garments, or any other garments, is yet to be made, must have been rather disconcerted at a few of the facts recently published in the public papers touching the conduct of their *protégés* towards their prisoners of war. It has been proved that the Kafirs not only put their prisoners to death, but also to the cruellest and direst tortures, such as roasting alive, and handing a man a slice of *himself* when he complains of hunger.

Exeter Hall, I say, is silent when these facts come to light. But would it not have been more honest and honourable in Exeter Hall to have said, "We have been deceived, and we have deceived others? Now that these horrible wretches are shown to us in their true light, we will not laud them for virtues they don't possess, nor abuse our own countrymen for seeking to defend themselves against their atrocities." But Exeter Hall says nothing of the kind, and the Aboriginal Secretary, with the unpronounceable name, writes no letters to the *Times* to apologize for the very great mistakes he previously made as to the character of his pets aforesaid.

Meanwhile there have been several cries of very natural and reasonable indignation launched forth in the papers against the barbarians of Caffraria, and one writer went so far as to recommend (and the *Times* had the boldness to print the letter) that Kafirs should be hunted down in South Africa, like wolves of old in England, and a price set on their heads, till the whole race is exterminated. I am afraid, however, that we must admit Kafirs to possess souls, in which respect they must be

pronounced superior to the wolves, though in every other point the comparison between the two animals is a decided injustice and insult to the quadruped.

Gratitude is generally supposed to be a virtue evinced by the most savage of human beings—nay, even by wild beasts themselves; but even this redeeming point is generally wanting in the Kafir character. The man whose life you spare or save to-day, will cut your throat to-morrow, if your death will benefit him to the value of a cowrie. The man who eats your bread, will burn your house on the first favourable opportunity, without the slightest compunctions of conscience—if he possess that troublesome appendage at all.

Theunis Van Zeiler was a prosperous young farmer in Oliphant's Hoek. He had a good farm, a good flock of sheep, and some of the finest cattle in South Africa. He was one of the best-hearted fellows living, hated oppression and injustice of all kind, and was ever ready with purse and hand to assist any one less prosperous than himself. He was married to a little woman well worthy of him, and had two sturdy little olive-branches for their joint comfort. His land was tolerably removed from the usual scene of Kafir depredations—so that his cattle was not purloined above two or three times a-year, in which respect he was more fortunate than many of his brother farmers, who look upon a weekly theft of some of their best cows and oxen as a matter of course, even in the times of peace, while in war they are subject to the additional inconvenience of having their houses burnt, and running the daily risk of being butchered, with all their family.

It was a lucky thing for Theunis that he was so advantageously located; for had he been a little nearer to the frontier, his fine fat oxen and jolly-looking cows, would have attracted almost daily visitors from the neighbouring nation of thieves. A Kafir has an astonishingly keen eye for sleek kine.

Among the many solemn absurdities of the treaties that were made between the Colonial government and the Kafirs was one that none of the latter nation should be permitted to enter the colony without a "pass," signed by one of our resident agents in Caffraria, and obtained at the solicitation of the chief of the tribe to which the man seeking it belonged. I will leave the reader to guess how far it was possible in a frontier of some hundreds of miles very thinly populated to prevent any Kafir that chose from passing the boundary without the required authority. No doubt, if he attempted it at the very spot where there was a "post" or military station, he would be stopped and sent back *sans cérémonie*; but, of course, these posts are precisely the places he would avoid, and as he did not appreciate to the full extent the luxuries of a high road, he would enter the colony by way of the bush, or the plain, or the mountain, as chance or a short cut prompted. When in the colony he was liable to be asked for his pass; but here again he could escape the ordeal by saying that he was a Fingoe—a race of men formerly in servitude to the Kafirs and exactly like them in personal appearance and released by Sir Benjamin D'Urban in a former war, and imported into the colony under British protection. If even this plea failed, he could say he had lost his pass, and if he were disbelieved his only punishment was—to be sent back again.

The farmers were naturally suspicious of travelling Kafirs, even when provided with passes—for it was a plan of these rascals to come

into the colony and obtain employment as herdsmen on some farm, and of course to take an early opportunity of walking off with all the cattle under their care. The reader may be surprised at any one giving them such employment, but he is little aware how scarce is labour of every kind in the colony, and how people run every risk rather than be left quite destitute of assistance.

One day Theunis Van Zeiler, was standing at the door of his homestead smoking his morning pipe, and watching a dark figure that was gradually approaching the house. He saw that it was a Fingo, or a Kafir—but certainly not one of his own people. The man was dressed with simply an ox-hide over his shoulders, and reaching to his knees. He carried a knobbed stick in his hand, had two large rings through his ears, several curtain rings on his arms, and a row of beads round his head, but no covering on it. He was a tall well-made fellow of a dark copper colour, and with a set of features not by any means repulsive, though he had one unsightly scar of a gash on his left cheek.

Theunis addressed him in Dutch as he drew near, but the man shook his head to intimate that he did not understand, and spoke a few words of Sichuana (or the Kafir tongue). Theunis, who employed a great many Fingoes, had picked up a little of the language and asked the man who he was? "A Kafir," was the bold reply.

"Where is your pass?"

"I have not got one."

"Candid at all events," thought Theunis, and he rather liked the man for his honest straightforward avowal, as he was heartily sick of the shuffling and prevarication usually employed by these gentry. However he went on thus:—

"Then I must give you up to the next post and have you sent back."

The Kafir answered that he would rather be killed at once. This excited Theunis's curiosity, and by dint of a great deal of trouble and circumlocution, he managed to elicit this account from the man—that he had been very rich and possessed hundreds of cattle, and that he was the intimate friend of the chief of his tribe; that he had a great enemy in a certain "rain-maker" (or professed wizard), who was constantly trying to set the chief against him and eventually succeeded in doing so; that the chief, however, under the rain-maker's advice did not come to an open rupture with him at once, but employed artifice to justify his deeds outwardly—thus, knowing that he, the relator of the story, had a daughter who was promised in marriage to a neighbour who was going to give an immense number of fine cattle for her, the chief sent to demand her for himself and for nothing; that he remonstrated, and in the mean time, let his neighbour take the girl and receive the cattle stipulated for; that immediately afterwards his cattle and everything he had, were seized by the chief, and that he only escaped with his life through the friendly aid of one of the emissaries of the chief, who intended to put him to death, by that very pleasant process invented by these barbarians of rubbing a man over with grease, chaining him to the ground, close to an ant-hill, and then breaking the hill and letting the ants out to crawl over him, and eat his flesh from his bones.

Poor Theunis was touched and horrified by the man's story, and could not resist his imploring appeal to afford him protection. He therefore counselled the man to pretend that he was a Fingo, and he took him into his service as a herdsman, on the usual wages.



Meyolo, the Kafir, behaved like a good servant, took every care of his herd, and never let any of them go astray, so that Theunis Van Zeiler congratulated himself on the result of his kindness, and almost made his little wife, to whom he confided his secret, do the same. But she had an unconquerable antipathy to a Kafir, and no amount of oaths and protestations from the lips of any one of them could quite remove the latent fear of treachery of which she felt conscious, when they were in question. She almost wished, indeed (though she kept the wish to herself,) that Meyolo would vanish some fine day, with two or three, or even a dozen of the cattle, and never appear again, so that they might be relieved from the sight of him. But Meyolo did no such thing. He returned home every evening from the grazing grounds, and brought his herd faithfully with him.

He had been in Theunis Van Zeiler's service about three months, when the Kafirs had become unusually "troublesome" as it is termed. Thus not content with stealing cattle, they had in one or two instances shot the herdsman also. They had committed one or two highway robberies into the bargain, and were getting more saucy every successive day. At length the Colonial Lion (sluggish brute that it is,) was beginning to be roused. Complaints of Kafir depredations on the most extensive and daring scale, poured in without cessation, till his Excellency, the Governor for the time being, found it necessary to send remonstrances, and even hints of chastisement to the thieves and murderers over the boundary. These messages were received with the usual respect—that is to say, they were laughed at, and the Governor was challenged in school-boy phrase to "come on if he dared." In fine, a Kafir war was breaking out.

Our friend Meyolo expressed the greatest horror of this event, and hoped that the Kafirs would not venture into his part of the country. He requested his master to give him plenty of ammunition, and a gun, and he promised to fight bravely for his charge in case of an attack. Theunis was more pleased than ever, and trusted him implicitly.

Mrs. Van Zeiler removed her children to a friend's house further from the frontier on the general ground of danger, though in her heart she knew that she distrusted Meyolo as much as she did the rest of the Kafir nation. Theunis enrolled himself in a volunteer corps for the defence of his part of the country, and even enlisted Meyolo for the same purpose.

Oliphant's Hoek had hitherto escaped more than a few thefts, though it was not to be supposed that the Kafirs would long remain away from one of the most fertile parts of the colony, and where perhaps the best cattle were to be found. Rumours, in fact, at last began to circulate of stray Kafirs being occasionally seen skulking about; but the bush which is very dense in some parts of the district always enabled them to escape.

One day Meyolo came in haste to his master, to inform him of a discovery he had made. He had seen a Kafir skulking about in the neighbourhood of his farm, and he had followed him unseen by literally creeping along on his stomach. He said that he had seen him joined by another Kafir, and had then overheard their conversation. It was about a plan they had formed with six others of surprising Van Zeiler's homestead, murdering the inhabitants, and carrying off all the cattle. They were to do this that very evening at sunset, when the cattle would be all together, and the people on the farm least prepared for a hostile

attack. They were to meet, and remain concealed at a certain spot where there was a great deal of bush, and arrange the attack an hour before sunset. The first thought of Theunis was to be on his guard, and without seeming to know anything of the stratagem to be prepared to repel the attack. But Meyolo cleverly pointed out to him that if he used stratagem instead, and collecting a little force quietly, surrounded the Kafirs, they would all fall into his hands at once, and by means of threats he might extract from them further information, touching the plans of their comrades, which would be of the greatest service to the colony.

Theunis caught at the idea. In the first place, it seemed likely to prevent bloodshed especially among his own people—in the second place, if he succeeded in this little *coup de grace* it would be a brilliant affair to him and might greatly serve his country. He therefore ordered his men to assemble quietly, and he told his wife of his design. She, of course, poor simple woman, begged him to desist from the enterprise and to fortify his house, and stand a siege even if it lost him his cattle. But he disregarded such inglorious advice, and determined to go forth.

He and his men set out separately, according to arrangement, mounted and armed, and were to meet at a certain spot (by various routes) just beyond the Kafirs' place of rendezvous, and were then to make for the latter place and "be down on" the thieves.

When Theunis reached the spot he found two of his men already there, and he was soon joined by two more (one of them a mere lad.) He now only waited for the remaining man who was Meyolo himself. He was anxious for him to come, but he consoled himself with the idea that the wily fellow was perhaps only following up further traces and getting still better evidence to assist them in their attack.

"What's that?" cried one of the party.

"A Kafir, by Heaven," said another as he saw a dark looking object winding through the bush: and he raised his gun to fire.

"Hold"—cried Theunis—"for God's sake don't fire. It may be Meyolo."

"I wish it was, and that I *had* fired," growled the man.

Just at that moment there was a crashing sound in the bush on all sides—"Whiz! whiz!" went the bullets, and two of the little party fell mortally wounded. Theunis raised his gun when a Kafir shot him through his heart—it was Meyolo himself who did it! He it was who was leading on the Kafirs, who were swarming forth in all directions upon the devoted little band. The lad we have mentioned was well mounted, and seeing an open space he galloped away at the top of his horse's speed. The bullets rained after him, but he seemed to "bear a charmed life" for none of them hit him. He alone escaped death on the spot. It was not towards the house he galloped, for in that direction the Kafirs themselves rushed. Half an hour later it was in flames. Theunis's wife was never again heard of; but who could doubt her fate? Brutal violence and a death of torture—such are the Kafirs' receptions of helpless women!

This little "o'er true tale" I commend to the gentry I first spoke of in this paper—the philanthropists of Exeter Hall.

## LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

*Lydia—a Woman's Book.* By MRS. NEWTON CROSSLAND.

"A woman's book" is a somewhat vague definition, as it may signify either a book written by a woman, i. e., bearing pre-eminently the stamp of a woman's mind—regarding life entirely from a woman's point of view—or it may mean a book designed solely for woman's reading, and (for the authoress occasionally assumes the attitude of a teacher) for woman's instruction. If the first hypothesis be the true one, we cordially agree in the appropriate choice of such a title. *Lydia* is emphatically a woman's book, written by a "very woman," feminine alike in its virtues and in its faults; most so, where most it should be, when it treats of the vices of evil dissolute men, and in the amiable innocence of its unreality, shows that utter ignorance of the details of its subject, which it would have pained us *not* to discover in "a woman's book." If, on the other hand, *Lydia* be written for the use of women, especially of young women and girls, we do not consider the title a fit one, for we disapprove of one principle which Mrs. Crossland distinctly enunciates, and which has apparently guided, or, we would rather say, perverted her taste in the selection of certain portions of her subject; viz., that "if the young girl could but know, what the woman of thirty has often proved," her life would be a happier one. In order thoroughly to sow these seeds of mistrust, which are to bring forth a harvest of happiness, Mrs. Crossland draws for her shocking example such an improbably "naughty man," that really he and his doings are so disagreeable, and he takes us into such questionable company, that, did we possess either wife or sister, we should forbid their increasing the sphere of their knowledge by making his acquaintance. Mrs. Crossland is much more at home, and therefore more successful, in depicting her hero's character, and fulfils her own design of portraying "what a good woman would deem a good man," without making him (as is too often the case with ladies' men) a half-sexed paragon of impossible perfection. For the rest, the book affords decided evidence of talent, shows much power of thinking to a purpose, and contains sundry new ideas on important subjects, many of which we conceive to be just ones, although with a few we cannot agree. We argue from her present work, that the mind of the authoress herself is in "a state of progress," and we venture to predict that Mrs. Newton Crossland will some day present us with a much better "woman's book" than *Lydia*.

*Catherine Sinclair, or the Adventures of a Domestic in search of a Good Mistress.*  
W. TWEEDIE, Strand.

Considering that before this much-enduring young person attains the model-mistress her fancy has painted, she has to run the gauntlet of a fashionable, a notable, a careless, a republican tyrant, an aristocratic-tyrant, an infidel, a professing and a "Southern" (i. e. a slave-holding) mistress, it is evident that she must have been endowed with a cat-like tenacity of life, or she would never have lasted out to be happily married to Edward Stanley at page 143. The Tale is a reprint from an American work, and is by no means to our taste.

*Zingra, The Gipsy.* By ANNETTE M. MAILLARD. G. ROUTLEDGE & Co., Farringdon-street.

Whosoever wisheth to read a romantic melodrama rolled out to the proper (!) length of a novel had better peruse the new shilling volume of the railway library. They will find *Zingra* a very fair type of its class, neither better nor worse than its fellows.

*Observations on Life Assurance Societies, and Savings Banks,* by A. SCRATCHLEY,  
M.A. J. W. PARKER & SON, West Strand.

*Practical Savings, Applied to Provident Purposes, &c.* By A. ROBERTSON.  
W. S. ORR & Co., Paternoster Row.

These are works which scarcely come within the province of a literary reviewer, we will, therefore, briefly state that Mr. Scratchley's treatise evinces an intimate acquaintance with his subject, and is sensibly and clearly written,



while his views (as far as we are competent to decide) appear just and practical. The object of Mr. Robertson's pamphlet is to demonstrate, that the principle of life insurance, can be applied to benefit persons of careful and saving habits, in all ranks of society, and that the small tradesmen and industrious artisan, may participate in its advantages as certainly as the larger capitalist. Mr. Robertson also points out the dangers to be apprehended from Provident and Friendly Societies and Benefit Clubs too often established upon a basis of erroneous calculations. Both these works are well fitted to carry out the object for which they are written, and we recommend them to such of our readers as may be interested in the subject of Life Insurance.

*Freaks and Follies of Fabledom.* J. OLIVIER, Pall Mall.

This is one of the tribe of Comic Latin Grammars, Comic Histories of Rome, &c. which have destroyed all feeling of respect, in the minds of the rising generation, for the classicalities whose sayings and doings, their venerable forefathers spent their lives in studying and quoting. The work in question, purposes to be a Comic Lempriere, but the only comical thing we can discover about it is, that a man whose jokes are all pointless, and puns execrable, should ever have undertaken such a task.

*Castle Deloraine; or the Ruined Peer.* By MARIA PRISCILLA SMITH. 3 vols. and at R. BENTLEY, New Burlington Street.

Had this authoress confined herself to such innocent queries as "But where was Harry Thornton?"—"has the reader forgotten Annie Marsden?" &c. with which these volumes are plentifully interspersed, we would have endeavoured to regard her efforts to secure the happiness of the young people with a favourable eye. But when she sets up for a teacher, and promulgates doctrines which would very soon "ruin" not only the entire House of Peers, but the country of which that House is at once an ornament and a safeguard, we can only congratulate our readers on the fact, that the writing of the novel is as tame and weak, as the writer's views, religious and political, are wild and dangerous.

*The Fortress of Komarom (Comorn).* By COLONEL SIGISMUND THALY. Translated by William Rushton, M. A., JAMES MADDEN, 8, Leadenhall Street.

This is a well written, authentic account of the share borne in the late Hungarian War of Independence, by the important fortress and town of Comorn. The translation is good, and the work may be reckoned a valuable addition to the annals of modern Hungarian History. In addition to this, it is replete with vivid interest to all who love a full, true and particular account of sieges and surrenders. Thaly speaks honourably of Klapka, though like all the military patriots, he deploras the blunder of his surrender, which he has exposed better than any of them. It is a significant fact, that Thaly makes no mention of the Baroness von Beck, who according to the account in that remarkable book which bears her name, played no insignificant part among the officers at Comorn, and who was there, as she states, at Klapka's surrender.

*The Garland of Gratitude.* By JOSEPH DARE. *Firstlings.* By WILLIAM WHITMORE. JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, Strand.

We take these two little works together, because they are of the same kind, and happen to have come under our notice at the same time; but the latter only was published in the present season, the former being of somewhat older date. They are collections of poems written by working men, and are full of interest as signs of the times. If they do not attain to the loftiest heights of poetical inspiration, they are without pretension to such excellence, and achieve fairly what they attempt, viz.—the lyrical expression of the thoughts and feelings which stir within the great heart of the people. Such minstrels, sing to them songs which they understand—which appeal directly to their feelings. Singers more learned and more lofty, often fail to make music to their ears.

Judged by the canons of criticism, these "Essays in the intervals of business," are by no means to be despised.

*Outlines of Ecclesiastical History before the Reformation.* By the Rev. W. H. HOARE, M.A. J. W. PARKER.

This is a useful little manual written with great care and considerable animation. There is moreover a tone of reverence about it which contrasts very favourably with the temper in which compilers (a class of writers whose besetting sin would seem to be impertinence) generally approach any subject which might be vulgarly supposed to demand some degree of respect at their hands. Chronological tables are appended to the volume together with a series of questions, which will greatly assist the student in arranging his information under separate heads so as to keep it ready for use. The preface acquaints us with the degree and nature of the controversial feeling, which Mr. Hoare considers inalienable from a due examination of Church History, and his reference to authorities sufficiently prepares us for the colour which this feeling has assumed in his own mind. Into these matters it is not our province to enter. It may be enough to say that, in measuring the great character and prominent events of Church History, the common standard of orthodox Protestantism is in constant requisition.

*Account of the Public Prison of Valencia, with Observations.* By CAPTAIN MACONOCHE, R.N., K.H. CHARLES GILPIN, 5, Bishopsgate-street Without.

*The Penny, a Blessing or a Curse, an Essay.* Cradock, & Co., Paternoster Row.

*A Ballad of the Waldenses.* By the Rev. E. WIDT CULSHA, B.A. WHITTAKER and Co. *Protestant Memorials.—Poems.* By the same. WERTHEIM & MACKINTOSH, 24, Paternoster Row. *The Sailor's Guide.—Short and Easy Rules for Vessels in revolving Storms.* By W. R. BIRT. C. WILSON, Leadenhall-street.

Several pamphlets, and other minor miscellaneous "utterances" have been forwarded to us, which from their brevity scarcely require separate notices. We will therefore shortly mention that Captain Maconochie, R.N., gives a curious and interesting account of the Public Prison of Valencia, wherein by a system of rewards for good conduct, instruction in various trades, and other equally judicious measures, one great object of imprisonment, the reform of the culprit, appears to be attained to a degree which would scare the "Governors" of Newgate, and the Penitentiary, from their propriety, and then throw the entire Police force into nervous hysterics.—That the author of the *Penny, a Blessing or a Curse*, has perpetrated more platitudes and crammed more absurd quotations within the limits of a teetotal tract, than we could have conceived possible—that Mr. Culsha, author of *Antar, and other Poems*, having kindly informed us that he is not annihilated by our former Criticism, (a fact which we are delighted to learn of the man, though we can scarcely say as much of the author) sends us *A Ballad of the Waldenses*, and *Protestant Memorials*; the former a dreary imitation of Macaulay, the latter some half dozen lays also "after Macaulay," wherein the Church of Rome is made answerable for innumerable evils, past, present and to come, with about the same degree of relation between cause and effect as may be traced in that line of the *Rejected Addresses*, which stigmatised Napoleon as one who,—

"Fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies."

We feel we must be very slow in our perceptions, but we cannot even yet recognize a poet in Mr. Culsha—and lastly, that Mr. Birt, author of the *Hurricane Guide*, has favoured us with a broad sheet, entitled *Short and Easy Rules for Vessels in revolving Storms*—of which rules we think so highly, that the first time we have the ill luck to find ourselves in "a revolving storm," (domestic or otherwise,) we are determined to apply them. In the mean while, we recommend Mr. Birt to send a copy of his "rules" to the talented editor of the *Nautical Magazine*, who we are free to confess will be a far better judge of their merits than we are.

# THE BRITISH JOURNAL.

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## HABITS OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

[*From the Journal of a gentleman just returned from St. Petersburg.*]

THERE is certainly not in the whole empire of the whole of the Russias, nor indeed in any other country in Europe, a gentleman's bed-room more simply or more unostentatiously furnished than that of the Emperor Nicholas. Without decoration of any kind, it contains merely a small camp bedstead, without curtains, a few chairs of the plainest possible form and materials, a couch and two tables: there is no carpet, nor anything that in the most trifling degree savours of luxury. Across one of the chairs, and within reach of the bed, is laid an old military cloak, which, from some circumstance (I could not ascertain what), is a great favourite, and which his Majesty uses as a *robe de chambre*. During the winter, this room, instead of being heated to 16 or 18 degrees of Reaumur, as the Russian rooms usually are, is, by order of the Emperor's medical advisers, kept at a very low temperature, the cloak in question is therefore not unfrequently used as an extra covering to the bed. The Emperor sleeps on a leather mattress, stuffed with horse hair. He rises every morning, winter and summer, at five o'clock; soon after which, he takes a walk, alone and quite unattended, at a rapid pace, of about two hours, round the quays, by the Neva and the Fontanka. Advantage is sometimes taken of this opportunity, of approaching his Majesty without interruption, to present petitions. This is strictly forbidden, but if it be done with tact, it is not only pardoned, but the petition is invariably and immediately looked into. A friend of mine having to complain of a gross act of injustice, a short time since, resolved on addressing his Majesty through that medium, prepared his petition, and placed himself in a conspicuous spot, by which the Emperor passed. When his Majesty approached, wrapped, as usual, in his cloak, and in deep thought, my friend took off his hat, and stood at *attention*. This was repeated several mornings; at length the Emperor remarked him, and seeing a paper in his hand, stopped suddenly before him, and said, "What have you there? A petition! and for me? Why do you not present it through the usual channel, the Prince Galitzia? You know this displeases me." Then in a milder tone, "*Donnez, donnez,*" he added; "*nous verrons.*" The petition was presented, the Emperor continued his promenade; and a very serious abuse and injustice, of which the petitioner had to complain, was immediately inquired into, and remedied. In fact, no man ever yet had to complain of injustice on the part of the Emperor Nicholas; but the difficulty is to lay a complaint before his Majesty personally. This,

however, is rather wandering from my subject—the habits of his Majesty.

At eight o'clock he receives his ministers, with whom he is occupied until nearly eleven; when the general governor of St. Petersburg, General Schulgen, and the *grand maître de police*, General Galaxoff, present themselves, with their reports containing the particulars of everything that has transpired in their several departments since their interview of the preceding day. At twelve o'clock, if the weather permit, his Majesty usually reviews one or more of the regiments of the guards, in the open space in front of the palace; himself giving the word of command, and if pleased, or rather if satisfied with the manœuvres, orders a silver rouble to be given to each man as a gratification and an encouragement. At these reviews his Majesty is always on foot, and displays the greatest activity, watching narrowly every action, every movement, of every man and officer on the ground, and expressing visibly his satisfaction or otherwise as it may present itself. That he is devoted to his soldiers is most certain; and they, aware that he does all that can possibly be done to ameliorate their condition, are grateful, and adore him in return. I speak of the guards—of the regiments of the line little can be known, as they are never in St. Petersburg. Between two and three o'clock, he invariably proceeds on foot to visit his daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie-Nicholaïerna the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, who occupies a palace away from the rest of the Imperial family, with whom he usually remains about an hour. Some portion of the rest of the day he passes with the Empress and the other Grand Duchesses and their children, to the whole of whom he is very much attached. In the proceedings, conduct, education—in fact, in everything connected with the young folks, he takes the greatest possible interest, making the most minute inquiries of the governesses, tutors and nurses relative to them, and frequently examining them in their studies. The rest of the day is devoted to affairs—for the most part military. He is most abstemious at his meals. His breakfast consists merely of a cup of tea and a rusk; his dinner, usually either a small portion of plainly cooked fish, or a cutlet or chop, a biscuit and a glass of sherry and water; in the evening, again a cup of tea. He takes nothing more during the twenty-four hours. This is, however, not only a matter of inclination but of absolute necessity, as his Majesty suffers from some internal disease, and the greatest possible care is requisite to prevent him from becoming fat *inwardly*; hence it is he is not only obliged to live most abstemiously, taking merely sufficient to support nature, but to take very great bodily exercise. His evenings, his Majesty, as often as possible, passes in the apartments of the Empress, where the family is united, and where reading aloud is introduced, each becoming reader in his or her turn, the Emperor taking the book in his turn with the rest. Occasionally a few favourite guests are invited to these family *re-unions*, and cards are introduced, to which his Majesty has lately taken a liking as a relaxation; but at very moderate points, usually three kopecks silver (a penny farthing). A short time since, having been, as usual, very unfortunate at whist preference, and lost eighteen silver roubles (nearly three pounds), a very unusually heavy sum for him either to win or lose at a sitting, on rising from table he observed to his

adversary, laughing, "Eighteen silver roubles! well, well, I must really be your debtor until we meet again, for upon my word I have no money. It's really very odd; they never let me have any money, and I believe, seriously, I am the poorest man in the Empire. But I should not acknowledge this to you, General, to whom I am indebted. But don't be afraid, I will contrive to have money to pay you the next time we play." During the Carnival, the Emperor and the Grand Dukes frequent the masquerades at the Salle de la Noblesse and the Opera House, unattended, mixing with the motley group as other individuals, and most anxious that no notice be taken of them. Nor is he idle there. The ladies intrigue with him, and, during the evening, several masques are seen leaning upon his arm, at which he appears very much amused. Provided a masque be *bien gante, bien chaussée, et convenablement mis (entendu)*, it is received by his Majesty with great kindness. *I'il y a encore de l'esprit, tantanoux*, the conversation becomes animated between them; *mais si l'esprit y manque, sa Majeste s'en débarrasse bien vite*.

It must be observed that the masquerades here are not the scenes of noise and riotous merriment, drunkenness and quarrelling, that they are in England. All is decorum, and any breach of good conduct that takes place at them is reported to his Majesty, and punished. As an example. At one of the masquerades, at the Salle de la Noblesse last winter, after the departure of the Emperor, a Monsieur — a professor of the piano-forte, was waltzing, and one of the persons forming the circle, putting out his foot, caused the dancer and his partner to fall; Monsieur — on gaining his feet, gave the other a thrashing; both were immediately arrested, and on the following day the report was made to the Emperor, who—on learning that Monsieur — was a French subject, and the other a son of a tailor, a Russian subject, although of French parentage—ordered, as the *renseignements* and the *antecedens* of both were far from favourable, that the former be conducted to the frontiers, and the latter put into the army as a private soldier. The father of the youth was *au désespoir*. He, fortunately, was much respected by some persons of rank and influence, whom he supplied with clothes. He was advised to petition his Majesty. He did so, the petition was supported, and his Majesty was pleased to forgive him, on condition that the father had a sound flogging inflicted on the delinquent. The Frenchman, who was a decided *mauvais sujet*, was escorted beyond the frontiers.

It is true everybody has a right to present a petition to his Majesty; but those petitions, if presented through the usual channel, unless supported by some persons of influence, are seldom successful; for instead of the petition itself being laid before His Majesty, an extract from it is made, and his Majesty orders an investigation to take place. Again the parties complained of are usually friends of those through whose hands the petitions pass: thus therefore, without powerful influence, the proceeding is useless, more particularly for foreigners. If the representatives of the different foreign governments would interfere on behalf of those whose interest and welfare is entrusted to them, it would be otherwise; these abuses would not exist, and justice would be invariably obtained, as the Emperor would at all times be but too happy to listen to any representations that might be made to him. How much, how deeply, was Lord Durham



regretted when he left this. His lordship did not wait for the tedious routine of addressing his Majesty through the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but addressed the Emperor personally on all occasions, and was encouraged to do so by his Majesty; who, far from being displeased, not only lent a willing ear to his lordship, but honoured him with his personal friendship. Innumerable anecdotes are related of Lord Durham's interfering on behalf of British subjects. On one occasion, a native of the Ionian Isles (a British subject) having a claim against the government, and not being able to obtain justice by the usual means, driven to distraction, resolved on addressing the Emperor personally. To effect this he most indiscreetly stopped his Majesty in the street in mid-day, and in the excitement of the moment ventured to lay his hand on his Majesty's cloak. The Emperor, whose temper had already been somewhat ruffled by some untoward circumstance, exclaimed, "*Qu'est ce que c'est que cet homme là. Debarrassez moi de cet homme; renouvez le.*" The delinquent was immediately arrested and conveyed to prison. On the following day, his passport was prepared; and he, in the custody of a *gendarme*, was being conducted to a steam-boat which was to convey him out of the country. In passing the residence of Lord Durham, situated on the English quay, nearly opposite the Embassadere, the door being open, and he being of course free, entered and claimed the protection of his Excellency—who happened fortunately to be at home. Lord Durham heard his history, found that he had serious grounds of complaint, and declined giving him up. This produced a letter of remonstrance from the General Beukendorff, who then held the position now occupied by the Count Orloff, chief of the gendarmerie and secret police. In his letter, General Beukendorff observed, "*The man was being sent out of the country by the command of the Emperor, which command was sacred;*" to which Lord Durham replied, with that frankness for which he was so much admired, and by none more than by the Emperor himself—"I admit that the commands of his Majesty are sacred; but they are not more so than the rights and liberty of a British subject. This man complains, and justly, of an act of gross injustice on the part of the Tribunals. Let justice be rendered him, and within twenty-four hours of the decree being issued, he shall leave the country: but until then he shall remain under my roof, and no power on earth shall remove him." The affair was reported by the General Beukendorff to the Emperor, who ordered that an investigation should immediately take place, the result of which proved that his complaint was well founded. A decree, signed by the Emperor, was issued in his favour: the money he claimed was paid to him, and within twenty-four hours of his receiving it, although his expulsion from the empire was no longer exacted, he was on his way to England. But this is only one of innumerable cases in which Lord Durham interfered by addressing the Emperor personally, where he had occasion to complain of a gross perversion of justice, and in which he invariably succeeded. It must also be observed that the Marquis of Clanricarde is spoken of here in the highest terms, for his indefatigable exertions, while Ambassador at St. Petersburg, on behalf and in the interest of British subjects, and all acknowledge that he was a most worthy representative of the British Government. "*Enfin qu'il mentait bien de son pays.*" How different from the ministers of

later years! Lord Bloomfield, who lately left this for Berlin, on being applied to by an English gentleman, under the most serious and aggravating circumstances of injustice, replied with the greatest possible politeness and urbanity, "I should really, sir, be very happy to assist you; but my position here being purely diplomatic, I can in no way interfere. You wish me to present a petition to the Emperor for you. That I cannot do. You wish me to lay the case before the Minister of Justice for you. *That* I cannot do. You had better address the Minister of Justice yourself. Let me have the petition, and it shall go through the usual channel. I am sorry I cannot do more than that." The petition was sent through the *usual channel*, and the petitioner received a reply to it *four months* after the decree he prayed *to have stayed was issued*—a decree contrary to law and equity, which had been obtained, as it was proved, by bribery.\* The present representative of the British Government, Sir Hamilton Seymour, a most excellent, amiable man—a man of great diplomatic talent, but, unfortunately, *no lawyer*—has declined interfering in the same cause, having constituted himself a judge, and formed an opinion adverse to the complainant. It is sadly to be deplored that the study of jurisprudence and the European languages should not necessarily form a part of the education of those intended for diplomatists. In every other country in Europe, *faire son droit* forms a part of the education of every young man of the higher classes, and is absolutely necessary for those intended for diplomacy, more particularly for ambassadors, ministers or consuls. Sir Hamilton Seymour is a linguist; but the English consul here is seriously deficient, having no knowledge of any language but English.

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## REMINISCENCES—CORPORATE AND PAROCHIAL.

BY A RETIRED MERCHANT.

OUR readers may be curious to know the author of the following passages, and I now inform them of all I think desirable they should know. I am about seventy. I inspired my first breath in the good city of Norwich. I inherit certain predilections from my ancestors, for I am no parvenu. I am a tory—do not make a mistake—I detest conservatism as rank heresy. I despise whiggery, abhor radicalism, and would hang without trial any chartist; in short I am a firm disciple of the Eldon school, a high churchman and a tory. I have retired from the ward of A—— some years, to a delightful villa near Highgate, and I now take my *otium cum dignitate* with every luxury surrounding me which an affluent fortune can procure. I am a county magistrate. I am a bachelor; an early disappointment corroded my ———

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\* The supposition, therefore, that justice is not to be obtained in Russia by foreigners is in the highest degree erroneous. Justice—the strictest justice—and a full measure of it, is at all times to be obtained, by a proper application for it being made to the Emperor, by the representative of the country to which the complainant belongs. His Majesty is not only willing, but most anxious, to ascertain when any abuses take place in the administration of the laws.



The reader has not taken up these papers to peruse the "*Sorrows of Werter*;" but the sterner realities of actual life—sketches from living, breathing humanity—observations derived from actual experience of events, and from the conduct of unscrupulous pretenders, which are fast undermining the divine rights of our glorious monarchy, and which have entirely prostrated my party. I am not an imitator of Dickens. His lucubrations are the result of *heresy*. Mine are written recollections from real life. Here, in the winter of existence, I can look back calmly on the past with proud satisfaction, for I have never departed from the path of duty to my sovereign, our established church, or my own conscience! I still think the people were created to labour, and that it is designed by providence that a few shall govern the many; hence, I detested and still detest all innovations, and consider what many call "reform" merely an attempt to destroy constituted authorities, in order to establish anarchy and confusion. My whole existence and my best energies have been directed to oppose this fallacious nostrum, and I shall die in the sublime faith for which I have struggled in the busy scenes of an active career.

Now, gentle readers, you know enough. You have the key to many of those feelings which will be exhibited in these pages, and at the risk of startling you by a frank avowal of my political predilections; yet I deem it better that our acquaintance should commence immediately, rather than to permit you to conceive my character as depicted in my actions through life. Were I to promise to relate the sorrows of my existence, or to give an episode illustrative of the domestic affections, or to portray the gentler passions of our nature, I might cause expectations which would not be realised. No, these passages will contain only a portion of the weakness inherent in some natures, in order to give a tone to the colouring of several pictures drawn, chiefly consisting of those who have acted with myself in public life, and those who have struggled against principles which, I firmly believe, will one day again be in the ascendant. The principles I advocated and still maintain, induce me to act with regard to the reader in the same manner that I have to the world. I shall give from my note-book sketches which please myself, regardless of anachronisms, and as I am completely shrouded from criticism, I can have no fears with respect to your good or bad opinion.

In the first quarter of this century I located myself in the great city of London. I became a partner in a firm in A—— street, and by diligence, sobriety and attention succeeded in establishing a wholesale business, the first in the city, and of European celebrity. Had wealth been my aim, in a few years this goal was obtained; but a circumstance occurred about this period which decided me in a different course than continually poring over the ledger.

#### THE INTRIGUE.

The alderman of our ward was a wealthy trader; he had espoused a young and beautiful lady; and although his wife was greatly his junior, yet to all appearances they were happy. The alderman adored his pretty partner; and almost everyone, and myself amongst the number, considered their affections mutual. Several children came into this "breathing world" to cement more closely their happiness. If

Mrs. M. possessed a failing, it consisted in a passion for the stage, and the alderman's carriage was put into requisition more frequently than "the good easy man" thought necessary; yet he murmured not—his wife's amusements he made his own. The Lord Mayor's balls and dinners during the "splendid annuals" were of course visited, and the worthy magistrate was respected in every society in which he mixed. Mrs. M. was followed, admired and envied; her natural ease and grace rendered her polished manners agreeable and delightful to all. She was then happy in her domestic circle, a contented wife, a proud mother!

One evening, at a theatre, seated in their private box, Mrs. M. gazed until fascinated by the extraordinary acting of one of the performers. The play, our immortal bard's Richard III., the scene in which "Crook Back" courts and wins the Lady Anne, was so exquisitely rendered, that Mrs. M. forgot the world, her position and decorum, by expressing her admiration in terms loud enough to be heard behind the scenes by the inimitable artiste. From that evening her whole character appeared changed. Night after night this infatuated woman gazed enraptured on the enslaver of her senses. She imagined his voice, when she was present, became personally tender while depicting the passion of love; his eyes, the most expressive of any optics in the world, were always directed to herself, and when the actor delineated fierce passions which distorted his features, permeating through his writhing frame, yet amidst all this whirl of emotions, the fond doting woman supposed, when his eagle glance shot up to her dark full orbs, they emitted a softness and tenderness felt by the man of genius for such evident sympathy. Alas! the infatuated city matron had to pay a fearful penalty for her highly wrought feelings. The actor sought and obtained an interview with the alderman. He affected to be delighted with the citizen, and the citizen with him. The child of the stage became an acknowledged "lion" in the city. After the "business of the stage," then the carriage, the order to the coachman, "home"—the actor, the alderman, and the wife in dangerous juxtaposition with each other. Suppers containing the most exquisite dishes graced the alderman's table; wines of rare quality were on the sideboard. The former were devoured with pleasure, the latter imbibed until reason reeled and intellect became prostrated. Fear not, gentle readers, that I am about to read you a homily on sobriety. While on the one hand I shall abstain from offending the prejudices of those who encourage an increase of the revenue, on the other I shall endeavour to draw a veil over follies and crimes committed—the liquor the excuse! The uxorious husband carried his complaisance to the extent of riding outside his own carriage in order that his spouse should enjoy the intellectual company of the celebrated artiste within. This state of things could not last for ever. Passions, if innocent, may be regulated; but should the slightest particle of "earth, earthy" be mixed with our sensations, it becomes a scourge which causes weals, never to be obliterated in the human breast, leaving tracings of corroding grief in the heart, which the iron hand of time will not alleviate—a remorse undying—desolation worse than annihilation. This lovely woman, with a nice appreciation of the grand in nature, the beautiful in science, the transcendant in literature—the mother of

lovely children—the wife of a wealthy, fond and indulgent husband, fell! yes, beneath contempt. In one moment the tempter caused her to destroy her domestic hearth; she lavished on an ingrate, affections which the law of nature, the custom of society, rendered sacred, and she dashed for ever the cup of bliss with gall and bitterness, and caused the brand of infamy to be seared high on the forehead of an affectionate husband and her helpless innocent offspring. Her conduct was detected, and the termination hurried herself into hopeless exile—banished for ever from the haunts of men the unhappy but too confiding partner of her hapless destiny.

Pardon me for this introduction; haply I am not used to the lachrymose style of writing, but this short history of blighted domestic happiness introduced me to public life.

A neighbour entered my office shortly after the aldermanic gown had been resigned; his object to require my opinion on the person qualified to be distinguished by the chain aldermanic. I could perceive he alluded to myself. Recent occurrences were, however, an insuperable bar to my “vaulting ambition”—to stain my hereditary predilections by wearing a gown dishonoured was entirely out of the question. The thought was repugnant to my principles. I do not mean to insinuate that had my friend the alderman retired with honour, or had the silent sepulchre closed over his remains, in either of these cases, I might have been induced to wear the “gilded trophy” of city dignity—to follow the example of one of my great ancestors who once gloried in being chief magistrate of the city of the east. I at once cut Mr. W—— short by a decided negative. Amongst those citizens who aspired to the gown, was a person who had left his native mountains in search of fortune, and found the treasure within the city walls. He was represented to me as a tory. The other candidates had no status in politics. I supported the northman, and he was elected chiefly by my exertions and influence. Hence, I became a public man—a mark for any opponent to direct his shafts of satire or ridicule. Fairly embarked in the duties of citizenship, I proposed my own favourites for the Court of Common Council; I carried every candidate into power. Thus, the alderman and his satellites were my nominees, yet no person appeared sensible of the chains which manacled him. Nature gave me an exterior of great respectability; early in life my hair became grey; policy taught me that suavity of demeanour would suit my personal appearance; hence the power I enjoyed as a citizen. The parishioners next required my services, and as the firm I represented were by far the largest rate-payers, I complied with their request. Here, again, I was triumphant; I dictated, in private, who should fill the offices of churchwardens; and overseers, and the beadies passed me in the streets with a “lowly obeisance.” The poor and the paupers bowed and courtesied, but, on one or two occasions, I thought there were marks of fear rather than reverence. The master of the workhouse was my obsequious slave. I gave him his lucrative position, and I believe he was grateful. There was *one* man in office I could not bend; this person was the Vestry Clerk. While all were paying me homage, intended only for oriental magnificoes, this person treated me with a familiarity perfectly incomprehensible; but my natural feelings induced me to respect, but I candidly confess I hated him.

Respect was induced because he was an *hereditary* Vestry Clerk, and the prejudices of education taught me that it would be utterly inconsistent to attempt to displace an individual clothed with a panoply perfectly in consonance with my tory prejudices, hence the immunity he enjoyed. I verily believe the impudent fellow was well aware of his safety. Thus it will be perceived, that with one exception I directed powers which were in consonance with my principles and habits, without holding a single office. Years passed, and this state of things continued, until, on an unfortunate day, a person came to reside in the parish, who caused a complete revolution (hateful term!) in my position. I was not for some time aware of any misfortune, until a church rate became necessary to support the dignity of our holy religion. Little did I suppose, at this period, that any person would have had the audacity to promulgate a vulgar notion relative to the wealth of the clergy being a sufficient cause why church rates should *not* be made and levied. I had heard of such impudent infidels, but providence had heretofore prevented them from coming between the "wind and my nobility." I did not dream of opposition, and I met *my* vestrymen in *our* beautiful church, and in the comfortable vestry-room we were enjoying a pleasing gossip before the sacred business for which we met should be proceeded with.

Mr. Churchwarden Spar, accompanied by the junior church, Sug, and the three overseers, with the sidesmen and vestry clerk, were ushered into the sanctum by our liveried beadles. I lifted my finger, when Spar, obedient to command, threw his robust person into the chair; his eyes beamed through his specs with reverence on myself. I seated myself with dignity, and was satisfied! Shortly after the entrance of these officials, five or six "good men and true" entered the vestry room, and we appeared a respectable, because we were an aristocratic body, met to perform the business of the parish.

After the minutes of our last vestry had been read and confirmed, I gave a look at Mr. W., who rose and proposed, in an appropriate speech, in which he persisted he was an unworthy instrument in the cause, that he wished the motion he held in his hand had been placed in any other person's. (Cheers.) He was incapable to the performance of such an important duty; but having been called upon, he would not shrink from supporting *our* holy religion and the church and state. He wished he possessed the eloquence of his hon. friend (meaning myself, at which there was great cheering); he should not then be at a loss for arguments to support his resolution (hear); but as it was, he could not perform his duty to that large meeting (about twelve)—(cheers)—if he did not allude to rumours in the parish that a butcher, a baker, and a few infidels were determined to question the holiness, the legality and usefulness of church rates. (Tremendous cheering.) Let them come (continued Mr. W., with a triumphant flourish of his right arm), and they will find men assembled in this vestry who dare opposition. ("No, no," from myself. The orator felt rebuked.) What he meant was, they won't come (cheers); but if they did, they would discover that the vestry were not to be deterred from the performance of their duty by such fellows. Let them come —

At this moment the door of the vestry opened, and as if the invocation of our eloquent vestryman had been heard, in stalked four per-

sons. The foremost, a young man apparently about thirty years of age, bowed and rested himself against the wainscotting of the vestry room. The other intruders followed his example. When the bustle caused by the entrance of these persons had been hushed,—

Mr. W. resumed, but in a very subdued style of eloquence. He turned all colours. He remarked that, after what he had uttered, it was unnecessary to recapitulate his speech or say more, and he concluded by moving “That a church rate of sixpence in the pound be forthwith laid for the next six months.”

A pause. In vain I looked to one of my neighbours, then to the other. The charm I possessed seemed dissolved, for not one rose to second the rate. The intruders smiled, but were silent. Maddened at the conduct of my magnanimous friends, I resolved to carry everything before me, and with as much suavity as I could assume, pointed out to the intruders their duty to God and the church as the only means to preserve them from eternal perdition. The fellows actually smiled incredulously. I descanted on the beauties of the Christian religion, the self-satisfaction which every upright man experienced in performing his devotions at the national altar, and concluded with my usual look of Christian defiance to any argument the plebeians could adduce to invalidate my conclusive evidence in favour of church rates. I seconded the resolution amidst great cheering from my friends. The strangers were provokingly indifferent and profoundly silent.

On the rate being put, an occurrence took place, which to my dying day I shall never forget. The astounding impudence and consummate audacity, even at this distance of time, are before my imagination; and I am even now sceptical whether an all-wise Deity or his arch-enemy Satan dictated to the wretches who appeared in our vestry the course they presumed to take on that eventful day—a day on which sounded the knell of all my parochial greatness! But I anticipate. The leader of the party stepped noiselessly from the wainscot and approached the sacred vestry table, while his followers encouraged him with satanic smiles. The person bowed with profound deference, and thus addressed the vestry:—

“Mr. Chairman, before you tax a suffering, an enduring people, permit me to ask you a few questions; and, if those interrogatories are answered satisfactorily, you will not meet with any interruption from the humble being who now addresses this vestry.” (The singular voice with which the stranger addressed the vestry, confounded us all; the person who spoke could be no vulgar innovator, nor an ignorant man.)

At the conclusion of his short demand, the vestry clerk, believing he was conferring a great benefit upon our party, blundered out from between his clenched teeth, “Who are you?” to which the stranger replied, in a very ominous tone, “You will know who I am soon enough.”

We were all as dumb as brutes. The stranger resumed:—“I wish to be informed, before you make a church rate, whether this church has not undergone a complete repair—whether it has not been embellished and renovated, to render it a proper temple in which to worship the Most High?” He paused for a reply; no one opened his lips, and the intruder proceeded. “What! no answer? I have



requested, with the greatest courtesy, what I now demand as a rate-payer. Will no one answer?" The curves of his mouth became more acute, and his nose evinced somewhat of disdain, while uttering these stinging words. I gave a signal to the chairman, and that great functionary answered, "Yes." "Thank you," returned the stranger, with a smile irradiating his features: "I now wish to know whether the bills have been paid for those repairs?"

Churchwarden Spar: Yes, sir; all.

Stranger: What balance have you at the banker's?

A dead silence—even myself was completely nonplussed, and, to render things worse, our incapable vestry clerk, in spite of all my winking, and the pressure of my foot against his own, under the table, obstinately, and, as I thought, by previous concert, divulged the truth. Turning over the leaves of a book, he distinctly enunciated—"Nearly £500."

Stranger: I presumed this was the truth. Thus you have repaired the church within the last six months, have a balance in hand of £500, and yet you meet here almost in secret, for those who do not worship at *your* altar cannot know when you are about to tax them. Now, one more question, and I have done. I wish to know the income of the parish for the support of the church and the vicar?

Vestry Clerk: Seven hundred a year; £500 to the clergyman, and £200 for the church.

I wished the clerk's tongue had been blistered—the craven!

Stranger: Thank you, sir. Then this church rate seems to be an unnecessary taxation on the inhabitants, many of whom, I hear, are dissenters. (Oh, oh!) Do not (resumed the speaker in a musical voice and with remarkable self-possession, for he was speaking before the millionaires of the great city, and he knew this) mistake me. I was educated in the faith of my fathers, I bow at the same altar with yourselves, and it is because I wish to perceive the church of which I am an unworthy member flourish, and obtain a firm place in the affections of the people, that I now warn you of the injustice you are endeavouring to perpetrate, not only upon those who may conscientiously differ from the discipline of the reformed church, but upon those you are attempting to tax—those who "kneel at the same altar" with ourselves, thus *causing* that dissent you affect to reprobate as rank heresy. Pause, then, in your resolve; think one moment; and if you are just men, if you love the religion of your youth, the support and consolation of your mature age, you will not peril that religion, or the edifice in which *we* worship. Church rates and tithes have caused all the dissent, for I am firmly of opinion that where sufficient property is left for the decencies of worship, and funds to keep the pastor in ease and comfort and sufficient to repair the church, we ought not to outrage the best feelings of our fellow-creatures by exacting the produce of their industry. This injustice rankles in the heart of the poor man, when he perceives the necessities of life are lessened in his family, in order that a few, who affect to be devout, may live in luxury upon the credulity of others. I therefore recommend that you resume the discussion upon the subject this day six months.

His supporters who entered the vestry with the remarkable stranger here cheered with great heartiness, and on gazing around on

my friends, I discovered, to my horror, that the speech they heard had disturbed their equanimity, for some of them lowered their eyes when they met mine fixed upon them. I could read the result in an instant. My own feelings were intense disgust at the *substance* of the address, and wonder that any fellow dare, before the richest merchants in the city, preach such balderdash; it was in itself a stretch of insolence perfectly unpardonable, and to suggest this to us, the fathers of the parish, and myself, the ruler of the whole in council and in vestry, was a piece of presumption which absolutely rendered me speechless for some seconds. The lightning's flash is not more instantaneous than my resolve. I could perceive at one glance, that certain defeat would be the consequence, for myself to oppose; and therefore, gulping down my indignant disgust, I intimated that I was not aware that the parish had so large a balance at the bankers, and perhaps the suggestion of the *gentleman* (this term nearly choked me) had better be complied with. I also meekly suggested that "when the six months were expired, the gentleman might be induced to lend us his valuable talents—(cheers)—to aid the cause of pure religion and our beloved church." Applause followed from all, and I felt at that moment humbled to the dust by the cheers of my own party. My discrimination told me the sad truth "looming in the distance," and I felt depressed. The stranger thanked the chairman for his courtesy, and the vestry for its good sense and profound appreciation of justice, bowed and retired. When the person left, we looked at each other in silence; my own looks indicated the feelings of my soul, for my heart contemned the men who had been so easily led by the tinsel eloquence of the daring intruder. There was no wine and cake that day. Twenty-one years have passed since this scene, and my prognostications, conceived in a moment on that eventful day, have been verified. No person, not even myself, ever possessed the courage to propose another rate.

CHURCH CESS WAS THAT AFTERNOON ABOLISHED, AND FOR EVER, IN A—— STREET!

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## SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENTS.

### NO. X. — BUSH-FIGHTING.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

How strange it will read in history, the account of the present Kafir war!—that is to say, if a fair and impartial account of the war be ever written. In order to get that, we should have the Kafir's version as well as our own; but as the Kafirs are not a literary nation in any sense, being rather deficient in the preliminary accomplishments of reading and writing, it is not very probable that they will contribute much to recording their deeds and ours. Let us suppose a succinct version for the instruction of the rising generation in 1953—some future Goldsmith abridged by some future Pinnock: it will run somewhat thus:—

"In the year 1850 a war broke out in South Africa between the English and an aboriginal nation named Kafirs. The latter were



great thieves, cattle stealers, highway robbers and murderers. Their depredations had become unbearable to the English colonists at the Cape of Good Hope, and their growing insolence was equally unendurable to the government. It was resolved, therefore, to chastise them. The Kafirs were not very numerous and they were naked savages, though they had lately learnt the use of firearms. They were, however, sufficiently successful to repel an invading force of some of the best English troops, and to blockade the English Governor for several weeks in his own fortress. Fresh supplies of troops were sent out from England, but shared the same fate at the hands of the savages, being checked and rebuffed at every turn, or even if they won a victory it was a bootless one and the Kafirs retreated without loss. About ten thousand British troops were now engaged against these people, but were unable to subjugate them. At length the English government, disgusted at the protraction of a war which cost the country so much and the enemy so little, and fearing that its duration was in some degree to be attributed to the incompetency or inaction of the Colonial Governor, recalled him from his post and sent out another in his place. The new Governor effected very little more than the former one, except capturing some cattle, which was considered a very grand achievement. After about three years the Kafirs, being tired of fighting, sent in offers of peace. These, with a little pretence of dignity, were soon greedily acceded to, and the war terminated. The war cost Great Britain about four millions of money; but even that amount was insignificant in comparison with the tremendous loss of life among the finest troops in the service, and the disgrace of being foiled for so many years by a horde of savages. The Kafirs, on the other hand, were rather gainers than otherwise—they lost few men, treasure they had none; while of cattle (their great property) they stole in the midst of the war far more than they lost. On the whole we may look back upon this war as the most disgraceful to British arms that has ever been carried on."

Such we affirm to be a plain, true and unvarnished account of this "little war." By the bye, what is the definition of a "little" war? Is it one that costs little? Then is the Cape war the very reverse. Is it one in which few troops are engaged? Ten thousand regulars and a few thousand volunteers are not so small an army. Is it one of short duration? Three or four years is a tolerably long campaign. Is it one which is *paltry*—considering the sort of enemy engaged? Aye, that must be the correct definition. Then shame on you, John Bull, that you cannot settle your paltry adversary at a paltry expense, in a paltry time and with a paltry waste of life. Little war indeed! The less the war, the less the glory of success; and the greater—the thousand-fold greater—the disgrace of defeat or repulse.

Napoleon said we English did not know when we were beaten. It is true: we *have been* beaten, shamefully beaten, in South Africa, and (as a nation) we don't know it, or won't believe it. However we are getting too didactic—it is "Incidents" we have to relate, and not lectures to indite.

Of all unpleasant occupations in this world of trouble, Heaven defend us from "bush-fighting!" I would rather lead the forlorn hope at another Ciudad Rodrigo, than have a month of it rather storm a field-battery of the "old guard," than hunt these Kafirs in

their lurking places for a fortnight. A man can fight when he knows what, when and where he has to fight—he can make up his mind to death or victory when he is in sight of his enemy, or about to be. But, pent up in a narrow defile, between rocks and precipices, jungle and bush, finding himself a human target for any number of bullets fired by any number of invisible assailants, is a condition that the bravest or the most reckless would not envy. The soldiers of the line don't like it at all, and naturally ; for, in addition to other inconveniences, their own red coats form such capital targets for even an indifferent marksman. The Rifles come off a little better, especially as their light infantry movements accustom them to "dodging" a foe better than the regular line and square drillings of the red coats. But the Burgher forces are the best, and so they generally get the most of it.

We will suppose a body of Burgher volunteers quietly encamped within some rude fortifications of their own throwing up. A debate is going on as to what shall be the movements of the day—where are the enemy likely to be found—how are they to get at him—what is his force likely to be. The last they don't care so much about, for, to give them their due, they are ready to attack any number of Kafirs at any moment, provided they get fair play, or what sailors call "sea-room."

In the midst of the debate arrive two or three horsemen, breathless with haste and pale with excitement, to announce that the Kafirs have attacked a farm some five miles off, and have shot the family and carried off the cattle.

To horse! To horse!

In an instant every man is busy catching his horse, which is at hand, knee-haltered. Then there is the hasty pitching together of every little particle of private property into each one's valise, and the strapping of the latter on to the saddle. Then the waggon drivers are collecting the oxen, and shouting and yelling and hooting as they yoke them to the baggage waggon. The tents are being struck, the little commissariat packed up, the mounting, the assembling, the hasty muster-call, the falling into rank, and the "Forwards!"

A few are selected to remain with the waggons, which necessarily move at a slow pace, and which are to follow the route of the rest, who set off at a canter. Half an hour brings them to the farm which has been attacked.

Here they see the sad traces of the depredators. Three or four dead bodies—those of the proprietor and his family (for his servants had long ago deserted him), the house still burning, though nearly consumed to the very ground, and the kraal cleared of every head of cattle. The first thing is to see if any one has escaped destruction. Not one! The next is to ascertain which route the Kafirs have taken. They are easily traced by their "spoor," which is in the direction of yonder bush and mountains.

"Forwards!" again ; not so fast now, however, as it is necessary to keep on the trail, or the traces of the thieves will be lost. An hour's ride, and they approach the bush, which is thick, dark, tangled, and about eight feet high, or perhaps ten. They seek for a road, and they find one. Before they enter there is a halt. Every man looks to his gun, sees that loading and priming are all right, feels if he has

his cartridges handy, looks at his saddle-girths and tightens them if necessary, gives a thought to absent friends and dear ones, and is then ready for anything. The leader makes a short address to his men—a straightforward, manly one—does not doubt that they will fight to the death, but beseeches them also to attend to orders. He is a soldier, and knows the weak point of a volunteer corps—discipline.

Then in double file they enter the road and wind along through the bush. The way is rugged enough. Stones as big as men's heads are scattered along the road. Precipitous hills rise not far on either side of them. The road, too, gradually ascends, becoming steeper the farther they go. It is clear that they are still on the spoor, but they will probably soon lose it. It is nervous work toiling on thus—like treading over a place that you know to be undermined, and may at any moment explode and blow you to perdition. It makes men either very cool, or fretful and impatient.

There is a sudden rattle of musketry on the left, and at the same moment three of the little corps are down writhing in a death-struggle; their horses are plunging and snorting, and freeing themselves from their burthens, they dash away at the top of their speed back down the hill. The leader of the band looks puzzled. Where are the enemy? The shots come from yonder, where the smoke is curling about the bush.

"There they are!" shouts one.

"Where? Nonsense!—those are aloes, not Kafirs."

They *must* be there certainly; but how to get to them! No horse could gallop up such a place. No man even could penetrate the bush without having his clothes torn to shreds.

"Fire a volley into the bush yonder between those two sugar-loaf rocks. Steady!"

It is done: with what effect can scarcely be told, though it is probable it may have knocked over a Kafir or two. It is clear, however, that this is not the main body whom they seek. At all events, they cannot have the cattle up there. So "forwards!" again.

All goes on quietly for a time, though one of the three who were hit not being dead, has to be carried across another one's horse. Poor fellow! he is in terrible pain, and they are not able to render him much relief.

Another rattle of musketry, and one more of the party is stretched lifeless. The Kafirs aim very high—too high to be as effectual shots as they might be; but then, though most of their balls fly harmless over their enemies' heads, it is possible that the few which take effect strike the head, and so cause instant death.

Another volley is fired by the little troop in the direction of the smoke, and again all is silent.

The order is now given to dismount and lead their horses so long as they are in this deep hollow. This is done, and they move on as fast as they can march. By degrees the precipices on each side decrease in height. It is now improbable that the Kafirs will be able to get a shot at them from either side; and as the leader feels certain the main body and the cattle are ahead, they mount their horses, and once more it is "Forwards!" at a sharp canter.

The road widens; the bush assumes a less close and tangled character, and the country is more level. At a turn of the road some

Kafirs are seen about half a mile a-head. Now there is some excitement in the thing, and they gallop faster onwards.

They are soon up with the Kafirs, and charge them at full gallop. There are the cattle too, and while some are at close quarters with the enemy, others of the savages try to drive off the cattle. It is not the intention of the Burghers to allow anything of the sort. Out-numbered as they are, they make a dashing charge, and get round the cattle. The Kafirs are a little bit cooled, three or four are bowled over, and the rest show strong symptoms of retreat.

There is a great rush made to prevent this, but it is impossible. The Kafirs get into the bush, the Burghers fire at the bush, but they don't know whether they hit anything but the trees or not. They have got the cattle, however, and that is a great consolation. Indeed the whole Cape war may be described as a cattle war. Cattle were the origin of it; for stealing cattle we attacked the Kafirs; to keep the cattle the Kafirs fight; without cattle they would give up to-morrow; and to capture cattle appears to be the grand object of the British forces there—regulars and volunteers.

It is pleasant to have to fight: to be shot at by a concealed enemy, and to drive a herd of cattle at the same time, is not the most agreeable combination of employments.

The movement was now back again, homewards. The cattle, tolerably scared and frightened by the firing, were got in motion, and the troop followed them at a slow pace. For the first part of the way all went pretty smoothly; but those who knew what Kafirs were, never expected to get quietly back to their quarters as they were. As they approached the precipitous part of the route, anxious glances were cast towards the old spots whence the firing had before come. The first one they passed in safety.

Shortly afterwards, a volley assailed them; struck down some, and wounded many of the cattle. The latter alarmed, and infuriated, turned round on those who were driving them and charged. It was like contending with a second enemy. The shouting and screaming of the men, the bellowing of the cattle, the rattling of the musket shots from the Kafirs, formed a scene as diabolical as the imagination can picture.

Some of the little troop, driven almost to madness, charged into the bush towards the spot where the Kafirs lay concealed; but they might as well have charged a *chevaux de frize*. The bush was impenetrable to them.

The leader of them called, shouted, protested and entreated them to keep together, and to fire steadily in the direction whence the Kafirs' shots came. It was the only thing to be done, and they did it. The effect seemed good, for the firing ceased. After much trouble the cattle were got forward again, and the troop pursued its way. Here and there a few stray shots assailed them, and more than one wound was received.

There is a sudden stoppage of the cattle ahead. A fresh enemy? A moment's hushed listening, but no shots are fired. A few ride forward to seek the cause of the stoppage. Alas! it is the dead bodies of their old comrades which are lying in the path. Nothing is more difficult than to get oxen to pass a corpse. They remove them, and again they are all in motion. Almost to the last moment of

their passage through the bush, stray bullets whistle about their ears and do more or less damage.

At last they reach their own waggons, after a painful day's work. What is the result of it? Eight men killed—not men who have sold themselves to be shot at at a shilling a day; but farmers, men of property, who have been forced into warfare as the only alternative between that and a murder of themselves and families in cold blood by the barbarians. Eight men killed, twelve wounded, and—seventy head of cattle captured! What a reward for the loss of so much good blood, for the wives robbed of husbands and protectors, the children of parents, the nation of good subjects! And yet it is considered comparatively a “good day's work.” They have captured some cattle—that is something; they have killed probably six or eight Kafirs—something more: and yet how little.

At all events, such is a faithful picture of a day's bush fighting—and such are its “rewards!”

## A ROMANTIC REMINISCENCE OF A COMMON-PLACE MAN.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

A LITTLE mystery is a very pleasant ingredient in the chalice of life. Blessed, thrice blessed, is the romantic incident which breaks the dead-level common-place of our ordinary existence, and rouses the soul from its mischievous repose of torpor or indifference. If there should be any diversity of opinion upon this subject among your readers, I would respectfully invite their attention to the following narrative.

At the time the incidents occurred which I am about to relate, I had resided in London for several years. I was no longer in the hey-day of youth; in fact, I was a very ordinary-looking bachelor of thirty-three. My occupations only required my attention for six hours out of the twenty-four, and left me an amount of leisure which many who read this might envy. But I am sorry to say, that I was entirely without resources; and, as for what is commonly called amusement, I had more than enough of it. I was tired of parties, sick of dancing, regardless even of music. The theatre was a bore to me; the opera only to be tolerated once or twice in the season. I cared nothing about books—nothing about any human art or science whatever; for, immersed during my best years in the frivolities and follies of life, I had never bestowed a thought on the cultivation of any rational taste, or in the education of my intellectual nature. Added to all this, I was nervous, sensitive, and irritable; with no *friends* (in the best and truest sense of the word) and with very few acquaintances. A horrible dislike of my mode of life and daily habits grew upon me, and became more oppressive every moment of my existence. I loathed the tavern where I sometimes took my solitary dinner. I changed my lodgings frequently,—often every month. Now I sought relief in the bracing breezes of Highgate; and then returned again to the noisiest of London thorough-

fares. Sometimes I was attracted by the monotonous tranquillity of Islington, and sometimes by the scanty verdure of Kennington Common. Many of my evenings used to be occupied in that most detestable of pursuits, called lodging-hunting; and I believe that I have more experience of the habits, tempers, dispositions and impositions of lodging-house-keepers, than any human being.

At the period at which my narrative commences, I had been in the occupation of apartments for the unprecedented period of six months. They were situated in a quiet street near the Regent's Park; and though they afforded me no very superior accommodation, I had found the landlady obliging, my breakfast prepared with regularity, my milk delivered to me with no more than the due admixture of water, and my tea and sugar unmolested.

One evening I was standing at the window (for now I was in the habit of passing my evenings in the solitude of my own apartment), in a drowsy listless mood, looking down into the street, whose silence was only occasionally broken by the notes of a barrel organ. Suddenly my attention was attracted by the apparition of a female figure (visible to me for but a moment) at the first floor window of the house opposite. The window was gently opened—the figure retreated into the apartment, and I saw it no more.

Presently, however, I heard a low sweet voice which thrilled my very soul. Then all was still again. It was a lovely summer evening; the air was deliciously cool and soft, and the sun was sinking to rest in sanguine splendour. I was languidly watching the gorgeous sunset, and falling once more into a drowsy reverie, when I heard that low, soft, womanly tone again. She was reading aloud this time, and there was evidently a listener in the apartment. I was at once all attention, and eagerly attempted to catch the plaintive utterances, which fell at first confusedly on my ear. As well as though it were yesterday, I recollect that the first words I could distinguish were two lines from the noble epic of our great blind poet; and it is no exaggeration to say that they awakened in my mind feelings and aspirations to which I had been hitherto a stranger:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good;  
Almighty, Thine this universal frame."

I could not of course distinctly follow the fair lectrice through the whole of this magnificent hymn, but she appeared to me to rise in enthusiasm as she proceeded, and of the concluding lines I heard every word. Need I say that they made an indelible impression upon me? I seemed never to have heard so glorious a strain of melody as that contained in the wonderful invocation:

"Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise."

I listened till the voice ceased—drinking in with rapture its faintest echoes. At length all was still; but I remained at the window for a long time after dusk, and then sat me down in a fit of



melancholy abstraction, and mused over the wasted years of my unsatisfactory life.

The next morning I made some inquiries of my landlady about "the people opposite." All that she knew was, that a Mrs. Slatterly, whose husband was a sad drunkard, and came home at all hours of the night, was the responsible manager of the house, and let lodgings. "And pretty lodgings they were," said my informant. "It was not her business to say anything, but let any gent who thought he could be more comfortable in another place go if he had a mind." I had raised a storm, which I hastened to allay by informing my hostess that I had no intention of transferring myself to Mrs. Slatterly's. At this declaration, she was of course all civility. All that she said she was sure was for my good, and would I tell her if I found anything uncomfortable or disagreeable in *her* house?

So ended my inquiries. I will frankly own that a vague idea of seeking apartments at Mrs. Slatterly's *had* crossed my mind, when I first heard that she "let lodgings;" and I imagine that my worthy landlady had traced some indication of such a thought in the restless expression of my countenance: but I gave way, as any one in my situation would have done, before the gathering storm, which my inquiries seemed likely to provoke. However, the next evening I watched the first-floor windows, and listened for the voice again. Alas! I listened in vain. I heard no more Milton that evening, or the next, or the next. On the sixth evening of my watch, I caught the sound of a sweet, melancholy air, but it died away almost in an instant. After that, during my sojourn in — street, I never heard the voice again.

Several months passed away. I had changed my lodgings and fallen back into my old drowsy habits. One evening I was tempted to visit a theatre; not that I derived any real gratification from such amusements, but I felt the necessity of making an occasional effort to arouse myself from the gloomy *ennui* of which I was the victim. When the performance was over, I strolled home very slowly, as was my custom, through quiet and unfrequented streets—musing, as I sauntered along, on the loneliness and wretchedness of my condition. About half-past twelve o'clock I found myself in a street of humble pretensions near Tottenham Court Road. It was a beautiful night, and the stars were shining brightly overhead. I paused a moment to gaze upon the magnificent canopy which overarched the sleeping city, when, to my inexpressible amazement and delight, the low, soft tones of a remembered voice fell upon my ear. Well did I know that voice again. I could not be mistaken; and in an instant my eye was fixed on the spot from whence it proceeded. It came, I soon perceived, from the upper part of a house near which I was standing. There was a light in the window, and the fair unknown continued for some minutes to sing to herself. She sang a little plaintive air, which melted me to tears and rivetted me to the pavement, where I remained immovable as a statue. At length she ceased, but I could not leave the spot. For upwards of an hour I continued to watch the window. There was the light still. How strange it was! In what mysterious occupation was she engaged? A policeman passed me several times whilst I continued on my watch, and eyed me very suspiciously. I felt my conduct to be rather foolish, and open to some misconstruc-



tion ; so when I saw him bearing down on me for about the tenth time, I walked away ; but I could not walk home. I strolled about for another hour, and then returned to my former position. There was a light in the window still. She had not retired to rest, but I heard no singing. I waited near the spot for several minutes ; then I took another stroll, and then returned again, and again saw the light.

It was broad daylight when I reached my lodgings, and having let myself in with my latch key, I attempted to get an hour or so's repose ; but I could not sleep. My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. I had something to live for. I was a new being, forming a thousand plans, building up airy castles, and determined on obtaining some information from some quarter or other about the owner of the voice.

In the meanwhile, for several weeks, I strolled every evening into the quiet street, and watched the window where I was certain to see the light, and sometimes also, but not very often, I heard a strain of softly murmured melody, to which I listened with unspeakable rapture. Still, I could not hit upon any scheme for forming a personal acquaintanceship with the fair being who had so mysteriously interested me. Sometimes I thought of knocking at the door, and boldly inquiring for her ; but reflection convinced me of the folly or impropriety of such a step. Besides, I was naturally timid and irresolute. I had no friend to counsel me, or with whom I could confer upon the subject ; and so days and weeks passed on, and my curiosity remained ungratified.

One evening I took my usual stroll, and bent my steps towards the street in which I had been of late so often a watcher. I must have been at this period the terror or the curiosity of the neighbourhood—I was there so often, and without any apparent motive. I have now reason to believe that I was actually under the *surveillance* of the police ; and public opinion in the place I haunted was probably divided upon the question, whether I was a burglar, a madman or a sheriff's officer. This evening, however, no light appeared in the window. I approached the house with much anxiety, and was gazing upwards, with blank dismay depicted on my countenance, when the door was opened by a clean, good-tempered-looking woman, who, after eying me for a moment with timid curiosity, bluntly asked me "if I wanted any one?"

I was staggered with the question ; and how I retained sufficient self-possession to reply to it I know not. But I did reply. I said that I had reason to think that a person—a lady, in fact—of whom I knew something, was the occupant of an apartment in that house. Could she inform me how long she had been there, or give me any other particulars respecting her ?

She said, "A lady *had* lived there, but she left yesterday. Poor thing ! she was very clever, but she worked too hard. She is a hartist, sir, and, bless her heart ! she has set up for nights and nights together to finish her pictures. I think," continued the woman, "she lives by taking likenesses. When she came here she was dressed in mourning, and told me she had lost her best friend, and was thrown upon the world to do the best she could for herself. She was a sweet-tempered lady, and complained to no one ; but latterly, sir, she has

been ailing sadly, and getting weaker every day. I told her often that she worked too hard, night after night sitting up by herself in her little room. Howsomever, she wouldn't give way. Perhaps, sir, you may know some of her friends. Her brother—a very nice gentleman—came here yesterday and took her away—I don't know where to; but he talked of sending her into the country for a time."

So here was an end to all my dreams and schemes. I thanked the woman for her information, and walked slowly home. I have lost her, I said, for ever.

The following summer I passed a few weeks in Paris; and although I was quite alone, and not in the best spirits, the change of air and of scene was of signal benefit to me. During the long evenings in the preceding winter months, I had often sat before the fire in my London lodgings, and mused for hours together on the vexatious disappointment to which my curiosity had been twice doomed. But still the adventure—if I may so call it—had not been without its uses. It had awakened in me passions and aspirations of a higher order than those by which my existence had been hitherto swayed. In a very small way I had become a votary of poetry and art. I had read through *Paradise Lost* from the first verse to the last, and I felt an interest in pictures as intense in its kind, if not as discriminating, as that of the artist or the connoisseur.

During my frequent promenades through the picture gallery of the Louvre, I used to watch with no slight interest the labours of the young artists who were engaged in copying some of the magnificent creations of genius which are there grouped together in such profusion. More particularly, I had noticed a pale, dark-haired young girl, who was executing a copy of the *Madonna of Raphael*. She was dressed in deep mourning, and there was something very interesting in the calm, but rather melancholy expression of her face. Her hands were small and delicate, her lips thin, and her figure slender and graceful. Moreover, I had perceived at a glance that she was an Englishwoman, and this circumstance certainly did not tend to diminish the interest I felt in her.

The day before I left Paris I visited the Louvre for the last time, and looked about rather anxiously for my dark-haired copyist. But she was not there. She had undoubtedly finished her picture, and was gone—alas! I knew not where.

However, fortune was kinder to me this time. The next morning I was at the railway station, and had just secured my ticket, when I observed a lady, whom I had no difficulty in recognising as the copyist of the Louvre, ineffectually endeavouring to obtain the assistance of one of the railway porters to remove a certain gigantic black trunk. I saw at once that these officials, who were running about in all directions with the smallest packages they could find, were alarmed at its bulk; and accordingly, without more ado, I beckoned to one of them, and made him understand in my Anglicised French that I would assist in moving the aforesaid box. My civility was rewarded with a smile and a bow from the lady. We reached the platform together; she took her seat in the train, and I found myself by her side. I had not yet heard her voice, but having launched a few commonplace remarks about railway travelling in general and French railway parties in particular, she turned to thank me in the gentlest, softest and

kindest tone imaginable. What a sweet voice it was! How deeply it affected me! and how much it appeared to reveal to me! I begged her pardon, but I thought I had met her in Paris, at the Louvre. Was she not the lady? Here I paused, feeling perhaps that I had gone too far.

The ice was broken. She told me that she had been in Paris for upwards of two months. She was fond of pictures; indeed, painting was her profession, and the collection in the Louvre had charmed her beyond expression.

I thought in the first instance that her voice fell upon my ear like strain of remembered melody; but *now* I felt no doubt or misgiving on the matter. Her profession, her absence from England, her pale and delicate face, were all so many circumstances of corroboration. I was silent, however, for some moments. At length I mustered up all the courage of which I was possessed, and said in a low, earnest tone,—

“Forgive me, madam, but did you not at one time live at No. —, in — Street, near the Regent’s Park?”

Her eyes were instantly filled with tears, and she turned away her face.

There was a silence of some minutes.

When she looked at me again, her countenance was calm and placid, though it bore the traces of recent suffering. “Pardon me, sir,” she said; “I feel that it is very foolish in me to give way to these sorrowful emotions; but in the house you speak of I lost my best and kindest friend—my dear, dear father.”

“And you afterwards,” I continued, after another pause, “resided by yourself in — Street, Tottenham Court Road.”

“I did,” she said, wonderingly, and with a slight blush mantling over her face.

“You are the lady, then,” I exclaimed, “whom I have heard reading Milton on a calm summer evening, never to be forgotten by me, above a year ago,—whose voice has haunted me ever since,—who worked at your pictures till your health gave way—toiling night after night in your solitary apartment, followed by admiration and pity wherever you went! To meet you thus is indeed a privilege.”

The reader may surmise that this was not the whole of the dialogue which took place between us during that memorable journey. Before we arrived in London, she had told me her whole personal history. Guilelessly and confidingly she imparted to me all the trials and misfortunes which had been crowded into her short life. There was a strange sympathy between us, and when I ventured to tell her how I had listened for her voice in times gone by, and watched the window of the room where she sat at her easel, she smiled sweetly and intelligently, and certainly never once appeared displeased.

Poor girl! her life had indeed been a life of trial. Her mother died when she was just old enough to feel her loss, and this first sorrow was the precursor of many others. Her father was a merchant, and for a long time a prosperous and wealthy one. But by and by he met with reverses; loss followed loss, and one speculation after another failed. At first he disregarded the frowns of fortune, happy in his home, happy in his daughter’s measureless affection, and in the frank attachment of an only son, whom he had destined for the army. At

length, however, his difficulties became serious, and threatened him with bankruptcy and beggary. He could not even raise the money to purchase his son's commission. Wealthy friends turned their backs upon him, and he was blamed by the world for his imprudence. *Then* he gave way. Despondency, despair, disease successively assailed him, bowed down his strong frame, and withered his manly heart.

When he was compelled to leave his handsome house in Belgrave Square, his daughter took lodgings for him, and tended him to the last with meek and affectionate assiduity. The day before he died she read to him the noble lines which had made so deep an impression upon me. When he was gone—when death, so long apprehended (and which came at last as a welcome release), separated him from her—she bravely went forth into the world, and commenced that hard battle for existence, in which the weak and friendless are so often vanquished. Too proud and self-reliant to become dependent on her father's relatives, who had treated him with harshness while he lived, she resolved to turn those accomplishments to account, which she had formerly regarded only as the embellishments of life's lighter hours. She began by teaching music and drawing in an humble way, wherever she could obtain an engagement; but having accidentally achieved considerable success in miniature painting, she was induced to give up all her time and attention to it. She painted very cheaply, produced some excellent likenesses, and was soon overwhelmed with orders. The consequence was that she worked much harder than she ought to have done, sitting up night after night, and taking scarcely any exercise. She was never very strong, and the long, long hours of uninterrupted labour and close confinement in the small room she tenanted were rapidly undermining her constitution.

One day, however, her brother (who had obtained a situation as a merchant's clerk) called on her, and found her looking so ill that he insisted on her leaving London for a short time. He accordingly hurried her into the country, to a quiet village not far from the metropolis, where she remained till her health was re-established. She had since been staying in Paris with a very old friend of her father—a widow lady in narrow circumstances, who had accidentally heard of her indisposition, and who begged to have the privilege of her society for a short time. So she had been to Paris, and had taken advantage of her visit to enrich her portfolio with many copies and sketches of her favourite pictures.

I hoped that some day I might receive permission to see them.

She smiled, and before we parted I obtained her brother's address, with whom I ascertained she was about to reside for a short time.

I called on her and saw the paintings. We met like old friends, speaking as if we had known each other for years. I told her she had given a fresh object to my life; that I should ever be grateful to her, and look on her as my better angel. The earnestness of my language and manner pleased her, and won upon her heart. We passed together many happy evenings of courtship, laid our plans for the future; a day was named,

And soon two lonely ones with holy rites  
Became one happy being.

## THE BEAUTIES OF SCHILLER'S ROBBERS.

(Continued.)

FROM the fainting fit into which old Moor has fallen, believed to be death by Amalia and his attendants, he awakes to a horrible imprisonment in a neighbouring forest, where his son Franz has condemned him to spend the remainder of his days, in order that he may the sooner enjoy his inheritance and pursue with greater freedom his course of evil and oppression. The soliloquies of the successful villain are pictures of the darkest side of human nature, and are infinitely more revolting than the misdeeds of the robbers.

In the two scenes which, in the tragedy, immediately follow, the character of the outlaw chief and that of his associates are placed in forcible contrast. Assembling in the Bohemian woods, the robbers give an account of their several exploits. One by one, deeds of lawlessness and cruelty are recounted, when suddenly as the reckless Spiegelberg is loudly boasting of having flung an infant into the flames of a burning cottage, his captain breaks in upon his narrative with horror and indignation, and expels him from the band.

For Karl—as, in the scene which follows, he gives a catalogue of his crimes, and is accused of being a worthy follower of the first traitor—is felt, throughout, an engrossing interest and sympathy. That he erred in human judgment, and that he sinned most deeply in the presumptuous endeavour to right the scales of Providence, his own lips, at the close of his career admit, with pain and penitence; but to the horror inspired by his crimes is united a deep admiration for his lofty scorn of meaner vices, his hatred of avarice and hypocrisy, his sympathy with the oppressed, his pure and holy regret for the innocence that had “once” been his—the time “when he had failed to sleep, if he had left unsaid his evening prayers.”

**ACT II. SCENE 3.—*The Bohemian Forest.***

**Karl Von Moor. Robbers.**

*Enter* FATHER DOMINIC.

**FATHER DOM.** [*Aside—starts.*] Is this the dragon's nest?  
*(Aloud.)* Sirs, with your leave

I am a servant of the Church—and yonder  
Are seventeen hundred soldiers, bound to guard  
Each hair upon my head.

**SCHWEIZER.** Bravo! Well said

**To keep his courage warm !**

**MOOR.**

# Be silent, comrade.

**Good father, tell me briefly if you can  
What is your errand hear.**

FATHER DOM.

**I am the envoy**

Of the Chief Justices upon whose fiat  
Hangs life and death. Ye thieves—incendiaries,  
Ye villains—poisonous brood of vipers, stinging  
In secret, crawling in the dark—ye refuse  
Of all mankind—ye sons of hell—meat food  
For ravens and for worms—ye colonists  
Of gallows and the wheel.

**SCHWEIZER.** Dog! Cease these insults!

Or—

*[Holds the but-end of his gun before the face of Father Dominic.]*

MOOR. Fie, fie, Schweizer! Thou hast cut the thread  
Of his discourse—and he had got his sermon  
So well by heart! Proceed, good sir: you said  
“The gallows and the wheel”—

FATHER DOM. And thou, their captain—  
Thou prince of cutpurses—thou king of sharpers—  
Thou Grand Mogul of all the rogues that crawl  
Under the sun—thou worthy follower  
Of the first traitor who a thousand legions  
Of sinless angels tempted to rebellion,  
And dragged down with him to the endless pit  
Of deep damnation!

Shrieks and cries of murder  
From childless mothers' lips pursue thy footsteps;  
Thou drinkest blood like water; to thy sword  
Man's life is but a breath—

MOOR. Quite true—proceed.

FATHER DOM. Quite true? Quite true—Is that an answer?

MOOR. What?

It seems that you were not so sure of it.  
But go on—go on. What more would you tell us?

FATHER DOM. Avaunt, thou man of horror! On thy fingers  
Reeks now the life blood of a murdered Count.  
Hast thou not dared with sacrilegious hands  
To break into the holy sanctuary  
And carry off the vessels consecrate  
To the Lord's Supper? Has thou not flung firebrands  
Into the midst of our God-fearing city,  
And blown above the heads of pious Christians  
The powder magazine? O horrible,  
Horrible sin, that cries aloud to Heaven  
And calleth down the day of judgment! ripe  
For retribution—for the last trump ready.

MOOR. Masterly guesses so far! but, however,  
Now to the point. What is it, worthy sir,  
That our right worshipful chief justices  
Would have with me?

FATHER DOM. They send thee that thou art  
Unworthy to receive. See, look around thee,  
Incendiary! As far as eye can reach  
Thou art surrounded by our horsemen—here  
Is no escape. As surely as these oaks  
Bear cherries and these fir-trees nectarines,  
So surely shalt thou safely turn thy back  
Upon these oaks and firs.

MOOR. Dost hear that, Schweizer?—  
But go on.

FATHER DOM. Hear then what forbearance justice  
Shews such a miscreant. If thou wilt bow thee  
Before the cross and sue for mercy, see,  
Severity herself will turn to pity,  
And justice be to thee a loving mother.  
One half thy crimes her eye will overlook  
And feel quite satisfied to let thee only—  
Just think of it—be broken on the wheel.

SCHWEIZER. Dost hear that, captain? Shall I fall upon him  
And choke this shepherd's cur till the red blood  
Spurts out from every pore?

ROLLO. Storm, hell and fury!  
Captain! see how he bites his under-lip—  
Shall I upset this fellow like a ninepin?

SCHWEIZER. No—me! O, captain, let me kneel to you!  
Implore you! Let me pound him to a jelly.

(Father Dominic screams.)



**MOON.** Away! Dare none of you lay finger on him.

*(To Father Dominic drawing his sword.)*

Look here, sir Father, here are nine and seventy  
Of whom I am the captain—and not one  
Knows how to trot at signal of command,  
Or dance to music of artillery;  
And yonder there are seventeen hundred men  
Grown grey under the musket. But now listen—  
Thus saith the Captain of Incendiaries.  
True, I have slain a noble of the land—  
That I have plundered and reduced to ashes  
The chapel of St. Dominic—have flung  
Firebrands into your pious city, and blown  
The powder magazine upon the heads  
Of godly Christians. But that is not all;  
I have done more. You may perhaps remark  
The four rich rings I wear upon my finger.  
Go and report to your chief justices,  
Upon whose fiat hangs both life and death,  
What you shall hear and see. This costly ruby  
Is from the finger of a minister  
Who at his prince's feet, while at the chase,  
I laid. He, from the lowest drudge, had raised him  
To be first favourite—his neighbour's ruin  
Had been his ladder to preferment: tears  
Of orphans had assisted him to mount it.  
This diamond from a treasurer I took,  
Who offices of trust and honour sold  
Unto the highest bidder, and the patriot,  
Needy but honest, scouted from his door.  
This agate I abstracted from a priest  
Whom I despatched myself, as he deplored,  
In open pulpit, the decreasing power  
Of the Inquisition. I could tell you more  
Stories about my rings, but that already  
I do repent me of the few brief words  
That I have spent on you.

**FATHER DOM.** O Pharosah, Pharosah!

**MOON.** Do ye hear that? Do ye remark that sigh?  
Does he not stand as if invoking fire  
To fall from Heaven on this troop of Korah?  
He passes judgment with a shrug, and damns  
With Christian sighs. Can men then be so blind?  
Can he, who has the hundred eyes of Argus  
To spy out all the failings of his brother,  
Remain so blindly ignorant of his own?  
They thunder patience from their clouds, and offer  
Their human victims to the God of love  
As if he were a Moloch! Love to neighbours  
They preach, and drive with curses from their door  
The blind and aged! Against covetousness  
They storm: yet for the lust of gold Peru  
Is left a desert, and her people yoked  
Like cattle to their chariots. They must marvel  
How nature ever could create a Judas;  
And even the best among them would betray  
The Trinity for half a dozen shekels.  
Out on you, Pharisees! ye falsifiers  
Of holy truth! ye apes of things divine!  
Ye scruple not to kneel at cross and altar—  
To lacerate your back with thongs—to rack  
Your flesh with fastings: and ye think, O fools,  
To blind His eyes whom yet ye call Omniscient,  
With mockeries such as these! Just as the great  
Are mocked the most, when those who flatter tell them



That they hate flatterers—ye boast yourselves  
Of honour and good conduct; and the God  
Who sees into your hearts would chafe at Him  
Who made you, were he not the same who framed  
The monsters of the Nile. Away with him!

FATHER DOM. That such a miscreant should be so proud

MOOR. That's not all! Now I will speak proudly. Go  
And say unto your justices who set  
Men's lives upon the throwing of a die—  
I am no thief who plots with sleep and midnight,  
And plays the hero on a scaling ladder.  
What I have done, I shall no doubt hereafter  
Be doomed to read in Heaven's register;  
But on their wretched minions here in earth  
I waste no more words. Tell them only this:  
My trade is retribution—and my work,  
Revenge.

FATHER DOM. So thou wilt nought of mercy? Good.  
Then I have done with thee.

(*To the robbers.*) Hear ye what Justice  
Directs me to make known to you:—If now  
Ye will deliver up this malefactor,  
Bound hand and foot, ye shall receive full pardon;  
Your crimes shall even cease to be remembered;  
The holy Church shall take you to her bosom  
Like lost sheep, with a love renewed; and each  
Shall find a way to honour and distinction.

(*To Moor.*) So, so! How does your kingship relish this?

(*To the robbers.*) Come, bind him, and ye're free.

Do ye hear that?

MOOR. What startles you? Why hesitate? Your freedom  
Is offered you, already prisoners—  
Your lives are granted;—no vain farce—for ye  
Are felons and condemned;—distinction, office,  
Are promised you; while, on the other hand,  
What can your lot be, even if to-day  
Ye are victorious, but shame and curses?  
They give you Heaven's pardon—you that are  
Actually damned. There's not among you all  
A single hair that is not marked for hell.  
Do ye still hesitate? Do ye still waver?  
Is it so hard to choose 'twixt heaven and hell?  
Help them, then, Father!

FATHER DOM. Is the fellow crazy?  
Fear you a trap to take you all alive?  
Read for yourselves. Here is the general pardon.  
Can you still doubt?

(*He hands a paper to Schweizer.*)

MOOR. See—only see—what more  
Can you require? 'Tis signed with their own hands.  
Mercy beyond all bounds! Or do ye fear  
That they will break their word, because, forsooth,  
Ye have heard say men keep no faith with traitors?  
Dismiss that fear! Mere policy constrains them  
To keep their word, if pledged to Satan's self!  
Who would believe them ever after? Who  
Would trade with them a second time? My oath  
Upon it, they are honest. I am he—  
They know it—who have led you on to ruin.  
You they consider innocent. Your crimes  
Are held as merely youthful indiscretions—  
Rash follies. Me alone they want; alone  
Do I deserve the penalty. Say, Father,  
Is it not so?

FATHER DOM. What devil speaks from out him?  
Of course—of course. The fellow turns my brain!

MOOR. What, still no answer? Do ye dream of making  
Your way with swords? Look round you—look around.  
Ye surely do not reckon upon that!  
That were a childish dream. Or do ye think  
To fall like heroes since you saw my joy  
At prospect of a combat? Dream it not!  
Ye are not *Moor*! Ye are but godless thieves—  
The wretched tools of my sublime designs;  
Vile as the rope within the hangman's hand.  
Thieves cannot fall like heroes. Life must be  
The hope of thieves, for something fearful follows!  
Thieves have a right to shrink from death. Hark, how  
Their horns resound! See there, their glittering swords!  
What, still irresolute? Are you insane?  
It is unpardonable. For my life  
I thank you not: I scorn your sacrifice!

FATHER DOM. (*amazed*.) I shall go wild. I must away from hence!  
Was the like ever heard of?

MOOR. Do ye fear  
That I should stab myself, and so undo,  
Through suicide, the bargain which holds good  
Only if I am given up alive?  
No, children; that is but an idle fear.  
Here I resign my dagger and my pistols—  
This poison that I thought might prove a treasure.  
I am so wretched, I have lost the power  
Over my own life. Still in doubt? Perhaps  
You think that I shall stand on my defence,  
When ye would seize me. See, I bind my hand  
Unto this oak branch. I am quite defenceless.  
A child might overpower me. Who's the first  
To leave his captain in the hour of need?

ROBBERS (*with bold energy*). What though hell circled us with  
ninefold coils?

Let him who is no coward save the captain!

SCHWEIZER (*tearing the pardon*). Pardon be in our bullets! Out,  
canaille!

Tell them that sent thee that in all Moor's band  
Thou could'st not find one traitor! Save the captain!

ALL. Save—save the captain!

MOOR (*joyfully*). Now, then, we are free;  
Comrades, a host is in this single arm!  
Freedom or death! At least they shall not take  
One man of us alive.

A fierce conflict is here supposed to ensue, in which Karl, owing his life to the devoted valour of his band, takes a solemn oath never to forsake them.

ACT III. SCENE 2.—*Country near the Danube.*

*Karl Von Moor. Robbers.*

(*Karl absorbed in the scene.*)

SCHWARZ. A glorious sunset!

KARL. So a hero dies,  
Worthy of adoration!

SCHWARZ. You appear  
Moved deeply.

KARL. 'Twas my first and dearest thought  
While yet a boy, to live—to die—like him!  
It was a boyish thought.

SCHWARZ. Why, I should hope so.

KARL. There was a time—Leave me alone, good comrades!

SCHWARZ. Moor! Moor! What's this? See how his colour changes!

GRIMM. By all the devils! What ails him? Is he ill?

KARL. There was a time when I had failed to sleep,  
If I had left unsaid my evening prayers.

GRIMM. Art mad? Shall boyish memories school you now?

KARL (*laying his head on Grimm's breast*). O brother! brother!

GRIMM. Come, now, don't be childish.

KARL. O that I were so!—once again a child!

GRIMM. Fie, fie!

SCHWARZ. Cheer up! Behold this smiling landscape—  
This lovely eve.

KARL. Yes, friends, this world is fair!

SCHWARZ. Come, now; well said.

KARL. This earth is glorious.

GRIMM. Right—right. I like to hear you thus!

KARL. And I

So hideous in this lovely world—a monster  
Upon this glorious earth! My innocence!  
My innocence! See, all things are gone forth  
To sun them in the joyous rays of spring.  
And why should I alone inhale a hell  
From heavenly sweets? All are so blest!—all joined  
In the sweet bonds of peace. The whole wide world  
One family—one father over all!  
He not my father! I alone the outcast;  
I thrust from out the circle of the pure.  
No more for me the blessed name of child—  
No more for me the lov'd one's thrilling look—  
No more the warm embrace of bosom friend.  
Hemm'd in by murderers—by serpents bound—  
Fetter'd to vice with iron chains, and whirling  
On the frail seed of sin unto perdition!  
Amid the flowers of a rejoicing world  
A lost Abaddon.

SCHWARZ. This is wonderful!  
I ne'er have seen him thus!

KARL. O that I might  
Return again into my mother's womb!  
O might I but be born again—a beggar!  
I would, O Heaven, but ask to be of those  
Poor daily labourers, and I would toil  
Until the blood stream down my temples, that  
Might I but purchase one deep midnight's sleep—  
The luxury of a single tear.

GRIMM. (*To the others*). Have patience!  
The paroxysm's nearly over now!

KARL. There was a time when they would flow so freely!  
O days of peace! My home! My father's home!  
Ye happy verdant vales—Elysian scenes  
Of my lost childhood! Will ye ne'er return—  
Ne'er fan my bosom with delicious breezes?  
Mourn with me, Nature! they will ne'er return,  
Ne'er fan my bosom with delicious breezes:  
Gone—gone—irrecoverably gone!

## BEGINNING AGAIN.

There are some phases of life which have a special character of their own, it is true; and once done with, are thrown by for ever. There are general conditions through which every one passes with more or less of ease or trouble. We, all of us, have only one infancy, and (more's the pity) but a single boy-hood, in which there is more or less resemblance of individual to individual. But those two cycles, and the period of youth passed through, likeness ceases, and we are able to draw a broad line of distinction between two great classes of men.

If, instead of a fugitive paper, we were inclined to indite a ponderous etymological treatise, we might be very wise and learned—so much so, that the reader would turn over the page in search of something better suited to the light humour of the moment. But wisdom must emerge from the caterpillar into the butterfly state, in order to be sure of being looked at in our age, and so we shall merely indicate what we might do, in the grave and serious line, without doing it. We pass over the various theories of philosophers about tall races and short races, about the distinctions of colour and about the shapes of heads, with the disregard with which the world wisely treats such dull affairs, to note a line of demarcation as wide as any sages have ever drawn the line which separates those who begin again from those who do not; to this we may add, as a further distinction, that the beginners again are generally the unsuccessful, and the others the conquering warriors in the struggle of life.

Jeremy Bentham, in a half-sardonic, half-philosophic mood, referred a great part of our miseries to want of fitness; he gave us the comical but apt idea of the world being a large board full of holes, some round and some square, and of men being pegs, some round and some square too. There was a hole, he maintained, for every peg, and a peg for every hole; but then the misfortune was that the design was spoiled in working out, sometimes a square peg got into a round hole, and sometimes *vice versa*, and then there was no end of uncomfortableness and a desire to shift positions. Really this is a very sensible view of the world and the people who live in it; and the combinations are so many, and the situations so various, that we do not see how the confusion is to be remedied, unless each peg happens at first to drop in the hole that is fitted for it.

It has been laid down as an axiom, by somebody with a much wiser head than we can boast of, that every man was fit for something, if it were only for laughing; that, no doubt, is a very sound conclusion, just such a one as a sage would be likely to come to; but then, unfortunately, it has not the merit of being practical. We cannot apply it. The problem is how each man is to find what he is fit for, and having found it, to get leave of the world to do it; that is the hard double difficulty to be got over. A young gentleman, who ought, according to the place he finds himself in, to be casting up long columns of figures and calculating commissions, fancies that he was born into the world to enchant mankind with immortal verse; another, whose world-recognized vocation it is to run about with bills for payment or acceptance, gets a notion that he is capable of enchanting the world with melody; a third, whose business it is to engross, gains an idea of eclipsing the fame of Raffaele. What can they do but try? and if they try, the world will not recognize their fitness, so they get out of one hole into the other, and are still as unsettled as ever; sometimes choice is wrong, sometimes ambition is at fault, sometimes the times are out of joint and circumstances in chaos, but the result is the same failure in one line and beginning again in another.

The few that are exempt from this fate are generally hard-headed practical men—folk without any great stock of imagination, and not too much burdened with sentiment—gentlemen whose capacious waistcoats, constantly growing larger, shew the placid contentment of their minds—travellers who keep their eyes upon the earth, and do not trouble themselves about the stars which are shining over-head, often without two ideas to rub together so that one may keep the other bright, but with one idea, or perhaps part of one, and on that they fix; such men as you may see any day if you will take a walk upon 'Change—broad-headed, heavy-eyed men, who grasp one object with a hard grip, go day by day round the same mill-horse track, and hold on to one motive all their lives; these are the successful men, the pegs who drop at once into the right holes and stay there. A cunning casuist might, perhaps, argue that there is not much chance in the matter, that these are ordinary men fitted for ordinary situations, and gifted with the power of adaptability

and the quality of tenacity. They might quote the old adage about the rolling stone that gathers no moss, and illustrate the passive power of biding your time; but we have no concern with such notions, they lie outside our circle of thought. They would be in place in a book on the social power of passiveness and the wisdom of letting things alone. Here they would be out of place; and just drawing attention to them, we leave them.

Success does not ever keep pace with talent, nor even with effort and talent combined. Many clever, hard-working men are like terriers chasing a horse; "the farther they run the farther they are off." The unsuccessful often do not want talent nor energy. Their heads are full of schemes, each one fit to make a fortune, and their days made up of bustle comprising a whole era of action; but the truth is, they want the faculty of completeness. They leave off without finishing, and begin again to find no end in the long run. They are ever digging for the bottom, where there is none; or sounding the ocean of life, where it is fathomless; and so they fail. It is always the same old tale. Opportunities crowd before them, of which they never take adequate advantage; and fortune is always within their reach, but they never grasp it. They represent the Tantalus of the old mythology, occupying their lives in filling vessels which leak, and pushing stones up hill, so that they may fall again to their old place at the base.

In endeavouring to bring to the eye characters of this kind, we must do as the ancients did with their divinities—embody them—give them a form and name, and endow them with the attractiveness which belongs to the personal. We once knew a man who was a perfect example of the results of beginning again. His whole life was a series of beginnings, and the last time we saw him he was on the eve of commencing a new era of his existence. Tom Benson, as those used to call him who were as poor or as careless as himself—Mr. Thomas Benson, as he was addressed by those more fortunate individuals who had something to lose, and were afraid that Tom would try to borrow of them—began life in his father's grocer's shop in a small country town. To have seen him behind the counter, serving the customers, one would have imagined that he would in due time become a shop fixture, and, on the demise of Benson the elder, succeed to the inheritance of the paternal scales, which were not quite so true as the fabled ones of the blind goddess Justice. But he had an inventive genius in a small way, the sure sign of a beginner again, and that soon began to operate. Tom had no reverence for old institutions; that a thing had been for a long while, was no reason that it should continue to be, but just the contrary. He was always for beginning again in his own way. So he hung the scales afresh, till no one could weigh with them; and packed up the groceries in new-fangled parcels, which tumbled to pieces as soon as they were handled. Whether the rebukes he received from Benson senior on this account, or the tales the agents of the wholesale houses told him about London, repulsed him from his old life, or drew him to a new one, is not quite clear; probably both operated as repulsive and attractive powers acting in the same direction; but Tom became discontented and restless, and his father, finding that he was not likely to do any good, got him a stool in the counting-house of a merchant in the metropolis, where he was to begin again.

Tom was delighted with his new situation. He took to his work like a duck to the water. As long as there was anything to learn, he was indefatigable. He was sharp, active and willing, and seemed to have found his life path. But the first difficulties of a new position soon wore off, and the freshness faded, and then he began to grow restless. Still he worked on satisfactorily, with the exception of now and then attempting to import a new crotchet into the routine of the office, till a vacancy occurred among the travelling agents of the house. That was the thing for Tom, as indeed anything would have been the thing which promised a change. He applied for the vacant post, got it, and forthwith entered upon its duties.

Surely Tom Benson was now in his proper element. Nothing could suit him better. He did not like staying long in one place, and he was always shifting from town to town. He could not bear the same faces round him every day, and he was constantly meeting fresh people. Here, there, and away, he was like a bird taking short flights over the country. He grew into an authority with the waiters of commercial taverns; was a privileged visitant of the little sanctums behind bars, where stout landlords sat, and chucked all the chambermaids under the chin. What a jolly life for Tom, and how jolly he was! He would not change places with a prince, not he. He had done with shifting. He knew when he was well off; at least so he said, with a knowing wink of the eye nearest the brim of his hat jauntily cocked on one side. He had found the right ball at last.

We are obliged now and then to borrow a scrap of philosophy for our random gossip, just as the African hangs glass beads and the tinsel of civilization among his uncouth, barbarous ornaments. Montaigne tells us, and Byron echoes the truth, that nothing is certain to which man can attain. The words fit Tom Benson's fate to a nicety. He was constant to nothing but inconstancy, and certain of nothing but the uncertain. Like men of his kind, he was prone to be in love with whatever he had not, and disgusted with whatever he had. "Hang it," Tom caught himself saying one fine morning, "Hang it, after all, this is a cheerless sort of dog's life. I've had enough of running about, I think; I must see if I can't settle down and be comfortable." What Tom's idea of comfort was, as he stroked his chin before the looking glass, we cannot of course tell. Luckily for most of us, that old fable about putting windows into men's breasts has never been realized. But though we cannot see the inside, there are sometimes signs on the outside which give a shrewd hint of what is going on; and that Tom's soliloquy finished by his giving his hair another brush, and his whiskers another curl, may be deemed significant as to the direction Tom's thoughts were taking. We should make but poor novelists; for we are unable to keep a secret long enough, and hide it in sufficient mystery to work out a startling and effective *dénouement*. The fact is, that Tom, the day before, had called to see an old customer in the town he was then in, and found that he had "gone to that bourne" which bounds this life and begins another. His memory was kept green by a tombstone which bore witness to apocryphal virtues, and a widow's cap which testified to supposed grief, the "departed" as having been the most amiable of men. Now Tom was a good-looking fellow, as he had long been aware, and he thought the widow was not insensible to the fact. He had turned the matter over in his mind, and with his fatal tendency was ready to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. One thing was especially clear to Tom—that widows—young ones especially, and who wear very broad borders to their mourning caps more especially still—are likely to begin again. If he was to do anything, he must keep where he was, and not go flying off on his journeys. He really thought that a shop in his line would do there—and there were premises close against the market cross to let, which would do capitally. Yea, that was it—he decided he would throw up his engagement—take the shop, stock it, begin again a sober life, and push the matrimonial speculation.

Tom Benson did begin again in earnest; he was always earnest at beginning. A few weeks saw the shop opposite the market cross, and within sight of the widow's door, opened in all the splendour of plate glass and gilt mouldings. Trade began to come in, and the wooing prospered. True, the widow was a little capricious, so Tom thought at least, and there were little tiffs now and then—just enough to break the dull calm of quiet love-making, and give a zest to beginning again. One of these storms was rather more violent than usual, and Tom thinking it high time to bring matters to a crisis, kept away two whole days, resolving on the third to carry the castle by storm, and finish something for once in his life. But he was mistaken; he was not born to bring about conclusions. As he was setting out his shop window, he heard the joy bells ring from the square tower of the neighbouring church, and was soon told that it was for the wedding of his charmer, and Mr. Bone, the stout ruddy butcher opposite. The fact was, that the knight of the cleaver had long cast a longing eye at the buxom dame, and watching his opportunity, had stepped in at the right moment, and finished successfully what Tom had begun so promisingly.

Poor Tom! his plan was completed indeed, but by another hand, and the aggravation was at a crisis when he received two cards, tied with white ribbon, sent by the mischievous widow. Not that Tom in his heart really cared for her—not he; at least so he said, adding, "There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;" but there was one thing Tom did care for, and that was ridicule; he was terribly sensitive to that. He could not face the street. The people looked at him and smiled, and the young girls put their heads out of the windows with a giggle to look after him as he went by. He cowered beneath the attention he excited, and, before long, "T. Benson" was no more seen in gilt letters above the shop door; another name was blazoned there, and the late owner had again entered into London life.

We lost sight of Tom for some years; when we saw him next, he was a perfect picture of one who had made wrong beginnings. Beginning again was written on his face, in his clothes, over his whole appearance; the nose had grown sharper, and his pronance; the eyes had settled deeper into their sockets, and the crow's



foot creased the corners; the cheeks had grown thinner and paler, and streaks here and there in the dark hair looked like lines of silver upon a dark back-ground. Yet, altogether, time had laid his hand lightly on Tom; he was evidently as full of hope as ever, and the old jaunty air sat on him as of old. The hat, which bore the marks of the iron in repeated attempts to become new again, had the same inclination to one side; the coat had been re-buttoned and re-cuffed and re-collared, and done up in all manner of ways; the waistcoat had a darn or two, so deftly done as scarcely to be seen; the trowsers were tight at the knees, partly with wear, partly with repeated reviving, and the boots were not patched, but sewed at the sides, where shoes are so apt to go. We do not know exactly how it is, but it is certain that the "seedy" are generally more troubled about their boots than any other portions of their dress. So it was with Tom; he bore my criticism of the rest of his apparel calmly, almost proudly, as though it would stand the test; but when my eye glanced down at his toes, he, as if unconsciously, poked his smart cane in the gutter and dexterously plastered a little patch of mud on the spot where the untrustworthy stitches of a "mend" were breaking loose.

Little by little we gathered Tom's history; he had speculated when he came to town and lost almost all he had, including the remnants of the grocer's shop, which death had called upon old Benson to vacate. Then he had actually committed matrimony—rather, we fancy, through decision upon the part of the lady than his own; and ever since he had been beginning again to perpetuate his name in the shape of six little Bensons, whose appetites taxed Tom's powers of providing to the utmost. Then he had made another beginning in the commission agent line, in a small back room on the first floor of a house near the Minories. Commissions, however, did not come; and Tom had successively been a wine merchant without wine, a coal merchant without coals, and a general agent without clients. The zinc plate on his door had suffered so many erasures and re-inscriptions that the engraver said he could do nothing more with it; but Tom did not care about that, he had got into a new path now, he had begun again in another way, and was positively in the high road to fortune.

We have seen many folks with wonderful schemes for all sorts of things, from changing the face of the world to manufacturing a new description of button; schemes so good that they could not fail if they could only make a beginning. We talked to our financier, who made nothing of paying off the national debt in so many instalments, but he could not get a start; how, we did not perfectly comprehend, we confess, but we thought it a pity he did not have the chance, particularly as it required so little—a five pound note or so, we think—to get the prospectus out. Tom was in this line; his scheme was somewhere between the national debt and the button project—not so large as the other—what it was we did not learn. Tom told us he had begun, rather late in life we thought, to grow cautious, but it was certain, safe, a really good thing. He had "a party" to take it up, and back him through, and he should make a fortune. Our opinion of Tom's chance of achieving that very desirable result, was not greatly increased by the request for the loan of half a crown. He had no silver in his pocket, had come out and quite forgot it, he should not see his "man" that day, he would pay it again that afternoon if we would call in at the Jerusalem, or to-morrow morning, or, in fact, at any time or place we liked to name; and if we wanted a hundred or two, by and bye, why, we knew where to come for it. With such a moderate requisition, backed by such a tempting prospect, we complied, and Tom moved off with the step of a dancing master, perhaps to prosecute his plan, perhaps to borrow another half crown of somebody else.

Poor Tom, we thought, man of many beginnings, there are many worse men who ride in luxurious carriages, many men with fewer brains who dine off plate; yet your grandest carriage is an omnibus, your only plate that worn-out door-plate—and all because you have not steadiness of aim and tenacity of purpose—because you are always beginning and never ending. The best that can be hoped for for you, is that stray half-crowns may be plentiful enough to find the little Bensons till they can begin for themselves, and keep you from the workhouse till the summons comes to begin again, let us hope more successfully, in another world.

# THE PRIDE OF THE BRIDGENORTHS.

A NOVEL.—BY MRS. JANE W. HOOPER.

## CHAPTER I.

### FERNDALE.

“Where deep and low the hamlets lie,  
Each with its little patch of sky  
And little lot of stars.”

ON the borders of a large moor in the north of England stands the old village of Ferndale, within the valley of the same name. Persons accustomed to see highly cultivated districts, such as are to be found in many southern counties, and in perfection in Hertfordshire, Surrey, Kent and Sussex, would be a long time before they discovered any beauty in Ferndale and its neighbourhood. They would ask—“What is there to admire in such a savage, barren, mountainous moorland?” True; there is not a corn-field, not a meadow, not a wood,—nay, scarcely a respectable tree or shrub to be seen (out of the little valley itself)—no picturesque farms and homesteads, surrounded by gardens and orchards. There are no signs of cultivation or even of human existence, except about the village of Ferndale,—nothing but mile after mile of hills rising boldly one behind the other as far as the eye can penetrate among them,—all alike covered with coarse grass, having here and there patches of gorse and heath, which afford shelter to the grouse and other moor-fowl. All this looks miserably bleak and cold, even in summer, to the eye of one accustomed to the embowered nooks and rural snuggeries of the south. Even Ferndale itself, comparatively sheltered and cultivated as it is, would appear to such an eye nothing but a long, narrow, ravine-like valley, with an irregular, queer-looking village set up at one end, and a dark, seemingly inaccessible mountain rising at the other, and effectually shutting out all further view (and apparently all egress) in that direction. If an adventurous prospect-hunter were to climb up the sides of the mountain as far as the ruins near the summit, he would only obtain a view of another moorland range about as wild as the one just described, with a glimpse of the sea in the dim distance. I would advise such prospect-hunter to choose a calm day for his ascent, or he will stand a fair chance of being blown over the edge of a scaur; for the force of the wind is tremendous up there. An eye unpractised in this wild scenery would see nothing but wildness in it; and an eye to which it was not dear would certainly be unable to see true beauty in it. Love is your only true beautifier, either in animate or in inanimate nature; and when you love what you look upon, it will seem beautiful to you. In some eyes Ferndale was lovely; perhaps, the loveliest spot on this earth.

To get a good view of the little valley, we cannot do better than take our station at John Bridgenorth's cottage. Here it is. He is the miller, but his mill is two miles off the village. You may just see it, near that clump of pines on the side of Fern-fell, yonder. That is a long way, you think, for the villagers to fetch their meal—and it must be very inconvenient for the miller if he lives down here. Very true! You and I are clever, quick-sighted people, and we see *that* with half an eye. But, if you were to say what you think to a

Ferndale's-man, he would reply with great composure (in a broad Westmoreland dialect though, which you would probably not understand), that "'T mill was nigh enough for our *fore-elders*, and 't is nigh enough for us *while* (till) ye build us another."

The Ferndale's-men are sturdy, independent and poor; they have a veneration for by-gone times and by-gone people; they are indisposed to change, believing always, though they never heard of Hamlet, that it is wiser to

"bear the ills we know,  
Than fly to others which we know not of;"

and taking it for granted that every change, in that it is a change, is, so far, a positive evil. The Ferndale's-men are, you see, very far behind the time.

But to return to John Bridgenorth's cottage. Let us take it at its best-looking time,—a bright summer afternoon. It is not what people in the south call a pretty cottage; it is an irregular heavy-looking building of rough grey stone, the roof covered with slate,—for slate and stone are plentiful in the neighbourhood. It looks old, certainly, but it has not that soft beauty of venerable decay which age generally gives to buildings. It stands with its walls unsheltered by a tree or lofty shrub, and without any tapestry of ivy or other creeper to cover their nakedness. It looks substantial enough and in good repair; and that is not saying so much for the picturesqueness of the house as for the selveny of the owner. The piece of garden enclosed in front is carefully cultivated. Peas and beans, cabbages and potatoes, with a herb-bed and some patches of mignonne under each ground-floor window, and about the sides of the doorway, seemed to comprise the whole garden stock of the Bridgenorths. But everything has two sides, at least, and so has this house. The side which I have just described faces what, even in Ferndale, is called *the street*, that is to say, the public road through the village; and from this side of the house you command a complete view of the said village, including the church, the vicarage, the grange and the shop,—the four cardinal points of Ferndale.

Like most north-country villages, this is not at all pretty when you are in it, although it looks very picturesque from the hills, or, as they are called in that part of the world, *Fells*, around. John Bridgenorth's house would form no exception to the general ugliness, in the opinion of the pedestrian tourist who might happen (a very strange chance, indeed!) to find his way into the single street of that remote village. But if he were to walk through the little front garden and go round the house, he would acknowledge that the prospect from the back was very fine in its kind, and that this side of the house itself is far from ugly.

Creepers have been trained over the wall, which faces the south-west. Clematis and honeysuckle, roses and jessamine, supported by rough trellis work, hide great part of the cold grey stone, and invade the upper lattices, without being much checked; and they hang together in luxuriant confusion over the heavy stone porch which projects a long way beyond the back door into the garden. At one extremity of this side of the house is a small out-building, technically called a *lean-to*, and connected with this is an old fashioned pigeon cot; these break the unpleasant straightness of the general

outline, and being completely overgrown with fine large-leaved ivy (which has also spread up that side of the house itself, and rounded its edge), have positively a graceful and picturesque effect. But no one, on first coming to the back of Bridgenorth's house, ever gave more than a moment's glance at all this. The gaze is attracted immediately to the beautiful scene beyond—passing quickly over the neat little flower garden and the low stone fence which separates it from the uncultivated moorland.

The rough moor, half covered with heath and ferns, with here and there stunted thorns and briars forcing their way up among them, begins from the very garden boundary, and spreads along great part of the valley and partially on the sides of the opposing hills. About ten yards below this garden, quite at the bottom of the valley, runs, or rather *gallops*, a clear bright stream called Fernbeck. *Beck*, as most of my readers may know, is a corruption of the Teutonic *back*, and is used in several northern counties for *brook* or *stream*. There are great stones, or as some people might call them, small rocks, in the bed of the stream, which break the water into a hundred little fantastic noisy falls. You can stand in Bridgenorth's porch and trace the course of the Beck from a deep cleft, high up in the Castle Fell, before alluded to. It seems to spring into life suddenly there, and its first freak is to dash down thirty feet of perpendicular lime stone rock, in one unbroken stream of diamond clear water, into a small tarn or natural basin, which it has probably worn for itself by the uninterrupted violence of its fall during many centuries. This tarn is surrounded on all sides by well grown trees, (almost the only ones to be seen for several miles) and is completely hidden, except from those who know where to seek for it. The water issues from this sylvan retreat, and, by a succession of little leaps and falls in its rocky channel, it arrives, in a high state of excitement, at the bottom of the valley; where it runs along at a prodigious rate, and with a loud murmuring, on one side of the village, and down to the open moor. Here it meets another beck as noisy as itself; and the two join, after some quarrelsome splashing and scuffling, and go on together till they meet with the river that carries them into the ocean.

I could stand for hours to watch Fernbeck come down from its mountain birth-place. Its first fall, or the *Force* as it is called, is distinctly visible at most times from John Bridgenorth's house; gleaming, silver-white, against the blackness of the fern-covered cleft above, and the still deeper blackness of the mass of firs and pines around the tarn below; while the face of the rock, over which it falls, is rugged and overgrown with mosses and lichens of a thousand hues, from the brightest green to the deepest dun and grey.

This Castle Fell is exactly a mile from Bridgenorth's house, and blocks up one end of the valley, as I said before; but it appears to be sometimes close at hand; sometimes it appears to recede to a great distance; and sometimes it is completely hidden in a white, grey or blue mist, according to the time of the day or the state of the atmosphere when you chanced to be looking towards it. But whenever it is visible, seeming near or afar off, it is always an attractive fascinating object to the eye. It has a rugged majestic aspect; its top is broken into a variety of indentations, which, in certain lights, appear to be exactly of the same character as the ruins

of the Castle, standing at some little distance below the summit, so that you might suppose a royal citadel, or a small town, had once covered the whole of the upper part of the dark fell. The good peasants of Ferndale believe in a tradition which states that King Arthur once had a palatial castle here; and that when that renowned prince shall return to reign in Britain, he will appear first amid these ruins, which he will restore to their original grandeur, whereby they (the good dalesmen) will be much benefited. If you inquire of them further concerning the ruins, they will point out the two towers still standing upright, and tell you, in confirmation of the legend, that the round tower is called Arthur's Keep, and the multangular one, Lancelot's Watch Tower, and that the solid mass of stonework overgrown with ivy, which seems to be half suspended in air at the corner of a shattered wall, is still called the Queen's Bower, because it was once the apartment of King Arthur's wife.

The Vicar of Ferndale, who is no little of an antiquarian, will tell you a very different story about the old castle. According to him, it was built at the close of the thirteenth century by two brothers, whose names were Sir Arthur and Sir Launcelot. They were surnamed *Du Castel Fort*, from having built the very castle. They both fell at Bannockburn. He will go on to tell you that their younger brother, Sir Guy Du Castel Fort, was created first Baron Ferndale by King Edward the Third, and had the honour of lodging Queen Philippa for two nights in this mountain fastness, on her return from Nevill's Cross. Hence a portion of the ruin is still called the Queen's Bower. I have sometimes ventured to hint that Ferndale was very much out of her Majesty's way in returning from Durham to London, and that she had no time just then for travelling forty or fifty miles, over a very difficult country, for the purpose of spending two days with Guy, first Baron Ferndale. My friend the Rev. Launcelot Castlefort is an antiquarian and a lineal descendant from the said Guy; consequently he is very well armed with arguments to support his view of the matter. It will be needless to trouble the reader with these. Suffice it to say that he *wished* to believe Queen Philippa had been the guest lodged in the "Queen's Bower," and that he and all his family do believe it. The peasantry, however, persist in their adherence to the earlier tradition concerning King Arthur. They have also another tradition about the existence of a Giant's Cave somewhere beneath the Castle Fell. Mr. Launcelot Castlefort believes in this as well as his parishioners, but upon entirely different grounds. They put faith in the traditions told by their grandfathers, and he puts faith in geological principles and analogy, knowing that caverns and curious excavations in the rocks are frequently found in similar limestone districts.

From the first Baron Ferndale descended a succession of barons, powerful enough in their day. But this family, like many another, noble and ignoble, decayed in the course of time, and the last of its barons died on Marston Moor. From a younger branch of this family are descended the present Castleforts of Ferndale Grange. They are the owners of the valley; a poor estate enough, yielding about four hundred a year. They belong, of course, by right of birth, to the gentry of the country; but they have lived for many years like the superior yeomanry, occupying themselves with farming the best



portions of the valley, and an allotment of the great moor adjoining Ferndale Grange, where the Castleforts live, is yonder rambling house. It is a good deal larger than John Bridgenorth's and the other cottages, but it has very little more pretension to architectural beauty. It stands, as you see, a little on the higher ground, just above the church and the vicarage.

The living of Ferndale (value about a hundred and twenty-three pounds per annum), with a parish of twenty square miles and a population of about sixty souls, is in the gift of the Castleforts. Whenever there is a second son in this family, he is always educated for the church and provided for with this living. The Castleforts are thus the undisputed sovereigns of this primitive isolated world, its temporal and spiritual lords. The bond of union between the Castleforts and the whole village of Ferndale is very strong; an injury done to an individual there, is looked upon as an injury to the whole community; thus in Ferndale, if nowhere else on earth, the desideratum of the Grecian sage is realised. Very little is known of the Castleforts out of Ferndale, for they seldom have occasion to hold intercourse with any but "their own people."

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE CASTLEFORTS OF THE GRANGE.

"Ce sont de veritables Anglais—ceux-ci!"

At the period when my story commences, the family at the Grange consisted of Mrs. Castlefort (a widow) and her three children,—Raymond, Mildred and Leonard. It will not be necessary to say much about Mrs. Castlefort just now. She was the daughter of a gentleman named Graham, who had not quite pleased his relations by turning merchant. Mrs. Castlefort had brought some money into the family. Whether her portion of eight thousand pounds were less than her husband's expectations, I cannot venture to say, but it is certain that he always considered her descent as the best part of her fortune. Had he owned the largest estates in the kingdom he could not have been a more zealous supporter of the landed interests,—had he been a Percy or a Howard he could not have felt a greater distinction between himself and the men of yesterday. When he chose his wife I am very much afraid he would have looked down with contempt upon the heiresses of half the merchants in London and Liverpool. She was a Graham—and one generation of commerce could not contaminate the blood of the Grahams; besides, he loved her.

Their marriage was a happy one. Mrs. Castlefort admired and loved her husband too well not to imbibe most of his prejudices. The greatest honour fate could bestow, in her estimation, was to be born a Castlefort, and the next greatest was to be born a Graham. Her children were therefore doubly honourable in her eyes; and I believe that they were the dearer to her on that account. When her husband died, two years before the date of my tale, she had made a vow within herself never to leave Ferndale,—never to lose sight of the church in which he was buried, until her eyes closed for ever on earth. She was by no means a sentimental woman,—in other matters



she was prosaic and common-place ; but there was something of the depth and warmth,—something, too, of the poetry of passion, about the affection she had entertained for her husband.

Raymond Castlefort was twenty-four years of age. Since his father's death the duties of the head of the family had fallen upon him, and he had performed them much better than had been expected of him. Raymond and his father had never got on very well together ; for, to the grief of both his parents, he was very unlike a Castlefort. Even personally he bore little resemblance to his father's family. He had the grey eyes, dark hair and brown complexion of the Grahams, and was thought to resemble his maternal grandfather in features, as he undoubtedly did in character. Raymond, like most eldest children, gave his parents more trouble in childhood than the others. His father had old-fashioned notions about education, and one of these was that it could not begin too early. Now, in the case of Raymond, he met with an opposition totally unlooked-for—viz., a nature so healthy that it could not be forced out of the right order of development. In vain Mr. Castlefort tried to stimulate the higher intellectual powers in the child—they still remained within him like the rose-buds in early spring, tightly folded up in their natural covering, waiting their appointed time for expansion. Little Raymond preferred a scamper on his pony, or a game with the village children, to listening to a highly-instructive and entertaining volume which his father would select for him. He liked the ballads and legends which the old villagers told him more than arithmetic, and he liked cakes and fruit a great deal better than learning to read. When Mr. Castlefort found that after all the pains he had bestowed on his son he could not read fluently at nine years old—that he could scarcely comprehend the difference between an active and a passive verb,—that he could not decline a Latin noun without stumbling,—that he made strange mistakes in the multiplication table and wanted to know *why* two and two always made four ;—when Mr. Castlefort made these discoveries he came to the painful conclusion that the boy was an irredeemable dunce, and gave him up in despair ; for many months after which time the child was sent regularly to his uncle at the vicarage for instruction. Mr. Launcelot Castlefort had no difficulty in his management of the boy, who, instead of being stupid, had in truth very superior intellectual powers. His uncle knew that there was great truth in the maxim, "*a longue vie, longue enfance ;*" and, from the long and healthy infancy of Raymond's mind, he argued for it an extensive and vigorous life. When he was about fourteen his father began to suspect that if he were not more stupid than other people he was very unlike them. To be unlike other people—to speak, move, think or feel in a way not customary in the locality to which he belonged, was a species of sin in the eyes of Mr. Castlefort, as it is in the eyes of many other quiet and highly respectable country people. The boy seemed to take very strange views of life, and to be forming extraordinary opinions for himself. He did not seem to appreciate the happy condition of the man—

" Whose wish and care,  
A few paternal acres bound."

(To be continued.)

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN MAGIC.

(Continued from the December Number.)

**ALTHOUGH** in their own day many other alchymists obtained renown during the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, yet I have no intention of chronicling them all, or indeed of enumerating them. It will be quite sufficient for the general reader if I make particular mention of those whose names have been floated down by the tide of time to the notice of every person who reads at all. Such are Roger Bacon; Bernard of Treves, commonly known among later alchymists as "the good Trevisan;" Nicholas Flamel; the infamous Gilles de Laval, Mareschal de Rays; Jaques Cœur, the courtier and merchant; Cornelius Agrippa; Paracelsus, and Dr. Dee. I shall take two of the principal, and give a brief account of the life and character of each; by which means a tolerable idea of the importance attached to alchymical and magical knowledge by the noblest and wisest of our ancestors, and their contemporaries, may be obtained. We may think ourselves nobler and wiser than they; but we may rest assured, that even we, nineteenth century folks, clever as we are, could not have escaped the influence of the spirit of that olden time, had we lived then, any more than we can escape the influence of the presiding spirit of the present age, which I forbear to designate, but which the people of the twenty first and twenty-second centuries will be able to designate without any difficulty. If they smile at our ignorance and mistakes, it is to be hoped that the smile will be less self-satisfactory and scornful than that which we are so ready to bestow on our predecessors.

Roger Bacon, our own countryman, was probably the man of the greatest grasp of mind that ever believed in the philosopher's stone and the elixir vitæ. Indeed, few men of science in any age can be compared with him in genius. If a dozen names of the greatest men of intellect, from the creation until now, were to be selected from the mass of celebrities, that of Roger Bacon would be among them, as undoubtedly as that of Francis Bacon and William Shakspeare. Not all the obscurity of the middle ages could hide the extraordinary brilliancy of this great genius. He was born in 1214, at Ilchester, in Somersetshire. His family belonged to the gentry, and he was sent first to the University of Oxford for his education, and subsequently to that of Paris, which was then the most famous university in the world. During Roger Bacon's youth the works of Aristotle had not yet become so exclusively predominant in the schools as they became afterwards, or Roger might have partly forestalled the fame of Francis. Roger Bacon was a better Greek scholar than most of the professed followers of Aristotle, who, when he was a mature man, had so magnified the merit of the Stagyrte as to call him "*the Philosopher*," as if no one else loved reason, and to receive all that has come down to us of his works as if they were infallible and incontrovertible. Roger, on the contrary, like his great namesake Francis, criticises what he finds in Aristotle just as he criticises any other author, and says, of the various translations then existing, that he "would burn them all if he could," they are so bad. After gaining the degree of Doctor in Paris, he returned to Oxford,

where the degree was confirmed. This was in the year 1240. He then became a monk in a Franciscan convent at Oxford, and applied himself diligently to the study of languages and experimental philosophy.

Roger Bacon might have written an "Essay on the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority" as well as Hazlitt, for he was made to feel them bitterly by the brethren of his convent. He was forbidden to lecture in the university and to send his writings beyond the walls of the monastery. He was accused of magic; nor is this to be wondered at, when we know that he studied physical science with unexampled success. The man who, in such an age, and surrounded by inferior associations, discovered the principles of optics so far as to construct a telescope—or, at least, to describe how a telescope might be constructed, for there is no positive proof that he ever made one himself—not to mention the magic lantern; the man who discovered a detonating powder, which, if not precisely the same as gunpowder, was like enough to it to frighten people—the man who first found out what caused the rainbow, and gave it a place

"In the dull catalogue of common things:"

such a dealer in new lights could not escape the suspicion, fear and dislike of his neighbours. Besides, the reverend ignoramuses of Oxford—who were then, as now, staunch supporters of immemorial precedent, archaic error, and absurd prescription—were not very likely to see anything but mischievous and revolutionary tendencies in the works of a man who spoke and wrote as follows—(we quote from a passage in Roger Bacon's "Opus Majus," translated in an article in the "National Cyclopædia"\*) :—

"Most students have no worthy exercise for their heads, and therefore languish and stupefy upon bad translations, which lose them both time and money. There are four principal stumblingblocks in the way of arriving at knowledge,—authority, habit, appearances as they present themselves to the vulgar eye, and concealment of ignorance combined with ostentation of knowledge. Men presume to teach before they have learnt, and fall into so many errors, that the idle think themselves happy in comparison—and hence, both in science and in common life, we see a thousand falsehoods for one truth. And this being the case, we must not stick to what we hear or read, but must examine most strictly the opinions of our ancestors, that we may add what is lacking and correct what is erroneous, but with all modesty and allowance. We must, with all our strength, prefer reason to custom, and the opinions of the wise and good to the perceptions of the vulgar; and we must not use the triple argument, that is to say,—this has been laid down, this has been usual, this has been common, therefore it is to be held by. For the very opposite conclusion does much better follow from the premises. And though the whole world be possessed by these causes of error, let us freely hear opinions contrary to established usage."

Does not this sound very like the writing of Francis Bacon in the sixteenth century?

The "Opus Majus" is the only work of Roger Bacon's which is tolerably well known even by scholars, and it is the only one, I believe, of which there is a modern edition—Dr. Jebb's, published at the latter end of the 18th century. This work was written at the urgent request of Pope Clement IV., and sent to him secretly in the year 1267. It was sent *secretly*, because Bacon had been forbidden to send his writings out of the convent by the superior; but he was too good a Catholic to refuse compliance with

\* Published by Charles Knight, Ludgate Street.

the wish of the supreme head of the Church. But it is doubtful whether the Pope ever saw the precious manuscript, for he died in 1268. With the "*Opus Majus*," Bacon sent two other works, called the "*Opus Minus*" and the "*Opus Tertium*"—these have never been printed, and the MMS. remain in the Cottonian Library. For ten years afterwards, Bacon remained at liberty, though persecuted occasionally. Then, in his sixty-fifth year, he was summoned before a council of Franciscans at Paris, with Jerome D'Ascoli, afterwards pope, at their head, and condemned as an innovator and teacher of strange doctrines—a magician and a heretic. He remained in prison ten years, and was only liberated through the influence of some powerful friends. He returned to Oxford, where he died, in the year 1292, according to Anthony-a-Wood. He was buried in the church of the Franciscans in that city. Immediately after his death the monks, fearful of the injurious effects of his writings, locked them up. They are said to have been destroyed by insects. There is a long catalogue of works, said to be by Roger Bacon, in the preface to Dr. Jebb's edition of the "*Opus Majus*." Of these, a treatise on the "*Admirable Power of Art and Nature in the Production of the Philosopher's Stone*" was translated into French and published at Lyons in 1557. "*The Mirror of Alchemie*" was also published in that year in French; it was re-published in 1612, with additions from Raymond Lulli. During the time of his imprisonment, Roger Bacon sent to Pope Nicholas IV. (Jerome D'Ascoli) a work on the means of retarding the infirmities of age, which did not facilitate his enlargement; but only induced the Pope to increase the strictness of his confinement. From which fact, we may argue that another Pope was right when he said

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"

to the possessor as well as to those about him. With regard to the amount of actual knowledge arrived at by Roger Bacon, and the opinions current among the learned men of his day—which he repeats and holds because he had not the means of disproving them—there is a great distinction to be drawn. This is well commented on by the author of the article before referred to in the "*National Cyclopædia*." He says:—

"We must draw a wide distinction between the things which Bacon relates as upon credible authority, and the opinions which he professes himself to entertain from his own investigations. In almost every page we meet with something now considered extremely absurd, and with reason. But before the day of *printing* there was very little *publishing*. A book which was written in one country found its way but slowly into others, one copy at a time; and a man of learning seldom met those with whom he could discuss the probability of any narrative. The adoption of the principle that a story must be rejected because it is strange, would then have amounted to a disbelief of all that had been written on physics—a state of mind to which we cannot conceive any one of that age bringing himself. Nor can we rightly decide what opinion to form of Bacon as a philosopher, until we know how much he rejected as well as how much he believed. These remarks apply particularly to his alchemy. He does not say he made gold himself, but that others had asserted themselves to have made it; and his account of the drink by which men had lived hundreds of years is a relation taken from another."

His astrology is *physical*. "With regard to human affairs," he says, "true mathematicians do not presume to make certain, but consider how the body is altered by the heavens; and the body being altered, the mind is incited to public and private acts, freewill existing all the same."

Upon this, the writer above quoted remarks:—"An age which is divided upon the question of the effect of the moon upon lunatics, and of which the philosophers have collected no facts decisive against many alleged effects of the same planet upon plants, can ask no more of a philosopher of the thirteenth century than that he should not be too positive."

Of the "Opus Majus," the same writer says:—"It is surprising so little is known of this work, the only one to which we can appeal, if we would show that philosophy was successfully cultivated in an English university during the thirteenth century. It is, of course, in Latin, but in Latin of so simple a character that we know of none in the middle ages more easy to read. It forms a brilliant exception to the stiff and barbarous style of that and succeeding times. We think we see the thoughts of the author untranslated, though the idiom is often that of an Anglo-Norman; by which we mean that we frequently find Latin words used in their modern English sense; as, for instance, *intendere* for *in animo habere*, meaning the same as our word to *intend*; *præsumere* for *sibi arrogare* in the sense of to *presume*."

The "Opus Majus" begins with a book on the necessity of advancing knowledge and a dissertation on the use of philosophy in theology. It is followed by books on the utility of grammar and mathematics; in the latter of which he runs through the various sciences of astronomy, chronology, geography and music. The account of the inhabited world is long and curious, and, though frequently based on that of Ptolemy or the writings of Pliny, contains many new facts from travellers of his own and preceding times. His account of the defects in the calendar was variously cited in the discussion which took place on the subject two centuries after."

Of the legend concerning the brazen head which he is said to have made, I need say nothing. It belongs to the same class of stories as the one already told of the brazen statue animated by Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas. The life of Roger Bacon is that of an ardent truth-seeker and of a plentiful truth-finder; and in spite of his necessary isolation and persecution, he cannot have been unhappy; for intellectual labour, like virtue, is ever its own best reward—a reward that no earthly enemy can take away.

Nicholas Flamel is a remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and also of the pursuit of wealth by means of knowledge under any circumstances whatever. He was born about the end of the thirteenth century. His parents were poor, but, by the time he was a man, he was possessed of a good education, as education went in those days. With this education for his only capital, he went to Paris to seek his fortune. He tried various means of earning money, and at length tried alchymy, to which he became a life-long devotee. One day he bought by accident, for a small sum, a curious old book, written in elegant Latin. The leaves were composed of the bark of trees, and the inscription was made by means of some sharp-pointed instrument. It was illustrated by symbolical drawings of a strange and almost unintelligible nature. The book asserted itself to be the work of "Abraham, patriarch, Jew, prince, philosopher, priest, Levite, and astrologer;" and invoked curses upon any one who should cast eyes upon it without being "a sacrificer or a scribe." Flamel was not in the least disturbed by the reflection, that Abraham must have had some difficulty in learning Latin, but



implicitly believed the great patriarch to have written the book with his own hands. For more than twenty years Nicholas studied the written and pictorial instructions of this book. He found out very soon that it was a treatise on the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, and gave full and minute directions for all the processes—only unfortunately the book pre-supposed that the reader was in possession of the philosopher's stone. After much study, Flamel came to the conclusion that certain allegorical pictures on some of the pages contained the secret of the wonderful stone. After studying twenty years by himself over these inscrutable pictures, he took his wife's advice, and began to consult learned Jews and Christians all over France and Spain. Of his wanderings and his alliances with doctors and rabbis in behalf of this strange book, it were long to tell. At length, when about eighty years old, in the year 1382, says Langley du Fresnoy, he made a projection on mercury and lead, some very excellent silver; and in the following April he converted a large quantity of mercury into gold. At the same time he discovered the elixir vitæ, and lived subsequently till he was 116 years old. *Why* he then died does not seem very clear, unless it were for grief at the loss of his wife. By her advice he gave away great part of his wealth to endow churches and hospitals; they had no children. Those who knew him best say that his philosopher's stone was neither more nor less than successful usury; that his journeys were undertaken to collect debts at an enormous per centage, from Jews in one country for Jews in another, and that he lent money to all the dissipated young men at the court of France. He published some works on alchymy. Long after his death the alchymists believed that he was still alive, and that he would live for six hundred years. The house he used to inhabit in the Rue de Marwau, in Paris, "has often been taken by credulous spectators," says Mackay (from whose account most of the above information is derived), "and ransacked from top to bottom, in hopes that gold might be found." With what success our readers may easily guess. Even so late as 1816 the belief in the treasure hidden in the old house was not extinct.

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## HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY FRANK FAIRLEGH.

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### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### A STORM BREWING.

"HARRY!—Wilkins, where is your master? I *told* you I must speak to him before he went out, and now you've let him go without——"

"Wilkins! where the d——, oh! Wilkins, what did you do with that bag of snipe-shot I brought down from London?"

Thus apostrophized by an agitated *soprano* at the drawing-room door, and an impatient *tenore robusto* in the entrance-hall, Wilkins, the amiable and timid London butler, who had played the character of Job's comforter to Alice's *Didone abbandonata* on the memorable evening of the first of September, made two or three steps in the direction of the drawing-room, then twisting round with a sudden



jerk as though he had been worked by machinery with which somebody was playing tricks, rushed frantically into the hall, and handing his master a wrong bag of shot, exclaimed without any breath left,—

"This—a—is them, sir; and my mistress—a—says——"

"Swan-shot, you fool—that is, Wilkins, big enough to roll over a bullock! It's the snipe-shot I'm looking for. No, not that. Don't you know snipe-shot when you see it? When the scent's getting duller every minute, too—I ought to have been out these two hours. That's right, my good fellow, don't be a month about it,—give it me. I shall be home to dinner."

"But my mistress particularly wishes to speak——" faltered poor Wilkins. With an angry imprecation, Harry, flinging down the shot-belt he had just filled, and muttering that he had better give up going out at all, strode off to the drawing-room, and putting his head in through the partially opened door, as though he were afraid of being taken prisoner if he trusted himself bodily in the apartment, exclaimed,—

"Now then, little woman, what is it? Quick, please, for I want to be off."

"There has been an invitation just arrived from Pont-pfwlysch House for Tuesday week. What am I to say?"

"Oh, we must go, of course. I want you to get intimate with Lady Pont-pfwlysch. She's a charming woman, and Lord Alfred's a good little fellow in his way, though an awfully bad shot. Dinner, I suppose?"

"Yes; but, Harry, wait one moment, and listen to me," exclaimed Alice. "You need not be in such a hurry; you will have plenty of time for that horrid shooting before six o'clock."

"Horrid shooting, indeed! Much you know about it," muttered the victimized sportsman inwardly chafing at the delay. "It will be horrid shooting, in one sense, if I am hindered much longer. The scent won't lie when the dew is off, and I may as well go out with a walking-stick as with a gun, for there will be nothing to shoot at."

"Well, I'll let you go directly, you impatient silly boy," returned Alice, smiling at the serious business-like view her husband took of his amusement. "The only thing I wish to say is, that if we accept this invitation, we shall be almost certain to meet the Duke and Duchess of Pen-y-wys there; and you know I've been waiting for you to go with me, day after day, and I've never returned their visit yet. You must take me to call before Tuesday week. I've been quite rude already."

"All right," returned Harry. "We'll go in style, and call on the old Duchess. I'll wear a red coat, and stick a peacock's feather in my hat, if that will please you. It's a pity she's so like a Chimpanzie in the face—and elsewhere, too, for anything I know to the contrary. Most probably she could 'a tail unfold,' as the fellow says in the play,—suppose we ask her when we call; it will be a new and original style of conversation, eh? Well, ta, ta! It's so late now that I'm afraid you won't have the felicity of seeing me again till dinner time;" and without allowing his wife an opportunity of remonstrating, Harry closed the door, and was soon paying off the Long bills in a way in which they scarcely approved of having their "little accounts" settled. Alice watched him depart with a smile,

which faded into a sigh as she turned to write an acceptance to the dinner invitation, and then employ and amuse herself, as best she might, during the weary hours which must elapse ere her husband would return. Lord Pont-pwlysch was the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Pen-y-wys, who were the great people, *par excellence*, of the Coverdale Park neighbourhood; and when the Duke and Duchess came to spend their Christmas in the country, Alice, stimulated thereby by the conversation of the Mesdames Jones, Brown and Robinson of those parts, felt slightly curious to know whether these ancient and venerable limbs of the aristocracy would delight to honour her by a call, and was proportionably gratified when, on a dreary morning, the dull old Duchess came and paid her a singularly heavy and uninteresting visit. To induce Harry to accompany her when she returned this equally flattering and alarming civility, had been for several days the sole object of Alice's existence—an object in which, as the reader may perceive by the foregoing conversation, she had hitherto been unsuccessful. The next morning Alice once again made an attempt to entice her better half away from the pleasures of the plains; but the rabbits had begun barking the young ash trees in a favourite plantation, and were to be “pulled down” accordingly. This occupation occupied several days, at the expiration of which period, certain poachers, chosing to join in the amusement uninvited, had to be “pulled up” for their iniquities—a series of ups and downs which left only two days vacant, before the important Tuesday dedicated to the dinner party at Pont-pfwlysch would arrive. The first of these days it rained cats and dogs, and snowed fragments of polar bears, so that even Harry could not get out till about half-past three, when, in desperation, he enveloped himself in a Macintosh and galloped over to the town, five miles off (as all towns are from all country houses), to match some ribbon for Alice, and look at the newspaper on his own account. The *County Press* was just out, and therein Harry perceived a leading article attacking the decision arrived at by himself and his brother magistrates, in the case of the “pulled up” poachers. This being equally irritating and interesting, he sat down in the reading-room of the library, diligently to peruse the same—psha-ing, pish-ing, and “confounding the fellow” at every second line. He had just got to a paragraph beginning, “Mr. Coverdale may be well qualified to lead the way across a stiff line of country after the hounds, or roll over unoffending hares and rabbits in a *battue*—but that is no proof that he possesses an equal right to ride rough-shod over the enactments of a British parliament, or to reverse the decrees of abler lawyers than are to be found among the bench of magistrates at H——” when a large hand was placed over his eyes, and a loud jovial voice exclaimed,

“Never mind, Harry, my boy—little Flipkins the editor's got a wife with the devil's own temper, and she helps him to write the leaders; she took a dislike to you, when she was Miss Jamby and kept the confectioner's shop, and you neglected her and flirted with the girl behind the counter, because she happened to be the prettiest, and now she's paying you off; you can't horsewhip a woman, you know, so you'd better take it easy.”

Before the speaker had arrived at the conclusion of his advice gratis, Coverdale had removed the hand which impeded his vision, and turning round, exclaimed,—

"Why, it's Tom Rattleworth, by all that's extraordinary,—I thought you were in Canada with your regiment, man!"

"So I was till the gout carried off the governor, and left me a miserable orphan with £15,000 a year in my pocket. When that lamentable event occurred, I thought I was, for the first time in my life, worth taking care of, so determined to cut the red-cloth and pipe-clay business, and come home and live virtuously ever after."

"You seem to have recovered your spirits pretty well, if one may judge by present appearances," returned Coverdale, half-amused half-disgusted at his quondam friend's sentiments—"at all events you've not grown thin upon it."

"No! but that's the very fact which proves how deeply I feel my forlorn condition; it's old Falstaff, is not it? observes how grief swells a man. I don't ride a pound under twelve stone," was the rejoinder.

"By the way," continued Rattleworth, "that reminds me—it's deuced lucky I met you; you're the very man that can tell me all about it—Broomfield is anxious to give up the fox hounds, he is growing old and lazy, and he wants me to take 'em!"

"My dear fellow, I'm delighted to hear it," exclaimed Harry eagerly. "Old Broomfield is completely past his work, and of all the men I know, you're the fittest to succeed him—you will do the thing as it ought to be done. I would have undertaken them myself, if I had not become a Benedict: Broomfield tried to persuade me."

"Well now, look here," resumed Rattleworth, meditatively; "I've promised to meet Broomfield to-morrow, and take his horses and everything, at a valuation. Now there is not a man in the county whose opinion about a horse I'd sooner have than yours; can you spare time to go with me; I shall really consider it a personal favour if you will do so."

"Of course I will," returned Harry, for if he had a weak point on which he was accessible to flattery, it was concerning his knowledge of horse-flesh; "there can be nothing I should like better, in fact—what time do you go?"

"I was to lunch with him at one," was the reply, "and we were to look at his stud afterwards."

"Then I'll meet you at the cross roads by Hanger Wood, at half past twelve," returned Harry; and so with a hearty shake of the hand the friends parted. Tom Rattleworth was the only son of a man who had begun life as a land agent and attorney in H——; but having, very early in his career, dabbled in stock jobbing till he made a considerable sum of money, which his business connection enabled him to lay out to great advantage, he grew rich, purchased an estate, married into one of the county families, and brought his son up "as a gentleman"—that is, he sent him to Eton, where he learned nothing but how to get into and out of scrapes, and bought him a commission, which he would have done better without. Nature having thus placed a silver spoon in Tom's mouth, appeared to consider his head sufficiently furnished without going to any unusual expense in the article of brains; so she gave him barely an average quantity, and made up the deficiency by an actual passion for horse flesh. Thomas, thus endowed, was the schoolfellow and holiday associate of Harry Coverdale; and having one, and only one, taste in common, they had

kept up their intimacy until Harry started on the grand tour, and Tom was sent with his regiment to Canada, since which period the interview we have just described was their first meeting. As Coverdale cantered home through the mud and rain and sleet, it suddenly flashed across him that the next was the only day remaining in which to call on the Duke and Duchess of Pen-y-yws before the dinner at Pont-pfwlysch House, and his conscience smote him as he reflected that the engagement he had formed would prevent him from accompanying Alice; indeed, so annoyed did he feel at this unlucky coincidence, that for a moment he was on the point of turning his horse's head and riding after Tom Rattleworth to get off the engagement; but it was growing dusk, and Chase Hall, the residence of the renowned Thomas, was so far out of his way that he should be unable to reach home by dinner time, and then Alice would get frightened about him, which would annoy her more than being obliged to pay her visit alone, so with this bit of sophistry he for the moment quieted his conscience. Before he arrived at his own house he had mentally decided that, as it would only worry his wife, he should say nothing about the Rattleworth engagement to her that evening, and that in the morning he should mention it as an equally unfortunate and unavoidable necessity, and persuade her to pay the visit without him. Of course she would be a little annoyed just at first, but she was so sweet-tempered and amiable that—that—and here his reflections refused to clothe themselves in intelligible language—had they done so honestly, the sentence would have ended thus—"that she would submit without making a scene." And so he cantered home, where Alice, with her sunny smile and great loving eyes, was waiting to receive him and make a vast fuss with the poor dear because he must be so wet, which, thanks to Mr. Macintosh's admirable invention, he was not in the slightest degree, though he appreciated the affectionate fuss Alice made about him all the same.

Harry! you blind, stupid Harry!—as if her little finger, bless it, were not worth all the horse flesh that ever was foaled, from Bucephalus down to the winner of the last Derby.

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### THE MONTH'S POLITICS—BALANCE OF PARTIES.

THE political conflict of the winter of 1852 will leave effects which will not cease to be felt so long as the present system of social organisation exists in England. For a lengthened period the state of parties had been anomalous. Since the Act of 1846, when Sir Robert Peel, by a deed of immortal heroism, broke up his party and relinquished not only power, but the prospects of power, in deference to the dictates of duty and conscience, an impression had been gaining ground, that in the minds of the majority of the landlords and larger farmers, and, still more, in the minds of those who put themselves forward as the leaders and representatives of the agricultural interest, there was a "fixed" determination that, be the cost what it might, the policy then adopted should be reversed, and that the first duty of a ministry supported by the "country" party would be the absolute reversal of that policy.

Such, in short, until very lately, was the expectation, if not of the most clear-sighted judges of men and motives, of that much more numerous class which is accustomed to accept meanings and intentions

according to the plain interpretation of plain language. True it is, in the course of last year, Mr. Disraeli, the especially accepted though self-proposed champion of the territorial class, had talked somewhat mysteriously about "compensation in lieu of protection," and thereby elicited a few suppressed growls of suspicion from some of the most straightforward of his supporters. All, however, went well with the right honourable gentleman; and when, early this year, Lord Palmerston's personal malevolence led to the very unnecessary resignation of the Liberal administration, Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Christopher entered office as "protectionists," amid the acclamatory plaudits of protectionists less celebrated but more sincere than themselves.

It would be superfluous, and still more distasteful than superfluous, to recapitulate all the details of what has since occurred—the rapidly-succeeding stages of preparation for that ultimate repudiation of pledge and promise in which the Derby government have, to use no disrespectful language, accomplished the most astounding jump ever heard of amongst political posture-masters. First there was mystery, then hesitation, then expostulations on the inconvenience of "pressing" government for explanations which the government wished to defer until a new parliament was called; then came the elections, interspersed with much fervid protectionist oratory before the Balls and Chowlers, and aided by all those "legitimate" resources which that hapless scapegoat, Major Beresford, had at his command; then, when Frail had proved but a fragile staff of dependence, came ominous "loomings" about the "voice of the country," and the expediency of "bowing" to that omnipotent entity. At last came the Budget, in which free trade and unlimited competition were proclaimed as the creed, the maxim, the watchword of the protectionist statesmen, and all that was asked was just a trifle—say £2,000,000—in the shape of compensation.

- Thus the lapse of a single year has seen a body of English statesmen, not gradually abandoning mistaken opinions as increased information brought new light—not, like Sir Robert Peel, setting laboriously to work, and then, after years of inquiry and experiment, staking their political existence on the fate of that which they had discerned to be the truth—but slyly creeping into power on the virtue of certain professions which, time has shown, they meant to observe or not to observe, according as personal expediences might arise; and, in fine, throwing over all those professions the instant it appeared likely that greater convenience would arise from abandoning than from maintaining them.

We do not discuss the relative merits of protection and free trade, being quite convinced that whilst the former is impracticable, views equally impracticable are entertained by the enthusiasts who imagine that free trade is, *per se*, all-sufficient to insure the happiness and prosperity of a nation of mixed interests and pursuits like our own. We believe that under the new regime there may be panics and collapses, and stagnation, and seasons unprosperous to commerce and industry, as under the old one. Our simple object, in this preliminary outline of the extraordinary gyrations of Lord Derby and his friends, is to bring the public mind to a practical perception of the intense defalcation of principle which marked the whole course of the anomalous



combination which was broken up by the division of the morning of the 17th of December, and to make it understood, by those least initiated in official and parliamentary technicalities, how fully the new principles of commercial and industrial regulations have been accepted by all parties—how entirely the old one has been abandoned by those who spent six years in preaching it up as the nation's panacea. In considering this subject, people should distinctly bear in mind that Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Christopher and Sir John Pakington were amongst the supporters of a resolution recognising free trade as the main cause of our recent prosperity, and that only fifty-five members in a full House of Commons voted against that resolution.

The Budget was the measure on which ministers staked their credit. It was looked for with interest by all, and with much expectation by those who did not duly measure the value of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's glittering flippancies. If it had been considered how completely, as regards principle, the views of the Chancellor and his colleagues were made up of shreds and patches, no one would have looked for any financial measure save a medley of the same nature. Original it undoubtedly was—original in its sheer impudence, after the grand flourish of trumpets wherewith it had been ushered in. In all else it was the clumsiest, dullest piece of commonplace slop-work that ever proceeded from the brain of a pitch-forked financier. The main features, as to relaxation of taxation, were the abandonment of 50 per cent. of the malt tax (than which few taxes press more lightly on the poor and industrious), and the gradual abolition of a portion of the duty on tea, care being taken, in the latter case, so to frame the steps of reduction that the consumer could by no possibility experience any substantial advantage. Against the "relief" to be afforded by these two features, came the set-off of a doubled house-tax, an extension of the same tax to the poor man living in a tenement of £10 valuation; and such an "arrangement" of the income tax as would make it bear with intolerable pressure upon the very class of persons whom reason, humanity and justice would exempt from it. The petty reduction on trading and professional incomes was too palpable a quibble—too transparent a shadow—to entrap those classes for whose delusion it was expressly intended; whilst the enormities of the house duty scheme—throwing, as it directly tended to do, the weight and burden of the change upon tradesmen, and upon the poorer inhabitants of towns, provoked the indignation of the whole country.

Much debating, and that of the most interesting kind, followed the introduction of this unheard-of fiscal abortion. The Chancellor of the Exchequer took the lead on the side of government; and as the rules of the House, when "in committee," gave him the opportunity of exercising his loquacity to its utmost range, he did certainly display an unexampled facility of mere verbiage. The consummate effrontery of the man was in itself a thing admirable—in the less hacknied sense of that often-abused term. He was specious, civil, domineering and equivocating by turns; and it was when detected in one of his never-ceasing shuffles, that the peculiar species of "cleverness" for which he is eminent became most visible. At least half-a-dozen times in the course of the discussion he shifted the whole ground on which his Budget was framed, and at each fresh detection



endeavoured to explain away the quibble with a coolness which would have been amusing, were it not that what is merely ludicrous in an ordinary person becomes distressing when enacted by a man to whom, in virtue of his official position, the honour of the country is in some degree entrusted. Tracked down, however, he was, through all his circuitous deviations from the straight path, and by no one with more skill than by Sir Alexander Cockburn, who laid bare, with forensic acumen, the absolute humbug and impertinence of the right honourable gentleman's proceedings. But the final extinguisher of Mr. Disraeli's insolence, and the grand and conclusive feature of the debate, was Mr. Gladstone's noble oration, immediately before the decisive division, which took place at four o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 17th of December. This speech was in all respects one of the noblest efforts of Parliamentary eloquence which have been witnessed since the days when Grey and Canning were in their prime of fame and vigour. Never on any occasion did dextrous charlatanism receive a more dignified and overwhelming rebuke. The division left ministers in a minority of 286 to 305, and sealed the fate of Lord Derby and his "Free Companions."

Thus has been shattered and scattered to the winds—dissipated for ever into thin air—the whole category of delusions and false pretensions through which a few individuals, less wise than crafty and unscrupulous, have kept the country in confusion and perplexity for six long years. The bubble, at length, is effectually exploded; a clique of ambitious gentlemen, as reckless of consequences, as disregardful of good fame, as devoid of honest convictions and steadfast meaning, as ever took temporary possession of Downing-street, have had their doom pronounced for ever; and we hold it for a moral certainty, that however they may hereafter scheme, through whatsoever dextrous "moves" they may succeed in obtaining the outward semblance of reconstruction—nay, by possibility, even regain a momentary gleam of official power—their day, as a consolidated party or faction, is past, and the deep night, the ignominious darkness into which they descend, will be followed by no dawn. An anomaly—a shameful sham—a pestilent and disturbing delusion—has been "put down."

Here let us pause, and fairly investigate the position in which the overthrow of the Derby cabinet, by the vote of its own House of Commons, has left the chances of a new and permanent cabinet. It were to be desired that a government could be formed, composed entirely of men well known for agreement upon essential points of policy, such as the prudent but liberal extension of the right, naturally inherent in every man, to have a direct voice in the choice of those by whom he is taxed. But the nicely balanced constitution of the present House of Commons almost precludes the possibility of such a combination from the elements of which that assembly is made up. These elements, let us admit, are more than sufficiently incongruous. There is in the first place the Tory party, which, no matter how numerous its internal differences, may be generally classed as that which votes with Lord Derby. Here is at once a minority sufficiently numerous, through the aid of such over-rated mischief-makers as Lord Palmerston, to give serious annoyance and obstruction to any government, however skilfully welded out of the more liberal materials

The Peelites of course are a simple impossibility: able as they are individually, their numbers are altogether too insignificant—their weight with the country too infinitesimally minute—to permit them to be considered as the nucleus for the formation of a cabinet. But, if wholly excluded from a share of power, their talent and activity, assisted by the occasional co-operation of the more impracticable order of Radicals, would enable the Tories to make them the means of putting an effectual impediment in the way of a “pure” Whig administration. What then? a coalition of Lord John Russell and his immediate friends with such men as Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone and Sir James Graham (by far the most able *administrative* statesman of the three last mentioned)? The thing is feasible enough. But we shall require some demonstration of improved notions on the part of gentlemen like Mr. Gladstone and the party he peculiarly represents, before we can conceive the happy consummation of a concurrence in all measures—civil, judicial, fiscal and ecclesiastical—which the interest of the country requires. If it *can* be so managed—if the result shall be such as to produce working harmony—well and good. But we have our doubts. We wish all success to such a combination, provided the negotiations on which it has been based shall be found to give reason for confidence that men like Mr. Gladstone, with his vehement high-churchism, with his exuberant devotion to the prelacy, with his impracticable attachment to so many old-world remembrances which the matter-of-fact genius of our own age regards as obsolete, have been really brought to the conclusion that it is necessary to legislate and administer for Great Britain and Ireland as for a nation of bold-thinking, liberty-loving, trade-pursuing, toy-despising men—as for a grown-up people, instead of a people in its social leading-strings. Such an accession, if it has been made, will prove a valuable one; for Mr. Gladstone, though over and above crotchety, is just the man to follow up resolutely, with sincerity and self-devotion, any conviction once brought home to his conscience. Once fairly enlisted, heart and mind, on the popular side—once persuaded of the important truth that the cause of usefulness and patriotism is that which advances concordantly with the spirit of the age, and this gentleman will be found one of the most valuable acquisitions which the cause of the people could have made.

Those respectable noblemen, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lansdowne, occupy positions which relieve us from the duty of dwelling at length upon the effect which their influence in the cabinet may produce. Lord Lansdowne's name recalls the recollection of a long course of eminent and disinterested public service, performed all through his life on principles of the noblest and purest quality. Lord Aberdeen, too, has acted an honourable part in connection with the party wherewith, for forty years of his life, he was associated, but from which he did not hesitate to separate himself as soon as he found such separation indispensable to the performance of his public duty. The presence of these two noblemen in any cabinet will always be a guarantee for prudence and moderation. We should quite as soon expect to hear of Colonel Sibthorp being invited by Mr. Mill to assist him in the preparation of the next edition of his work on logic, as to hear of ultra-Liberalism or ultra-Toryism being carried out under the auspices of either of the noblemen just named.

Lord Grey and his connection require a few words. Lord Grey has many points—some of the best constitutional points—that go towards the construction of a great statesman; but these are vitiated by serious personal defects, amongst which we may indicate that perversity of temper which occasionally, during his sway of the colonial office, caused not only inconvenience but serious mischief, and which, longer ago, led him when Lord Howick in company with his brother-in-law Sir Charles Wood—a man of the best intentions in the world—to inflict damage and some discredit on the Liberal party. Sir Charles Grey, the Home Secretary under Lord John Russell's government of 1847, is one of the most positively hard-working officials of this hard-working era. He speaks well, too, but with such implacable rapidity that the effect of some of his best speeches is thrown away. On the whole, this gentleman (defeated last summer in Northumberland by the "territorial influence" of the Percies) is less known to the world than his real ability deserves.

As to Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, their renown is of that world-wide stamp which exempts them from the chapter of cursory criticism, and makes them foremost luminaries in any circle which their presence may illustrate. The former is a statesman of the profound and elevated class which the pen of a Macaulay (when untrammelled by those marked prejudices that disfigure some of his best efforts) might worthily describe. His is one of the names to which historical immortality is pre-ordained, and which will live in the reverential thoughts of remote posterity. Sir James Graham is of the modern and "readier" school. As a practical man, as a man of business in the legislature, in the cabinet, or the bureau; as a man, too, who can, with calmness and courage, confess a mistake when he finds he has made one, and set about the most ready and efficient method of remedying it, he has perhaps no living equal. He *has* antecedents on which we willingly forbear to descant, in a place where a minutely critical analysis of men's characters is not called for. His position, and that of Lord J. Russell, are to be viewed from ranges of vision altogether distinct. Lord John has done things which Sir J. Graham *could* not do; Sir J. Graham has done things which Lord John *would* not do. Their union may give rise to hopes of great and useful public action.

But there is another—a powerful and energetic body of politicians—backed by a large amount of national opinion, and whose direct influence and personal presence in a Liberal Cabinet is regarded as a *sine qua non* by a numerous and increasing portion of the community. When we speak of such men as Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Gibson (the latter of whom retired, on grounds most honourable to himself, from the last Whig Ministry)—when we speak of these gentlemen, we by no means confine ourselves to the Manchester school of politicians. Their influence goes much further; it embraces masses—intelligent, anxious and impatient masses—in every district of the empire; masses loyal and home-loving, but impatient, because they suppose themselves excluded from the common and inalienable right of manhood—a right of which, by the holy law of nature, nothing but inveterate crime or brutal ignorance would, in a sound state of society, deprive any man, and to which the tendency of education, the advance and extension of knowledge amongst the people, is daily directing the wishes of millions who, thirty years back, would have

stared blankly and stupidly at any one who asked them the meaning of that now all-significant watchword—the Franchise! On the presence or non-presence of such men as those we have just named, depends the contingency whether the millions—no longer the *ignoble vulgar*—will believe that any measure of electoral reform can be really effectual and genuine.

In this review, our object has been mainly to convey a distinct impression of the characters and distinctives of the men to whom the nation has at present to look, as to those by whom public affairs will be most permanently influenced. The tories, we admit, are still powerful enough to play a part; but whatever new modification that faction may assume, it is at all events a pleasant thing that the Protean anomaly—the disgusting sham and mockery of the last six years—has been exploded. Lord Derby and his House of Commons leader have been fairly found out. The former, it must be confessed, is by far the most loathsome and degraded character of the two. With no temptation save that of vanity and contemptible pique, he has all this time taken a course which, judged on his own showing, is that of the lowest and vilest hypocrite and cheat. It is he who, out of office, protested loudly that the imperative duty of a statesman would be to apply the first surplus which might arise to the remission or reduction of the income tax—and his first act, on entering office, is to attempt the aggravation of that tax; it is he who, out of office, declared that nothing but a departure from the free trade policy could save the country from total ruin,—in office, and under the pressure of a sordid love of place, he forthwith endorses a declaration that free trade is the basis of national prosperity. In other respects—in all respects—it has been invariably the same; honesty and truth never regarded where falshood and dishonesty could avail! Forsooth, a very Rupert, a veritable specimen of the chivalry of aristocracy—this moral fungus, whom faction sometime held up as the model of a British peer! But Mr. Disraeli has been in great measure the slave of circumstances peculiarly tempting to a man situated as he was in early life, with ardent ambition, with many brilliant parts, and surrounded at the same time by a set of personal and social antecedents which rendered it next to impossible for him to ascend by the direct path. These circumstances form an extenuation, if not an apology, for his numerous contortions. Had he succeeded in entering Parliament eighteen years ago, when the late Mr. O'Connell with characteristic sagacity took him by the hand, or had not Sir Robert Peel, eight years later, made the mistake of passing by his claim to notice from a Conservative premier, his career, if not so peculiarly unique and remarkable, might have been eminently more useful and satisfactory. As it is, we are far from relinquishing the hope—now that the objects for which the “territorial” clique tolerated whilst they stupidly despised him, have in a great degree ceased—now that the unnatural ties which bound him to that clique are in course of dissolution—we are not without hope that, his escapades being forgiven, this man may yet do the state good service. He is approaching the crisis of his real destiny. Such a thing as a “no popery” cry, or some other vile device of offended bigotry, may be on the tapis, for the purpose of giving new embodiment to the shattered fabric of Toryism; and knowing, as we

do, how high his intellect soars above sympathy with that species of delusion, we should be really sorry if our last hope of his self-retrieval were dissipated, by seeing him committed to so deplorable an imposture.

From what we have already said, it will be readily observed that we perceive serious difficulties of various kinds interposing against the permanency of any ministry, no matter how skilfully constructed; difficulties which may possibly be overcome, but which are nevertheless so formidable, as to make the long existence of the present parliament a rather precarious speculation. We do seriously believe that, weighing the balance of probabilities, a general election, before the lapse of a very long period, is a contingency well deserving the calculation of thoughtful politicians. And the disclosures made of the doings by which the present one was returned, the incredible facts brought home to the doors of a high official of her Majesty's government, the disgraceful intimidation practised, openly practised, by English and Irish landlords, in immediate connection with the government, will under such circumstances present favourable occasion for the vigorous consideration of measures bearing on the security of purity of election, that glorious ideal, so often talked of in the British House of Commons, but the mention of which, in such an atmosphere, does really seem so palpable a mockery—so daring a violation of decency itself. What theme more worthy the great mind of Lord John Russell? What! has his lordship not yet received sufficient specimens of the species of "manliness" and "honest openness" practised at English elections? Is it one of his characteristics to be so miraculously impervious to conviction as not to understand the moral of those quiet proceedings in the dark back room at Derby?

As to Major Beresford, whom the good-natured committee of the House of Commons only found guilty of a "reckless indifference to consequences," he would really appear, *prima facie*, to be a poor man much ill used by his friends. If the famous "W. B." letter were written with a purely innocent purpose, with the simple object of enabling his friends to put in practice all the legal "dodges" available towards the promotion of their object, why then there exist no grounds for reprehension, since such a letter, with such an intent, might have been written by any zealous partisan; and if they could not find materials for believing him a guilty accessory to bribery, why, there was an end of the affair, and their "censure" is simply an impertinence, which the gallant official ought to deride and contemn. But are there twenty sane men in England who believe that if the accused individual had not been "the Right Honourable William Beresford, Secretary at War, &c., a member of this House," something like presumptive evidence would not have been found somewhere, by some one, and applied to the production of a verdict which should end in the punishment of "some one?"—*Credat Judeus!*

The whole affair, however, may end in substantial good. The demon of bribery is now brought so near the very doors of great men—it hovers so manifestly over the portals of princely palaces in Pall Mall, that it will be strange if some of those who regard the preservation of English honour do not put their heads together for the banishment of the evil spirit.



## THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY—NOTES, PROSPECTIVE AND REMINISCENT.

Whilst the last month of the year has been fruitful of result, as respects the internal politics of this kingdom, it will be equally memorable in the annals of a nation with which the destiny of Great Britain is more intimately interwoven than with that of any other country in Europe. The empire, so long expected, is formally proclaimed, and Napoleon the Third has realised the high visions which probably haunted him even when, a few years ago, he was living in obscure lodgings and shirking importunate duns in Adam-street, Adelphi. We have now little to do with the past of this great man, farther than as it may guide us to a calculation on the events of the future. France has chosen for herself; the fact is obvious—patent. Never was chaffering more contemptible than the quasi-critical allusions of our contemporaries to “tamperings” with the ballot boxes, &c. Such pettifogging higgling, where not the shadow of a shade of proof exists, is not only feeble and trifling in itself, but tends to weaken the effect of all commentaries made by the public press. If the general elections in this country furnished half so correct an indication of the wishes of the English people as the “imperial ballot” does of the wishes of the French, our representative institutions would realise their name with tenfold more truthfulness than they do at present, and there would not be nearly so many complaints of the House of Commons being the organ, not of a community, but of a clique.

We confess we could never approve that vehemence of personal hostility wherein the English press, or a large portion of it, deemed it proper to manifest its dislike of Louis Napoleon. The coarseness, the virulence, the literal foulness of abusive epithets unintermittingly lavished upon him, form no creditable chapter in our periodical literature. Such eruptions of violence over-reach their mark, and go far, in the eyes of plain people, to palliate acts of oppression and injustice which dignified remonstrance might prevent. English newspapers were frequently “stopped” at the French post office, and correspondents of English newspapers were once or twice subjected to inconvenience. But it is fair to bear in mind whether it be consistent with human nature that a man possessing power should see himself made systematically the target of abuse and ridicule before a people whose good opinion it is his interest to cultivate; whether it be consistent with human nature that, possessing power to prevent the circulation of these attacks upon him, he should not make use of that power to suppress them. It is very true that selfishness is the mainspring of human actions, and if Louis Napoleon be the pre-eminently selfish being which he is represented to be, how stands it with common sense that those who confess and proclaim their design to injure and thwart him should cry out petulantly against him when he endeavours to prevent them from accomplishing that avowed object?

By a variety of efforts and devices, bold, crafty, deeply-laid and inexorably pursued, the Emperor of the French has reached his astonishing elevation. If some of his means were foul means—wherein lies the question—others were indubitably fair. We can mourn over the republic; but we may not the less remember that the republic



fell a sacrifice to the intrigues of others besides those of Napoleon III. The Orleanists did their part in the upsettal of the true republican constitution, and the Legitimists did their part, and even the ultra "red" did theirs; and each of them contributed its blow against the fair edifice of liberty by courses infinitely, incomparably more flagitious than those adopted by Napoleon in his gradual ascent to the supreme power. Each faction thought to thwart and obstruct the other, and each thought to make the President its tool, whilst all the time he had not the slightest idea of being made the tool of either or of any. Not improbably a general game of dissimulation was being played, wherein Bonaparte checkmated his rivals. Dissimulation, after all, is the battle-ground of opposing diplomatists; and it would certainly be contradictory of well-understood antecedents to ascribe to Napoleon III. a higher degree of rigid morality than appertains to ordinary men.

If it were desirable to pronounce cathedrally upon the personal merits of the man, the discussion would be a long and perplexing one. It would involve questions of breach of pledge, of responsibility for hideous massacres, of complication in stratagems of a nature which, if substantiated, would be most hateful and perfidious. But all this is more a matter for the consideration of the French people than for ours; and they have in some sense decided it—whether rightly or wrongly, remains to be seen. When we consider the series of social, dynastic, political and military revolutions of which France has been the scene for sixty years, we recoil from the idea of attempting to guide our readers in forming their estimate of the durability of Louis Napoleon's power. The whole, to be sure, looks very like a dream; but hitherto it has proved a particularly substantial one. Our office is merely that of bringing forward the essential facts bearing on the subject—of eliminating, from a labyrinth of confusion and mystification, the rudimental elements of opinion, and then leaving intelligent people to mature such opinion, which they can do quite as well as we can, when supplied with the materials. Be it remembered, in the meantime, that if ever there were a man possessing the qualities of temperament whereby power is consolidated, strengthened and preserved, this remarkable individual, whom certain scribblers in this country were, three or four years ago, ridiculing as a half-idiot, has proved that he possesses those qualities in a degree seldom equalled by preceding adventurers. Coolness, patience, secresy, courage, indomitable will, the faculty of commanding the thoughts of all who approach him, the force of mind which seldom forsakes a purpose once deliberately formed, and an unusual combination of audacity with prudence—these are characteristics of the men who in all ages have made good what they once succeeded in grasping. Augustus Cæsar, Constantine the Great, our own Henry the Fourth and Henry the Seventh, are familiar examples. But Frenchmen will be Frenchmen, and a bold man is he who takes it on him to predicate of the future.

After all, that which concerns England most directly at present is, the disposition of the new potentate as regards friendship or hostility towards ourselves. And here several separate considerations arise. Those who know France well know that there is rife, in the bosom of a formidable proportion of her inhabitants, an unintelligent but anxious hankering for "a brush" with England; but they know likewise that in the minds of the prosperous bourgeoisie, and other

influential classes, who owe their wealth to the cultivation of the arts of peace, there prevails a nervous horror of any concurrence of events which, whilst loading them with fresh taxes, would at the same time violently interfere with the peaceful avocations that form the only sources from which the taxpayer can be conveniently paid. Then there is the army element, a dangerous one, requiring tact and resolution to restrain and correct it, but which can always be so restrained if only the tact and resolution exist in the mind that has to provide for its management. Whether the Emperor possess these attributes is a matter to be considered by those who have followed the history of his career. Then there is the ship-building and the fort-building, operations that may have divers objects. And then there come certain sybilline allusions in bygone speeches of the Emperor, in which he speaks of himself as the representative of glories and of sorrows, of victories and of a defeat, which latter remark is, by an ingenious process of reasoning, converted into an annunciation that Waterloo must be avenged, that it must be avenged by war to the death against England, and that he, the Emperor, is the man destined so to avenge it at the earliest opportunity consistent with national convenience.

Such are the essential pros and cons. of probability as regards the Emperor's pacific or bellicose designs. With respect to the last point—that of the Waterloo allusion—it may be deferentially submitted to the gentlemen whose perpetual occupation is that of describing the French autocrat as a practised perjurer, whether, supposing the passage in question to bear the construction they put upon it, the mere “expediency” speech, the *ad captandum* harangue of such a man, is to be accepted as an expression of sincere intention. The writers in question, by trying to prove too much, cut both ways in their arguments, and destroy with one hand the fanciful fabric which they raise with the other. The real point is, that the French Emperor being a man who, there is reason to believe, will be guided by his convictions of his own interest, and the materials which may turn the scale in his calculation being themselves of a conflicting and doubtful character, it is the policy and duty of Great Britain to be prepared for all contingencies,—for peace, if, fortunately for all parties, peace should be the issue,—for war, if war become the calamitous necessity. Above all things we deprecate war—above all things we deprecate every provocation, even remotely tending to that most frightful of human disasters. But, at this critical juncture, the stern philosophy of the case resolves itself into the language of the trite old proverb which says, “Hope for the best, but be always prepared for the worst.” We have endeavoured, without passion or partiality, to exhibit the true bearings of the case; we have done our utmost to check false alarms, and to rebuke exaggerated personal prejudice against the Emperor. So far so well. We now have another duty, at least as important—that of admonishing the rulers and the people of this realm that there may be false confidence as well as false fear, and that the former may be carried to a more fatal extreme than the latter. The clumsy, costly and useless machinery of the new militia was a plan worthy of the bevy of incapables to whom (after Lord Palmerston) we owe it. Its principle is good; it originated with abler men; the awkwardness

of its details spoils the whole, and will turn out, we much dread, a fertile source of popular demoralisation. But it is a truth pregnant with important meaning, that no object can at this moment be of more profound importance than that our real "national defences," those arms of strength on which we have ever relied, and relied with good reason, in our hour of need, that these, our true bulwarks, should be placed and maintained in a state of preparation for all contingencies. In such precautions lie true economy, true sagacity, true pacific purposes and intentions.

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### Literary Notices.

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*Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Hon. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. London, 1853.

MOORE's fame, as the prince of lyrical poets, is better calculated to invest with a ray of its own brilliancy anything which can be said in reference to the varied and charming works of that distinguished writer, than to derive aid from praise, however judiciously awarded; and it is no trifling commendation of the statesman who so recently held the reins of government in this country, that he has contributed a memorial, full of much manly and graceful dignity, of the deceased poet, the sincerity of whose personal friendship for the noble lord is undoubted. Lord John Russell has indeed set about the discharge of the grateful duties imposed upon him by an unchequered friendship with the most amiable of men, "the delight of all circles and the idol of his own," with a heartiness and warmth worthy of the object of the agreeable record, two volumes of which have just been laid before the public, and in a short preface introduces to our notice the most delightful collection of autobiography, journal and familiar letters which it has ever been our good fortune to read. Indeed so agreeable an intimacy with Moore do we derive from these memoirs, that we sympathise with him in the indignation which he felt at the charges of the *Edinburgh Review*, and feel ashamed of having entertained a thought that the license of his early effusions was other than a burst of rude passion, which wanted only the chastening hand of his own finely-cultivated mind to subdue to the holiest and purest affection. The immorality of his youthful lays was indeed dangerous from its sweetness; but the natural tendency of his own good judgment soon induced him to fling aside the immorality which he had borrowed only from the Greek and Roman models—from Anacreon, from Meleager and from Catullus—and when, in process of time, he relied upon the sweetness of his own muse, we find no trace of that vicious colouring which in reality disguised the exquisite outline of his own brilliant conceptions. There can be no question that to the immoral character of his early poems it is that we owe whatever has been said most unkind of Moore, and the sentiment of disgust which they inspired at the time amongst a certain class of society, may well be estimated from the severe and, to our mind, most unbecoming expressions which the otherwise amiable Kirke White did not hesitate to use in relation to these productions when writing to one of his most intimate correspondents. But the fire of Moore's inspiration was only disturbed by idle winds; we may now admire the pure and steady flame; and the genius which gave the truest interpretation to the most irregular bursts of unholy passion, never shone so brightly, or with more humanizing warmth, than in his "home fireside affections." "Twice a week during his whole life," says Lord John Russell, in his preface to the interesting publication before us, "during his absence in America and Bermuda, Moore wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his affection and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoiled by the world, and continue to retain in his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of deep, true, touching, unchangeable affection for his wife. From 1801 to 1822, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the

homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed, were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile, his return restored him to tranquillity and peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded." A good son, husband, and father!—the evidence of which is profusely distributed throughout the volume before us—should go far to fix our faith that the opinions of Kirke White bring no credit to his judgment or his heart, and that Jeffery's memorable criticism was altogether a "mistake!"—a mistake sufficiently acknowledged by Jeffery himself, who, from the time of the celebrated duel, to the time of the death of Jeffery, was one of Moore's warmest friends and admirers.

The preface, from the pen of Lord John Russell, which introduces the collection before us, is written with unaffected simplicity; the writer does honour to his friend, but without exaggerating his virtues or excusing his faults. The papers themselves are judiciously left to tell their own tale, and that they would tell their own tale far better and more truthfully than any other pen than his own could reveal it, appears to be the spirit which has animated the noble lord in circumscribing his prefatory remarks within very narrow limits. All that is written, however, clearly shows that it proceeds from one who had the good fortune to justify, in his own person, the generous language of Moore, in the dedication of his most finished works to Lord John, as from "one who admired his talents and was proud of his friendship." The eminent position which Lord John Russell has attained since that dedication was written, fully justifies the admiration of the deceased poet, and the present volumes are a just testimony of his friendship.

It was in the year 1828 that Moore, in his will of that date, confided to his valued friend, Lord John Russell, the task of looking over whatever papers, letters or journals he might leave behind him, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which might afford the means of making some provision for his wife and family. This is the pious work which is now before us, and right well has the noble lord entered upon the duties of the trust confided to him. He has wisely preferred rather to merit the blame of overloading his volumes with matters which by many might be deemed unimportant, to the charge of omitting any incident which might serve to throw light upon the life of the subject of this autobiography; and we repeat that, amongst the autobiographies which we possess of great and distinguished men, this of Thomas Moore is destined to occupy no second rank. There is an inexpressible frankness and simplicity which is truly engaging in all Moore's letters, and the collection is further enriched by some spirited contributions from other hands, which are useful to sustain the thread of the story.

There is one singular omission in the preface of Lord John Russell, which we must confess has rather surprised us, since a very strong impression has always been entertained that the country is indebted to Moore for having dissuaded his lordship from following out an inclination which would have deprived the nation of the public services of one of the most distinguished of modern politicians—we mean the noble lord himself. Now no allusion whatever is made to this interesting circumstance in the preface, notwithstanding that all the world has read the spirited verses addressed to his lordship, beginning—

"What, born of a Russell," &c.,

which afforded the foundation of a rumour which has always been believed to be true. An incident so full of interest seemed to demand a notice at his lordship's hands! But not the slightest notice of it is to be found! For ourselves, we are quite at a loss to account for this accident, for to an accident alone are we induced to attribute it.

Whilst we thus venture to indicate an omission in the preface, we may further remark that we are by no means of the same way of thinking as his lordship in the literary criticism which he has introduced; even when he couches his lance in favour of Tasso—and his lordship has given evidence of his familiarity with the great poets of Italy, by some exceedingly good translations. But in the few passing remarks upon those numerous lines of Moore's, which are so constructed as to reflect the meaning of the words in their sound, we confess we think he has made a selection which is very far indeed from being the best which Mr. Moore's works

are capable of supplying. For sonorous lines, probably some of Moore's fragmentary poems, such as the "Fall of Hebe," and others of the class, would furnish more striking instances, if indeed the value of this department of the poet's *art* is worthy of the distinguished position which has been allotted to it by certain critics. It appears to us that to dwell on this too often mechanical part of all good poesy, it to breathe on the polished mirror of a poet's fame. In Moore's case, there is, however, no fear of tarnish!

The great beauty of Moore's compositions is their mechanical as well as their intellectual completeness. Whether he wrote the words of a simple melody, a letter in the Twopenny Post Bag, or the Fudge Family—a satirical *jeu d'esprit* or political squib, or a tale of a Peri—the same completeness is observable! A dozen stanzas in his hands have all the completeness of the shortest and most pungent epigram. The same may be said of his prose writings. Captain Rock, the Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, the Epicurean, are all remarkable illustrations of the logical coherency of his mind. In the prodigality of ornament and illustration, which seem occasionally to obscure the development of his ideas, it is remarkable how rapidly and with what consummate skill he disengages the meaning from the decoration of images; how he flings aside the clustering roses, as it were, with a sudden effort, and invests the revelation of a clear and distinct idea with all the brilliancy of a magical contrast. His genius reposed amongst flowers, which seemed to dispose themselves by a natural tendency around it, so thickly that it was often

"O'ershadowed by the luxury of roses ;"

but when it awoke, you might be sure it was only a dream at the best. The awakened athlete was not to be bound by effeminate chaplets. Ireland indeed may well be proud of having given birth to Thomas Moore. No bard has sung her loves so well; no historian, however grave, has so well related one of the most touching episodes in her modern history; no monk or priest has told the story of religious persecution so graphically, or with such telling effect, as 'the Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion.' In short, with the exception of his dramatic compositions, Moore appears never to have touched any subject which he did not adorn; and with the above striking exception, of him might be said, as he himself so well sung of Sheridan:—

"He ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!"

The letters, which are included in the present volumes, are written during periods when events of deep political importance agitated society to its centre. The war on the Continent and the rebellion in Ireland darkened the hearth of almost every family in that unhappy country; and it is not surprising that at the University young Moore should be infected with the general feeling of hostility to the government, which was shared in by the entire body of Roman Catholics. Amongst the many noble souls which were involved in the crisis, which swept away the Fitzgeralds, the Emmetts and others of that party, it was fortunate that the love of his mother aided the natural tendency of Moore's mind to regard with distaste the excesses of the ultra party, saved him from a close alliance with many of his early and dearest friends, and protected a life so precious for the illustration and honour of his country! Moore's feelings were unquestionably in favour of the oppressed; but his more mature judgment, formed by a residence in America, led him to condemn with severity the excesses of his own countrymen, and induced him to express a marked dislike even for the republican manners of the United States!

It may be looked upon by some as a subject of regret, that Moore was never returned for Parliament. Probably this is the better for his fame! At the same time suspicion has always been entertained that he had no disinclination to the honours of the representation, and we are indebted to the present collection for the confirmation of the report, since, in a letter to Lady Donegal, Moore hints that perhaps her ladyship might contrive to send him to the House. This was after a successful speech which Moore had made at some meeting in the country; and, in the exuberance of his feelings, he seemed to think for the moment that nothing was more delightful than successful oratory! No one will regret that, in place of prosy speeches, we are delighted with his undying and brilliant specimens of English literature! We may be quite sure, moreover, that had this desire been gratified, posterity would have been deprived of many of the exquisite familiar letters which we now possess, and which have afforded us most unfeigned delight.

Apart from the evidence which these letters contain of the amiable spirit of Moore, they are full to overflowing with pleasant allusions to the celebrities of the day.



Some of the phrases are amusing. In one Mr. Moore speaks of Madame de Stael as the *Begum* of literature: the phrase is peculiarly felicitous! Hundreds of such allusions and happy phrases abound.

Nor are the volumes before us wanting in that species of information in which the world so much delights, supplying them with accurate details of events, the true particulars of which, up to the present time, have been confined to the chief actors in them. The affair of Moore's duel with Jeffrey, which furnished the material of Lord Byron's sarcastic lines, is given with amplitude and, at the same time, accuracy; and it must be confessed that, however much we may concede that the challenge did honour to the heart of the poet, it is impossible to say the same of his head. One good may have sprung out of the duel nevertheless,—we mean in the adoption of a less liberal tone of composition than disfigured his early compositions,—for we are ready to believe that the love of approbation, which was a very marked characteristic of Moore, and which is evidenced in every page of these Memoirs, could not fail to render him acutely sensible of a fault which provoked so severe a reproof from a reviewer whose friendship he was always afterwards proud to retain. Thus from a duel, silly enough in most of its incidents, we may possibly be indebted for the relinquishment of a style of composition in which no doubt the poet excelled, but a longer indulgence in the meretricious attractions of which would have interfered between his works and that wider jury of the world, which has since pronounced upon them so enthusiastic a verdict of approval.

There are some curious passages relating to the disagreement between Lord Byron and his lady, which will not fail to excite surprise. It will scarcely be believed that, when the final separation was in course of consummation, the capricious and vain Byron was absolutely exhausting all imaginable forms of praise on the intelligence and amiability of his wife!

Not less interesting are the details of the relations in which Moore stood with his publishers, which will amuse the more those who are familiar with the sparkling verses which at the time were struck off to suit the public taste. The offer of Longmans to Moore, to publish a poem of the length of "*Rokeby*," as a sort of rival in the field against the poem of that name which Murray had just sent out from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, brings to mind that humorous passage in which Moore, lamenting the distress of the "*Row*" at the success of "*Rokeby*," intimates that Scott intended to come up by easy stages from Scotland to London, and to "*do*" "*all the gentlemen's seats in the way*." Moore suggests that there is only one way open for the "*Row*" after this, but to send out "*another from Highgate to meet him*." This, and similar recognitions, are amongst the most agreeable features of books of this kind, and the present volumes abound in them; and the dealings of publishers and authors, with the large sums paid for works, forcibly contrasts with the fortunes of authors in these days when they were hacks and starvelings, and, what is worse, slaves and sycophants. All that bears upon these incidents in the life of Moore, reflects equal honour upon author and publishers.

We must now take leave of these interesting volumes, in laying which before the public so much agreeable and instructive reading is gathered together; and it is a pleasant sign of the times when a nobleman of the house of Bedford should delight in the labour of preparing the memoirs of the Irish bard, and should feel proud to reciprocate the friendship which so affectionately confided them to his care.

We trust his lordship will soon furnish us with another contingent of this excellent publication.

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*Reginald Selwyn; or, the Lights and Shades of Literary Life.* By ALEXANDER H. P. GERVAN. London: Saunders and Ottley, 1 52.

THE object of this work is "to strip Literature, as a profession, of the illusions with which those who are ignorant of a writer's struggles and vicissitudes are too apt to invest it;" and the author forthwith proceeds to illustrate, in a work of fiction, the pious design which has inspired him.

The hero of the tale (Reginald Selwyn), at the time of the reader's introduction to him, has just attained the mature age of eighteen, and having made an impression in a discussion upon Lord Byron, in the debating room of a Literary Institution of a country town, becomes suddenly convinced that literature is his forte, and that a career of wealth and fame invites him in that direction. The flame is fanned by a boyish affection for a daughter of an amiable gentleman, who has voluntarily charged himself with his education from his infancy, under circumstances with which we are afterwards made acquainted. The decisive step is taken, and Reginald Selwyn



leaves his happy home, having first interchanged vows of eternal affection with Cecilia, his early playmate and his first love. This, the first act of the drama, if we may so call it, affords the author an admirable opportunity of enlarging upon the many topics of interest which the relation of the parties suggests, and to our mind is the most agreeable part of the volume. In this portion of the work, too, is introduced a clever sketch of the miserable end of an unfortunate and intelligent young man who, seeking literature as his profession, fell a victim to some heartless newspaper proprietor. The want of the necessaries of life—and death in a garret—is the fate of one Harrowby in the episode to which we allude.

With a very small stock of cash Reginald Selwyn enters upon the thorny path, and the work consists, in reality, of a succession of characteristic sketches of newspaper scribes, dramatic writers, pamphleteers *et id genus omne*, through every round of the ladder down to the penny-a-liner.

The following is the author's description of this class of "Lion's providers." Twelve or fourteen young men are described as congregating in a tavern not far from Temple-bar, some of whom are engaged in conversation, and others busily employed in writing at tables in the boxes:—

"These latter had rather a singular apparatus for their literary operations: it consisted of alternate layers of tissue paper and black paper, and instead of a pen they used a pointed metal instrument called a *stylus*. A plate of tin was placed underneath the paper, for the purpose of presenting a resisting surface to the impressions of the *stylus*. They wrote with considerable rapidity, and when they finished each page separated the white paper from the other, held up the first sheet to the light, read it carefully, and either made corrections or folded each sheet separately, superscribing each. Occasionally a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, to whom the manuscripts were entrusted, and sometimes the writers went out with them themselves. They returned and resumed their operations, or were succeeded by others who employed themselves similarly. The words 'Copy,' 'Flimsy,' 'Blacks,' proceeding from the writers, were sometimes heard above the din of conversation, which was incessant.

"Most of those present belonged to a class who illustrate the truth of the saying that 'one half the world does not know how the other half lives.' They were the moles of the press—the men to whose unwearied exertions the public are indebted for a large portion of that miscellaneous information relating to diurnal incidents which constitutes, in a great degree, the contents of the metropolitan newspapers. The paragraphs relating to murders, inquests, vestry proceedings, fires, and the minor movements of political or religious bodies, are in general furnished by them.

"By the process we have described they are enabled to produce, by one impression, several copies of the same matter, which are dropped into the boxes at the different newspaper offices—the receptacle of such contributions. The sub-editor may reject or curtail the matter thus supplied, and the contributors are paid according to the quantity inserted. They are constantly on the watch, and in their selection of matter of interest as well as the mode in which they present them to the public, display great tact and judgment. Some weeks they earn considerable sums, others nothing at all. With some exceptions they have no pretensions to learning or genius, their sole merit consisting in their industry, intelligence, knowledge of certain technicalities, and a fluency of expression on paper which will rarely be found to offend the truest ear. They are also very erudite in small matters. Sometimes a man of genius and extensive scholastic attainments makes his appearance amongst them, until he raises himself to a more elevated position in letters, or directs his abilities into some other channel. Men occupying a higher position on the press snub them, and they resent such slights by small-beer criticisms, which however rarely extend beyond their own coterie, and are always hushed on the appearance of any of the class who have incurred their displeasure."

Amongst other sketches introduced, is one of a translator of languages, a man of 45, who marries a warm-hearted girl, his pupil, of 16—who dies from "high training" and the ill-assorted marriage. The thread of the story is important only as affording a means of bringing in the characters, who are "lugged in neck and heels," as some one said of an Irish orator's metaphors; but they bear marks of truthfulness, which, in itself, is a strong recommendation to the favourable notice of the reader. Of the story, then, it may be said that Cecilia, with whom Reginald interchanged vows of eternal affection, jilts him at the earliest opportunity and marries another. In after years she is left a widow, and our hero marries her.

This book, however manifestly it is *intended* to hold out the "warning voice" to youthful literary aspirants, has, nevertheless, quite as much "light" as "shade,"

for Reginald Selwyn terminates his career as a leader in the House of Commons—by no means a discouraging termination to a precarious “press” life.

In running through this volume, we have been forcibly struck with an omission which appears singular; we mean the main cause of the straits and difficulties into which what are called literary men fall, namely, improvident habits, which too often engender, in those who indulge in them, a disregard of public as well as private opinion, which excludes them from society, and—disgusting when associated with talent of a mean order—frightfully disfigures the efforts of the highest order of genius. It is unpardonable that men who at times command large sums of money should be found dying beggars, without having taken the ordinary precautions which a journeyman carpenter would feel it to be his duty to do, in order to protect himself or his wife and family, if he have them, from misery and starvation. Nor are these the only evil effects of their improvident habits. A want of self-respect amongst the individuals ensures that degradation of the class, which has made “the press” anything but what it ought to be—a letter of introduction to the best society.

On the whole, “Reginald Selwyn” is agreeably and evenly written, and, if we except too free a use of the word *abandon*, and the repetition of such expressions as the “sluices of conversation,” &c., carefully written.

*Letters of “AN ENGLISHMAN,” on Louis Napoleon, the Empire, and the Coup d’Etat.*  
Reprinted from “*The Times*.” London: H. G. Bohn.

IN the course of last year a series of letters under the very safe and indeterminate nom de guerre, “An Englishman,” appeared in the *Times* newspaper, and attracted rather more attention than is commonly bestowed upon merely anonymous effusions published in the shape of letters. They were energetic beyond question,—vigorous too in a certain sense,—declamatory and objurgatory to a degree wholly unusual. Our “Englishman,” although a species of Junius in his way, inasmuch as he seems bent on maintaining the incognito, differs from the elder worthy to this extent, that whilst the latter scolded much and reasoned more, the former scolds much and reasons less. And here, unquestionably, is a wide line of distinction.

These letters (with other matter, some of which the *Times* refused to insert) are now re-printed in a small volume. They will no doubt be thought worthy of preservation by the numerous class of persons who can gloat over the extremity of personal and polemical bitterness in political discussion. We must candidly say however that, judged in the whole, and in consecutive perusal, the articles seem less forcible and impressive than when they appeared separately and at distant intervals. That which sounded, in detached pieces, like earnest declamation of a somewhat too energetic character, descends, on deliberate examination, to a concatenation of jingling invective, repeated so frequently, in the same style and almost the same words, that weariness is created, and the mind involuntarily cries “too much of this.” *Toujours perdrix* falls upon the palate. The “Englishman” is unwise enough to re-publish his correspondence with “an M.P.,” in which neither the candour nor the reasoning power of the Anti-Bonapartist shone to advantage.

In the *Times* of December 18th, appeared two curiously abusive letters, addressed by the “Englishman” to the editor of that journal. It seems that the very natural request for a “review” of the present brochure had been neglected by the conductors of the paper for a period transcending the limited amount of patience with which their ci-devant correspondent has been blessed by Providence; whereupon, waxing wroth in the contemplation of the services which his writings had conferred on the establishment, he showers down upon the editor a torrent of reproach such as has seldom or never been paralleled in the history of scurrilous antithesis. The editor rejoins, and argues truthfully enough, that the acceptance of an anonymous article, for which its author had declared that he must refuse all pecuniary recompense, involved no “obligation” on the part of the journal. We confess our impression that it would have looked more handsome and considerate if the desired review had been promptly given. But our “Englishman” would have acted wisely not to have provoked the controversy. His letters would never have obtained such celebrity had not the editor of the *Times* acceded to his request for their insertion. Whether his concealment of his name is intended to be permanent, or whether it be a studied piece of quackery like the “Waverley” mystery, on the strength of which he hopes to rise one morning and find himself famous, he does not seem experienced in the tone and bearing by which ability secures public eminence. Talent he certainly possesses—talent, if not of a very high, at least of a striking order—but the most valuable triumph of talent is when it discovers the art of self-management.

## MRS. TIBBUTTS'S "TEA AND MUFFINS."

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

Mrs. TIBBUTTS was a washerwoman. Mr. Tibbutts was a creature of the past—a heavy porter who had shaken off his load of life and taken a ticket for the other world. Mrs. Tibbutts, in a word, was a lone widow, as she took every conceivable opportunity of informing you—indeed she would invent an opportunity if you did not give her one, or she would do it without one. She spoke most affectionately of the defunct Tibbutts, and kept his knot (his porter's knot; or, as a funny friend of Mrs. Tibbutts irreverently called it, his top-knot) hung over the chimney-piece of the room, which, like that of the cobbler famed in song—

"Served her for kitchen and parlour and all."

Death had cruelly broken the matrimonial knot tied between Mr. and Mrs. Tibbutts, but the widow still clung with affection to the porter's knot, of which memento of the departed the King of Terrors could not rob her:—indeed people, more given to speak literal truth than to throw a veil of poetry over the past, declared that if she had been half so much attached to Tibbutts in his lifetime as she pretended to be to his knot after his death, gin and rheumatics might still have spared him. As it was "he took to drinking," and drinking returned the compliment by taking *him*—off. He was buried and an epitaph was written for him, but the incumbent of the parish church refused to allow its being engraved—a gross stretch of ecclesiastical tyranny. It was this:—

"He bore his load  
On life's dull road  
Till sickness cast him down;  
Then left his knot  
And now he's got,  
In place, a heavy crown."

But let us quit the melancholy theme of the porter's demise and pursue the more congenial one of Mrs. Tibbutts "at home." We have said that Mrs. Tibbutts was a washerwoman. She took in all sorts of washing, but she always said that she preferred "doing for single gentlemen—they wasn't no trouble: but famerlies was very tiresome—and made such a fuss if a stockin' or two was missin', or a petticoat couldn't be found—while single gentlemen (as *was* gentlemen) never troubled themselves, Lord love yer, to count nothing. There's Mr. 'Iggins now—he's in Sumset House—he says, says he—'Ere they are, Mrs. Tibbutts—you can count 'em and all that, you know'—and in course I *do* count 'em. Ah, *he's* the sort of gentleman I like to do for, and I've done for him I don't know how long."

Mrs. Tibbutts was not given to extravagance. She was not in the habit of entertaining much company—as, in fact, her limited means and the smallness of her domestic establishment, already referred to, would hardly have allowed it. But, on one occasion, Mrs. Tibbutts resolved to give a small evening party—or, as she termed it, a "tea and muffins."

The invitations were not numerous, being confined to three people—Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Twiggs (sisters of the tub, and widows) and a Mr. Hopkins, who was a broker's man, and concerning whom we shall have a great deal more to say.

Mrs. Tibbutts having invited her guests, set about making preparations to receive them with due honour. First of all she laid in a stock of those exceedingly indigestible preparations of dough called muffins and crumpets, which we used to regard in our youthful days as the quintessence of a "delicacy"—especially when we were allowed to carry them home ourselves from the renowned Hanway-street shop. How many little doctors' bills have had their origin in surfeits from that unpretending looking establishment! Next, Mrs. Tibbutts put her room in order. She stuck a new clean muslin blind in the window, and arranged the chimney ornaments with great taste. There was the shepherdess in short petticoats and a ballet-girl's hat, and the sheep with the curly fleeco that looked as if it had been "got up" by Truefit. There was the stout old gentleman in the costume of the last century, with the three-cornered hat made to hold ink. And there was the Reverend John Wesley with his hair parted down the middle and rolling gracefully down his back, while he squinted very badly at the open book in his hand. All these, and several more specimens of British art in crockery, now adorned the mantelshelf of Mrs. Tibbutts, and were placed by her with a due regard to effect.

There, above the crockery ware, was a brilliant array of tin saucepan lids and brass candlesticks, suspended from nails in the wall, or stuck on little shelves. There was also a very beautiful tea-board, on a side-table covered with green baize, which tea-board was painted with a very gorgeous bird in a great many colours, and supposed by some to represent a peacock, while rival ornithologists pronounced it a bird of paradise. This tea-board was a puzzler to Mrs. Tibbutts. It formed a lovely ornament where it stood, and could certainly not be replaced by any other article in Mrs. Tibbutts's household—should she then remove it to use it on the day of her "tea and muffins," when its lovely bird would be quite hidden by the cups and saucers and the plethoric teapot? It seemed such a pity! But then, again, if she left it where it was, what could she use in its place? Her "every day" tea-tray was of decidedly limited dimensions, and its originally black surface was considerably dimmed in lustre by the cracks, broad and deep, over its once polished surface. It was not a "company-looking" article at all. And Mr. Hopkins, the broker's man, was such a judge of these things—oh, decidedly the peacock tea-tray must be used. So, by way of substitute for that beautiful ornament on the side-table with the green baize cover, Mrs. Tibbutts resolved to place there the porter's knot of her deceased spouse, ornamented with a new cover of white dimity and some artificial flowers—the idea was quite poetical.

So Mrs. Tibbutts put the handsome tea-tray on the round table which was to constitute her festive board, and covered it with cups and saucers and the plethoric looking teapot before referred to, which looked as if it were daily sinking lower on its odd little round feet, that now barely kept it from the table.

The first arrival was Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones was a stout lady, whose waist existed only in imagination. She came in pattens, because the streets were very dirty, as London streets generally are, especially in November. Mrs. Jones must have been a woman of some personal accomplishments, or how could she have balanced herself in her pattens? Did you ever try, my good sir, or madam, to walk in pattens? We *have* tried, and we never felt more uncomfortably insecure on our legs, except the first time we put on a pair of skates. Nothing can equal that—it is far more alarming than being shot at or chased by wild beasts, and we speak from personal experience of all these predicaments. But we are forgetting Mrs. Jones in our disquisition on pattens. That good lady was attired in an intensely yellow gown of Manchester fabric, and a cap with wonderfully wide-spreading wings and bows of bright crimson, which were in exceedingly good taste, especially as their colour so well corresponded with the hues of Mrs. Jones's cheeks, and also her nose. Perhaps the latter was a defect—at all events it gave Mrs. Jones's enemies a handle for unpleasant remarks as to the colouring properties of gin.

"Well, the room *does* look lovely," exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "But whatever is that?" she asked, looking towards the decorated porter's knot.

"Oh, don't talk of that—you know it always makes me low to think of it," responded Mrs. Tibbutts; "it's poor T.'s head-piece, as he used to call it."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Jones.

Just then there was a knock at the door—a rap with the knuckles—for Mrs. Tibbutts's house didn't boast a knocker.

"That's Mr. Hopkins," said Mrs. Tibbutts, as she went to open the door. "Lor!" she exclaimed, when she had done so; "and it's Mrs. Twigg, too, I declare. Well, to think you should just arrive at the same time!"

"We came together," said Mrs. Twigg, triumphantly. "Mr. Hopkins called and fetched me."

Mrs. Tibbutts's brow darkened, and it was clear that the demon of jealousy spoke in her ominous words—"Well I'm sure, indeed!"

"Oh, we're very good friends, ain't we, Mr. H.?" said Mrs. Twigg.

"I hope so, I'm sure," replied Mr. Hopkins, who felt rather sheepish at his little attentions being thus detected. Mrs. Tibbutts gave him a look which, coming from a lady and a widow, was enough to stifle even a broker's man.

However, Mrs. Tibbutts remembered her sacred character of hostess on the present occasion, and so she magnanimously smothered her rising indignation, and begged them all to take their seats. Mr. Hopkins got placed between Mrs. Tibbutts and Mrs. Twigg.

Hopkins was a long, weedy-looking man, with a low forehead and beetle brows, and short, rusty black hair; he was considerably marked with the small pox, and had a great, coarse, sensual mouth, with brown teeth inside it. He seemed to be made up of odd limbs and joints, which did not correspond with each other or fit

together. Certainly Hopkins was not an Adonis, nor was the calling he the most romantic or poetical in the world, being, as before mentioned, a broker's man, or a "man in possession." And yet it was very apparent Hopkins had made a decided impression on the hearts of two out of the three assembled. The third one, Mrs. Jones, was understood to be deeply interested.

He was evidently puzzled how to act. He by no means wished to offend the fair dames who had taken a fancy to him. The truth is that he made up his mind which of them would turn out the best matrimonial line. He had some hopes of finding this out to-day.

"Ain't it?" observed Mrs. Tibbutts.

Twigg. "I *really* thought I should a' been obliged to

do myself," said Mr. Hopkins.

"Ain't it?" "how was that?"

"replied Mr. Hopkins, "had just put me in pos-

session this very day, and if I hadn't got a friend to

help me, I don't know how I could have managed to come."

"It must be," observed Mrs. Tibbutts, sentimentally; "least-

heart like yours, Mr. Hopkins; to have to go and take possession of

goods."

"It's nothing much when your'e used to it," replied Hopkins, "it comes quite natural like, especially when it's only a young fellow like this in unfurnished apartments. It's different, you see, when there's a wife and young babbies and all that."

"Of course," said Mrs. Twigg; "of course it must be. But who's this gentleman that you've been and took the goods from to-day?"

"It's a Mr. Higgins," replied Hopkins.

"Mr. who?" screamed Mrs. Tibbutts.

"Mr. Higgins," repeated Hopkins.

"Where does he live?" cried Mrs. Tibbutts, in a voice still agonised.

"Pentonville," said Hopkins.

"It's him! gracious goodness it's my Mr. 'Iggins, as I've been and done for so long!" exclaimed Mrs. Tibbutts; "and he owes me three pound four and ninepence halfpenny, and I ain't got a single shirt of his in the house."

"I'm afraid you won't get none, either," said Hopkins, "for I hear he's *cut*."

"What a horrid, bad, wicked wretch, to go and cheat a poor lone widow like that!" almost shrieked Mrs. Tibbutts.

"Well, never mind, dear," said Mrs. Jones, consolingly; "it's a great shame, to be sure, but you ain't the woman to be *much* hurt by the loss of three or four pounds, are you?"

Hopkins pricked up his ears at this, and gave Mrs. Tibbutts *such* a look! it almost consoled her for her loss. Hopkins thought that a woman to whom three or four pounds was no great loss must be a capital speculation in the matrimonial line.

"Nobody'd care much for a trifle like that, I should think," observed Mrs. Twigg.

Hopkins was posed again; he gave Mrs. Twigg even a more unquestionable look than he had bestowed on Mrs. Tibbutts. Mrs. Twigg must be very "warm," indeed, to regard such a sum with such indifference.

Mrs. Tibbutts saw the look as well as Mrs. Twigg, whereupon she and the latter lady exchanged glances of defiance that might have become two rival knights of old about to fight a *l'outrance*.

"Did you speak?" asked Mrs. Twigg, who was very sharp and vixenish.

"Not as I'm aware of, *mum*," said Mrs. Tibbutts, tossing her head.

"I'm glad of it, I'm sure," observed Mrs. Twigg, with a corresponding toss of her head.

"Some people's manners might be mended," growled Mrs. Tibbutts.

"Do you mean that for me, *mum*?" asked Mrs. Twigg; "because, if you do, I can just tell you that my manners is as good as other people's manners any day; and I'm not a going to be taught by old women." This was a very unkind cut, for Mrs. Tibbutts was five years older than Mrs. Twigg.

"*Really*, my dears," remonstrated fat Mrs. Jones.

"She begun it," said Mrs. Twigg.

"No I didn't," said Mrs. Tibbutts. "I'm sure Mr. Hopkins must be quite ashamed of such conduct."

"Mr. Hopkins is more likely to be ashamed of somebody else—if he ever troubles



his head about people that's driven their first blessed husband into the grave by their tempers," retorted the vixen.

Mrs. Tibbutts screamed at the accusation and began to "do" a faint as well as she knew how: but it's an accomplishment seldom learnt by a washerwoman, and so she didn't manage it well. Mr. Hopkins, however, rushed to her aid and caught her in his arms. Hereupon Mrs. Twigg screamed and began to do a faint too. Hopkins looked bewildered and rushed to Mrs. Twigg; and Mrs. Jones charitably took his place with Mrs. Tibbutts. That lady immediately got well and called Mr. Hopkins a brute. Hopkins came back to her and apologised most humbly. Then Mrs. Twigg screamed out that Hopkins was a base man; for she too got well all of a sudden, and she intimated that if Mr. Hopkins intended to desert her in that ungrateful way he'd better pay her the two pounds he'd borrowed of her.

"Borrowed of *you*!" screamed Mrs. Tibbutts in amazement.

"Yes, mum, borrowed of *me*! ask him:" said Mrs. Twigg in the same high treble.

"Why he owes *me* two pounds!" cried Mrs. Tibbutts.

Hopkins looked necessarily foolish—very much like a pickpocket just "nabbed" in the very act of drawing out a gentleman's pocket-handkerchief without permission.

"You wretch!" cried Mrs. Twigg.

"You brute!" screamed Mrs. Tibbutts.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself *that* you ought, you great ugly villain," said fat Mrs. Jones in intense disgust.

"He always was asking me whether I liked being a widder, and whether I wouldn't like to try one more husband," blubbered Mrs. Twigg.

"Why it's the hidential words as he's always a using to *me*," sobbed Mrs. Tibbutts.

Hopkins thought he'd better go: so he sneaked round to his hat and began to skulk towards the door. Mrs. Twigg made a dart at him and dragged out a handful of his hair; but not exactly as a souvenir. Mrs. Tibbutts rushed at him and scratched the left side of his face vigorously. Hopkins swore and ran as hard as he could towards the door, when fat Mrs. Jones, looking about for a weapon of some kind or other, suddenly seized on the decorated porter's knot and hurled it at his head with commendable force, so that it dealt him a very unpleasant blow—while something "popped!" in some mysterious part of Mrs. Jones's inner costume, and bore witness to the greatness of her exertions.

Hopkins rushed out crying "Ugh, you old cats!" and slammed the door after him.

How Mrs. Twigg raved and stormed, and Mrs. Tibbutts sobbed and moaned, and Mrs. Jones bewailed and consoled; how all three voted Mr. Hopkins a monster in human form; how the rival ladies "made it up" with one another and fraternised as they joined in the abuse of that "'orrid willain;" how they sat down to table again and then had a drop of something stronger than tea to compose their shattered nerves; how they got very sentimental about their "dear departed;" and how fat Mrs. Jones had to be taken care of on her way home—all these things an intelligent reader can imagine without our aid.

And so ended Mrs. Tibbutts's "tea and muffins."

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P.S. We have just heard that Mr. Hopkins has married Mrs. Twigg, and Mrs. Tibbutts has taken to gin and despair.



## SKETCHES IN RUSSIA.

[From the Journal of a Gentleman just returned from St. Petersburg.]

## SUMMARY JUSTICE.

THIS is essentially a military country. Every man not engaged in commerce must serve either in the army, navy, or civil service; and must obtain a grade, or, failing that, in two generations, the family forfeits its title of nobility. But the country is essentially military; civilians have military rank, from the lieutenant to the general. A feeling of jealousy exists between the two services, and the uniform holds itself infinitely superior to the *frac*, which not unfrequently produces very painful occurrences.

It must be observed, that although the administration of the laws by the ordinary tribunals is slower here than perhaps in any other country in Europe, affairs in any way connected with the military or naval service are arranged in double quick time; they come under the immediate cognizance of the Emperor, and are dealt with in a very summary manner, as will be seen by the following anecdote:—

At a masquerade last week, as a civilian and a lady masked were supping, they were joined by a Mons. Bizabrazoff, an officer in a regiment of guards; who was somewhat elevated, and who paid more attention to the lady (to whom he was a total stranger) than courtesy, or even the license of a masquerade, warranted. Her friend, not pleased, remonstrated with him, and begged he would desist, as his importunities were embarrassing to the masque. His remonstrances were in vain; Mons. Bizabrazoff insisted on seeing the face of the lady, and declared he would not leave them until he had succeeded in doing so, as he knew her to be Mademoiselle ——— using a term unfit to be mentioned to ears polite. As he said this, he raised his hand with the intention of pulling off her masque, but was prevented from doing so by her friend seizing his arm. Irritated at being foiled in his unmanly attempt, Mons. Bizabrazoff drew his sabre, and in the moment of anger inflicted a very serious, but fortunately not dangerous wound, on the head of the gentleman, who fell bathed in blood. The lady fainted, the police arrived, and the offender was immediately arrested. On the following day, the General Galaxoff, the grand *Maitre de Police*, in his daily report to the Emperor, laid the case before his Majesty. "So!" said his Majesty, "we must teach these young gentlemen that swords are not given them to draw in ball rooms. Let him be degraded as a common soldier, and immediately placed in a condemned regiment for ten years, than which no punishment can be more humiliating, more dreadful; after which, let him be sent to the Caucasus, where he will, perhaps, have an opportunity of drawing his sword to some advantage. The crime and sentence to be read three times at the head of every regiment in the service." The sentence was carried out within a few hours; but after a few days, in consequence of the honourable services of his father, his Majesty was pleased to commute that part of it referring to the condemned regiment, and he was dispatched to the Caucasus as a common soldier, without the chance or hope of ever advancing, unless by some very extraordinary circumstance. This may appear severe, but it is absolutely necessary where every other man wears a sword, or sad might be the result.

Another sad event has just occurred, which proves the ill feeling on the part of the military towards the civil service, or "*bourgeois*," as the officers term it. A few days since, a *yunker* (a cadet) of a regiment of cavalry guards, gave a dinner party to some of the officers of his regiment, and invited a young relation, a civilian (who served in the senate) to join them. The party consisted of nine, eight uniforms and a *frac*. Towards the end of dinner, the champagne having flowed freely, as it invariably does at all Russian dinner parties, the young host amused himself by throwing small pellets of bread at his relation the civilian, who, in returning them, unfortunately hit the senior of the officers. The latter became indignant, rose angrily from his seat, and in no measured terms demanded an apology. The civilian explained; the *yunker* interfered, and the apology was offered to the party offended: that was not sufficient, the insult was offered to the uniform, therefore to all present who wore it; the apology must be made to all. It was done. Still the military men were not satisfied. It was not to be endured that a *frac* should insult a uniform, without undergoing the most gross, the most abject humiliation. It was exacted that he should, on his knees, kiss the hand of each officer, and express

his contrition and ask forgiveness, for his almost unpardonable conduct in having insulted them. "No, gentlemen," said he, "I have already done that which no man of honour had a right to do, and which no man of honour had a right to exact. I have already apologised twice, for what occurred purely accidentally and unintentionally. If I were to comply with your present unreasonable, unmanly, unsoldier-like demand, it would render me unworthy of adopting the course I have resolved on adopting, and would sanction your refusing to accede to what I require." "And pray what may that be?" asked the originally offended man, interrupting him. "It is, sir, that each of you will offer me to-morrow morning that satisfaction which I have a right to exact; and that *you*, sir, be the first of the party with whom I shall commence." Instead however of replying, the officers attacked him, knocked him down, and beat and kicked him, until they were interrupted by the door being burst open by some persons who heard the fracas; when the poor victim was discovered in a state of insensibility, it was supposed dead, he having received, among other injuries, several severe blows on the head from the spurs of his assailants. On the following day, he having somewhat recovered and the medical man perceiving favourable symptoms, it was represented to the Emperor that a drunken quarrel had taken place, but the affair was glossed over, and his Majesty, observing that young men who under any circumstances could forget that they were gentlemen were not worthy of serving in the guards, ordered that they should be removed to the army with the same rank, thus losing not only their position as officers of the guards, but losing also two steps in rank. On the next following day, however, the injured man became much worse, symptoms of extreme danger presented themselves, it was therefore considered necessary to expose the facts to his Majesty, or those who concealed them would incur serious displeasure and possibly serious punishment. "What!" exclaimed the Emperor, on hearing it, "is what you tell me correct? Is it possible that this can be a just, a correct account of the affair (holding up the report which had been presented)? Is this the result of the enquête? Is it possible that such conduct can have taken place, and these young men of the first of the empire, officers of the ——— guards? This feeling must be checked; it must be crushed, or deadly hatred will be engendered between the military and the civil services. Let these unpardonably guilty men be immediately degraded; stripped of titles, rank, property, &c. If their poor victim dies, let them be loaded with irons, and despatched to Siberia, there to drag out a miserable existence working in the mines. Should he recover, let the principal, who was also the senior and is the most guilty, pass two years in a condemned regiment in the fortress; after which, let him be sent to a regiment in Archangel without the possibility of advancement. Such a man cannot be worthy of wearing the epaulette, or of holding rank. Let the others be sent as common soldiers to the Caucasus, without the possibility of advancing beyond the rank of *sous officier*. In either case, I hope they will have time to repent of the dreadful crime of which they have been guilty. I also forbid," added his Majesty, "that any one attempt to intercede for them, or attempt at any time to obtain a commutation of their sentence. *C'est un vil assassinat; c'est infame*, and they richly deserve their fate. Henceforward let there be no more parties of any kind, no reunions at which officers attend in the rooms of yunkers. They must visit the officers; but they must not be allowed to receive and entertain them, as their position as yunkers deprives them of the power which a host has, or ought to have, over his guests." In a few weeks, during which the condemned (with the exception of the principal, who was the same day placed in the condemned regiment in the fortress) were kept in close confinement, the injured man was declared out of danger, and they were sent off to the Caucasus as common soldiers.

### THE REVOLT OF THE INSTITUTE.

Among other imperial establishments in St. Petersburg and at Moscow are two (one in each capital) termed *Les Instituts de l'Impératrice*. They were founded by the Empress Catherine, for the education of the daughters of the *noblesse* exclusively, in consequence of the education of the female nobility being at that time in so backward a state, and so seriously neglected. It must not be imagined that these are charitable institutions. On the contrary, the cost to the parents is enormous. The professors are the most talented that can be obtained, are paid very high salaries, and rank in the imperial service: *Madame la Directrice en chef* is of noble birth, and any irregularities, beyond trifling ones, on the part of the pupils, are reported to the Empress, who at all times evinces the greatest interest in the welfare of her

children, as her Majesty terms them. The Empress makes very frequent visits to the establishments; always presides at the examinations of the pupils, and distributes the prizes; and on two or three occasions annually, on which a ball is given at the institute to the friends of the young ladies, her Majesty and the imperial family invariably honour them with their presence. During the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of the fetes at Easter and Whitsuntide, about forty of the imperial carriages, each with four horses, coachmen, postilions and out-riders, in the full dress of imperial livery, and escorted by the gendarmerie, are filled with these young ladies, and join the promenade round the Boulevards, through the fair, &c., apparently very much to their delight. When an *eleve* having finished her education is about to leave the institute, she is presented to her Majesty, who in the kindest possible manner takes leave of her, and reminding her that she is one of her Majesty's children, desires her to address her at any time that she may have occasion to do so. These observations apply rather to the institute of St. Petersburg, where the imperial family resides. Although the institute at Moscow is conducted on the same principles, and is equally an object of interest to her Majesty, it is possible the same feeling of attachment does not exist there, or that affairs may not be carried on with the same order and discipline as at St. Petersburg, which indeed may be inferred from a serious case of insubordination which took place there a short time since.

The *dame directrice*, entering the hall where the senior young ladies were promenading to the number of nearly a hundred, discovered a strong smell of tobacco, and insisted on being told immediately who had been smoking. No answer being given to the inquiry, as none would point out the offenders, she desired them to stand in a single row, and approaching each separately, smelt her breath. Arriving at last at the young Countess ———, one of the delinquents (of whom it appears there had been several), she said, "Mademoiselle, c'est vous qui avez osé fumer sortez des sangs, vous serez tics severement punie." "Oui, Madame la Directrice, c'est moi," said the young lady, and placing her *papyrus*, which she had concealed behind her, in her mouth, she very deliberately took another puff, the smoke from which went into the face of Madame la Directrice; who, allowing her anger to get the better of her discretion, gave her a sound box on the ears. The *esprit du corps* of the pupils was roused. "Comment donc! Un soufflet a une demoiselle noble!" was screamed out in a hundred voices of indignation. "C'est infame! quelle infame! Vengeous la!" and with one accord they fell on Madame la Directrice, who had dared to offer so gross, so unpardonable an insult to one of their order; knocked her down, beat her, and would most probably have done her some very serious injury, had not her cries brought the assistants, who called in the guard and rescued her. The General Gouverneur and the Grand Maitre de Police of Moscow attended. An immediate investigation took place, and the particulars were forwarded to the Emperor at St. Petersburg by a *courier extraordinaire*. On reading the dispatch, his Majesty laughed heartily, exclaiming, "Il ne manquoit que cela, les demoiselles qui se revotent! what next?" and proceeding to the apartment of the Empress, "Madame," said he seriously, "this dispatch brings me an account of a revolt which concerns your Majesty." The Empress, who has never recovered from the ill effects produced upon her health by the revolution of 1825, became alarmed, and might have suffered severely, had not the Emperor continued smiling, "Your Majesty has some turbulent spirits among your children at Moscow; there has been a revolt at the institute. Were they refractory men, I should know what to do with them; but with the girls, young women! I am really at a loss; I cannot make soldiers of them, . . . enfin ce n'est pas mon affaire; c'est l'Institut de votre Majesté. Still," he added, "I am curious to see these mad-caps, who appear to have the spirit of revolt engrafted in them."

The empress, with her usual goodness of heart, wishing to extenuate their crime as much as possible, observed, "It must be acknowledged they received very gross provocation; a soufflet should not have been inflicted on a demoiselle de l'Institut, a demoiselle noble."

"C'est bien, c'est bien," said the emperor, still smiling; "at all events let us see these turbulent spirits. They must be punished, but let us hear their version of the affair from themselves."

Orders were forwarded to Moscow to that effect, and the whole of the young ladies, together with the *dame directrice*, arrived at St. Petersburg. An investigation took place at the palace, by the emperor in person, the result of which was the following sentence:—

"That the demoiselles (mentioned) de l'Institut de sa Majesté l'Imperatrice à

Moscoa having been, from their own acknowledgment, guilty of a gross act of insubordination, in having struck *Madame la Directrice*, had rendered themselves liable to expulsion;\* but taking into consideration the provocation which had been offered to them by a *soufflet* having been inflicted on one of them by *Madame la Directrice*, it is ordered that they be decimated, and that those on whom the lot shall fall be privately whipped.

"That *Madame la Directrice*, having allowed her anger to overcome her discretion, and proved herself unfit to occupy the very responsible situation of dame directrice of her Majesty's Institute of Moscow, be dismissed."

The whole of the parties were sent back to Moscow the third day after their arrival in St. Petersburg. There the sentence was made known to them, and was carried out in a manner so ingenious that none, even among themselves, but those who were punished, knew, or ever can know, on whom the unfortunate lots fell.

Thus ended the "Revolt of the Institute."

### TRAVELLING IN THE INTERIOR.

The Emperor Nicholas is to be met with at all hours of the day, walking or in his sledge or drojka drawn by a single horse and unattended, dressed in the uniform of a general officer, but wearing infinitely fewer decorations or orders than other officers, nothing but his superior height and royal bearing indicating the Emperor; receiving and returning the salutations of his subjects, by the whole of whom, from the highest to the lowest, with very few exceptions, he is as well known as the Casan church—or, as an inhabitant of London would say, as St. Paul's church.

The middle and lower classes of Russians—it is an error to suppose that only two classes, high and low, are known here; there are three separate and distinct classes, the nobles (which by the bye are again classed), the merchants or dealers, and the moojhicks or peasantry—the two latter classes are very religious and exceedingly superstitious. The *izvostschicks*, sledge-drivers and the moojhicks, arriving from the country, consider meeting his Majesty a good omen. They remove their hats, cross themselves, and are happy in the conviction that any undertaking in which they may be at that moment engaged must prosper. They have met the Emperor; they have met their father.

The anecdote I am about to relate, which occurred only a short time since, will prove the feelings of the Russians towards his Majesty throughout the empire, for the same feeling exists everywhere. On one of his excursions in the interior, his Majesty changed horses at a town from which reports had reached him (he hears and nearly sees everything) that symptoms of insubordination had presented themselves there, and that the crown dues had not been regularly forthcoming. The inhabitants having learned by the *avant-courier* that the Emperor would shortly be there, were on the alert. As his appearance in the country towns is always hailed with demonstrations of joy, the carriage, an open one, was immediately on its arrival surrounded by some hundreds of his long-bearded friends bare-headed; but, instead of noticing them while the horses were being changed, the Emperor sat quietly, wrapped in his cloak, his countenance evincing serious displeasure. Not a word was spoken, much to the surprise of all, who, when he resumed his journey, looked after him endeavouring to account for so extraordinary a change in his Majesty's conduct, as it had been his invariable practice hitherto to address them, and express an interest in their welfare. Some time afterwards the Emperor again arrived at the same post-house on his way back to St. Petersburg, when the same scene as before was about to be acted. The inhabitants had again collected and stood bare-headed in a state of the deepest affliction. His Majesty sat quietly wrapped in his cloak, looking evidently displeased, and maintained a strict silence. Not a sound, scarcely a breath was to be heard. The horses were nearly put to, in a few seconds the carriage would start. The poor fellows were most wretched; a short consultation took place among a few of them. At length the *starishka* (literally the oldest, but not always the oldest but the most honoured, who is chosen by his townsmen as their chief, and whose power over them is absolute) approached the carriage, and addressing his Majesty in an accent of grief said—"Father, what have we done, of what have we been guilty, that you should thus pass through our town without noticing us as you have always hitherto done? Speak to us, father; speak to us and make us happy and joyful by assuring us of your love and of your

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\* Expulsion from the Institute excludes a young lady from presentation at court for life, consequently it throws serious obstacles in the way of her daughters settling in life.

protection ; give us your advice, without which we shall never prosper." To which the Emperor, standing in the carriage, replied—"What can or should a father do to children who are disobedient? Punish them? No, I cannot punish, it would pain me more than it would pain them, and would render me unhappy. I must not therefore notice them while their disobedient conduct continues. You do not look upon me as your father, or you would attend to my wishes, which, on reflection, I am still sure you will do, as you must know they are for your own benefit and intended to render you happy. Go ; when you return to your duty as my children, I will again meet you as your father, and we will once more be happy." The carriage immediately drove on, his Majesty bearing with him the prayers and blessings of the poor fellows in disgrace. This is the conduct of this truly great man, whom it is supposed in England would have sent a regiment of Cossacks, armed with scourges, knouts, lances, sabres, pistols, in fact with Heaven only knows what besides, to bring the refractory to their senses. As it is seen, instead of thus ruling with a rod of iron, he governs his subjects by an appeal to their feelings ; and he does wisely. With the upper classes he is more severe, infinitely more severe, and justly so. It must be observed, that the occurrence I have just related took place in the interior of the country, where the inhabitants are not far advanced in education or civilization, and their manners and customs are primitive. But the same language would have produced the same effect among the lower classes at St. Petersburg.

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## THE PRIDE OF THE BRIDGENORTHS.

BY JANE WINNARD HOOPER.

*(Continued from the January Part.)*

HE wished to travel—to see the world—to learn many things which his pastors and masters deemed superfluous. Finally he was sent with his London cousin, Hugh Graham, to study at Heidelberg for three years and to run about the continent for three more.

When he returned his father and his uncle both believed that the experiment had answered. Young as he was he appeared to be a wiser man. His mother was not so pleased with the result because she fancied he was a sadder as well as a wiser man. She was hardly aware that the first wisdom we buy in life must always be paid for in sterling cheerfulness. Raymond had already learned that ; but he had yet to learn that, when we make later and more extensive purchases in wisdom, some of the cheerfulness which we paid away at first is given back to us, over and above the bargain.

Leonard had what his parents called a better-regulated character than Raymond ; that is to say, there was less character in him to regulate. The reader must not suppose from this that Leonard had no character at all. That is very far from the truth. He was amiable without weakness, industrious without vehemence ; always in the right without an effort to be so. His was one of those happy natures which one can scarcely wish other than it is, although the faults are perceptible enough to a discerning eye. They were not, however, perceptible to his parents ; he had never caused them any trouble, because he had been gentle, tractable and obedient as a boy, and had fulfilled all their hopes in manhood. He had been educated partly at school and partly under his uncle's superintendence at Ferndale, until he went to Cambridge. There he made a good figure—a very good figure indeed, for "a home-keeping youth." At



the period when my story begins he was doing duty as a curate, in London. Leonard was a general favourite. He was quiet, undemonstrative, and unusually discreet for his age. His manners were a little tinged by his profession; and he was much admired by women. Both the brothers were well-grown young men, and Leonard was undeniably handsome and graceful. Raymond was not at all graceful; there was a negligent power about his carriage which was more nearly allied to awkwardness than to elegance. His face was a puzzle to most persons; and those who knew and admired Leonard thought it was a great pity that Raymond was so plain. The person who loved Leonard the best was his brother,—and the person whom Leonard loved the best was Mildred.

Mildred Castlefort was now twenty-two years of age. She was generally thought to resemble both her brothers; to be like Leonard in person and Raymond in mind. This resemblance was merely superficial. Her father had been very proud of his "handsome Mildred," and boasted that she was every inch a Castlefort. In that however, he was, I think, mistaken, for Mildred was by no means thoroughly satisfied with her condition, as a good Castlefort ought to have been. Mildred was a remarkably clever girl, and in many ways an extraordinary one. She was one of those persons who upset all regular theories about early influences and the power of education on the young mind. No early influences from the simple minds and primitive manners, from the unadorned nature of the external scenery in Ferndale, had sufficed to mould or impress the character of Mildred Castlefort. It had worked itself out in absolute opposition to these circumstances. Brought up in retirement, far enough from the pomps and vanities of the busy world, you might have supposed that if ever girl would inevitably grow up simple-minded, ignorant of all manner of worldliness, regardless of, and almost unable to appreciate, the conventional distinctions of society, it would be Mildred Castlefort. Well! strange as this may seem, the contrary was the truth. There was not a particle of romance about her. Educated apart from the world, the world was her idol. Perhaps, the more revered because she had not been early made familiar with it. Mildred was enormously vain; but her vanity was free from the pettiness and the superficiality which makes the vice so easily detected in most women. Hers was deep-seated, like that of a reserved man. Had she been a man she would have sought fame for its own sake, and she would in all probability have been famous. A passion for distinction showed itself in her. As far as it could be gratified in a place like Ferndale, it was gratified—for in every way she was distinguished. She was the only daughter, the only sister, the only young lady, the only beauty. She began to be a beauty at fifteen. Her mind also was precocious, and she soon began to look beyond Ferndale for a fitting scene for the display of her natural superiority. Her mother had failed to give her a taste for domestic occupations; but Mildred was not badly furnished with accomplishments, considering that she had not had what are called the advantages of a town education. Anything which would enable her to make a figure, even in her own family, she learned easily and well. The more solid portion of her acquirements came from her uncle Launcelot. From Raymond she learned to play on the organ and to sing, and she



had a fine voice ; from Leonard she learned to sketch and to understand the principles of painting. From her father she learned to be a graceful and a fearless horsewoman. She read French and German, but in after life she was afraid to pronounce the former in society lest she should betray the fact that it had not been acquired in Paris. Mildred was a great reader, and her mind was stored with much miscellaneous information. I have seldom known a woman gifted with a greater facility of expression—this was evident in the clever letters she wrote. And why not in her conversation ? you may ask. Almost every vain person has some personal defect, the too great consciousness of which gives a bitterness, an unsatisfactoriness to the whole life. Mildred felt hers acutely, on first going into society. She had an impediment in her speech almost amounting to a stammer. By very strong efforts she acquired great control over it, so that it was not much observed by others ; but she never forgot—she never could forget it herself. She had also a north country accent which she found it impossible to rid herself of. These were serious misfortunes to a woman who felt within herself an uncommon power of verbal expression, and who would rather have shone as an eloquent and witty talker than as a beauty. But Mildred, though she felt fully the force of this privation, was a great deal too strong-minded and sharp-sighted to allow it to influence her calculation of the chances of success in the world. When Miss Castlefort at the age of seventeen went to spend a London season with the Grahams, they were all surprised to see how little of rusticity there was about her. She was as well aware of the relative value of persons and of positions in the world as her cousin Elizabeth Graham, who was a year older and had finished her education at a fashionable school. She was, in reality, a great deal better fitted to play a part in it. She managed her voice and manner so well that the impediment in her speech passed for timidity, and the provincial accent had a simple, *naïf* effect, which was generally considered a great additional charm ; it toned down the imposing effect of her elegance and aristocratic style of beauty. She succeeded so well that I have known her carry off the prize for pretty *naïvete* of speech from a Parisian lady, whose broken English was what her admirers called “perfectly delicious,” till they heard Miss Castlefort’s soft broad vowels and tremulous articulation. One young enthusiast I heard pronounce his opinion—that the most delightful, the most heart-thrilling sound on earth would be to hear Miss Castlefort say, “Yes, I love you.”

Many things in early life drew Mildred and Raymond together. They were both full of curiosity about the world beyond Ferndale. They were both enterprising and morally brave. They had both quick, keen intelligence ; and were both habitual meditators and calculators, nourishing thoughts, schemes and plans in silence, requiring no confidante and no sympathy. They were also great readers and loved the same books—though Raymond loved many more than Mildred, and saw in those which she liked more than she could see. For instance, Mildred was very fond of biography ; but in the lives of celebrated men and women she saw nothing but the celebrity and the means by which it had been attained. Their parents believed them to be much alike in character, but esteemed

Mildred the superior. Their uncle thought that in reality there was not much similarity of character between them.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE VICARAGE AND THE VICAR.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

LAUNCELOT CASTLEFORT, incumbent of Ferndale, was now a man of fifty, or thereabouts. He was a bachelor, and seemed likely to remain one. I was the oldest friend he had. We had been at school and subsequently at college together; and in after life we were attached to each other as men never are attached to any friend of their own sex not acquired in early youth. Our friendship was a passion then, and its warmth never quite passed away. Jean Paul says, "When we are young we love the most ill-assorted friends better than we love the best assorted in after life." My own experience has shown me the truth of this; but the early friendship between Castlefort and myself was so well assorted that I doubt whether a committee of wise men could have chosen better for us than we, not meditating the fitness of things, chose for ourselves. We were calculated to form a lasting attachment. The angles in his character fitted into corresponding crannies in mine, and the best points in each of us were brought out in the society of the other.

When my friend was appointed to the family living I began a habit of visiting him every summer or autumn for a few weeks. A sort of connexion existed between our families; my sister had married Mr. Graham, brother to Mrs. Castlefort of the Grange, and my annual visits to Ferndale were approved of there. I seemed in those days to form a link between Ferndale and the outer world. I answered all questions concerning the affairs which then agitated the surface or stirred the depths of society; and I was sometimes surprised to find how few these questions were. We doers of the business of the world—dwellers in cities—makers of the laws—political regenerators—scientific discoverers—great men, famous or infamous—we who fill all the air around us with the noise of the deeds we do, the battles we fight—who say, without a shadow of a doubt, that "All the world knows this," or "wants to know that," would be utterly astonished at the indifference to all our great matters of interest in a place like Ferndale. We in London are accustomed to think that the eyes of the whole country are fixed upon us and our doings. Never was there a greater mistake. The generality of people settled in the country soon lose their interest in all but local transactions. Inventions or events that reverberate through the hearts of mighty cities like the sound of a cannon, produce no more sensation in a secluded country place than a pistol shot in a vacuum; and I believe the perishing of a dozen heroes would have been a matter of less concern to the inhabitants of Castlefort Grange than the fall of a sparrow down one of their own chimneys.

This was not exactly the case with my friend the vicar. He was a reading man; and by means of literature he kept up, in some degree, his interest in the general state of things and their forward-

looking prospects; and my annual visits were a great pleasure to him.

When Castlefort first established himself in the vicarage I had never seen him so full of spirits. The return to his native air had given a wonderful elasticity to his frame. He spoke contentedly and hopefully of his new position. He occupied himself with arranging and furnishing the house to the best of his ability, and consulted me about the style of carpets and curtains best suited to the old-fashioned rooms. I was glad to see such symptoms of a coming marriage, and ventured to say so to him; adding my opinion that "no country clergyman ought to be without a wife; and ~~he~~ less than any other man I knew." He laughed and looked embarrassed, as we are apt to do when charged (falsely or truly) with an intention of marrying; but he said a few words, admitting that it was his intention to marry before long. I congratulated him; and immediately asked for information concerning the lady. He was not communicative on this subject.

She was not a town-bred lady. She lived within ten miles of Ferndale.

He had known her all her life.

I had never seen her.

Was she young? Yes.

Was she pretty? No. He should never think of calling her pretty—she was *beautiful*.

Was she accomplished? Not in the general acceptation of the term.

Had she any fortune? A large dowry of natural gifts, but no money.

He requested me to wait patiently till my next visit, when she should be introduced to me as Mrs. Launcelot Castlefort. I endeavoured to do so and asked no more questions. From his frequent rides over to Greygrath, a village about six miles off, in which one or two respectable families were established, I concluded that the fair *fiancee* resided there, and that she was either a Grey, a Dalton, or a Braithwaite.

Before my next visit to Ferndale I had a letter from Launcelot, telling me that his intended marriage was broken off. He was not a man to bestow his affections lightly, and I rather feared the effect of this disappointment upon him, and was anxious to know the cause of it. However, when we met, I asked no questions and made no allusion to the matter—I had not the heart to do so—he was so altered. Physically, he was not much changed; his fine figure was a little thinner, but it was as upright and active as ever, and his handsome and intellectual face, though a little paler than formerly, had not a settled look of dejection. But there was an indefinable, yet distinctly appreciable *something* about the man, which made me feel rather than see that he was no longer what he had been. He was gentler, calmer, but more inaccessible than before; he would talk about books and topics in which he thought I was interested, but he seemed to shrink from any conversation about himself, his brother's family, Ferndale and the neighbourhood. His shyness and reserve seemed to me quite natural at the time, and I respected it scrupulously, by which I probably gained in his good opinion.

I expected to find him a little more open the next year: on the contrary, he was more reserved, more silent than before; and was certainly beginning to be

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Still, though the blow had evidently struck deep, I could not help hoping that time would work a complete cure, and that I should live to see Ferndale vicarage adorned by the presence of a wife and one or two children. Launcelot was still a young man for many years after this affair, and he was always keenly alive to the pleasures of domestic life. I thought he could scarcely get through life safely or wholesomely without them. Yet, year after year, I visited the vicarage and found no indications of a change in his condition.

I once said something to Mrs. Field, his housekeeper, about the probability of her master's marrying. She shook her head ominously, and said—

"Na! na! sir. I had the rearing of him when he was a babe, I tended him when he was a boy, and I've served him since he was a man. He's as dear to me as my own flesh and blood, and there's no one (but you, perhaps, sir) who knows half so much about Mr. Launcelot as I do; and I tell you once for all, he'll never think of any woman—let alone any *lady* in the way of a wife. They are mainly like the Jews in the Bible, sir—these Castleforts. They are *turble* obstinate and proud minded. They will do anything to get the thing they want, and if they find they can't get that, they will lie down and die rather than take anything else instead. You might bring Mr. Launcelot the bonniest, and richest, and best born lady in the land, and if she were the most loving and the most virtuous into the bargain, he would turn his back on her instead of making her his wife. Ah sir!" she continued after a sigh, "when I grow as young as little Grace, here (patting the head of a child that was with her,) — when the Castle Fell moves away to the middle of the great moor — when Ferndale folks and Greygrath folks can sit in the same room without quarrelling—then Mr. Launcelot may marry, and not *till* then."

Mrs. Field proved to be in the right; and Launcelot Castlefort was not married at fifty years of age.

But he had not sunk into a useless, melancholy man. He had been of essential service in the education of his brother's children; and they were all fond of him. Raymond was his favourite. Launcelot also performed his duty as a pastor with conscientious care. He was extremely anxious about the education of the few children there were in the village, and contrived to have them all taught to read and write, although the village was too poor to support a regular schoolmaster. He was remarkably fond of children—taking great interest in their sports and amusements. As he did not marry, I thought it likely that he would adopt a child before he reached middle life; but he did not do this. There was, however, one of the village children whose life he had saved, to whom he became much attached. It was the little girl whose head Mrs. Field patted, during the speech lately recorded.

Grace Bridgenorth, the miller's daughter, was a winning little thing; a golden-haired, brown-eyed seraph, who seemed to love

and to confide in the good vicar with her whole childish soul. Year after year this affection increased. Whenever her mother could spare her (and probably when she could not), little Grace would be found in the kitchen at the vicarage helping Mrs. Field; or, in the study, carefully dusting Mr. Castlefort's books, under his direction, or learning some little lesson he had set her. Sometimes Mrs. Field would give her sewing to do, and after smoothing the child's hair and setting her simple little frock in order, she would bid her go and sit in the window-seat in the study, and be sure not to interrupt Mr. Castlefort. Mrs. Field, as she said, knew her master better than most people, and she had already found out that he loved to see that beautiful child about his house—loved to have her near him. Grace too repaid his affection, and the greatest treat that could be offered her was to be allowed to sit still in Mr. Castlefort's study when he was reading, or to run about after him and help him when he was busy in the garden. Grace was not very fond of Mr. Castlefort's nephews and niece, because whenever they came to the vicarage, either for a lesson or to see their uncle, she was always obliged to go away into the kitchen with Mrs. Field.

She wanted to know why she "might not stay with Mr. Castlefort, though the pretty young lady and the two young gentlemen had come? She was sure they could not love him as well as she did. She wished they would not come. She did not like to be turned out of the room for any one."

Mrs. Field used to laugh at the child's displeasure, and would say—

"Ah! my dear, you have all the pride of the Bridgenorths in you, that's clear;" and she muttered to herself—"and you've their good looks too, and all your mother's besides. Well, well!—*you* will want looking after in a few years—with *their* pride and the beauty of an angel. Anyway they are right who say you are the flower of Ferndale, now. Though Miss Mildred might not look very sweet if she were to hear *that*, child as you are!"

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#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE BRIDGENORTHS.

"And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture."

My favourite niece, Elizabeth Graham, was four or five and twenty before she accepted the invitation of her aunt, Mrs. Castlefort, of Ferndale Grange, to spend a few weeks there with her cousin Mildred. I believe she only went then out of curiosity to see the place and the vicar, and, perhaps, to oblige me with her company during my annual visit. However, as she has often told me since, I never did her a greater kindness than to persuade her to go down to Ferndale with me during that fine August. She was a great observer, and found objects of interest where few London ladies would have seen anything worth notice.

She soon became familiar with every one of the few families that

composed the population of Ferndale. The chief of these was that of John Bridgenorth, the miller, the exterior of whose cottage has been already described—that cottage being the central point of the geography of my little story as well as of its interest.

This family consisted of John Bridgenorth, his wife Ann, and their three children, John, Ralph and Grace. Miss Graham was much struck by the fine forms of Mr. and Mrs. Bridgenorth and their two sons on the first Sunday she was at Ferndale. Their pew in the church was near that of the Castleforts, and whenever the congregation stood up she could not take her eyes off them. Perhaps the novelty of everything around her may be some excuse for the very broken and divided attention she paid to that morning's service. They were a remarkable family, these Bridgenorths. In the case of Wordsworth's Lucy, nature determined to make a lady for herself; and in the case of the Bridgenorths it is clear to me that she determined to make a whole family of patricians for herself. Whenever nature sets to work in this way, she does the thing so completely that it becomes "a marvel and a mystery" to those who are accustomed to what are called her general laws. They do not remember always how little we actually know of these general laws; and that, if we knew enough, we should see that what seems an exception to a known general rule, is only a conformity with a higher unknown one. These Bridgenorths were peasants—as far as could be ascertained their ancestors were peasants—they had lived always among peasants—yet I never saw *l'air noble* more strongly marked than in several members of this family. In the first place the *physique* was perfect in each individual. As some modern writer has observed—"to make a *gentleman* you must have a good *animal* to begin with." I do not think all England could have produced finer specimens of the human being, taken merely as an animal. They were admirably proportioned, strong, handsome and perfectly healthy.

The father and Ralph were exactly six feet in height, John was two inches taller. They were all muscular and broad-chested, without the least approach to clumsiness; their feet and hands were small, though the latter were embrowned and hardened by toil, and the former were always encumbered with heavy strong boots. Their heads were superbly set on their shoulders, the features in all were finely-cut, calm and intelligent; the complexions fair, and bronzed by exposure to the mountain air. The hair of all three was nearly alike (although a mixture of grey was beginning to be perceptible in that of the father); it was of a rich, dark brown colour, inclining to auburn. The sons had dark blue eyes, with long lashes, like their mother. The father had the finest eyes I ever saw in a male head; they were finely formed, deeply set, and of the most magnificent brown, varying in shade with the feeling of the moment. Sometimes they would seem to send out sparks of fire, and at other times they had a depth of softness, a tender subdued light, almost feminine.

Mrs. Bridgenorth, I have often heard, was esteemed the beauty of her native place, Greygrath; and I can easily believe that she was not only the fairest woman in Greygrath, but that she was also the fairest woman in all Cumberland and Westmoreland. She had matronly beauty enough when I first saw her to set a whole nation of poets and painters raving had she chanced to be a queen. And a



very queenly creature she was, in spite of her humble attire, with her majestic figure and the softly proud expression of her statuesque face.

It is not so difficult to say something descriptive of the rest of the family, but how shall I describe Grace? As a little child I admired her much, but now that she was almost a woman, she was, indeed, "*altre le piu belle bella*;" and, much as I have seen in the way of female beauty abroad and at home, I have never, either in high or low degree, seen any woman whose loveliness was, to my taste, at all comparable with that of Grace Bridgenorth. Miss Graham did not see her in church that first Sunday; she had remained at home in charge of a sick child belonging to one of the neighbours. Elizabeth watched the rest of the family as they went with the other villagers through the churchyard, and then passed up the road to their own cottage. There was nothing downcast, heavy, or clownish in their bearing; they carried their heads erect, and there was a mountaineer elasticity in their firm tread.

"What is the name of that handsome family?" she asked of her cousins and myself, as we were taking a walk towards the Castle Fell after church.

"Bridgenorth," replied Leonard. "I suppose they are better looking than the generality of your southern villagers."

"I should think they must be better looking than the generality of people of any rank anywhere," said Raymond Castlefort. "Don't you think so?" he added, appealing to Miss Graham.

"Certainly! I never saw any family half so handsome," she replied, with emphasis.

Mildred's fine features were clouded by some emotion as she said, in a tone of polite scorn,—“You have travelled, and seen much more of the world than I have, Elizabeth, and your opinion is, of course, worth more than mine; but I really cannot see so much in the Bridgenorths to admire. The men are fine, strong-looking fellows, I acknowledge; and Mrs. Bridgenorth is good looking, though rather large for a woman.”

Elizabeth saw distinctly that she ought to have excepted the Castlefort family in her admiration of the Bridgenorths, but she was perverse and mischievous enough to provoke her cousin's displeasure still more, by interrupting her with the following exclamation.

"Good looking! Large for a woman! Why, my dear Mildred, she has the form and face of a Greek goddess; or, rather of an Eastern empress. I'm sure I thought every other woman in the church looked absolutely plain."

"Yourselves excepted, I presume," said Leonard, laughingly, looking from one girl to the other.

"By no means," she replied. "We are well enough; but we have no pretension to beauty like that of Mrs. Bridgenorth. Tell us honestly, now, do *you* think we have?" appealing to Leonard.

"Well, since you put me on my honour, fair cousin, I tell you, honestly, *no*. And I pay you no little compliment in doing so," said Leonard, colouring slightly, but looking steadily at her.

Raymond was silent. Mildred's face was flushed with mortified vanity, for envy of the Bridgenorth family was deeply rooted in her mind. Miss Graham's next question was calculated to bring it to the surface.

"Are there no girls in this Bridgenorth family?" she asked.

"Yes; there is one daughter," said Leonard.

"She is, of course, beautiful?"

"Why—yes—I think—even Mildred calls Grace Bridgenorth beautiful. Don't you, Mildred?" said Leonard.

"I cannot think any girl beautiful who has red hair," said Mildred, rather spitefully.

Leonard laughed, and seeing that his sister was really out of temper he diverted the conversation, though not so suddenly as to make the reason evident. He began talking to me and Elizabeth about what he said was the great moral characteristic of the Bridgenorths—their pride.

"They certainly are a very proud family. The pride of the men is rather singular. I don't believe they are proud of their good looks, of their strength, or of the high character which they bear for industry and good conduct; but, strange as it may seem to you, Mr. Seymour, they are proud of their *caste*. Nothing would offend them more than to tell them they look as if they belonged to a higher rank. I once heard old Bridgenorth reply more at length than he is accustomed to speak, to some visitor of ours who said something of that sort of his sons, thinking to please the father's heart I have no doubt. I will translate his Doric into plain English for your benefit, Elizabeth.

"‘Do you think, then,’ old Bridgenorth said, ‘that you gentle-folks are always more comely, and stronger, and better men than we peasants? No, no, sir. It was not so in the old time among us; it was not so in the Bible time either. Isaac, and Jacob, and Saul, and David, and Gideon lived much the sort of life that my sons lead: they had field-work to do, and cattle to tend, sir; and we are told they were not above their business. Their being made kings and rulers afterwards makes ye apt to forget that they were husband-men and shepherds first. It's no compliment to tell a man he does not look like what he is. I'm a miller, and my sons work both for me and for *the master* (that's Raymond, here). Because they are comely lads, that is no reason they should look like *lords*. The only lord I ever saw was a good and a powerful clever man, but he was a long way off being handsome. God puts us all in our places, sir; and if I and mine look a little proud-like, and are able to face the best and highest in the land, I'm thinking it's because we are not ashamed of the places he has put us in, and are apt to fancy they are quite as good as any one else's, high or low.’ I remember being struck with this outpouring of Bridgenorth, because I had never heard him say so many words before.”

"Have the mother and daughter no notions above their position?" I inquired.

Leonard was silent for a moment before he replied; and then said, "I don't know."

"But I know very well," said Mildred. "Mrs. Bridgenorth, for all her quiet ways, is an aspiring woman; and as to Grace, mamma and uncle, Launcelot and her mother, are doing all they can to turn the girl's head. And you, Leonard, are likely to do her more harm than all the rest, if you let her see your admiration. The girl is clever enough."

Leonard turned crimson, and was about to make an angry reply to this uncalled for attack, when Raymond suddenly stopped short and said—

“Hush!”—

We all stopped; and Elizabeth found that we had arrived in the midst of the ruins of the old castle, which she had admired so much at a distance. Leonard suppressed his anger, and good naturedly turned with her to look down along the valley. While she was absorbed in admiration of its wild secluded beauty, the sound which had caused Raymond to cry “hush!” came fully to her ears. It was a sweet female voice, singing a sort of lullaby. We all stood still to listen. Presently there came a pause in the song, and Miss Graham looked round expecting to see the singer, for she could not be far off; but there seemed to be no one near but themselves.

“Who is that?” she asked in a subdued voice.

“How can you ask such a thing? Don’t you know you are on haunted ground? Have you not heard Mr. Seymour tell the story of the Baroness whose spirit frequents these ruins?” said Leonard with assumed gravity.

Elizabeth smiled and turned to Raymond, “Will *you* tell me who it is that was singing so sweetly?”

“I think it is one of the village girls; probably Grace Bridgenorth singing to poor little Tom Barnes. I dare say if you were to climb up that heap of stones and look over the corner of the wall, you would see her. The voice came from that point.”

She and I walked towards it, and easily climbed up to the top of the broken wall; we beheld one of the prettiest pictures ever seen. It was a sheltered nook screened on three sides by the ruins, the third was open to the broad Fell, and commanded a fine side view of the Force, which, though more than half a mile off, was distinctly heard. This recess was clear of heath and gorse, and was carpeted over with the softest and greenest grass; on one side was a small elevation resembling a child’s grave, and beside it grew a small yew tree. The encircling walls were half tapestried with ivy and overgrown with grass, lichen, and wild flowers. The still-life was a complete picture in itself; and, seen for the first time untenanted by a human being, it would have made a great impression on Elizabeth’s imagination. The grave-like mound and the yew tree were very suggestive objects. But the living creatures in the picture made their beautiful environment sink into comparative insignificance.

*(To be continued.)*

## PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY ranks among the marvels with which this age of singular discoveries and inventions is rife. At present it is hardly possible to foresee or even calculate upon its results; for although different in kind, we may look forward to their being equal in degree to those attending Printing and Engraving, or the invention of the Telescope and Microscope. Like the two latter, it does not, indeed, confer upon us a new faculty, but it opens to the sense of vision sources of gratification hitherto denied to it, and means of instruction and information that would previously have been considered fabulous. A photographic drawing—of course we mean a com-

pletely successful one—may be compared to a mirror in which the objects reflected by it are fixed permanently.

Space and distance are now almost annihilated; for while railroads approximate us to what used to be remote, photography brings the far distant and the absent under our immediate inspection, by reflecting objects with unerring watchfulness and in a permanent shape. Much as has been done by draftsman and engraver in making us acquainted with the artistic or natural productions of other climes and countries, it is nothing in comparison with what photography is capable of achieving; for had it been discovered some centuries ago we might now be in possession of perfect and unquestionable transcripts of buildings which have either perished or been completely corrupted, and of which, *faute de mieux*, the rudest representation in the vilest old engraving is now treasured up by the antiquary as a precious memento, if not exactly a faithful memorial also, of ancient art and the "olden times."

If we would fairly appreciate the immense superiority of photography over the very ablest manual delineation, we have only to take and compare together a satisfactory specimen of each. Of course no artistic merits belongs to the photograph, because it is nature—the result of a newly discovered physical or chemical operation of the agency of light; and so considered, it is not more wonderful than the mirror, except that we are familiar with the latter, while the other natural phenomenon has now suddenly revealed itself to us for the first time.

What effect such discovery may have upon graphic art generally, and upon what is more especially termed 'high art,' it is at present very difficult even to conjecture. What we may reasonably anticipate is that the public will become better instructed as to form, and accordingly far less tolerant of vague and bad drawing than it hitherto has been, also less admiring of so-called artistic effects which, seeking to improve upon nature, not unfrequently contradict it.

Most certainly it is in many cases neither impossible, nor even at all difficult, to improve upon nature—that is, reality; but then it is by sacrificing truth to effect, which sort of artistic improvement and effect may be achieved with almost the minimum of artistic ability. Truthfulness is the very *sine-qua-non* of all portraiture, whether it be that of living persons or inanimate objects; yet some even of those who otherwise show talent are so lax in their notions of graphic honesty that they do not scruple to deal in downright pictorial mendacity, enlarging buildings to perhaps twice their actual dimensions by making their figures not more than half as high as they ought to be;—to say nothing of other trickeries which are tolerated under the name of 'licenses.'

—Incapable of committing such falsehoods itself, photography must ere long bring them into utter discredit. Nor is that the only benefit which it will be productive of to art, since by habituating the eye to accuracy of form, perspective, and shadow, we shall come to look for and require them in pictures produced by the hand. A large class of artists are accordingly likely to find a formidable rival in photography; one that is likely so completely to distance and supersede many of them, that they will have to exclaim, "Othello's occupation's gone!" Of course it cannot invent—cannot give us original compositions, but only represent what already exists; yet, such is also the office and aim of no inconsiderable proportion of graphic works—of engraving, almost exclusively so; likewise of portraiture, whether of places or persons, of landscape or buildings. There can be little doubt, then, but that architectural draftsmen and others, whose practice is of a similar nature, will be superseded, if not entirely, to a very considerable extent, by photography; more as the latter works with such magic-like celerity; that which would else require the assiduous toil of months is accomplished by the operation of a minute.

Those, on the other hand, who are not driven out of the field by photography, will be obliged to exert themselves to the utmost, or their productions will look coarse and clumsy in comparison with it. Besides which, it may tend to put us more or less out of conceit with many works which are now held in greater repute than their actual merit at all warrants, or than can be accounted for as resting upon that sort of traditional and stereotype celebrity which the indolence or the timidity of criticism allows to pass unchallenged and undisturbed.

In the exhibition of them at the Society of Arts—a visit to which suggested the present paper—the photographs completely eclipsed Barry's large pictures, causing those works of what is called 'high art' to appear exceedingly artificial—not to say unnatural, and very overstrained conventionalities. With regard to the specimens of photography, they were of very unequal merit and interest; some even so deci-

dedly poor that we must suppose them to have been the earliest efforts in it, and accordingly intended to make manifest, by contrast with them, the extraordinary progress since accomplished by completely successful productions of it. Progressive advancement would, however, have been demonstrated more clearly had the specimens been arranged seriatim according to dates, or else according to the respective processes of production; whereas there was no sort of arrangement whatever, although some classification, either of the kind just mentioned, or according to subjects, would have greatly facilitated examination.

As yet, photography does not appear adequate to the representation of landscape; for the absence of colour causes objects which, in nature, are plainly distinguishable from each other, in consequence of the modification and *nuancing* of similar hues, to appear nearly of one uniform tone, thereby occasioning not only monotonousness, but heaviness and indistinctness likewise. Light and shade are shown only in what—if so odd an expression may be allowed—we should call inarticulate masses. Therefore, unless this defect can be corrected and overcome, it must limit the application of the process to near objects and such as are decidedly intended for close inspection, and it is in representing them that photography triumphs. The exquisite beauty and delicacy as well as truth with which it is capable of rendering the minutest and most elaborate and complicated details of all artistic productions, renders it more valuable than as yet can be fully appreciated.

What photography is capable of accomplishing for portraiture was proved by one or two most charming specimens, which were remarkable for an unaffected happiness of *pose* in the figures, that quite put to shame the *artificial naturalness* of many, and those not the worst among our portrait painters. How little portraits produced by the pencil are to be relied upon for their veracity is evident from the great discrepancy between those of the same individual who has sitted to different artists; nor have we any assurance that those which possess most merit as pictures are the most faithful as likenesses. Yet, in the case, at least, of public characters and eminent persons, it is upon faithful resemblance and likeness that the historic value of portraits depends. Could it possibly be had, what would not be given for a photograph of Shakspeare or Milton!

In architectural portraiture—and of course photography deals exclusively in portraiture, or the *trait pour trait* representation of objects—there were several no less interesting than highly successful specimens, more especially three of Venetian palaces, one of them being the singularly picturesque and grandiose Palazzo Rezzonico, which, although omitted by Cicognara, is assuredly one of the best examples of its period. The so-called La Glorietta in the gardens of Schoenbrunn, was also another highly satisfactory specimen and interesting subject; and although of no architectural merit, or even pretension—it being no more than a plain, commonplace sash-windowed house—"A Cottage in Jersey" was a most superlative photograph. Those of the Kremlin and one of the churches at Moscow were, on the contrary, far from satisfactory, while the buildings themselves greatly disappointed us.

It is a most fortunate circumstance for both the student and lover of architecture that photography is most of all successful precisely in those cases which require more than ordinary skill and knowledge on the part of a draftsman, and impose extraordinary labour upon him. So far from there being any temptation to represent a building at such distance that its details become lost, the nearer it is viewed and the more distinctly its minutiae are visible, all the more charming is the general effect of the work as a picture.

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## THE POWER OF DULNESS.

THE prevalent opinion of the world seems to be that it is the clever people who get on and live in fine houses and ride in carriages, and fare sumptuously—while it is the fools who go to the wall, and live from hand to mouth, and make all manner of shifts. The world uses success as the touchstone of talent, and will not accord the reputation or brains to the man who fails. The world, which takes so much upon trust and yet gives so little credit, judges of actions by results only, and wants to see certificates for everything. It says to the aspirant for its good-will, you will presume to lift up your head on the score of possessing more intelligence than your



fellows, now be so good as to show me your vouchers—let me have a peep at your bank stock, or your scrip, or your banker's book, so that I may test your pretensions. What, you have not got any of those credentials? Don't talk to me, then. You may think yourself very clever; but you don't come up to my standard of cleverness, at all events.

"What everybody says must be true," is a very revered maxim—one of those hoary old sayings behind which the world often seeks to hide its ignorance of what the truth is. "*Vox populi vox Dei*," is no doubt a very glorious quotation which elevates popular notions to the height of Divine intelligence, and transforms collective folly into omniscient wisdom. But spite of the general opinion, and spite too of all these fine phrases, I boldly assert that in this matter, as well as a great many others, the world is entirely wrong. It may be great presumption of me to say so. I dare say it is; but I was never stupid enough to agree with the world, and the world is seldom shrewd enough to agree with me. I have a theory of my own—a pet theory—one which squares well with my own poverty, and is consolatory enough to my own egotism, that very erroneous notions are entertained upon this subject. In short I believe, and I am prepared stoutly to support my creed, that talent is rather a disadvantage than otherwise, and that there is a power in stupidity which few properly estimate.

Of course, I am prepared with instances—plenty of them, to maintain the view I take—examples of all sorts, from Goldsmith who wrote books in a garret down to Waghorn who staked out the Overland route and died next door to a beggar—from the old man who invented the railroad system, and in his decrepitude was dependant on charity, to Hood, who "Sang the Song of the Shirt," and did not leave enough for a tombstone to mark his grave—thousands of instances, but the world knows them fully as well as I do, and even with my opinion of it, I will not insult it by recounting them at length. Apart from individuals, I might point to the history of nations to show how in ancient times the most thick-headed of the Grecian States became the masters of the rest. And in modern times I might quote too—nay, I will quote, national self-love notwithstanding—the supremacy of England as another point in my favor. At the risk of raising a universal shout of disapprobation, I must say we are very far from being a clever people. Indeed I may venture upon the assertion, that we must be and are looked upon by our neighbours as rather pig-headed folks, with more money than wit—as John Bulls, in fact, who were at Waterloo, where they were beaten, only they were not clever enough to see it, and who get on somehow by virtue of the same dull impenetrability to ideas. Yet, notwithstanding, we are at the top of the tree, evincing in our successes the force of stupidity.

I am tempted to look upon the world as a great mud heap, where the good things are scrambled for. Go down to Blackfriars Bridge any day when the tide is out, and you will see ragged boys with what trousers they have tucked up, wading among the mud, seeking for tidal waifs and strays. Pitch a few stray coppers down, so that they sink well into the slime, and you will see the mud-larks dive for them. My friend, don't you think that those lads are more clever than you? No, of course not. It is almost an insult to ask the question. Your sense of your own dignity tempts you to treat it with contempt and leave it without an answer. Yet I would bet any wager that they would beat you all to nothing scrambling in the mud for halfpence, just as some dolt will beat you in the world's great scramble, and for pretty much the same reason. They don't mind the dirt so much as you. They dip into filth more readily when anything is to be got by it—in their small way they belong to the class who say "all money is clean money," and those are the people sure to get on—the people who are too stupid to see how dirt sticks to gold and rubs off upon them.

There are a multitude of reasons why stupid people succeed where others break down—so many, in fact, that I might write a large book upon them, and still leave the subject unexhausted. I don't care much for old sayings, as the reader may have already perceived; but some of them are wise enough—this one for instance, "Where there is no sense there is no feeling." That is true at all events. I dare say the man who made it meant it as a reproach to somebody, and the world in its wisdom still applies it in the same way; yet I am confident—as confident as though I knew it positively—that it was aimed at a successful man; and if we only consider for a moment we shall see how it points out the very elements of victory. Where there is no sense of incapacity, there is no feeling of diffidence, therefore it is that stupid men attempt almost anything. The more clear-sighted



shrink from the obstacles which are apparent; but the stupid flounder on blindly, and often manage to stumble past them. They are thwarted sometimes, of course, but where they are ready to undertake anything, it would be a wonder if they did not succeed now and then. Gil Blas was told by a Spanish dandy how to gain a reputation for wit. "Say anything (said the teacher)—anything that comes uppermost. Never check yourself—never baulk yourself—battle on anyhow without staying to think. You will talk plenty of nonsense, no doubt, but some bright things will drop out, and they will make you." That was true advice as the world goes—a real recipe for getting on. Dash at everything without considering, and you will do something in the long run, depend upon it. But it is only stupid folks who take the counsel and profit by it. The clever ones are too wise to run the risk, and, in accordance with the adage, "Nothing venture nothing have," go away empty handed.

It is a piece of every-day philosophy that "Nothing is lost by asking for something. Friends push a man on by telling him, "If they don't give you anything they can't take anything away from you." But men who have sense generally have modesty and feeling. They do not like to be obtrusive—they are pained by being refused, and dread being repulsed. The oafs are less sensitive and more persevering. Bashfulness is not one of their faults, while perseverance of a certain kind is one of their virtues. If they want a thing they ask for it; and if they are denied, rudely even, they are not shocked. They have the faculty of repetition, which they evince not only by telling the same stories over and over again, but by preferring the same request twenty times in succession. They strike when the iron is hot, and when the iron is cold, but they strike always. Like the Duke of Wellington's guards, they are always ready to be "up and at 'em." They are the cousins of that famous talking bird which was for ever repeating "Never say die." The importunity of a pedlar gives but a faint notion of theirs. Where worthier men go back in despair, they push in by sheer force of botheration and instal themselves into the most comfortable quarters, and effect an entrance into "the best society."

The fear of ridicule is a great barrier to thousands. Men draw back from defeat—not so much because it is defeat—as because they are afraid of being laughed at. It is always the stupidest louts who jump in sacks at fairs, or bob for oranges, or climb the greasy pole. You may laugh at them as much as you like, so that they win the prize and carry off the dangling mutton. There are many standing by who could do it better, but they don't like to try—so it is with those who play the prominent parts in the world. They are wit-proof. Try on them the satire described by Pope, which

"————— Like a polished razor keen,  
Wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen ;"

they will not mind it at all, that you may depend upon; you may as well try to cut down an oak with a penknife. The rhinoceros is not a more noble animal than the lion—not more graceful, or beautiful, or terrible—but it is not killed so easily. It has a hide as thick as the skulls of some people, or thicker, from which bullets recoil and arrows glance off. Stupid people are to the world of man what the rhinoceros is to the world of beasts—more formidable for their passive than their active power, for what they can bear than what they can do. A well-known pugilist—Deaf Burke, we think—used to stand up and let anybody "hit at him" for half-a-crown or so an hour; and we remember another individual who was ready to bend a pewter pot by striking it on his head for a trifling honorarium. Neither of these personages were remarkably clever men, but they both possessed the art by which a great deal of money is made—the art of bearing a great deal without wincing. That art, if art it be which looks so like nature, stupid people are eminently gifted with.

Trifles, in the aggregate, are of great importance. Being of great importance, of course attention to them is profitable. Who are most likely to attend to trifles, the stupid or the clever people? Why the answer is so obvious that it has passed into a proverb. Everybody will tell you that "little things please little minds"—and as stupid men have little minds, the conclusion is obvious. I hope, good sir, that whichever class you may belong to, you have logical acumen enough to perceive the conclusion. There are few minds which have the adaptability of the elephant's trunk, the power of pulling up a tree or picking up a pin. The smaller capability is that which belongs to the stupid, and that is at present commercially the most

valuable. Small projects are supported because they are easily comprehended, and the little men who get them up are elevated. Large schemes fail because they are too comprehensive to be grasped by a world of which stupidity is a motive power, and great men, in whose brains they originate, are pushed down. Even when, after a time, majestic undertakings do succeed, they are carried out by stupid folks, who have, after long contemplation, become familiar with them, and who fatten on them as vultures do on the carcase of a dead buffalo, which they would never have been able to kill for themselves.

I do not know whether it has ever struck anybody else as it has me, that stupid people have the most luck. The chapter of accidents is tremendously in their favour. It is said that children, before intelligence is fully developed, are the most fortunate gamblers. The dies seem to turn up unaccountably for them. They throw higher numbers at random than others do by calculation. Certain it is that their prototypes, the "children of a larger growth," are especial favourites of chance. Fortune is clearly a lady, for she shows her sex by preferring the fools. Chance sports with them while it kills others. They have more aptitude for falling on their legs than a cat, and fall lighter than most people. A friend of mine nearly fell down stairs, and hurt himself more in the struggle to keep from falling than if he had fell. The doctor said he did it in the effort to save himself. Well, if he had not had sense enough to try to avert danger, he would have been better off. We read somewhere lately that man is the only animal who drowns naturally, and that it happens because he is a reasoning creature and has a large brain. That clearly applies only to a section of man, and as for the rest it explains the buoyancy of the stupid, who are, like corks amid the waves, saved by their own lightheadedness in a sea of difficulties. One of the best anecdotes we ever heard of the fortunes of the stupid is told of a city merchant, who, as his friends said, "could not do anything wrong." Some people, who knew his stupidity, made a bet that if he sent warming-pans to the West Indies the speculation would turn out successful. In his ignorance he was persuaded to venture a cargo of that unlikely article for a tropical climate. The ship arrived just at sugar-making time; pans for ladling the boiling sugar were in request; the warming-pans were bought up for that purpose, and the intelligent exporter netted a handsome profit. That is an extreme example, but between that extreme and the confines of cleverness there are many instances which point the same moral.

I am almost afraid to venture upon another illustration, because the subject is surrounded by poetic ideas, and associated with fine words—I mean military glory. But as I have gone so far, I may as well go on. "Nothing venture nothing have," justifies me. I "may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb." Since I must expect censure for running counter to the world, a little more or less does not matter much. "In for a penny in for a pound," as the Yankee observed; so since I am on the track—forward. Well, then, the love for military glory, and the things men do to attain it, are at the very summit of national and individual stupidity. It is really no more an act of wisdom to fight for so many square miles of ground than to fight for "fifty pounds a-side." And then, as to the mode of fighting, "the ring" has the sensible side of the question beyond doubt. It may be, is nasty to be bruised by fists—to have your eyes blacked, your nose flattened, your teeth knocked out, your flesh pounded to a jelly; but what is that to a ball in your already too weighty head, a sabre cut over your brow, or a bayonet in your stomach? I am convinced that none but the stupid would venture on such risks, and they would not if, like the fools of old, they were not dressed in motley and made to look fine as a sort of reward. Even then, unless they had the maddest of music to make them mad, and what little sense they possess drowned by sound, the more desperate deeds of storming parties and forlorn hopes would be unknown. What would be thought of a man in private life who sold his existence for a shilling a day and a red coat? The wise world would clap a strait waistcoat on him and call him a lunatic; but add the ingredient of glory, and the stupid world bestows a medal and calls him a hero. Really I am almost sorry to dissipate this illusion, it seemed so grand to me once; but that was before I attained to "years of discretion." I am afraid it is useless just yet to inquire when the world will grow up into manhood.

Most probably it will be said that I am a disappointed man, that this is the cynicism of envy—that I am at odds with the world and its powers. I beg to deny it. I respect the world and its powers too. I have not even said that stupidity is a bad thing. I have not attempted to degrade it. I could almost wish that I was stupid—successfully stupid of course, myself. Why should not I, when stupidity has clearly the best of it? It feels less, and it gets more. It bears without

suffering. It sits in high places. It is better off than I am. It rules me, do what I will to avoid it. Yes, I have a great respect for stupidity—almost a veneration for its social, political, commercial, and military power—nearly a worship for its riches. I have learnt to be obedient to the powers that be—and is not stupidity one of them; nay, is it not the better half of all of them put together? Verily, I proclaim it—I tender my allegiance. Do not let us trouble ourselves about who is emperor of France, or whether he is wise or foolish; or whether the people are wise or foolish, for letting him be emperor; or whether he will or will not be crowned by the Pope. There is a greater (and a stupider) monarch than he with a people to match, crowned by all the Guys of Christendom—King Dulness, the prince of this world—and you and I are his subjects, “*Vivat rex*” (and if he have a consort) “*et Regina*.”

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## REMINISCENCES—CORPORATE AND PAROCHIAL.

BY A RETIRED MERCHANT.

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### CHAPTER II.

Who can look back upon every action of his past life without regret? Mine has not been free from error. Then let not the philosophically wise exult that their heads have never been led away by their hearts. I have always used—I shall continue to use—the unequivocal language of truth and sincerity.

Amongst all those pursuits to which men dedicate their powers, no avocation can be more arduous than that of attempting to excel as an orator. The qualities requisite to constitute an accomplished public speaker are so varied, that failure incites very little astonishment in the public mind. A man, to become an orator, should possess a retentive memory; without attempting to imitate an actor, he must nevertheless be master of correct gesture; his action should be graceful; the intonation of voice should be modulated to render it capable of conveying a lasting impression, whether expressive of anger, hate, scorn or contempt. Satire and repartee are serviceable adjuncts, yet they are dangerous weapons. An exordium should be concise, a peroration easy and not laboured. Language should be elegant, and the delivery devoid of ostentation. The great orator is distinguished in debate, not by a studied address. Talent is frequently displayed in the mechanism of a clever speech. To grapple with an argument without preparation, evinces talent of no mean order—to defeat fallacious arguments by facts and logical reasoning, denotes the highest order of intellectual endowments. Mere fluency and declamation are pleasing accomplishments; but without the logical reasoning and judgment, elicit applause, but seldom lead to victory or lasting fame.

The greatest writers have been very inferior speakers, probably in consequence of a defect in their physical powers. Addison required energy and confidence; nature denied him these requirements, and his career as a senator was brief. Byron delivered three speeches in the House of Lords, on the Nottingham frame breakers, and then left public life for ever. Bulwer never could shine in the House of Commons when advocating the sacred cause of mankind against a heartless oligarchy; his performances have been infinitely below

mediocrity since he threw his principles to the four winds of heaven.

Thus the first of our essayists, the most distinguished of our modern poets, and an accomplished delineator of the passions, failed as orators. Imagination, poetry, and a knowledge of language were not denied them; the page of history—the literature of the world—the efforts of orators of classic fame, were all open to them. Their lucubrations written in solitude will ever be admired by posterity, while their failures, when attempting to attain the highest pinnacle of human ambition, will be an everlasting subject of speculation to mankind. I have seen the educated, the linguist, the historian, and the philosopher shrink from a tradesman in our vestry; I have perceived victory obtained by such a person with ease and dignity, and I have been amazed at the phenomena presented. But I anticipate.

Seated before a fire the next morning after *my* defeat at the vestry, with the breakfast untasted, I fell into a profound reverie. Gazing on the bright coals, I thought of the recent scene—the stranger—and my position in the ward. My blood coursed briskly through my veins, an unusual occurrence in my placid nature. A glowing heat sent the hectic to my cheeks, and I felt humiliated at the disasters of the preceding day. All night I had been restless, uneasy, and unhappy; “balmy sleep” refused me repose, and I rose early, determined to forget the chagrin I felt amidst the avocations of life. A servant entered—I did not hear him. James respectfully reminded me of my untasted breakfast. I felt angry at even the voice of my own domestic. I attempted to eat; it was impossible; and after tasting a cup of chocolate, I rose from the table with the desperate intention of proceeding to the counting house, to read the correspondence of the firm. I had drawn on my boots, and mechanically approached the window. The parish church was before me, for our place of business was opposite that sacred building; for the first time since my youth I turned from its turrets. A loud knock at the private door denoted an early visitor. Who could be the intruder? The servant announced Mr. W.—a common councilman and the orator of the preceding afternoon. Vexed at the intrusion, yet natural urbanity induced me to order him to be admitted. Mr. W. approached me with a downcast look; he held a large printed paper in his hand.

“Good morning, sir. Have you seen this piece of impertinence?” handing the placard to me. I perused the title, and became purple with rage and mortification. I interrogated my supporter with abruptness; he appeared hurt and annoyed.

“Where did you procure this bill, Mr. W.?”

“It was delivered at my house last evening, but by whom I cannot learn.”

“Pray be seated, my dear sir, and let us peruse the precious document.”

Mr. W. placed a chair by the fire, and looked anxiously at the contortion of the muscles of my face, which were alternately contracted with the spasm of scorn and the sneer of contempt.

The precious *morceaux* was headed:—

“Defeat of the tories—extinction of church rates in A. Glorious victory!”

It was addressed to the ratepayers—being a report of the vestry meeting of the previous day, and I must confess faithfully written; but what astonished me was, that a record could be printed with such rapidity, for I could aver that not one at the meeting took a single note. But there before me appeared the document, printed in double columns. The paper ended thus:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I beg most respectfully to present you with the above report of the vestry meeting, held this day at the church of A., in order to incite you to the assertion of your natural and inalienable rights, to prevent the extravagant expenditure of your money, and to protect the poor. I forward this report openly, I challenge contradiction to its accuracy, I disdain concealment, and I subscribe my name. Your obedient and faithful servant, EDMUND POYNDRER.”

I gazed on W. for a few minutes in silence, the bill had fallen from my hand on the hearth-rug. For a few moments I felt stupefied. At length fierce uncontrollable passion obtained a momentary victory over my habitual calmness, and I stamped on the cursed document with rage. At length Mr. W. reminded me of the obvious tendency of the bill and ultimate consequences to myself and party. This reduced my frenzy to apparent good humour, and with a curl of my upper lip, I said:—

“A weak invention of the enemy.”

“Not so,” replied W.; “on inquiry, I find that Poynder will form a party, and then away vanishes our power in the parish, the ward, and in the schools.”

“Forgive me, my friend, I can perceive our danger. Who is this writer and his occupation?”

“He has signed his real name, and he is a tradesman residing in Monk-street.”

“What! a few doors from Dame Partington’s school?”

“The same. He is induced to disturb the parish and ward in consequence of advice from several persons who unsuccessfully tendered to repair the church.”

“Then it is a mean revenge. I will send the minister to this person, and I have no doubt that we shall succeed in preventing the designs of a few disappointed fellows. That arch whig, Walpole, stated ‘that all men have their price.’”

“Forgive me, sir, for hinting, that Poynder is a resolute person, a confirmed radical, and I think it is not likely that he can be induced to withdraw from those who will this evening appoint him their leader. A party meet this night at the Carthage Arms, in Carthage-street, and the dissenters of the Liberty, headed by Symes Carbut and Co., will be in attendance. Church rates being ‘extinguished’ has aroused these ‘infidels,’ and—”

“What next?” I demanded fiercely.

“Why, that subscriptions will be gathered; the result you may predict.”

“This is unfortunate, but we must fight this coalition. Have you heard how Mr. Bolus is this morning?”

“Alas! poor Bolus is dead; he expired at eight o’clock, and before his remains were cold, three personal applications for his office of



parish surgeon have been made—one by Mr. Garrett, another by Mr. Barrow, and the third by Mr. Nobb."

"I regret this, it will prove a sad loss to the party and his family. But what answer did you give to the applicants?"

Mr. W., with great deference of manner, laying his hand on his waistcoat over the region where his heart ought to have been, said:—

"I could not think of giving any answer to these applications, until I had consulted the head and leader of our party, therefore I put these off, and of course shall support the gentleman you recommend."

I was subdued, this deference brought me into immediate good humour, and I said, smiling in the blandest manner,

"Thanks, thanks, my good Mr. W.; while you and our friends are firm, all the infidels and radicals in the world cannot depress my stout heart, nor shall they dictate to the respectable gentlemen and proud merchants of the ward. Leave me now, proceed to all our friends, summons them to meet me at the workhouse at twelve; we have to prepare for the vestry meeting of Wednesday morning—to procure the consent of—ourselves, to the new contract for the master of the paupers, and to send twenty children out to Africa."

"I will not fail. Good morning."

"Adieu."

The surgeon dead, an excellent situation vacant. I repaired to the counting house, turned over the town ledger, running through the names. I discovered Barrow's account small—unsettled, running three years (bad). Garrett indebted two years (indifferent). Nobb (a perfect gentleman by the by, and a fine fellow), excellent customer, paid up at Christmas. Good, resolved to support Nobb for surgeon.

At twelve, I entered the workhouse; every officer appeared respectful, they bowed to me obsequiously; the churchwardens, overseers and my friends were smiling and confident. The business proceeded. There was a faint opposition from a wealthy type-founder, aided by a consequential stationer, to the proposition of a renewal of the contract with the master. The opposition of the first person arose from a conscientious desire for an absurd economy; the opinions of the latter, the would-be oracle of our party, were induced by pique arising from the fact that Mr. Gray, the master, did not patronise his shop. A few words from myself settled the business, and W. was unanimously selected to bring the subject forward in the vestry. The clerk announced the death of Mr. Bolus, and the office was to be declared vacant at the same time. We separated.

#### A MODEL VESTRY CLERK.

This functionary was a curious fellow. Nature had given him a form above the middle height; his person was distinguished for manly beauty; his countenance was swarthy, approaching the colour of a Creole; his eyes were remarkable for boldness and brilliancy—the beholder could never forget them—they would haunt him many a long day after a first interview. They were large, and as dark as sloes. Their twinkle indicated cunning mixed with good nature. He knew their value. He was indebted to nature for organs which not only kept him in office, but actually induced the vestry to forgive his



endless blunders. "Tom Pacton" was clerk by hereditary descent. He was ignorant of the law of the land, and repudiated the idea of understanding parochial statutes. He stepped into his father's shoes—he inherited his contempt for every accomplishment. His blunders were innumerable, and they brought upon him the indignation of the vestry. He would on such occasions affect an utter stolidity of manner, and an innocent look; but if any obstinate parishioner persisted in charging him with plunging the parish into debt, by losing every case he handled at the sessions or before the magistrates, he would draw himself up to his full height, and direct on his enemy one concentrated look, in which beamed an affectation of injured innocence and an assumption of legal acumen so extraordinary that his foe would conclude by apologising for "troubling the vestry with the case or cases, believing that the clerk ought to know best;" after which, Tom would instantly assume a consequential and patronising air to the parishioner, and blunder on again. And yet no one at that period thought of superseding him in his situation. Out of his office he was the well-known frequenter of every public-house in the ward. How many glasses of ale our vestry clerk imbibed from morning to night I know not, but it was a very rare occurrence if he did not patronise all his friends, and with every glass Tom would masticate a bun or cake. His maxim was "drink to excess but never neglect feeding." After 12, it was difficult to ascertain whether the clerk was drunk or sober, excepting by a slight hectic on his cheeks or increased lustre in his eyes. In conversation this man was exceeded by no mortal living, in obtuseness, good-humoured arrogance, affectation of superior wisdom and constant dogmatism. These traits were constantly leading him into difficulties, and were the causes of those legal expenses which increased the rates at least 50 per cent. With all these defects, natural and acquired, the clerk retained his situation. If any one became incensed in consequence of his blundering ignorance, his impudence was more than a match against our indignation.

The morning after he had so fearfully compromised our party at the vestry, and subsequently to the board meeting, I met him swaggering down A—— street. He saw me, stopped, and, with a smile, said, "Bucky, my boy, stand a glass of ale?"

My disgust and indignation were extreme. To dare accost me in the street—to insult me with his filthy request—was more than my aristocratic blood would bear. I administered a sharp rebuke, mixed with some advice relative to sobriety and his duties to his neglected office, at which the vestry clerk laughed outright.

"Well, old fellow, if you will not stand a glass, I'll treat you;" saying which he had the audacity to touch my arm in order to induce me, the millionaire, the leader of the parish, to enter a gin-shop. I hurried from his presence. Had not this fellow *inherited* his office, I would have displaced him for such unparalleled impertinence. His notorious ignorance of the law, arrogance, obtuseness, insolence, inebriety, his numerous infidelities, precluded any parish in the kingdom from producing such a vestry clerk. His ignorance brought us constantly in collision with other districts, but as there had not been any opposition to my plans, we passed over the glaring defects of Tom Pacton. The event recorded in my first paper indicated a

complete revolution. I bitterly repented giving way to Poynder. I ought then to have polled the parish. I should have crushed the opposition, and performed good service to the church and the clergyman.

#### OUR RECTOR.

The Rev. Mr. Carter was the son of a Dean of Westminster: he had been inducted to the living of A—— street about a year previously to the event recorded in my first paper. He was a tall, well-made man, with dark grey eyes, a manly exterior and a very gracious presence. He thought with myself—belonged to the same school of politics, and I valued his friendship. Mr. Carter had seen, while on a visit in Scotland, one of the daughters of Lord A.: he sought her hand. She had no fortune; her aristocratic descent, personal charms, varied accomplishments, and her father's position as a minister of the crown, were preferred to plebeian wealth, and he married and brought his lady to reside in St. ——— square, in a liberty of our parish. No person could have entered with greater spirit into my views. We were the Orestes and Pylades of the parish, and when opposition threatened I repaired to the rector for advice. We soon came to an understanding: the events I am about to relate will prove his zeal and fidelity to the cause of the church and to our party. I am bound to record that the tongue of scandal circulated vile reports against this good man and excellent Christian. In consequence of these unfounded and improbable charges, the attendance of the parishioners at church became

“Small by degrees and beautifully less.”

The infamous reports circulated by the infidels to ruin the rev. gentleman consisted in his alleged infidelities with the parish clerk's lovely spouse; but his position, numerous virtues and aristocratic predilections, rendered this atrocious calumny impossible. Yet many believed the slander. The clerk, a florid, handsome man, previously to this report was a sober, steady man: he now became the pot companion of his friend the vestry clerk, and, from some cause, he exhibited confirmed drunkenness. In his cups he would denounce a villain as the cause of the destruction of his domestic felicity: in fine, Dove the parish clerk died, some said of broken heart, induced by the frailty of his wife.

Mr. Carter had the right to take the chair at vestry meetings, but he had invariably waived it in favour of the churchwardens; but now, when a revolution prostrated our party, I thought it desirable he should claim his privilege, in order to influence our party by his position and destroy the detestable coalition formed against us.

#### THE VESTRY.—THE SECOND DEFEAT.

Wednesday arrived—our party mustered in all its strength. The vestry-room was crowded long before the appointed hour. Our rector was installed into the chair on a motion moved by myself. I began to feel that the threatened opposition was all moonshine. Mr. W. rose to propose the new contract for the master of the workhouse. On his side sat Col. Amdink, the government agent for emigration. My friend W. was proceeding with great vigour: he lauded the master, eulogised the treatment of the poor, mourned

over the loss the master had sustained in his last seven years' contract, then proceeded to our favourite scheme to send out the pauper children to Algoa Bay. At this instant a crowd appeared at the vestry-room door. The hateful countenance of the hero against church rates appeared in the front rank of the conspirators: his voice soon interrupted W.'s oration; he appeared in a dreadful tremor.

"Mr. Chairman," commenced Poynder, "I perceive an immense crowd of ladies and gentlemen who cannot enter this small room, and they are extremely anxious to hear the debate upon public business; I move that the vestry do adjourn to the body of the church." (Great cheering.) A dozen voices seconded the proposition. We gazed in amazement, and I said to W., "Go on." That gentleman resumed his speech, when the clamour became so great that not a word could be heard. A rush commenced, the chairs were jammed against the table, the table upset and the rector speedily ejected from his post of honour. I spoke to the chairman (amidst cries of "Packed meeting;" "Closed doors;" "Select humbugs;" "Come out into the body of the church from your holes and corners"). I intimated that if the door was cleared we would emerge. (Cheers followed this announcement.) We entered the middle aisle, and our astonishment elicited great laughter. There could not have been less than 150 persons of both sexes present. Poynder had perched himself on the pulpit stairs. No one offered any objection to the rector, and he resumed the chair. I had—I have a brother; he was my partner: I regret he is not the brightest of men. He became enthusiastic, and for the first time in his existence he addressed the chair. I was speechless from amazement; I was certain he would compromise us. In vain I motioned him to desist, but he appeared mad and utterly regardless of my admonitions. He loved, he feared, he respected me, yet in that whirl of excitement he appeared resolved to act an independent part. I trembled with passion at his audacity, and it puzzled me much to know what he was about to utter. At length, after all parties were seated, my brother said—

"I don't like this here meeting. (Laughter.) What business has a parcel of old women here? (Cries of "You're an old woman," and laughter.) Go home, you women, and mind your children. (Roars.) What business has that fellow there committing sacrilege!—(pointing to Poynder on the pulpit steps—shouts of merriment)—come down, you sir!" His voice here became drowned in a burst of hisses, and my poor demented brother sat down.

A dead silence. The chairman called on Mr. W. to rise. He obeyed, and spoke with a paper before him, evidently containing his speech. He concluded abruptly by moving—"That a contract be entered into with the master of the workhouse, at 3s. 6d. per pauper per week—men, women and children included—for 120 persons; also that 20 pauper children be forthwith sent to one of our colonies, under the superintendence of Colonel Amdink, the commissioner." (Hisses.)

The motion having been seconded, Colonel Amdink was called on to explain the benefits to be derived from the emigration of our children. He said many parishes had adopted the plan, amongst which were the parishes of St. Giles and St. Luke. (Laughter.) The hon. gentleman concluded, and was loudly cheered by our party.

For a moment or two no person rose to oppose. I gave a signal. The rector rose, and with a glowing eulogy upon the master of the workhouse and the government agent, he attempted to put the question, when Poynder, who had been seated on a step, rose. His rising was the signal for uproarious applause and waving of handkerchiefs. When order was restored, he commenced an exordium which enchained attention and elicited the applause of all; after which, when he had artfully secured the sympathies of his audience, he dashed such bitter invectives against the authors of the contract and the emigration scheme, which, although I desire to forget them, yet they are impressed on my brain with such distinctness that I am almost tempted to give the whole speech, but must content myself with affording a short summary of an hour's oration. He said,—

“You desire to make a contract with the master of the workhouse for the sustenance of 120 paupers, at 3s. 6d. per week, but the mover has not informed you that the master has grown rich upon his contracts instead of poor. (Cheers.) For 20 years the master has been paid 3s. 6d. per pauper per week for 140 paupers; and if there were not that magic number in the house, he received the same amount. (Hear.) On inspecting the books, I find that the average number of paupers during 20 years is 80 only. (Immense cheering—we looked very blank.) Thus the master has been paid for 60 persons over and above the actual numbers in the house—£10 10s. per week profit, independent of his profits on the remaining 80. This infamous robbery has been perpetrated by men who call themselves gentlemen—*tories par excellence*. (Cheers.) Ten guineas per week would amount to more than £500 per annum, and, in 20 years, nearly £11,000 pilfered from the rates. (Tremendous cheering.) So much for the loss sustained by the master during the period he has been suffered to amass a fortune. (‘Hear,’ and great laughter.) You desire to make a similar contract. You have reduced the number to 120, but all above that number we shall have to pay for during the next seven years, and for any less number. (Loud cheers.) Now at this moment there are but 85 persons in the house—(great applause)—and yet you call upon the ratepayers to vote away their money to fill the pockets of the master. (Hear.) But what renders this plan infamous, is, you desire to send 20 children to a climate destructive to the constitutions of Europeans; helpless children intrusted to your care—orphans—are to be thus inhumanly expatriated to a land teeming with reptiles indigenous to that southern latitude, peopled by a native population rude, cruel, barbarous and savage. (Applause for some time.) Thus, if you pass this unjust motion, the master will reap the benefit of the emigration; he will receive an additional twenty times 3s. 6d. per week for seven years—(cries of ‘Infamous’)—while the parish will be burthened with £20 outlay on each child for outfit. (Cheers.) The children will be sacrificed—the rates burthened—the master enriched—the parishioners robbed—and our humanity eternally disgraced.” (Renewed cheers.) The speaker then uttered a stinging peroration, and concluded by moving “That the vestry proceed to the next business of the day,” which was seconded.

It is impossible to describe the scene that ensued, nor do I wish to renew disagreeable reminiscences; suffice it to say, we vainly

attempted to stem the strong feeling against the plan, which I believed was a just one. One of our party suggested that females must withdraw or not vote, to which Poynder demurred. He proved that he was conversant with the laws by which we were governed. He declared that, under the 43rd of Elizabeth, cap. 2, women could vote, even if they had not paid up their rates. (Immense cheering.) On referring to the act, we discovered he had quoted correctly.

Mr. Gills rose and said,—“Before you put the resolution, I beg to say that I am astonished at the conduct of the mover of this infamous motion. The government agent has stated that the parishes of St. Giles and St. Luke have sent out their pauper children. (Hear.) What, do you wish the inhabitants of this locality to imitate the degraded parish of St. Giles—(laughter and ‘hear’)—or the mad parish of St. Luke? (Roars.) I, for one, will repudiate any such attempt.” (Cheers.)

The vestry then divided, when there appeared a majority of 41 against the contract and the emigration scheme. The people were wild with delight at the result. The vestry clerk then announced the death of the parish surgeon, Mr. Bolus; and a motion was moved by myself, and seconded by Poynder, that advertisements should be inserted in the newspapers declaring the vacancy and naming the day of election.

The remarks with which I introduced this chapter were induced by the speech uttered in the vestry on the emigration plan. I must confess that, whether prepared or not, its effects were electrical, and even caused me to admire the skill and eloquence with which our enemy combated the proposition, and the tact with which he demolished it. The children were not sent out of the parish, but educated and apprenticed to trades in their native land.

In my next I will depict two elections, one corporate, the other parochial; and even my good city of Norwich will admit that, in the good old tory days, such scenes were never enacted.

## MELANCHOLY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

Behold the sea ———  
The sunbeams brightly glance upon its flood;  
Yet in its depths, where pearly treasures lie,  
Is darkest night!

That sea am I:  
In proud high waves rolls my wild spirit on,  
And my songs play, like morning's early gold,  
Their surface o'er.

Gaily they sing  
Of pleasure all enchanting, love and mirth;  
But in my hidden breast bleeds silently  
A dark sad heart.

## COVERDALE MARRIED.

TO OUR READERS.—We have felt ourselves bound to discontinue the story of "Harry Coverdale's Courtship, and what came of it." We trust, however, that in the new tale of "Coverdale Married," which is the production of one of our most eminent writers, our readers will be amply compensated. The courtship being consummated, it seemed but natural that a distinct narrative should detail whatever of interest may remain in our hero's life, and we feel assured that our readers will concur with us in a change which is dictated by motives having reference alike to their and our own interests. We abstain from further observations out of motives of delicacy to the talented author of "Harry Coverdale," who will doubtless imitate our example.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE TEMPEST GATHERING.

ROMANCE generally ends with marriage. The pictures of life at that era are changed for reality. The far off visions of happiness are brought closer, and we have to test by experience the poet's assertion that "distance lends enchantment to the view." The traveller over the plain, looking up at the mountains that bound the horizon, sees them clothed with beauty in the golden sun-light: when he approaches their bases, the enchantment vanishes; bare rocks frown and gulfs yawn before him. Lovers are like the traveller; husbands often like he who has reached the goal: not always—not necessarily—but still often. Life cannot always be a rainbow. The time will come when the bright prismatic tints blend and lose their distinctness. With some they mingle and make light, for others they fade into gloom. Oftener, perhaps, they merge into a lower atmosphere, half sunshine, half shade. So the passion, sentiment, and sympathy of love are toned down by possession, bringing now positive happiness, now negative content, and now again wearing misery; but to all more or less of sameness.

Sameness! That is the death-bed of the romantic. The writer as well as the actor wants action, incident, change, dramatic effects. It is so difficult to take hold of a life story which goes round in a circle one day only marked from another by apparently trifling circumstances such as chequer the ordinary fate of man. Therefore romance generally ends with marriage just where ours begins. We must see if we cannot find variety among repetitions—picturesqueness in monotony. We do in nature's inanimate works, where no two things are exactly alike, though similar. Why not in man's life, and the circumstances which mould him while he creates them.

We have seen Coverdale courting and Coverdale married; "cutting out," as Tom Hazlehurst would say, old Crane the cotton spinner, as preliminary to weaving the web of his own future. We have got past the wooing, the wedding gifts, the weeping bridesmaids, the sonorous clergyman, the breakfast with its sly jokes made mostly by middle-aged or old gentlemen whose pleasures are those of memory—past the honeymoon, insipid in its sweetness to all but those immediately concerned—the continental tour, with its sight-seeing



and frippery and extravagance. Harry Coverdale is a husband; Alice Hazlehurst, that was, a matron. We have to learn how his rough, jovial, rollicking nature will blend with her soft gentleness—how his free-and-easy style and tendency to “slang” will contrast with her inbred delicacy and sense of natural graceful dignity and propriety—how husband and wife will attract and modify each other, or repulse and concentrate upon self as husband and wife always do. Think you then there is no romance in this? If you do, you are mistaken. It has all the romance of that grand mystery, the action of one nature upon another.

In Harry Coverdale old habits had begun to resume their sway, as old tastes asserted their dominion. We may question indeed whether those said old habits had ever relaxed their empire. True, during the time of his love-making, the birds were safe from his gun and his lips gave utterance to softer sounds than a view halloo. But was not his pursuit of Alice something of a chase? Had it not the temptingness of uncertainty, the excitement of a gallop over rough ground, the perilousness of a desperate leap with the landing place hidden? Something of the sort, depend upon it, If the sportsman was hidden behind the lover, the lover was built upon the sportsman. And now; what now? Is the temporary to triumph over that which time has rooted deeply? Only time can tell. We must follow the record.

If you were to ask Harry whether he liked his gun and dogs better than Alice, he would scout the idea of saying yes—if you were to venture to inquire whether he thought his horse more beautiful than his wife, he would most probably knock you down; and considering that Tom Hazlehurst has vouched that he (Harry) is “A 1 with his fist,” that would be, to say the least of it, unpleasant. Yet, putting aside self-deception, how does the matter really stand? He leaves Alice at home fretting and fuming, while he plods over the furrows after the birds, and he is positively going to break a promise which would chain him to her side for a whole day in order to help Tom Rattleworth to buy a stud of horses; and this is two months “after marriage.” Two months *before* that event, the long tails might have died natural deaths, and welcome for him; and Tom Rattleworth might have wasted his patrimony on “screws,” so that Harry got a glance of Alice’s bright eyes. Really the human heart is a funny thing, and the more we see of it the less we know about it. Meteorology is an easy study by comparison, and the weather a constant thing, when likened to that portion of the anatomy (popularly supposed to have something to do with feeling) which is situated on the left side of the breast-bone.

We have made these wise reflections—lingered on them, as we have a perfect right to do in a first chapter, by all the established rules of novel making, from mingled motives; partly to do justice to our own wisdom, as it ought of course to be done justice to—partly to give the reader a due sense of his own ignorance, as is only right and proper, and which will be conducive to the establishment of our relative positions of teacher and pupil—partly to stuff him as geese are stuffed (after death) with sage material. Yet to condescend—as we must sometimes, and be confidential—these are not the reasons which have mainly prompted us to disclose a secret which is

certain of being kept, because every body will know it, and which will serve to explain something of what follows. We do not care a bit about the established rules of novel making or any other rules—a fig for them! We are not at all solicitous about showing our own knowledge, because that is clearly a work of supererogation. We are not at all compassionate about the ignorance of other people, that is their business, not ours; and the geese may go unstuffed, or get other than sage cramming before they are impaled upon the spit of life for all we care; but the truth is, that we have held back because we *don't* like “screws.” With our quiet disposition, we never wish to see a larger storm than may be got up in the compass of a moderate sized tea-pot; never desire to hear louder words than those of Mr. Silvery Soft, the popular preacher, whose church is so crowded every Sunday; never can bear tears except upon children’s faces, where sunshine and storm alternate, and where the briny drops *sometimes* seem a merciful dispensation of providence in favour of washing. Yet we begin with a crisis where a storm seems inevitable, and we cannot get along without it. Harry will have his way, and Alice is beginning to feel that she ought to have hers, as the ladies say, “a little;” and these two black clouds louring over the matrimonial Eden, portend what the witches used to revel in, but we do not like—“thunder, lightning, and rain.” Well, since it must be so—it must; so we put on our mental mackintosh, and put up our moral umbrella by way of preparation, and dart into it.

When Harry got back from Hogswell—that is the name of the town, hitherto from motives of delicacy (now thrown overboard) shrowded under its initial, where he met Tom Rattleworth—dinner *was* waiting, and Alice *had* been fidgetty about him, and *had* thought him unkind for staying away so long; thoughts which are stronger when the only sound is that of the rain pattering against the windows and dripping from the eaves, than at any other time. But now he had come, anxiety for fear he should take cold—ridiculous as it was in the case of a great stout fellow like Harry when without even a mackintosh—but real nevertheless, banished all feelings of that kind. Then after a due amount of precaution in the shape of changing clothes which were not wet, and a trifle of small kisses which we need not more particularly designate, there was dinner, which Harry heartily enjoyed, and wine, which he showed more disposition than usual to stay over, nursing his secret. However, it came to an end, and there was nothing for it but the quiet fireside and Alice for the rest of the evening.

Now, keeping a secret was not at all in Harry’s line. Those who know something of him may have discovered that already. He was so used to say whatever came uppermost, that a secret hung like fetters upon his easy manner and rattling tongue. How he was to get through the evening without letting it out he did not know. He would have taken to the sofa and shammed sleepy, but he was not perfectly free from self-reproach, especially when he looked at Alice and saw how pretty she was; and self-reproach is a great disturber, and would not let him be quiet enough to “do the tired.” He would have proposed a game at chess, but he knew Alice hated chess; it was too cold for her, and he did not like it. What was he to do? Well, he did what we suppose many more would have done.

He did the affectionate. What hypocrites we are, most of us! we pet an old dog before we shoot it, to put it out of the way; and when we are going to wring any lady's heart—especially if it be anybody that we love, and know that we ought not to do it—we try to sweeten it by over-tenderness beforehand.

So Harry hung over his wife, and played with her curls, and talked small nonsense about her eyes, not *quite* so sincerely as he used to do, we are afraid; and Alice, poor simple little Alice, was delighted. She thought old days were coming back again; and what was worse—worse for her and for him too, because it gave her fresh and false confidence in her power over him, to mould him and lead him—it roused up that love of mild dominion and soft governing which all women—even the most affectionate and obedient—have more or less of.

Their attention was aroused by a gust of wind louder than ever, howling among the trees and down the chimney, till the fire roared at it as though angry at the intrusion; and driving a cloud of hail against the windows till it seemed as if every pane would give way under the assault.

"What a night!" said Alice, opening her great round eyes and lifting her head off Harry's shoulder, where it had once more found its place, looking half frightened and yet smiling; for the sense of comfort and happiness within was so much stronger than the sense of fear and discomfort without—"what a night! I am so glad, Harry, that you are safe at home."

"So am I, little wife," said Harry, twisting his finger in one of her long glossy curls. "Not that it would hurt me, but—" and here Harry stopped, with a consciousness of how much more sincerely he would have said it *once*—"but we are so happy here."

Alice rewarded him with a bright look. She was in more danger than ever of going wrong now. "I hope it will clear up in the morning, love, so that we may have fine weather for the visit to the Duchess of Pen-y-wys."

Harry hoped in his heart that it might rain cats, dogs and pitchforks, and was near saying so, but—hypocrisy again—he replied, "Yes, I hope it may, or you won't be gratified with a sight of that old ourang-outang."

"How you talk, Harry, to be sure! The duchess, I am told, was quite a belle, once."

"It must have been in the year one, then," broke in Harry; "she could not have altered so in less time."

"Nonsense! you foolish fellow," said Alice, glancing warily at a mirror, and catching the reflection of her own pretty young face, and that of her handsome husband; you will grow old and ugly, by-and-bye, and so shall I, and then I shall not call you an ourang-outang. Will you call me a Chimpanzee, eh?"

And Alice looked up so archly that the answer was—well, we suppose most people can guess what it was, without our writing one of those shocking words which make young ladies blush so, and older ladies, who are more hardened, simper, in default of being able to blush so readily. It was an answer which said "No," or seemed to say so more emphatically than a volume of words.

"Really, though, Harry, if it does not clear up, we must have the

close carriage; and I should have enjoyed the drive in the phaeton if it had been a fine day."

"Yes," said Harry, somewhat abstractedly. Internally he was thinking what blessed days those were when ladies rode on pillions, and internally consigning to a place which shall be nameless the man who first invented close carriages, and so privileged women to go out visiting in all weathers. It would have been much better for Harry if he had made up his mind to tell the whole truth, confess he had been wrong, and throw himself upon the mercy of Alice. But how seldom we do that which it would be better to do. Given two ways of acting, the chances are that, somehow or another, we choose the worse. So Harry thought instead, whether he could not manage to smash a panel or two of the carriage, or break a spring, or somehow render what he mentally phrased as the "d—d old trap" unusable. Probably he would have managed it, but the door opened, and Wilkins made his appearance.

"Well, Wilkins, what is it?"

"If you please, sir, Tom Bradshaw, sir, wants to speak to you."

Tom was the groom—a somewhat important personage in Harry's household.

"What's amiss, Wilkins?"

"Well, sir, I don't rightly know, but something wrong with the horses, sir."

"D———" A curse rose to Harry's lips, but he stopped it, as all bad things ought to be stopped in their first beginnings. "Send him in."

Tom came in bowing—about him an odour of stabledom which Harry of course did not notice, but which struck unpleasantly on Alice's olfactories. Tom had not been in the room since a mistress had made it rather finer and more precise than it used to be, and it was evidently too fine for him. After pulling his forelock as though it had been a horse's, he shifted his stable cap from one hand to another as though he did not exactly know what to do with it or his hands either, and rested now on one foot now on the other, as though the soft carpet did not suit what he called his "frogs."

We do not know that Tom's appearance, just now at all events, concerns anybody; but it is the fashion in these times to paint pictures, and, now that art is lapsing into the mediæval style, rather minute ones too. The great artists paint the moss on the wall, the hole where a bit of mortar has tumbled out, the back buttons of a man's coat, one of them a little looser than the other, the splash of dry dirt half way up his trousers which he forgot to brush off since yesterday, all with painful exactness; so why not paint Tom, or at least take a pen-and-ink sketch of him. We would not miss being in the fashion for something: out of the fashion out of the world.

Tom was a very different man from the butler. We forget, by the way, whether Wilkins has been painted yet. If he has not, he ought to have been. He was prim, trim and deferential, full of bows as a willow, and soft of speech as the wind sighing through its branches. We hope the simile is not too poetical for a butler. If it is, it is at the service of the next tuft-hunting novelist who writes about a lord. Tom was as rough as a colt which had not been curry-combed. He was short, both of speech and in person. His head

looked as though it might be the remnants of a worn-out stable-broom, and his legs two old handles. His striped jacket gave a zebra-like appearance to his horseish aspect. His neckcloth was more like an elongated wisp of straw than aught else, and his face bore a disfigured nose, or rather a part of one, one horse having first bitten off a piece in his youth (how long ago that was no one could guess), and another kicked it flat in more mature age. Alice shrunk from his ugliness with all the sensitiveness of youth and beauty. Harry liked him because he "knew what a horse was."

"Now then, Tom, what's the matter?"

"Chesn't Filly," said Tom, sententiously.

"Well, what of her?" asked the master quickly, for the chesnut filly—that chesnut filly by Hercules, out of Bullfinch, of which we heard, at Paris, was a favourite.

"Gone wrong, sir."

"Gone wrong—how?"

"Staggers," was Tom's answer.

"God bless my soul—how deuced unlucky! What have you done to her?"

"Bled her."

"Will she get better, Tom?"

"Dunno—can't say ezactly. Been off her feed lately. Didn't take her gallops kindly. Kicked yestdy desprit. Wrong side o' post I reckon."

This was a long speech for Tom; rather enigmatical too; but he had clearly exhausted himself by the effort. Harry turned to Alice and said, "I must go and see to this, my dear. Precious unlucky—would not have taken three hundred guineas for her;" and he was following the long-backed figure of Tom out of the room from which the owner of the said long-backed figure seemed glad to escape, when Alice asked—

"Harry, how long shall you be?"

"How long? 'pon my soul I don't know—no telling. I must see the end of it. Don't you wait for me, Ally; better go to bed."

And so he went, leaving the bright-eyed wife in love for the chesnut filly in the staggers. Most likely most of us would have done the same.

We said just now that Tom was long-backed. So are all men who belong to stables. How is it? we wonder. At first we thought it was the sort of clothes they wear; but then they are not made for their clothes, but their clothes for them; so that must be a mistake. Then we thought it must be their natural build, and that only long-backed men took to horses. But we have taken notice and find that short backed boys transported to stabledom grow up into long-backed men,—so that must be a mistake too. The only conclusion we have been able to arrive at is, that there is some mysterious process of assimilation at work which draws the man closer in form to the animal he tends.

We know this is a digression,—that it has nothing in the world to do with the story; but we are not going to beg pardon for it, after the fashion of ordinary novel writers,—not at all. We must think of something while Coverdale is going to the stable, and better think

of that—a theory which yet may employ philosophers—than Harry's curses and imprecations by the way.

The filly was as bad as anybody could have wished a filly to be if she had kicked him. As we have already digressed enough, and have no wish to be always meandering about, we need not enter into all the details of her treatment. It may be satisfactory to know that Harry did all he could do—that he sent to Hogswell for Mr. Fleam, the veterinary. If the filly had been his wife, he would have sent to the same place for Dr. Pelvis the M.D., and the man would have had the same instructions to “gallop” like—— in both cases. He forgot to break the carriage spring or otherwise damage it, and he went to bed in the small hours when they were rapidly growing longer, after the filly had been pronounced better and Mr. Fleam had expressed his opinion that she had not “taken her last fence” yet. If the filly had been a mortal as she was a human being, we meant to say there could not have been more interest taken in her. But then how few three-hundred-guineas human beings there are!

Harry got to bed without waking Alice, as he wanted to 'do, but not exactly as he intended either, for Alice was already awake and full of questions about the filly—“horse,” she in her ignorance called it. She was “so glad” to hear that it had got better, for she was interested in whatever Harry was interested in. And when at last she did go to sleep, Harry thought—(we are almost ashamed to say what he thought of)—that if Alice was not well enough to go the next day—just a little ill, you know, so that no harm came of it—and could not go to see the duchess, he could bear it. Horrid thought, was it not? Not that Harry was so much worse than the rest of us; but men are selfish enough, we are grieved enough to admit, to get out of an embarrassment at the expense of a little pain to somebody else, though that somebody be one they love, or think they do, which in most cases is much the same thing. And Harry went to sleep at last, dreaming that the begrivelled old duchess was a baboon with a peacock's tail, and that Alice was kissing her.

What was “the storm gathering” put at the head of this chapter for? There is no storm; all is as smooth yet as a looking-glass—and as soft as a down bed—and as sweet as kisses—not *the* kisses hinted at before as producing certain effects on ladies of all ages, but those the confectioners sell. If anybody should raise that objection to the title, here is the answer. A storm must have some time to gather, and generally sunshine to gather in. We could not get up a storm before what managers call the “properties” were ready and the scenery prepared. But if anybody is fonder of a tempest than we are, they need not be impatient—it is coming, and soon too; and we hope the thunder and lightning and rain will please them better than Alice or Harry Coverdale either were pleased with them.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE CLOUDS MEET.

It would have been of no use if Harry had broken the carriage, for it did not rain the next day. It was a lovely morning—one of those



when the waning year robes itself in smiles before its last frown comes. The sun shone with all the brightness, if not all the warmth, of June; the fresh green of the lately watered turf made up for the absence of foliage upon the trees, and the sparrows chirped as saucily from beneath the eaves as though they supposed that winter had gone and spring come before its time. It was a morning to put life into a withered old anchorite, and to make his thin blood run as swiftly as though passion were possible for him.

Alice was awake first, and without disturbing Harry, whose vigil with the filly had tired him, ran to the window and almost clapped her hands with joy as she saw the bright sunshine. Then she looked at her watch—a tiny Parisian watch, with Venus and Cupid enamelled on the case, a gift of Harry's, of course, and saw that it was getting late. "Past nine o'clock, I declare," she said, as she awoke the sleeper.

If ever a handsome man looks really ugly, we fancy that it is when he is aroused from sleep. He seems so stupid, and he makes such ugly faces, and yawns and stretches so hideously that he looks frightful. Especially is this the case if, as Harry did, he does not wake to pleasant thoughts. It may seem a small matter that he meant to let his wife ride over alone to that place with a hard Welsh name upon a visit of ceremony, but it was not trifling in his eyes. He had left her alone often before, but then he had not promised to go with her and broken his word. The first step seems generally a great one, but, that taken, the rest is easy. We are afraid Harry will do worse things yet.

Harry made a good many mistakes—at least Alice thought so—this morning. He emptied the shaving water into the wash-hand basin, cut himself with the razor, cursed a little, just a little, at the mishap, and took her embroidered handkerchief to staunch the blood. Then he put on his riding trousers.

"Harry, dear Harry, what are you doing. Surely you are never going like that."

"Eh!" said Harry, bewildered.

"Why, love, how stupid you are; you must go dressed properly, of course," said Alice, glancing down at her own attire, which showed that something rather out of the common was to come off.

Now was the time for Harry to make a clean breast and it might all go smoothly yet. But there *was* that moral irresolution at the bottom of his character which makes so many men hypocrites. Though he knew that the longer he put off the explanation the higher Alice's expectations would be raised, and the worse the disappointment; though he knew, too, that half an hour or so must bring it out, yet he actually dressed himself as if for the promised visit.

Through breakfast time, Harry was busy thinking how to get rid of the dilemma. Hang it, he would throw Tom Rattleworth over; he would send a note to Hanger Wood pleading a prior engagement. It would have been better if he had. But how could he plead a prior engagement with his own wife. It would look like an insult to Tom; and if Tom took the hounds the thing would be better done altogether; and—and in fact it did not matter to Ally, it *could* not, she could go alone as well as if he went with her. So Harry, after

cracking an egg which he did not eat, and pushing his plate away with an untouched breast of fowl upon it, and beating the devil's tattoo upon the edge of his cup with a spoon, said hurriedly, and with well-acted surprise,

"Alice, I forgot—"

"What did you forget, Henry? nothing of much consequence I suppose? Forgot to go and see the horse, did you?"

Now Harry in his perplexity had forgotten all about the filly, and that shows how perplexed he must have been. "No, Ally, not that; the fact is—that—a—I'm very sorry I cannot go with you to see the Duchess."

"Not go with me, Harry—oh! Harry—and you *promised* me that you would—and I have looked forward to it—and—*Why* can't you go?" said Alice, as her lips pouted in earnest and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, the fact is," and Harry blurted it out as indifferently as he could, as though it were a matter of small moment, very indifferently Alice thought, "the fact is that I promised Tom Rattleworth—you know Tom," Alice shook her head very much as though in addition to not knowing him she had rather not have the honour, "Tom Rattleworth of Chase Park, to meet him to-day at Hanger Wood, at half-past twelve, to go—"

Harry stopped here. He had not only put his wife off—*his wife!* whom he *did* love better than he could anybody—to go with Tom Rattleworth, for whom in his heart of hearts he did not care a brass button, but also for the purpose of helping out an amusement he had promised his wife to give up. "Iron and iron," says Sir Walter Scott, "is false heraldry." Pray, Harry, what is broken promise upon broken promise? Something falser, we fancy, than the falsest heraldry can be. He hoped the slip would escape Alice, but it did not. She had curiosity just as other women have, and the desire to know what it was that made her husband break his engagement with her, mixed with her grief or anger, or a mixture of both, whichever was the sensation uppermost at the moment.

"Where are you going?"

The question was a natural one enough, but it was the tone—half-inquiry—half command, Harry thought too, though it did make three halves of it—half threat—just that tone that a man does not like to be spoken to in by a woman, least of all by his wife.

"I am going to old Bloomfield's. He is going to give up the hounds, and Tom is going to take them and the stud, and if he don't have some one with him he'll be cheated up to the eyes."

"Could not some one else go?"

"No. I don't know who I could get to go now."

"Could not Bradshaw go? I have often heard you say he knows as much about horses as anybody."

That was the fact, Bradshaw did know, and Bradshaw could have gone; but the fact was that Harry had made up his mind to go, though he did not confess so much even to himself, and he would not let Rattleworth know what Rattleworth would be sure, so Harry thought, to guess, that he was ruled by his wife, and so he answered bluntly and curtly that Bradshaw would not go and it would not do if he could.

"Why cannot Bradshaw go!"

"Why, he can't go because—because—Damnation! what! must you know every little thing, and want to tie me to your apron string always? I can't stand it, Alice, and I won't."

Alice had burst into tears when the "naughty word" came out; but her eyes flashed through them when the sentence ended—as it is bad for the eyes of a mild and quiet nature to flash. Take care, Harry—that was very like a look of contempt as well as anger, and the contempt of a wife is by no means a pleasant thing. It showed all the worse, too, that she said nothing. She sat still, more upright than usual, and the tears almost stopped.

Harry paced up and down the room, looking very like an angry fool, in his best clothes. Men never look so stupid as when they are angry with a woman, but have too much self-respect, if nothing else, to be violent. If Alice had only spoken—but she did not. Silence was worse than complaints, reproaches, threats, or even abuse. Harry Coverdale was in a fix. He knew he was a fool for getting into it, but that only made him the more angry.

"Alice, you must go by yourself."

No answer.

"Shall I order the carriage?"

No answer still.

"Do you hear me, *Mrs. Coverdale*?"

"*Mrs. Coverdale*"—He call her *Mrs. Coverdale*! It roused Alice—"I shall not go."

Harry knew that she would not. The tone told him that, and the look which accompanied it. He fiercely tossed his head, "Then you may go to ——" The shutting of the door behind him drowned the conclusion; let us hope it was not spoken.

Alice sat still. Wilkins came in and went out, and in five minutes all the house knew that "*Mistress*" was crying, and that "*Master*" had gone out and shut the door in a passion. In five minutes more the news was carried to the stables, where Bradshaw, who had just received orders to get his master's mare ready, was giving her coat a final touch. "Whew," whistled that worthy, interrupting the sibillation which is a necessary part of the process of horse cleaning, and then went on again, jerking out a sentence or two now and then, which might apply to the mare under his hands—might apply to the "*Mistress*:" "*thoroughbred as Eclipse*"—shshshhh—"plenty of courage"—shshsh "*good action*"—shshshhh—"get the bit between her teeth and bolt by ——."

Harry flung out of the door in riding dress, without looking right or left, and called for his horse—Bradshaw brought it. Harry mounted mechanically, and gathered up the reins carelessly. Did Bradshaw mean anything more than his words implied when he said, "Take keare on her, sir, she's skittish, she is—give meases specially their 'ead and take keare o'yourself?" We do not know what "*ugly Bradshaw's*"—that was his nickname—experience among the ladies had been, and so cannot judge his meaning by that test; but perhaps it may be inferred from a remark made confidentially to a stable helper, before "*Ugly*" relapsed into his customary silence—"Them wimming is the devil."

Meanwhile Harry rode on toward Hanger Wood, giving the mare

her head notwithstanding the groom's advice, and thinking not very pleasantly to himself. He knew he was wrong, but he solaced his conscience every now and then with "No, no, that won't do either. Let her rule me, indeed; turn me into a schoolboy; make a slave of me; tie me to her apron. No, no; get laughed at all round the country." And thus he managed to keep up some amount of wrath against his wife, which was very consolatory; for when a man—or woman either—is wrong, there is nothing like a dash of passion for keeping down regret. It is as good as a glass of brandy to fortify one against the cold. But in both cases, when the stimulant wears off, it is all the worse.

At Hanger Wood there was Tom Rattleworth—who had pulled up his horse at the sign post—smoking a cigar, and they jogged on together, talking that sort of talk which usually passes between a man with brains but a capacity for trifling, and a man without any more brains than go to make up that capacity. Less even of that sort of talk than usual; for Harry could not put himself at ease, and was so palpably "hipped" that even Tom noticed it.

"Why, Coverdale, you're out of sorts this morning."

"Yes, don't feel quite the thing."

"D—— it, man, you look as if you were off your feed. Just married, and to a pretty wife too, I hear, and rich; you ought be up in the stirrups, my boy."

"Well," said Harry, straining for an excuse, for fear Tom should suspect the right one, and remembering the filly, "Horse went wrong last night,—up all night—fagged out," and he tried to yawn to give a colour to the tale.

"What's amiss?"

"Staggers,—would not have had it happen on any account. Beautiful chesnut filly—a Hercules filly out of Bullfinch. Depended on her for the season. Worth a cool £300; but it's not the tin; I don't know where to get such another."

"Get better, p'raps," suggested Tom.

"Don't know,—sent for Fleam, and Fleam says," and then Tom was gratified by that learned gentleman's opinion in full, and the two gentlemen talked as grooms talk, "sensible," as Bradshaw calls such conversation, till they came to what Tom called "Bloomfield's crib."

Mr. Bloomfield was there to receive his visitors, of course, and so was his groom (who strikingly resembled a wiry-haired terrier in fustian jacket and leggings, a likeness borne out by his voice) and Mr. Fetlock, the rival of Fleam in the Hogswell practice.

Mr. Bloomfield don't want describing. He was nothing particular for a country gentleman about to give up hunting. His nose was not redder than the average quantity of port might be expected to make it. His stomach was not larger than ought to belong to a man who "rides eighteen stone and a trifle over," and his voice was not hoarser than free living, hardish drinking, and exposure to weather would be likely to cause it to become.

After lunch, &c., Barker was called in; Barker was the groom. "Barker, show the gentlemen round the stables."

Barker growled, "Werry good, sir;" and they went round the stables, criticising the horses and putting prices on them; Mr. Fet-

lock, who was retained for Mr. Bloomfield, deprecating severe censure by professional favourable remarks, slapping his boot louder than ordinary with his stick when hard pressed, as was his habit. He had plenty of occasion to slap his boot to-day, for Harry was very hard to please. Nothing suited his fancy. This horse was "too low before," that "goose-rumped," that other "ewe-necked," this one "a weed," that with "a head big enough for two." Some he suspected of incipient ringbone, some of being "touched in the wind." Barker growled that "Muster Coverdale was werry hard—owdacious hard, surely." One horse nearly produced a quarrel between Tom and his friend. It was a fine chesnut horse, the crack of the stable. "Spavined, by Jove," said Coverdale, as it stood in the stall.

"Spavin, sir," said Mr. Fetlock, thrashing his boot furiously; "spavin, sir! No such a thing, beggin your pardon, Mr. Coverdale, which knows what a oss is."

Barker growled viciously, "Spavin, indeed; no such a thing; legs as clean as a whistle—fine hupstanding oss as hever stepped; fit to go as any oss in Hingland, or Hireland either for that matter; nayther speck, spot *nor* blemish; carry eighteen stun and a arf hup to any 'ounds in the world."

"Turn him round, Barker," said Mr. Fetlock, adding in an undertone, "This is that Fleam"—and mentally adding an item to his already large stock of animosity against "that Fleam."

The horse was turned round and examined; Mr. Fetlock proudly observing, "he was a oss which invited observation;" Barker snapping out "and no mistake." "You see, sir," said Mr. Fetlock, "no spavin here nor nothing like it." "Nuffin of the sort," Barker snapped in. "Hold your tongue, Barker." (Barker growled as though with difficulty restrained.) "A little puffed, p'raps," resumed Mr. Fetlock, giving his boot a respite, and pointing at the near fore leg with his stick—"a little puffed, p'raps, but *very* little, along with standing which is usual in osses."

"Wery," Barker could not help growling.

"Really, Coverdale, my dear fellow," said Tom Rattleworth, "I think you must be mistaken: see here—puffed a little, but no sign of anything else."

"If these is not there will be," said Harry, obstinately.

"'Pon my soul I can't see it."

"Well, if you know better than I do, why the devil did you bring me here—I didn't volunteer?"

Tom Rattleworth really liked Coverdale, or one word might have led to another. As it was, he smoothed it down and said, "Put the horse up and I'll speak to Mr. Bloomfield about him;" so they adjourned to the house again.

Harry soon went away, leaving Tom to partake of the dinner which he declined. He had promised to be home early; he was anxious about his filly, and his horse was ordered; Mr. Barker growling to himself as he rode away—"Blowed if he was to break his neck this blessed night, if it wouldn't sarve him right for going and saying as Bufferlus (he meant Bucephalus) has got spavin. As fine bupstanding oss ——— I should like to ride him agin anything as Muster Coverdale can bring, I should."

Harry, however, did not meet with a judgment, or anything approaching to one, though he did give the mare her head again and the spurs too. As he rode up the path to the hall, he observed that there was not any light in the windows, which did not make him more comfortable. Throwing the rein to Bradshaw, who was in waiting, he went in.

Wilkins followed him upstairs. "What time would you please to dine, sir?"

"Dine—ask Mrs. Coverdale."

"Mrs. Coverdale not in, sir; gone out, sir, since morning."

"Where has she gone. Gone alone?"

"No, sir; after you went Mrs. Colonel Blusterton called, sir, and the ladies went out together in Mrs. Blusterton's carriage, sir, and mistress said she should not be home to dinner."

"Oh," said Harry, rather relieved than otherwise; "dine now, then."

(*To be continued.*)

## ZECHER LACHORCHAN.\*

"This has been a goodly pile, father," said the young traveller Parero, as he wandered with the venerable Rabbi Gershom through what had once been one of the proudest cities of the Jews of Malabar.

"A goodly pile truly, my son! yet like many a goodly work of man, and like man himself full often, it just appeared in its almost perfect beauty and glory to be ruined or blighted by the stern hand of adversity. Verily many a glorious palace once rose in splendour in this glorious land, which now leaves not a column or a turret to say where it stood; and many a heart once beat with pure and holy joy therein, which now moulders in the dust, unhonoured by a tablet to say that the brave, the noble, or the fair had ever lived. War, war, war! how dark are thy desolations! and whence dost thou arise but from the passions of man?"

"Yet land and nations recover from the shock—when the tempest has wasted its fury, nature blooms in richer luxuriance in the following spring," said Parero. "New palaces will rise upon the ruins of these, the hand of the oppressor will weary of its work, and prosperity once more reign over the region where desolation has usurped a transient sway."

"It may be so, yet not in my day—not in my day!" mournfully replied the Rabbi.

"Yet in the days of thy children."

"My children!—alas, God has forbidden that I should look upon the face of my offspring. Yet it is well—it is better than that such as——" and he pronounced a name between his teeth. "Praised be the Lord who forbade that I should be the father of one like the," and he muttered a malediction on the unuttered name. "Yet it is a sad thing, my son, to descend childless and unfriended to the grave. No kindred blood of mine now throbs in a human pulse?"

Parero would have spoken words of comfort, but he felt that there were griefs which admitted not of human solace. He was silent for a moment, and feigned not to observe the tear that glistened in the eye of desolate old age.

"May I trespass further on your patience, Rabbi," he at length said, "and ask the import of the inscription upon yon noble column—there—where the carving and fretted work appear rather *unfinished* than *defaced*—Zecher Lachorchan, if I read aright?"

"Yes, Zecher Lachorchan, Zecher Lachorchan, in memory of the desolation! It was a wise decree of many of our Rabbins in this strange land, that whose buildeth a house shall have a part unfinished, and inscribe thereon those melancholy words, in memory of thy desolation, oh Jerusalem. And they who have the pious thought in their heart with truest devotion, have writ the words on the goodliest

\* In memory of the desolation.



part of their dwelling; while the worldly and careless only comply with the form, by leaving incomplete some ignoble spot, and there—but it is too vile a deed, too like a blasphemy—let me not publish to a stranger the iniquities of our race. He who pitched his tabernacle here, was the most devout and worthy of the seed of Israel. If thou wilt follow me, I will show thee yet another Zecher Lachorchan; and if thou canst bear with the tedium of an aged and sorrowing man, I will tell the tale of the desolation amongst which we tread. It eases the sorrows of the wretched, to impart them to an ear that refuses not its attention."

"And add, father," said his companion, "to a heart willing to sympathize.—I follow."

Slowly, and with faltering steps, Gershom proceeded to make his way through the ruins. Here they stumbled among columns and pillars of the noblest architecture, there they trod upon fragments of exquisite sculpture; at one moment they encountered the relics of the Moslem, at another of the Pagan destroyers, mingled among the wrecks of their prey. Amidst these were interspersed groves and gardens, and they too spoke of the splendour of the former possessors. They at length reached a parterre, which, even in its ruin, told that here the master hand of taste had exerted his highest skill, unrestrained by the sordid calculations of cost of gold; and here it even seemed as if some friendly hand had essayed to arrest the work of desolation. Alleys of the finest marble, with here and there some text of holy writ inlaid in characters of gold, led to various parts of the garden, where streams meandered and fountains played, or cisterns of quiet waters offered their cooling waves to refresh the languid limbs, or quench the thirst of the dwellers of so hot a climate. They now approached the northern side of the garden among trees and shrubs, the loveliest and sweetest that even the favoured soil of India could produce, while in the centre of its luxurious bowers, a bright fountain still essayed to throw its clear waters into the air. This spot the ruthless hand of war seemed to have spared, as if, even in its fury it could not mar so fair a scene, where appeared concentrated the choicest gifts of nature and of art. Here was a spot that might invite the weary to repose, the thoughtful to meditate, the sad to muse upon the mournful past, the gay to sport, the fond to woo: here here seemed that man might need to win him to pure and noble thoughts; might anger retire to calm its passions, and hush the suggestions of revenge; here too was something wanting, as if to teach the solemn lesson that man may not expect on earth the perfect fulfilment of all his desires, even where they are apparently commingled with sin. A curiously carved alabaster vase, that should have held the "Altar girl's perfume," lay unfinished beside the ornamented pedestal on which it was meant to rest, on the most conspicuous part of which was inscribed the mournful motto.

"Zecher Lachorchan!" said the old man solemnly, as they panted involuntarily to contemplate the scene.

"Surely it needed not to leave so beautiful a work unfinished," said Parero, after a few moments of silent and intense admiration, "to express the devotion of one who has it so conspicuously displayed on what must have been the noblest apartment of his palace."

"Truly no, young man, and this tablet is sacred to afflictions—alas, for the weakness of man—which affected his heart more deeply than the sorrows of our race. The day that should have seen his work complete, and raised him to the summit of human happiness, brought him the tale of the shame and ruin of his house, the overthrow of every hope. I have promised that thou shouldst hear the story—but my limbs grow stiff, stiff with age. I must seek a seat on which to repose."

"Here," said Parero, as he led the old man to a rich grassy couch, "is a bank that would invite even the young and vigorous to rest."

"Yes, here is the fittest place for me to tell the tale; here, where we have so often passed the happy hours together. Thou couldst not have better chosen."

"Four hundred years had passed since the destruction of our city (Jerusalem)—may God soon restore us to our inheritance!—when our forefathers, an impoverished and outcast, persecuted race, arrived in these regions. I will not tarry to tell thee the story of our adversity and our prosperity, our good and evil fortunes through succeeding ages.\* In due time we found favour in the sight of the Princes of the land, and a great King formed a league with us and gave us Crangesoor, and many

\* For a very interesting account of the Jews of Malabar, see "Buchanan's Researches in India."

other cities, wherein to dwell. We prospered and grew; we became rich and powerful; we founded cities and inhabited them; we builded palaces and dwelt in them—planted gardens and vineyards, and eat of their fruits; our sons and our daughters grew up in beauty by our side, and we had well nigh forgotten Jerusalem in our prosperity, when the anger of the Lord was raised against us, and we were smitten by our adversaries, while we were careless and sitting at our ease. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! we have forgotten thee, and our right hand has forget its cunning.

"It was in the time of our brightest glory in this land, that Azariah laid the foundation of this palace on the birth of his first-born. Heaven gave him many children. It was long in building, and the completion of the work, and the marriage of his youngest maiden, were to be celebrated at the season of the Passover. Fifty years have slowly passed since that time; age and grief have whitened my locks, and writ deep furrows in my brow; but my pilgprimage is well nigh ended—I am fast going the way of all the earth.

"The maiden was fair to look upon, but her goodness surpassed her beauty; and her betrothed lord was envied by the youths around, and his heart was lifted up and exalted with pride to be esteemed above those not less wealthy or noble than himself, but chiefly when told that the Prince of the land had offered her his love.

"The fame of her beauty had reached the ear and inflamed the heart of Amadervis, king of Vara-changur; and in the disguise of a mendicant he obtained an interview with Shirza. He invented a tale full of sorrow and distress; the heart of the maiden was tender and pitiful; her wealth was great, and she gave him freely from her riches, and prayed him that if poverty or evil should still betide him he would return once more to solicit her alms.

"But it needed not an invitation to induce him to seek again to hold converse with so fair a flower, for the poison of an unholy love had entered yet deeper into his heart. The following day found him an acknowledged though unaccepted lover at her feet. It was in vain that he offered her all the enjoyments that wealth could procure, for these she already possessed in abundance; in vain that he promised to heap upon her head all the honours that princes have to give, for to these she was indifferent; she would not forsake her people and her God for a crown, which, even if she prized it, she might be allowed to wear only while it pleased the caprice of a tyrant; in vain that he essayed the power of a yet more dangerous temptation, and whispered softly of a warm, unchanging passion; in vain that the tones of a real though unrighteous sorrow lent their music to his words, while he told how life would be a blank, the world a wilderness, and pleasure pain if these were unshared with her. Her vows had been pledged before God and man to be the wife of one of her own people, and she refused to bring shame and sorrow on her house and nation. When man stoops to offer love or honours to those whom his pride regards as his inferiors, and his love or favours are despised, woe to the unhappy being to whom his honours were deigned, and who has scorned the great one's gifts, if the tyrant possesses the power to satiate his rage and vengeance.

"Thinkest thou, poor daughter of an outcast race," said Amadervi, in the fury of disappointment, "to gainsay the will of thy Prince! Dream not in thy pride of such a thing; for by every God—if God there be—who rules on high, another moon shalt not grow to its full ere thou art mine; not my queen, since thou dost despise the honour—but mine, and the slave of her who can appreciate my favours."

"Suppose it not," replied Shirza proudly, and with what calmness she could assume—"suppose it not. God, who has forbidden us to intermarry with other people, will save me from such a fate, and defend me while thus I obey his will."

"The tyrant replied not, save by an insulting laugh, and as she ceased speaking he disappeared among the foliage of the gardens. As soon as her fears would allow, she sought for the chiefs of the household, and told them what had passed. The good old Azariah commended the courage of the maiden, and thanked heaven that had given him so wise a child; and then took an oath from every male in his household, that while life remained they would protect her from the power of the King, should he seek to carry her thence by violence. Every man took the oath, and swore it proudly, even Joash let the words pass his lips; though many marked that his cheek turned pale as he asked that the curse of heaven might light on him who was false to his word.

"The heart of Azariah had been pained and his suspicions awakened of late by the conduct of his first-born. Joash had become careless or negligent of the services of the synagogue—had spoken lightly concerning our holy things—talked of the riches and honours some had acquired by complying with the wishes of their Princes and forsaking the customs of their fathers, and asked where was their guilt!

It was whispered by the servants that he had several times had secret meetings with the officers and vakeeds of Amadervi. Lo! truth must be spoken: Joash was already a renegade in heart, prepared to be the *slave* of Moslem or Pagan, according to his hire.

"The night following the last interview of Amadervi with Thirza, found him wending his way to the court of the prince, who was already not ignorant of his name or his desires. The next sun set upon two traitors, plotting to destroy the peace and blight the hopes of a noble house. It needs not to tell what passed—a tyrant will pay largely for his passions—this the traitor knew full well, and demanded accordingly: the hand of a princess, and a post of honour and profit in return for his treachery, and Joash was at his command.

"A cloud seemed to have descended on the family of Azariah from the moment that Amadevri had appeared. A gloom had gathered upon every brow, and they who sought to re-assure the timid Thirza, were themselves a prey to dark forebodings of they knew not what. At night, the lady would retire to rest, hopeful and almost joyful, but fearful visions banished her repose, and the bright sun of glorious morning found her fears returned, and her sorrows renewed. Her lover alone really felt the hope and courage which all others only feigned to possess, and in his youthful pride, he supposed no earthly power could find means to rob him of his prize. He rarely suffered her from his sight, for he said, the fears which at other times assailed her were banished by his presence. Her confidence, while it gratified his love, inflamed his pride to arrogance, and in a moment of presumption, he wished to God that his rival might but seek to rob him of his bride. It was a cursed—an evil thought! Oh God to what cannot the pride of man aspire, and of how little are even the greatest capable! The cold blood curdled round his heart, when he had spoken, and the foreboding of evil, from which he alone had hitherto been free, lighted upon his soul; hope forsook him, and the proud courage of despair alone remained. It was the eve of their nuptial day. They had passed many hours together, here, where we are seated, on this same bank. The hope and joy that his converse had hitherto infused into the heart of Thirza were dispelled by his last words; her cheek grew pale with fear and anguish, and one look of fond reproach, the last she ever cast upon him, met his eye. The sun was sinking to his repose—the hour of retirement had come, for the damps of evening were too cold to light upon so fair a flower. They parted in silence, for a spell seemed over each, as though they could not trust their voices to speak farewell.

"In brightness and beauty another morning rose; gay and lovely maidens came to offer their gratulations, and bring gifts of love to the beloved companion of their youthful sports: youths who once had aspired to possess her hand, came and forgot their jealousy, to join their wishes to the vows that the aged offered for the happiness of one so loved by all. Sounds of joy were heard in halls and courts, and the servants responded in heartfelt echoes to the tones of their masters. The poor were gathered at the gate to receive again of the bounty of one who could so freely give.

"As the storm which gathers in a moment to darken the brightness of the fairest day, so came like a thunder-clap the tidings that the maiden was gone! None knew whither! Not a trace—not a token to augur where! But the deep curses of the men, as they muttered the name of Amadervi, sounded louder than the cries of the women, while they bewailed the fate of the unhappy Thirza.

"A lioness robbed of her cubs—a mother of her child—a lover of his mistress—are they not one? Alike enraged—despairing—infuriate—rash!

"A few weeks passed by, and the sound of war was heard throughout the lands. Our allegiance was recalled from the King of Vera-Changur, and transferred to his adversary, the Zamorin, while other princes readily joined in the league to overthrow the ambitious Amadervi. Our affairs might have prospered had not variance and strife, fostered—if not instigated—by Joash, whose true purpose was still concealed, arisen amongst us and disconcerted our designs.

"Beni-Solomon demanded the supremacy that had been by all conceded to Azariah; and in the battle of Cranganor, with three hundred of our choicest youths, he deserted to the enemy. The courage of our allies wavered; and naught was left save the choice between the tender mercies we might expect from an angry tyrant, or the death of brave men: we chose the last. Our desperate valour revived, for a moment, the failing courage of our friends, and victory seemed about to crown our efforts, when a charge of our enemies, led on by Beni-Solomon and Joash, was made by the traitors who had forsaken us. The heart of Azariah died within him when he beheld his son in the ranks of his enemies; and the arm of many a brave man grew feeble at the thought of drawing his sword against a friend or brother.

A panic seized us ; our ranks gave way ; we fled with shameful speed to seek for shelter behind our city walls. If blood had flowed before in streams, it was then poured forth in torrents ; for mercy had fled from such a ghastly scene.

"The horrors that came to pass when Jerusalem was overthrown, were then repeated. Many of us fired our houses, and slew our women and children, \* lest they should fall into the power of our adversaries. Through the whole day the battle continued, and at night the flames of our burning homes lent their light that we might distinguish between friend and foe. Our ruin was at length complete ; and, if it was victory to become lord of the ashes of a city and the mangled corpses of its inhabitants, Amadervi was victorious. The few who survived dispersed themselves, again to seek for new and distant homes, or lingered fugitive and helpless in the woods or caverns of the mountains. The ruin was complete. Desolation took up her abode, and pitched her tabernacle, where prosperity had dwelt in rich and noble palaces. But the judgment of God was just : in our prosperity we had forgotten Jerusalem, and we were given to experience something of what she had suffered. Zecher Lachorchan ! is it not well inscribed ?"

"Well, indeed !" replied Parero. "But know you nothing of the fate of Thirza ?"

"Little could be ascertained ; but that the tyrant reaped the fruits of guilt, I have not learned to believe. God, in whom she trusted, would have preserved her from such a fate. She was too gentle and timid to survive the alarm which her capture must have caused ; and it is said that on the night after it occurred there was a hushed and quiet burial in the harem of Amadervi, and that the prince was frantic with grief. Joash received a traitor's reward ; he perished by the hand of an assassin hired by the king, who had been himself disappointed of his expected prize."

"And Azariah ? and the lover ?" inquired the stranger.

"The good old man died, as became him, on the threshold of his blazing home. The lover was not so happy. He was left for dead upon the field of battle, but on the following day was discovered by two faithful servants, whose kindly care, after a long and weary interval, restored him to health, when his first thought was to leave the scene of his afflictions, and seek to forget his sorrows in a distant land ; but this spot had become too dear to me—I could not forsake it. Blame not the weakness of an aged man—even to-day do I cherish the affections of my early life ; to the wise and prudent this must be as folly, but I would not outlive the feelings of my youth, or in vain wisdom forget its affections or its cares. God has implanted them in the heart for good and wise purposes, and, if rightly used, they are the parents of many virtues. Life, it is true, has been a wilderness to me, compared with the lot of many a more favoured man ; but still a wilderness interspersed with many a fair and luxuriant oasis.

"From the ruins around me I have found materials to build me an humble home and from my own sorrows I have acquired that experience which has often taught me how to enlarge the happiness, or relieve the cares of my fellow-men. My hours of leisure have been often passed in this grove, where I have combatted with time and ruin to preserve some remains of its former beauty ; and the moments I have passed here, though they have at times recalled painful recollections, have too supplied a balm to solace the aching of a stricken heart. But these labours will soon be ended, this struggle with my sorrows is nearly past—the hand of death is upon me, and I shall soon be relieved from a combat that at times has been almost too much for human strength. The spirits of those I loved have, of late, often visited me in my dreams ; the memory of the past has been forced more strongly upon me. I think of *them* more frequently, I long to meet them more earnestly ; and it may be, that ere to-morrow's sun arises upon the earth, my spirit shall have returned to God who gave it.

"In the days of my early youth I was once visited by a severe, though short, affliction ; a cruel adversity had laid its hand upon me, when sickness came to my relief, and in the anguish of my body, and the delirium of my mind, I forgot my sorrows. I awakened on a bright and peaceful morning from a long and tranquil sleep ; my sickness had departed, my health was restored, and the first tidings that hailed my returning consciousness, told that the cloud which had hovered over my path had passed away. Oh ! the unutterable happiness of the moment that eased the stricken heart of its burden of grief ! That morning hour repaid all my suffering. So may it be to the soul released from its clay. Such a morning, but in-

\* See "Buchanan's Researches in India."

expressibly more calm and glorious, shall dawn on me ere long, and to that morning no night shall ever succeed, and my sorrows shall be for ever done away."

## EXPECTING SOMETHING.

It is very curious to notice how many thousands of people are always expecting something—how they seem perpetually to live in an atmosphere of expectation. It is not only the young lady or gentleman who will come into so many thousands when of age that is a person of "good expectations," as lynx-eyed mammas tell their marriageable daughters, but almost everybody has heaps of expectations of the brightest kind. Some one once called these expectations "fancy's promises," and we think that a very appropriate name for them, for they are as lofty as fancy's flights, as glowing as her rainbow-like imaginings and generally as unreal as her visions. They are as fascinating too as the works of fancy usually are; for when once a man begins to indulge in expectations, it is almost useless to expect him ever to get rid of the habit.

The most usual form in which expectations show themselves in the unfortunate is a constant looking for something to "turn up." They seem to regard the world as a great wheel of fortune, constantly wheeling round and round, and bringing prizes to somebody; or perhaps some of them look at it as a great card table, where in the game of speculation every card they lift may sweep the pool, and when it comes to their deal then at least they are sure to turn up trumps. A man who has a constant run of expectations is the most hopeful fellow in the world. He is a sort of waiter upon providence, always expecting to have a seat at the table instead of standing waiter-like behind the chair of some of the more favoured of Fortune's children. There is no ruining such a man as that. He is as buoyant as a cork and as elastic as an Indian rubber ball. The waves of adversity never drown him, and he rebounds from the hardest fate with an unbreakableness and brightness that is quite astonishing. He may be drenched over and over again, or have knocks sufficient to break the heart of a whinstone, but somehow he always comes to the surface and has another bound left in him. He is just the man to say "when things come to the worst they are sure to mend," and to back up that wise law with "it's never so dark as an hour before day," without thinking that it is difficult to tell when things are at the worst, or how much darker it may be. Nevertheless if we may put any faith in old sayings, the man who is full of expectations is certainly not a fool. We are told by a proverb of goodly antiquity and fair reputation that "experience makes fools wise;" and if that be the case, he does not come into the category, for experience does not make him wise, and the more of it he has, the farther he seems off the desirable consummation the adage points to. Like the calf that a farmer had which sucked two cows, and (so the farmer thought) the more he sucked the greater calf he grew, the more experience such people have the more they seem to be in want of it. A phrenologist would tell us perhaps that they wanted the faculty of educatibility; but one should hardly think that, from the facility with which they generally adapt themselves to even the most unfavourable circumstances. The fact we take it is, that they are so brimful of hope that it runs over into all the affairs of life, and constantly swamps everything like forethought and calculation. They are continually playing at the old game of opening their mouths and shutting their eyes to see what somebody will send them; and although children may find that sort of hopefulness rewarded by lumps of sugar-candy, the grown-up expectant finds that either the world puts nothing into the orifice, or that some of its wags, taking advantage of the closed eyes, insert something that is anything but gratifying to the palate. Yet with all this it seems such a constant tendency of man, that they are all more or less attracted by baits which are tinged by expectancy, just as mice are caught by the smell of toasted cheese. Even the most cunning, shrewd and artful are taken in in this way, and many an absconded debtor is ferreted out, and many a wily thief snapped, by an advertisement intimating that if John Bolter or James Prig will apply (personally or by letter p.p.) to Mr. Grabem, "he will hear of something to his advantage."

One of the most thorough and consistent illustrations we ever knew of the expecting school, was a young gentleman with whom some years ago we were acquainted. He was the son of a country gentleman, and really had what the world calls "very good expectations." It may be that something of his after-fate



was moulded by a foolish nurse, who was always teaching him to expect something—a new hat and feathers, or a pretty pony, or something that was to be given him. At an early age he was sent to school, where we first knew him, and by that time certainly the habit of expectation was thoroughly formed. There never was anything that he did not expect about, and innumerable were the scrapes which it got him into. He would expect that he could learn his lesson in the last half-hour before he went up with his class; and when he found that he could not, he began to expect again that the master would begin at the third or fourth boy, and that a certain portion would fall to his share which it would be sufficient for him to learn.

The only thing he did not expect was the thrashing—he was pretty sure to get; for Mr. Birchall was a very severe man—rather over-addicted to the use of the rod—who had an awkward habit of dodging the boys in their lessons, and never overlooked a delinquent. All the years, however, that the lad spent at that school failed to cure him of his habit; he went on expecting to the last, and seldom failed to get worse than he either expected or desired.

Among the boys in play hours just the same tendency manifested itself. He was always ready to risk the largest stake of marbles with the certainty that he should win. His pocket-money was always mortgaged to the young usurer of the school—for every school is pretty sure to have an embryo bill discounter—a month in advance; and he was always expecting that the carrier would come the next day with a parcel containing a cake and two bright half-crowns to make him rich again—set him clear of debts and, so long as the cake lasted, put him at the head of the school; and that certainly happened very frequently, though not often enough to satisfy his sanguine anticipation. It was noticed too—even among the boys—how soon young Hopewell began to expect that the holidays would come round again, and for full two years before he was dismissed from the discipline of Mr. Birchall, he expected that he was going to leave school.

That time came at last, and Hopewell, senior, who had no idea of a lad being idle, article'd his son to an old friend of his, a solicitor in London. The youngster started to the metropolis full of the grandest expectations, respecting which he was anything but dumb to Tom Whipple, the coachman of the Tallyho, a fast four-horse coach which passed his father's gate on its route. It seemed, however, for some time that the matter-of-fact study of the law was likely to cure him of expecting. Whether it was the novelty of his new situation, or whether he expected that some day he was to become Lord Chancellor and take his seat on the woolsack as Baron Woodfield (that was the name of his native village), we really don't know; but for a year or so he worked hard, and, not being destitute of talents, made great progress, and became a great favourite with his master. Mrs. Hopewell, whatever her son might have expected, certainly looked forward to see him keeping the sovereign's conscience; and we forgot to say, what we may as well hint now, that perhaps young Hopewell's habit might be his maternal inheritance.

After twelve months, however—whether it was that the freshness wore off, or that he was tired with the length of the ladder that leads to legal eminence—his expectations began to tend another way. Unfortunately for him, a dashing black-whiskered managing clerk in his master's office so inflamed the susceptible heart of a rich old lady client, that he stepped from off his stool into the shoes of the late Mr. Mercer, deceased, whose will was duly proved at Doctors' Commons, personal property sworn under £150,000, to which Mrs. Mercer, as sole executrix and residuary legatee, was entitled after the payment of a few trifling legacies. This set young Hopewell expecting with a vengeance, and made him particularly inquisitive about the will-business, and correspondingly inattentive to everything else. It led him, too, into clothes and jewellery extravagances, which his allowance would not bear. The small vanities of life being closely associated with each other, the theatres became a pretty constant resort, and other public places which added to his chance of picking up an heiress; theatres very often finished in night-houses, and they led to a circle of companionship more promiscuous than respectable, and more expensive than either; and when young Hopewell, at the quarter's end, found himself considerably in arrear, "hard up," and "stumped," as he said—for he had learnt some "fast" phrases by this time—he expected that the governor would "come down" another fifty, or that the old lady would "shell out a pony." Perhaps to some extent these expectations were realised, but the vanities of life are closely associated with its vices as well as with its foibles, and when one of his companions proposed a "little play," just to kill time, he did not want any great amount of persuasion.

From this time Mr. Hopewell, junior, went down the hill, as far as personal ap-



pearance was concerned. He was night after night to be found in sporting houses and gambling dens, betting with blacklegs and playing with sharpers, and ever expecting that a run of luck would come. Excitement and late hours made fearful havoc in his healthy-looking country face, and deep inroads into his purse. Now all his expectations of catching an heiress had blown up like a bright bubble, and the brighter one of winning a fortune floated before him; and as he could as well throw the dice in an old coat as a new one, his dress was neglected. Bit by bit he sunk lower and lower, but still he attended to the office after a fashion. If he had a summons to attend at the Judge's Chambers, he would rush up an hour too late, expecting that perhaps his opponent had waited for him, or had not come, or that something else in the chapter of accidents had turned up. If he had a plea to deliver, he would forget it till a day too late, expecting that the attorney on the other side had not "signed judgment." When his friends remonstrated with him on the course he was pursuing, he always expected that it would be "all right in the end," or that it would be "all the same a hundred years hence."

At last something occurred which had well nigh sealed his doom at once. He was fearfully pressed, desperately dunned by his landlady, to whom he was a half-year in arrear, and he did not know which way to turn: even expectation failed him. She threatened to call on his master, and to write to his father, and he shrunk nervously from exposure. At that moment a sum of money came into his hands from a client, which was to be applied to a particular purpose. Straightway he began to expect again. It would not in all probability be wanted for a few days; in less than a week his allowance became due, and his father was always punctual to a day. He could conceal the receipt for a few days, and then replace it. He took it and paid his landlady. That was his first act of dishonesty, and it caused him intense misery. He trembled at every question that was asked him, fearing lest that particular business should be the topic, and sure enough the day before his remittance arrived, the defalcation was discovered, and he was ignominiously expelled from office, respect for his father alone shielding him from prosecution.

For some time we lost sight of young Hopewell, but we knew that his father, a strictly honest man, had discarded him, and we had reason to believe that his mother was secretly furnishing him with the means of living. At last he reappeared. In the interval he had fallen in love with a pretty and good but poor girl, to whom his former life was unknown, and married her in the expectation that then his father would do something for him. That expectation did not fail him altogether, for old Mr. Hopewell, after making some inquiries, which led him to believe that the connection had weaned his son from his old courses, granted him a small annuity to enable him to live, and intimated that after a period of further probation, he might look to be still more favourably treated. Young Hopewell was really fond of his pretty affectionate wife, but the excitement of expectation had too strong a hold upon him to be so soon shaken off. He thought he saw an opportunity of making a fortune for himself, managed to borrow a small sum of money, entered into a hazardous speculation in partnership with a reckless adventurer, speedily became involved in difficulties the magnitude of which appalled him, and when his partner fled to America with all the funds he could lay his hands upon, sought refuge in the Insolvent Court. At his hearing, the Commissioner refused to release him, on the ground that his speculation was nothing better than commercial gambling; that his trading transactions had been effected under false pretences, and that there was a strong suspicion he had connived at the flight of his partner. This rendered the father totally implacable, and cut off all hope of aid from that quarter. For some years he was the inmate of a debtor's prison, living upon his mother's bounty. His poor wife came to and fro daily, her face growing paler and her frame thinner week by week; and well she might pine away, for her husband had again taken to cards and betting among the gaol-birds with whom he associated, and as he became alienated from her, began to look on her as an incumbrance. One morning he heard she was dead, and so selfish does excitement and low pursuits render the beast, that after a short period of sorrow he began to expect that he should get on better now that he had no one to support but himself. Shortly after, his creditors, tired of keeping him in prison, suffered him to regain his liberty, and his expectations of doing well yet blossomed out into full flower again. But just then his mother died, and he was cast destitute upon the world.

We often saw the unfortunate after this, sometimes without a shoe to his foot, sometimes engaged in some precarious and ill-paid calling, but always with some hope in view, with some bud of expectation just about to burst into the fruit of reality. The last time we met, he had heard that the "old gentleman" was very ill,

and he expected every day to hear of his death, and then he should be rich again; and that expectation of the death of his father, on the strength of which he borrowed half a crown, seemed to make him so cheerful that he looked like Joy ready to put on crape, and weepers, and attend the funeral of his only enemy, Grief. He was deceived though, for a week or two afterwards we saw a paragraph in the provincial paper announcing the death of Jacob Hopewell, Esq., of Woodfield Grange, and that the family property, which was not entailed, was bequeathed to a nephew of the deceased. What became of young Hopewell after that, we know not; but if he be not dead, he is probably a vagabond, and perhaps as full of glorious expectations of "something turning up" as ever.

Such is "an ower true tale," picked from the book of life, and it will serve the purpose if it teaches any one the futility and evil of "expecting something," till glowing anticipation kills the effort necessary to realise it, and produces carelessness, recklessness, and certain ruin.

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## A RACE OF TUMBLERS.

WITHIN the last few months, what may be almost considered as a new race has made its appearance in some of the London streets. The passenger who rides through the streets on the top of an omnibus may often see, capering along by the side of the path, a troop of young urchins, whose sex it is not easy to predicate from the rags in which they are clothed, but who from their antics may fairly be presumed to be boys. They go racing along, keeping up with the vehicle with apparent ease, turning over as though they were human wheels, without slackening their pace, and varying the diversions by standing on their heads or walking upon their hands when the conveyance stops, and always looking sharply for halfpence if a passenger happens to be generous. We recollect, upon some of the country roads, before railroads annihilated the stages and vans between town and town, there used to be a few youngsters—hatless, shoeless, shirtless, almost naked, the means by which their tatters were held together being a mechanical problem—who used to run alongside for miles, put on the skid at the hills, and look for a copper or two from the driver. They were almost the perfect counterparts of their London successors—so like, indeed, that the idea of a migration in consequence of the failure of the country trade presented itself to our mind for a moment, but was quickly contradicted by the fact that the London boys are smaller than the others were. Their old friends on the dusty highways running through green fields were apparently 13 or 14 years of age, who when their journey was over used to squat on a stone heap under a tree, and play at pitch and toss for their earnings; while the juvenile pedestrians over the granite do not seem more than 10 or 11 years old, and pass their spare time practising gymnastics in some corner out of the way of the police. In both cases, however, we observed that the fraternities were made up for the most part of Irish children, or the descendants of emigrants from the sister isle. Whether that may be accounted for by the English being more plodding, or the Irish lighter heeled or lighter headed, we must leave to more learned ethnologists to determine.

If our memory serves us rightly, these young professors of pedestrianism and minor gymnastics first made their bow to a London audience about the time of the Great Exhibition in Hyde-park, when horses strained and tugged at the unwonted loads behind them, and the streets were lined and blocked up by carriages carrying pleasure-seekers to the eighth wonder of the world. We were at first half inclined to suppose that this was a new species of native industry, which was brought out as a contrast to the Italian organ and image boys and Dutch buy-a-brooms. But although the Exhibition might have stimulated, and no doubt did encourage this new phase of vagabondism, it could not have produced it altogether. The scheme was too recent to account satisfactorily for locomotive bipeds of nine or ten years' standing; and now that the Crystal Palace has vacated its aristocratic quarters, we see that the active little scarecrows maintain their ground in the streets, and bid fair to become a permanent institution. We must look out for some other cause then, and one is to be found by considering the localities in which the phenomena are most frequent. They are seldom noticed in the line of the Strand or Fleet-street, or, indeed, at all within the precincts of the City. The streets are too thronged there for their exhibitions, and the police too sharp to allow of them; the best part of Holborn is comparatively free from their incursions. They begin

westward about New Oxford-street, and eastward about Whitechapel. From the former locality they branch off along Tottenham Court-road, avoiding the older settled district of Oxford-street proper; and from Whitechapel they continue mainly down the Commercial-road, and partially down the Mile End-road, with strong detachments towards Bethnal-green.

Unless we mistake, it was in New Oxford-street, or thereabouts, that they first showed ahead; and that gives us a clue to the mystery of their appearance. Some years ago that nest of dirt, vice, and crime, St. Giles, was thrown down. The wretched habitations of the very poorest were thrown to the ground, and lofty buildings erected on their sites; while the narrow lanes, close courts and filthy alleys were replaced by the broad thoroughfare which continues from Oxford-street. The work was only half done though, as any one may see who walks down one of the turnings leading toward the Strand, and takes a survey of the "back slums." There, in close companionship to new grandeur, is old squalor—lanes as dirty, houses as filthy and unventilated, footways and horseways as unclean as ever. Dead cats and dogs are not unfrequent ornaments—cabbage stumps in every stage of decomposition might be picked up by the bushel; and, in default of gutters or sewers, stagnant pools—the contents of which might, so far as colour goes, pass for ink—offend the eyes and nose. A glance at the inhabitants is not more refreshing. Here, a hulking fellow with last week's beard on, and in dirty ragged shirt sleeves, lounges against a post, both hands in his pockets, exploring the emptiness of those regions; there, two or three slatternly women, with bare arms, slipshod feet, tangled hair, and "gin" written on their faces, discuss a piece of scandal under their voices, or scold in shrill tones; elsewhere, an old crone sits on a greasy door step, making the musty atmosphere fragrant with the odours wafted from a short black pipe. These are the progenitors of the tumblers.

When old St. Giles was destroyed, what became of the ancient *habitans*? Where did they go? Rather, we should ask, where could they go? These old nests were tumbled down, but new ones were not prepared for them. The consequence was, that an exodus of some of them took place to other places which presented the nearest resemblance to their old haunts; others packed themselves more thickly in what remained of the old neighbourhood. The places we have pointed to are those where tramps go for twopenny beds, and rooms of twelve or fourteen feet square are made to find sleeping accommodation for from ten to thirty human beings. After the destruction of the old rookeries, the children of the families who remained near—attracted by that attachment to localities which peculiarly characterizes the Irish as a race—hovered about the old spot, and played hide-and-seek in the ruins afterwards when the ground was cleared; they lounged in the hollows left by cellars and other excavations; later still, while the new houses were building, they climbed up the scaffold poles, carried home waste bits of wood for firing, and perhaps now and then picked up a stray tool. But then when the streets were paved, and the houses finished and shut up, or opened and tenanted, what were they to do? They still lingered round the place, until the crowds of the great Exhibition year called their powers of limb into play with a view to profit. New Oxford-street then is the forest land of the aboriginal runners and tumblers, those of Whitechapel and other places being only offshoots or imitators.

We have no accurate data for estimating the numbers of this new race. They probably amount to many hundreds, and these are increasing rapidly. The faculty of imitation is almost as strong in a large proportion of uneducated but quick witted boys as in the monkey tribe, and you can scarcely go down a bye street in any neighbourhood without encountering a pair of dirty feet in the air, and a face staring topsy-turvy at you from the pavement. It is not unusual even to see plump, heavy tradesmen's boys, with shoes on, practising inversion against a wall with indifferent success. We cannot help asking, what will become of this human undergrowth. They have been shot out into civilisation, and will not be easily shot back again. They will grow up as strong and wiry as constant exercise can make them. They will be hardy from exposure to weather, and reckless from habits; already trusting to their quickness of foot, they laugh at heavy limbed policemen. It is to be feared that in their school the ethics are not very strict nor honesty very rigid. They will not always we presume, run alongside omnibuses, nor tumble head over heels for stray coppers. They will grow too big and too ambitious for that. Some of them will perhaps form a band of Bavarian or Hungarian Brothers, and go about with a drum, a mouth organ, and a piece of carpet. We have seen some groups already practising preparatory summersets and pyramids; but there is not room enough for all of them to become performers in flesh-

coloured tights. A proficiency in the use of the "bones" points to Ethiopian serenading; but there is a limit beyond which black faces, banjos, and Mary Blanes, will not pay. We heard of some of the country boys of the olden time becoming members of what to the initiated is known as "the fancy," running or walking matches for large sums, and talking familiarly to the lords and commoners who mingle in sporting circles; but those are obviously the great prizes belonging to a very few. But what will the rest do? That is a question we must leave to legislators, and unless they do something to answer it properly, we think we hear a voice in future saying in reply:—"Take care of your pockets; look out for your watches; mind your heads, and be sure that your window shutters are extra strong and well fastened." We hope we may be wrong, but we fear that as they grow up, those who run along the streets will run into crime, and instead of tumbling upon their hands fall upon worse methods of living.

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## THE MONTH'S POLITICS.

THE Coalition Ministry, composed of *ci-devant* Tories, cautious Whigs, and advanced Liberals, has matured its internal arrangements, so far as relates to the distribution of places. Lord Aberdeen has secured the co-operation of Lord John Russell, who takes the Foreign-office temporarily, but will in a few days resign it to make way for Lord Clarendon, and will then lead the House of Commons as an unofficial ally of government. Lord Palmerston, to the wonder of everybody, is Home Secretary, an appointment conferred on him for the purpose of keeping him from being troublesome. Whether as respects steadiness, moderation, or political integrity, it would be hard to point out any intrinsic claim which he possesses to the confidence of a Liberal government, after having done his utmost, for the gratification of paltry personal spite and vanity, to prevent the well-merited overthrow of Lord Derby's memorable imposture. It will be amongst the miracles of political elasticity, if the Premier find it possible to sit harmoniously with a man with whom, for nearly a quarter of a century, he has been literally at daggers-drawn upon all important questions connected with that department of the public service in which they have chiefly acted. By some consultation of the "expediencies," similar to that which made way for Lord Palmerston, Sir M. Rolfe is Chancellor, with the title of Lord Cranworth, to the exclusion of a tried and very able man. We hope that the experiment—apparently an unnecessary and wanton one—may be found to work well.

All the leading ministers who had to "go to the country" upon accepting office, have been re-elected. There was a tedious contest at Oxford, where Mr. Gladstone's opponents mustered strongly in support of Mr. Perceval (son of "Bellingham" Perceval), and would have defeated the new Finance Minister, but for the injudiciousness of their leaders. Dr. Lempriere, the chairman of Mr. Perceval's committee, was detected in certain unorthodox tamperings with truth; the exposure of the Doctor's imprudent deviation from "the thing that was," occasioned much disgust—acted as a wet blanket on the zeal of the opposition—and secured Mr. Gladstone's election. But for this, the result might have been different, and some juvenile scion of the Liberal aristocracy might have had to vacate in favour of Mr. Bennett's and Archdeacon Denison's *bête noir*.

The only defeat the Ministry has as yet sustained, is that of Mr. Sadleir (the junior Treasury Lord) at Carlow. Some of the leaders of the "Tenant Right League" opposed him, because he took office in alleged violation of a pledge to oppose any government which would not adopt the measures of tenant compensation, &c., propounded by that body. Hence a division in the Liberal ranks, and the success of a Mr. Alexander, who is said to be a strong Orangeman. Such is the *prima facie* case: but looking a little deeper, and summoning courage to tell the truth, even where a "delicate question" is concerned, we must avow our persuasion that Lord John Russell was the object sought to be wounded through the medium of his junior, who has served only as the "conductor" of the blow. If his lordship were not in the Ministry, Mr. Sadleir would now be member for Carlow. No mortal impulse is more pertinaciously retentive of resentment than your genuine, full-blooded *odium theologicum*. The memory of the Durham epistle still rankles, ridiculously out of proportion as was the prelude to the performance.

Meanwhile impatient rumour is busy with her conjectures as to ministerial projects of Reform. It is stated, on no mean authority, that nothing less is con-



templated than the adoption of a house-rent qualification of £5; and it is generally supposed that the property qualification of members will forthwith be removed from the statutes amongst which it has long been a dead letter. Poor Feargus O'Connor was, if we mistake not, one of the last victims (some seventeen or eighteen years back) to this obsolete law, which Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham alluded to, in their hustings' speeches, only for the purpose of ridiculing and laughing at it.

Talking of hustings' orations, some of the friends of the Ballot see no great cause for congratulation in the fact of its being left an "open question," when they consider the speeches of the two eminent men just named, who took even supererogative trouble to expatiate on their objections to secret voting. When a dozen members of a Cabinet are in accord against a given proposition, they can well afford to give the odd thirteenth his swing, and permit him to "demonstrate" for the delcctation of an admiring constituency. But those who are discouraged by Sir James Graham's pronouncement against their favourite measure will do well to remember that Sir James is just the man, beyond any statesman of the day, who can swallow the leek, and digest it, *bon gre mal gre*,—who can incontinently retract an opinion, and give in his certificate of conversion, signed, sealed and attested, the moment he finds it expedient to do so. The history of open questions, too, is a history of successes of great events resulting from small beginnings. The tone taken by the ministers shows that they are not inexorably, inflexibly hostile to the system of ballot—that they do not oppose it on what is called "principle"—that is, on a conviction of its mischievousness under all and every circumstances that can arise. It is just one of the points upon which they are in that position which Mr. Wakley in his palmy days used to designate as "squeezable." They proclaim that something searching and determined must be done to grapple with such disgraceful abuses as those which the recent elections brought to light; and if nothing else will do, if all other measures prove ineffectual, why, they do not themselves pronounce the alternative, but they give it to be understood that the supporters of the Ballot shall pronounce it for them.

Whilst the golden harvests of the far south and the far west are more abundant than ever, and speculation extends with gigantic strides, the Bank of England has thought fit to increase its rate of discount from 2 to 2½ per cent., and from 2½ to 3. The policy—indeed, the justice—of this proceeding is loudly and indignantly denied by some of the daily news-writers, and as emphatically asserted by others. Truth may lie between the extreme views of those who contend, on one side, that the Bank Parlour should be influenced solely and exclusively by considerations of the convenience of the commercial world at large, and of those who argue, on the other side, that their own interest, as a private corporation, is the star by which the directors should steer. It is possible that the directors may have had an eye to both considerations; and it is possible, too, that they may have mistaken their duty. But the fact is patent, that the speculative impulse really is somewhat formidable just now; that the stock of bullion has sensibly diminished; and that the monetary convulsions in France, the unhealthy financial predicament of that empire, the precarious condition of French securities of all kinds, are subjects suggestive of grave meditation to the cautious and prudent. But the question is, has the Bank carried its caution and prudence to a vexatious extreme? The controversy has been taken up warmly by our mercantile contemporaries. It is worth while to take notice of one unusual feature in the matter—that the restrictive measures of the Bank have not produced on this occasion, as they generally do, corresponding changes of equal magnitude in the terms of the private discount houses. In fact, the sovereignty of Threadneedle-street is fast losing its *prestige*; it no longer possesses the paramount, all-controlling power which it formerly wielded, sometimes for good and sometimes for evil, on the monied and mercantile interests of the country. Its influence is still great, but it has passed its culmination, and is now rather a declining than a progressive potency.

We wish we had to confirm Mr. Disraeli's pleasant announcement that the abominable Kaffir war was finally and totally at an end. But we are deprived of that happiness, which we devoutly pray may be in reserve for our next month's retrospect. The savages are scattered and discomfited, but, by the last accounts, were not yet wholly subdued. So that Mr. Disraeli, like his friend Dr. Lempriere, when the latter reverend worthy tried to get people's votes by telling them falsehoods, must be politely described as having been "a little too sanguine" in his statement. Another war, of a more regular kind—that with the Emperor of Birmah—drags its slow length along, the super-Fabian dilatoriness of the veteran Godwin being vehe-

mently "objurgated" by writers who are, perhaps, not too well acquainted with all the details of the subject on which they adventure to expatiate so cathedrally.

The unprecedented weather of the last four months has generated no slight uneasiness in that most sensitive of individualities—"the agricultural mind." It is not yet too late to hope for a favourable season; that damage—and considerable damage—has already been done, is a painful certainty. And this circumstance may have some connection with those proceedings of the Bank of England, to which we alluded in a preceding paragraph. Short crops at home—extraordinary imports of corn to make up the deficiency, large exports of precious metals to balance the exchanges—such was formerly the regular consecution of cause and consequence in such emergencies. But it might be profitably considered whether the success of free trade, the recent prodigious development of our manufacturing energies, above all, the continuous inpouring of the all-powerful magician, gold—may not have wrought a profound change in the value of calculations which were based on the circumstances and exigencies of a by-gone period.

Napoleon the Third has got married, amid feasts and raree-shows such as his subjects most delight in. After the offer of a share in the imperial honours had gone a-begging amongst the paltry principalities of Germany, the Emperor has plucked up a spirit, and exhibited his independence of the great sovereigns by whose intrigues his overtures were snubbed. He has taken to his arms a young and lovely maiden, Spanish by birth, and of noble blood and lineage. All parties agree that it is a genuine love-match; but parties are not so agreed as to its prudence and propriety. For ourselves, while we find it impossible to conjure up much esteem or affection for the bridegroom, even in his present "interesting situation," we cannot help deploring the imbecile folly of those who, pursuing their vocation of railing at every thing, good, bad, or indifferent in his conduct, make even this sentimental event a pretext for violent abuse, second-hand sarcasm, and for a repetition of the old, hashed-up prognostications of his immediate, inevitable downfall. Now, perilous and precarious his position may be—inminent may be the catastrophe of greatness so strangely won—but the fact that the Emperor has risen above the superstition of "royal alliances," is assuredly no symptom of that "infatuation of wickedness" which some of the English journals describe as the promotive of this union. We are apt to lose faith in their strictures upon his public conduct, when we find them persisting in mere personal scurrilities so intemperate and reckless as to savour more of corrupt malignity—of a sordid desire to impart "interest" to their columns by pampering prejudices and keeping up morbid excitement—than of the spirit of fair and honest commentary. It would possibly be more fortunate for Napoleon—it would, at all events, conduce more to his present popularity with the French—if his choice had fallen on a Frenchwoman: but even here—supposing for a moment that his dynasty is to last, and we may well conceive that his proceedings are governed by that calculation—powerful historical arguments could be urged against the policy of royal intermarriages with native subjects. Such marriages have on many occasions been the fruitful parents of intolerable tyranny, the tyranny of predominant family cliques, and plunged nations into the horrors of protracted intestine discord. On the whole, we are disposed to think, that the Emperor's appearance in his new and most unexpected character of a sentimentalist, will not damage his prospects at home or abroad.

Memorandum—That his imperial authority has been at length formally recognised by those of the European powers which usually "hang back" as long as possible from accepting revolutionary "facts." The Russian autocrat, as a matter of course, went through this formality with the worst possible grace. Our foolish Lord Malmesbury had rushed to the extreme of misplaced adulation, and thus made himself ridiculous: the unbending Nicholas took the contrary extreme of a superciliousness bordering on insult; and if his object were to plant ineradicable hatred in the heart of the *parvenu* potentate, he has, doubtless, succeeded.

But Napoleon's difficulties now crowd fast and thick upon him. The Paris Bourse has been the scene of a destructive panic, and the sacrifices and exertions of the court have not sufficed to persuade the public that the financial department of the state is not rushing to confusion and ruin. Railway shares, government stock, and every other description of security which reflects the fluctuations of mercantile confidence, have been suddenly and extensively depreciated, and have not yet recovered the buoyancy of last month's quotations, and the newly-founded "Land Bank"—the Emperor's especial hobby—has miserably failed in its attempt to prop a rotten system. Indeed its failure has tended to precipitate a crisis—to aggravate the pressure of a reaction of which the severity is proportioned to the



blind, unreasoning confidence which preceded it. The Emperor himself is shrewdly suspected—some of the high officials of his government stand convicted—of stock-jobbing operations of the most unjustifiable character. His immediate personal intimates have been figuring unenviably on the Bourse—his grand chamberlain, the Duc de Bassano, being named publicly in the list of defaulters; and balls and honeymoons, diamond buckles and irreproachable small-clothes, even when sported by an imperial bridegroom, do not extinguish the fear that there is something hollow and rotten amid all this splendour and profusion, and that if the Emperor do not extricate himself by one of those *coups* of which he is so professed a master—one of those astounding strokes of mingled dexterity and audacity, in the execution of which he has hitherto been so successful, a violent and perilous explosion “looms” inevitably in the future. Whether he be now hatching some new device by which the most unmanageable of all his difficulties—the money difficulty—is to be overcome, is a secret which as yet lies buried in the depths of his own impenetrable bosom. Should he produce and effectuate such a plan—some plan more creditable to his wisdom and honesty than was the heartless spoliation of the unfortunate house of Orleans—he will have founded a new claim to our astonishment, not to say admiration; he will have administered a new rebuke to the short-sightedness of those critics who, three or four years ago, used to ridicule this deep, plodding, persevering, courageous adventurer as something only one remove above an imbecile.

Amongst the more gloomy features of this month's history, has been an unparalleled succession of railway and marine disasters, of murders and audacious robberies, and of destructive inundations, occasioned by the merciless persistence of wet weather, in which, however, an improvement took place about the middle of the month. But, *par contra*, there is a large balance of causes for national felicitation. Trade and general business are prosperous; profound tranquillity reigns in Great Britain, and comparative tranquillity even in Ireland. Every day brings fresh tidings of the wondrous resources of our glorious colonies in the south; and though there be a speck in the horizon of our relations with France—a speck which some of our neighbours tell us is destined to gather into a cloud—we would be justified in reprinting that hack paragraph of royal speeches, which periodically informs us of the friendship of foreign nations. Mr. Ingersoll, the American Ambassador, has taken the opportunity of some complimentary festivities, of which he has lately been the hero, to assure us that among our American cousins this friendliness is a reality, and a warm and substantial one, General Cass and his “capacious swallow” to the contrary notwithstanding. *Apropos* of General Cass and his annexation propensities, Mr. Everett, the American secretary, formerly ambassador at our court, and who accepted his present office on the death of the renowned Webster, has produced an able, temperate, and lucid state paper, in which he gives very just and sufficient reasons for the conduct of his government in declining the cool proposal of Great Britain and France to enter into a tripartite treaty, repudiating absolutely, unconditionally, and perpetually the possibility of incorporating Cuba into the Federal Union. Had America bound herself down by any such rigorous stipulation, she would have acted with a foolish disregard of contingencies. But she declined marching through Coventry with Lord Derby's remarkable specimen of a Foreign Secretary. For the rest, we sincerely hope that Mr. Ingersoll's assurances of the affectionate sentiments entertained for us by his countrymen are accurate descriptions of a gratifying fact, though we confess that our confidence in after-dinner enthusiasm is not increased by the tiresome, twaddling, reiterated allusions to “one blood, one race,” &c., &c. These allusions proceed on a palpable untruth, for the population of the United States, with the exception of a very minute segment of the country, is very far from being identified with us by blood and descent. Imagine a Frenchman waxing enthusiastic upon his close blood relationship with the Londoners, in virtue of the refugee colony founded two centuries ago in Spitalfields. The American is far from being a counterpart of the Englishman. In manners, in morals, in sentiment, in physiognomy, in many other essentials, he is conspicuously dissimilar. In language consists the chief “tie.” We shall rejoice if Mr. Ingersoll's picture of American disposition towards England prove better founded than his romantic dissertations upon pedigree.

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## Literary Notices.

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*Ruth* : a Novel. By the author of "Mary Barton." In three volumes. London : CHAPMAN AND HALL, Piccadilly. 1853.

It is seldom that a work makes its appearance under the attractive form of a novel in three volumes, which is less calculated to win the support of the numerous class who are understood to be included under the generic head of "novel readers," than this, the latest production of the accomplished writer of "Mary Barton." And, indeed, if it were not that the novel of to-day is altogether a different affair from the novel of thirty years since, there are few of us, indeed, who would hesitate to pronounce "*Ruth*" an intruder on the ground of the novelist. But in truth it would be extremely difficult to define the limits of the novel. It would be as difficult to define the dramatic essentials of a play; for as in the play the five acts remain the sole condition of form which appears to be retained, so in the case of the novel, the three volumes appear to be the only rule imposed on the selection of a subject or the development of a story. In the novel before us, the story of *Ruth* is nothing less than a beautiful parable of Christian charity. It might well, if deprived of the dramatic action which endows it with life and animation, fill a chapter in an essay on the Christian graces. It is the secret tale of a Magdalen—a virgin flower rudely snapped from its position of purity, and crushed beneath the heel of the thoughtlessly cruel and the selfishly indifferent of the every-day world—the story of a soul, graciously attuned for heavenly harmony and sustained by spiritual strength, unstrung by a coarse world: it is a lesson whence we may learn when we stand to take heed lest we fall.

The framework of the tale is, as it appears to us, of a simplicity severe by design, in order that the smoothness of the general colouring may expose the moral points with greater force. The scantiness of incident assists the attainment of this object, and they who are induced to read the work attentively and with care, will observe a peculiar aim at breadth and singleness of tone, if we may use the expression, just as the story is advanced a stage, or some striking moral is to be thrown up into the foreground. To our mind the artistic skill of the writer is more shown in this characteristic than in any other feature of the story. But we delay the tale.

We are introduced in the opening of this tale to an old-fashioned country town, where our heroine, an orphan child, is placed in spiritless servitude, with other young girls of her age, as apprentices to a dressmaker—one Mrs. Mason, who works her girls' fingers ends off, and is made to appear utterly regardless of the comfort of those about her, or of what becomes of them when out of her sight. The young girl leads but a dull life, as might be expected; but the tenor of her way is exposed to little disturbance until the event of a county ball brings Mrs. Mason's services into play, and *Ruth* is selected among others to wait in a chamber adjoining the room on the evening of the ball, in order to lend any assistance when it may be required in the arrangement of the toilet of the ladies. It is on this occasion that her agreeable face and graceful figure attract the attention of a Mr. Bellingham, a young man of fortune and family connections in the county, who from that moment is unceasing in his endeavours to create in the lovely girl a sentiment of affection. At first, distant and respectful marks of recognition pass between the two, and are succeeded by opportunities, purposely created, of an occasional conversation. These again are succeeded by a short stroll, and on one occasion the affectionate yearnings of the girl to revisit the old farm house where she had spent her happy infancy, induce her to accept an offer of this Bellingham to accompany her on the excursion. The day of leisure selected is Sunday—and she can be back before the close of the evening service! Alas, *Ruth* is destined not to return! The sun of a summer evening had set, and at that critical time she is seen by Mrs. Mason, and reproached, warned not to disgrace her house!—she who knew not what disgrace was! The unprincipled Bellingham is the only one to protect her, the only being who professes to *love* her. \* \* \* We next discover the girl and her seducer in North Wales, and *Ruth* the toy of a youthful profligate. The writer has thrown a great charm over this portion of the tale. We begin to tread on delicate ground. We turn over the pages with care. We wonder how we are to escape the disagreeable meeting of painful truths—of harsh conventionalisms,—how we are to respect society, and yet act as they who love God and respect his laws: but we are

guided over the torrent which foams about us, without wetting our feet, though every step be on a rocking stone.

The crisis which is to hasten the great action of the novel is, however, fast approaching. The earthly trial of the girl is at hand. The young man is attacked with the brain fever, and his family are sent for. The position of the girl is known. The ban of the world is upon her, the finger of scorn points to her as a degraded thing. Her seducer is taken to the kind and select home of his family and friends; Ruth is an outcast, half insane upon the wild moor and heath.

She is saved from the death of suicide by the intervention of a stranger, a visitor to the romantic scenery of North Wales, who takes the lost girl under his charge. Her miserable history is soon known—where all are happy. The heart of the Christian and the man is melted by her destitute condition, and by God's grace he determines to sustain this unbefriended lost one. No time is lost in calling to his aid his maiden sister, Faith, in order that they may consult upon a step which raises so many questions and presents so many stumblingblocks in the way of the world. The consultation results favourably for the desolate one; and the hearts of the Independent minister and his sister, for such are the characters to whom we are introduced, are softened to the victim of a heartless seduction, and they determine to take her home; she shall live with them, and be one of them. When we reflect that Ruth is represented as likely soon to be a mother, and this a child of sin, it may readily be believed that no small skill is required to permit the toleration of such incidents, and these the main incidents of the story. But the development of moral beauty is so exquisitely, so naturally matured out of the social deformity of this lost girl's position, the Christian graces rise so sweetly and at length so completely overshadow as with a mantle of love the fault of the lost one, that the mind never sinks to the coarseness of the facts, but the great moral lesson taught is well designed to win many a pharisaical one amongst us to look at home. And herein we hold the writer to demonstrate great power. We have no coarseness, but at the same time there is no shrinking. It would be utterly impossible for an ordinary hand to sketch some of the scenes in the tale before us. The situations would destroy a second-rate writer. Yet here, whilst the most fastidious reader could feel no offence, there is a searching and suggestive self-questioning set on foot, which should leave the great mass of readers wiser than it finds them, or the world would not witness the hard-heartedness of many who affect purity and yet have no charity.

We pass over the minor characters of the Independent minister's household and the accessories of the tale, though these are all treated with much skill—the congregation and the great man of the small manufacturing town—for we are more interested in that difficult problem which the Independent and his sister tried to solve but could not, namely the lending themselves to the fiction—a palpable falsehood—of the young girl, nearly approaching the time when she shall become a mother, being a relative who has just lost her husband—in order to account for her finding a home with them. There can be no question that this was wrong. It was a condescension to a falsehood which deprives the character of Benson, the minister, of much of the charm which hangs about it. It was well that such a suggestion should be made by his sister; but it was very unworthy to allow it to be entertained. It leads afterwards to a reproach from one who solicited Ruth as an instructress to his children, that the minister had *knowingly* introduced a girl of bad character to his family. To tell a lie was a degradation of the minister, which with a little more art might have been spared.

Ruth becomes a mother; the world believes her to be as she is represented; the family circle may be said to enjoy happiness. The spiritual refining of the soul of Ruth, under the religious and tender care of the Bensons, expresses itself in a holy penitence which is truly charming. Her child grows in health and goodness. Her time is devoted to her duties, and her life is blameless. She endeavours to atone for her sin by her love to God and her child. We recognize, in the description of this period of her earthly career, perhaps the best illustration throughout the book, of that studied repose in which the writer indulges. It is like a summer's afternoon dream.

The incidents change. The election of a liberal candidate for the borough, introduces us to Mr. Doune and his satellites. The family of the Bradshaws are the most influential electors in the borough. Ruth is the governess and companion of the girls. Doune is entertained at the house of the Bradshaws. It is Bellingham!—the same indifferent, callous man of fashion as when he seduced Ruth. The rencontre is done with a masterly hand. The struggle is a fearful one; the

woman's pride and love for her child finely contrast. But the blessing of God sustains her in the hour of peril! He leaves \* \* \*

A chattering milliner is the humble instrument of communicating the fact which the Bensons and poor Ruth had been at so much pains to hide. The result is, that Ruth is ignominiously turned out of the house. But the heart of the Bensons is open still. They have done wrong in condescending to tell a falsehood; they have done wrong in allowing Ruth to go to Bradshaw under false colours, but they will not desert her. She was a sinful one, as we all are; but Benson is not one of those who believe that mankind show their love of God by persecuting sinners. "I will avenge, vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.

And so Mr. Bradshaw secedes from the little congregation, and shuts himself up in his own pharisaical pride, and thanks God that he and his are not as others are. But suddenly we learn the discovery of a forgery by his son! a son nursed and weatherfended against temptation! for whom the atmosphere breathed had been prepared by the thermometer of previous experiment! That *he* should sink! after all the moral instructions of his rigid parent! The agony of the old man is terrible! But when the paroxysm is passed, and time buys a restoration of reason, the once pharisaical man, proud in his own consciousness of rectitude, and proud of the inflexible virtue of his son, is humbled and bows before the throne of grace a subdued and pious Christian. He knows he has wronged the faithful minister of God's word; he rejoins the congregation, and his heart turns in compassion to that poor girl whose disgrace he had published to the world—whose sin was yielding in guileless youth to a temptation when *none* were near to befriend her! There is a great lesson of Christian charity in this.

It would be vain to give, in the short space which alone we can devote to a brief outline of the leading incidents of this interesting novel, any idea of the infinite variety of aspects in which the sanctity of our moral obligations is enforced, as distinguished from that rigidity of conventional purity which is but as the mere dry bones of social virtue. It would be impossible to afford any idea of the hearty wholesome love of one's fellow creatures which abounds in every passage of the work. But we must hasten to the catastrophe!

After being driven from the house of Mr. Bradshaw, a disgraced and stigmatised female, the bruised heart, as we have said, finds repose with the morally courageous minister, who was influenced in his conduct by motives which were not to be influenced by private gain, favour, or affection. A life of modest penitence is the life of Ruth; she becomes the known attendant and gentle nurse of the poor, and her calling becomes spiritual by sympathy with the weaknesses and temptations of the world! At a time when the pestilence of the cholera rages with so much fury, that all refuse in terror to assist as nurses in the fever ward of the Infirmary, the intrepid Ruth, with a courage inspired by a sense of duty, accepts the post, and wins the kind prayers of the living and the dying! Thus she attracts the tardy blessings of those lips which might formerly have cursed her, and the hearts of all are turned to her with gentleness and love! here in the borough where the history of her disgrace had been a bye-word, and made her boy hide his face from those who should have been his playmates.

The close of the life of our heroine is the least to our taste. Scarcely is the cholera reported to be declining, and Ruth is released for a time from the absorbing duties of the infirmary, than the principal surgeon of the infirmary is represented as having a private patient who has caught the disease, and for whom a nurse is sought. Ruth undertakes the office. The patient is her seducer. She nevertheless performs the sad duties of nurse, but retires before the patient enjoys returning consciousness. To die, however! and her coffin is visited by the miserable creature, whom the fashionable world will be under no obligation to the writer for having selected from their class. A more empty specimen of humanity is rarely introduced into a novel. We recognise no two qualities in this creation, but cunning and selfishness in early youth, which appear to have only intensified in maturer years.

We recommend this novel to careful perusal. It will be found to contain many a useful lesson of every-day morality, which would be found exceedingly valuable if it were of more frequent currency in the world. We live in an age when there is notoriously too much of the pharisee abroad—too much silent muttering of "Thank God, I am not as other men are!" We have, in truth, a good deal of the trumpeting forth of a noisy and pompous philanthropy, which professes to be more disposed to include the whole world in its embraces, which it cannot, than personally to aid in raising the sinner from degradation. Our virtue is so pure that

we shrink from contact with vice ; though if we were to believe the philanthropists of the day, our principles are so lofty as indeed to be heaven-inspired. The great question which is raised—and, we may say, met—in this book of Ruth, is a social problem exceedingly difficult of solution. We believe the case of the fictitious heroine, as shadowed forth in this work, is dealt with by the author with propriety and with discretion, and in a Christian spirit. Upon so difficult a question, who shall be desired to say more ?

Before we part with this work, perhaps it may not be out of place to notice the useful practical lesson which may be derived from the sketch contained in the first volume, namely, that of Mrs. Mason's dress-making establishment. It is obviously intended by the writer to attract attention, and it is right that profit should be taken of the occasion. We may take Mrs. Mason's establishment as a type of many. Here we are told that the head of the establishment *assumed* that her girls always had some friend to go to on Sundays, without giving herself the trouble of ascertaining whether that were the case or not. Such was not the case with Ruth. It was in one of these protracted stollings the poor girl was led away from the path of virtue ! The plain practical truth is, that the heads of such establishments are too frequently utterly careless of the morals or domestic comfort of the young girls entrusted to their charge.

We perceive the author reserves the right of publication in France. We cannot think it likely to be very popular with our friends across the Channel. With us the work is "at home."

*The Fortunes of the Colville Family ; or, a Cloud with a Silver Lining.* A Christmas Story. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, author of "Frank Fairlegh," &c., &c.

THE "Fortunes of the Colville Family" was advertised for publication more than a year ago under the title of "A Cloud with its Silver Lining," and was intended to appear at Christmas, 1851 ; but the author's illness prevented its completion, and the MS. was set aside for many months. Meanwhile a popular authoress announced and published another "Cloud with a Silver Lining," and Mr. Smedley had to re-christen his book. We are very glad it has at last made its appearance, though with the loss of its original nebular attractions, for it is in every way a very agreeable addition to the many excellent books of the same class that have appeared during the last two months. Like all Mr. Smedley's works it abounds with comical descriptions, and overflows with pieces good, bad and indifferent. But better far than all this is the kindly, healthy spirit that pervades every page of it. Nowhere throughout the story is *right feeling* ever sacrificed on the altar of the comic muse—and this is saying much for a writer who possesses Frank Fairlegh's keen perception and intense love of the ridiculous. Young people will read the Colville Family with pleasure, particularly the account of the schoolboy's doings at Dr. Donkeestor's, which is capital, and unquestionably the best part of the story.

*Agatha's Husband.* A Novel. By the Author of "Olive" and "The Head of the Family."

LIKE the authoress's preceding works, "Agatha's Husband" is a tale of the affections, gracefully and eloquently written. Now, as heretofore, the writer is great in her own department, which may be said to be the dramatic exposition of certain forms of love, and the delineation of character as developed by those phases of the passion. Hitherto her study has been confined to this particular branch of human nature, and the mastery she has acquired over it leads us to hope that we may soon see her exploring "fresh fields and pastures new," where the like success will doubtless attend her labours.

The reader's interest in the story is sustained by the high passion to which it rises in parts and by the writer's enthusiasm, in spite of some deficiency in artistic skill apparent in the construction of the plot. Agatha, a noble-hearted and high-spirited girl, unaccustomed to self-discipline, left an orphan and alone in the world, in a fit of disgust at her desolate position marries her guardian's brother, who is deeply in love with her, before she has any feeling for him but that of esteem. The knowledge that her guardian, his brother, has embezzled her fortune, and the erroneous belief that she had loved her guardian, sink deep into the heart of the stern, proud husband, and give rise to a tender but impenetrable reserve or



his part, which has the effect of goading the young wife, who is ignorant of the causes that are destroying her husband's peace, first into indignation and finally into love.

The first volume and the last part of the third are the best parts of the work. The characters of Agatha, Major Harper and Marmaduke Dugdale are excellent delineations.

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*The History of an Adopted Child.* By GERALDINE JEWSBURY. Grant and Griffith.

Of all the new gift-books for young people which we have seen this year, the "History of an Adopted Child," is incomparably the best. Genius, as distinguished from talent or cleverness, is perceptible in most of Miss Jewsbury's writings, and in this charming volume it is not wanting. The healthy tone of the moral teaching, the noble religious feeling (far removed from the unimpressive cant poured forth so plentifully in books for the young), are sure to produce an excellent effect on all readers of unvitiated mind, whether they be young or old; while the artistic truth and vigour with which the characters of the tale are conceived and worked out, give it all the interest of a genuine autobiography. Children will not know *why* they prefer Clarissa Donnelly's account of herself and her conduct, to the stories of nineteen out of twenty of the model young ladies they meet with, in the books written expressly for their amusement and instruction; but their parents ought to be aware that it is because "the Adopted Child" is a veritable human being, and not a model at all.

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*Nina, a Tale for the Twilight.* By the Author of "The Story of a Family," &c.

AN inaugural story of considerable merit, proving the writer's capability of doing well in another and a higher branch of fiction than that in which she has hitherto appeared before the public. To our taste, *Nina* is unquestionably the best thing she has produced. Here we have the clearness and vigour of thought and expression that characterised the authoress's former works, and a great deal more poetical feeling and warmth of imagination. The story is laid in the 10th century, in the *Weiss nicht wo* of Spanish history. *Nina*, a Spanish maiden—a Princess of Barcelona, as she is called—is dispoiled of her inheritance by a wicked uncle to whose tender care she had been committed when an infant, and though reported to be dead, is living in the harsh keeping of one of her uncle's satellites. The first eight years of her life are spent in the wilds of the Pyrenees, the next six in the rocky and uninhabited island of San Puhlo, on the south east coast of Spain. The only human beings she ever saw, are the man and his wife with whom she lives, and their servant. Her only companions are the wild sea-fowl and the goats. The child's character, as it evolves itself from these savage elements, is well and delicately delineated. At last, in one of her exploring expeditions among the rocks, she comes upon a cavern where a brave knight has been a prisoner for five years for purposes best known to *Nina*'s uncle, who is his bitter foe, as well as *Nina*'s. The knight Alvar, who had been brought up at her father's court, soon makes out who she is, and does his best to indoctrinate her with the habits and feelings of a princess. They escape together to the house of the knight's mother, into whose charge he delivers his little liege lady while he goes forth to prepare the way for her restoration to her father's throne. The young girl, long accustomed to the freedom of savage life and the sole society of goats and rocks, finds herself trammelled by the proprieties of civilised life, and runs away. She falls into the hands of the Moors, and is presented as a prize to his wife, a Christian lady, by the Caliph. After two years, she accidentally encounters Alvar, who effects her release and her restoration to her rightful honours. Such good service is of course rewarded with the hand of the lady, whose heart has long been his. The descriptions of scenery are excellent, graphic, and poetical, in no common degree. *Nina* herself is a graceful conception, truthfully and gracefully wrought out. This *Tale for the Twilight* is, we repeat, a charming little vol., and would well stand the full light of day.



## A GLIMPSE OF MARSEILLES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

We emerge from a big hotel, the biggest of all big hotels—a perfect great pyramid of an hotel. Nearly all the Marseilles hotels are big, but the Hotel des Empereurs is the giant of them all. We cast an admiring glance at its acres of walls towering up behind, and its legions of white jalousied windows, and then we find ourselves in a vast broad street, glaring in the hot penetrating sunshine, save where the double rows of large, but scorched and thirsty and dusty looking trees, cast uncertain shade down upon the crowded panes; and the broad thoroughfare crammed with diligences and omnibusses, with wagons piled with bales and casks, with porters sweating and panting beneath aggravating loads—in fine, with all the elements of the roaring traffic of a great commercial city. But how unlike our own Liverpools, or Glasgows, or Hulls. Every soul in the street, drivers of wains and bearers of loads, are swarthy Eastern looking fellows; with black eyes that flash from under their olive foreheads and tangled elf locks—and ragged clothes and arms that are continually flourished in a transport of gesticulation. We are in the heart of the fiery southern race. The Saracen blood is boiling all round; and no wonder it boils, beneath that sun which comes scorchingly down in one continuous red hot intensity, baking men's skins and seething their brains, and making every little object about of architectural detail or feature or costume, stand out with an unshrinking clearness and decision strange to the native of the misty north. Let us then turn up this shaded street and walk in the deepest and coolest of the shadow. You continue to be struck with the great size and massiveness of the houses, which surpass even those of the old fashionable quarters of Paris; magnificent structures they are. Look up at the architectural grandeur and enormous depth of these great Porte Cochères; catch a glimpse of the deliciously green interior square, clustered with vines, and oranges, and figs—and most probably a sprinkling fountain pattering among the leaves, the four interior sides of the mansion rising round that household garden like smooth cliffs guarding and hiding some oasis glen, and echoing to the songs of the birds whose cages are hung amongst the boughs. There is something very delightful in this, the ordinary arrangement of great French houses, and you see handsome specimens on the best part of the Boulevards; but to appreciate the full gratefulness of the retreat in all its freshness and perfumed greenery from the dust and glare and fierce sunshine of the street, you must visit the great southern cities, and notably Marseilles. But we must push on. Crossing an open space, in the centre of which stands a glaring wooden erection painted all manner of gay and striking colours, and very like a pagoda at Vauxhall or Cremorne, the square around and the cafés, all with their vast windows open, are crowded with swarms of chattering swarthy men. Nine-tenths of them are smoking either cigars or mild paper cigarettes, and nearly as many are jotting down entries in little memorandum books. All sorts of bizarre costumes abound; strange light shooting coats, wonderfully braided—fancy blouses got up in the most flashy style of tailoring; hats of every make, size, and hue,—wide-awakes, jockey caps, and broad-brimmed straw sombreros,—the European costume in all its modifications, every now and then relieved by the fez of a Greek or Levantine; the kilt and embroidered jacket of an Albanian, or the substantial turban and rich flowing robes of a majestic looking old Turk. The pagoda is neither more nor less than the 'Change or Bourse of Marseilles; and the variously-dressed, cigar-smoking, coffee-drinking crowd, are the speculators, merchants, agents, and others, who congregate round such places. Getting clear, however, of the busy hum about the rentes and the rise and the fall of foreign funds, and native railway stock, we still push on. We traverse deep tunnels of streets—we pass small open squares, each with its cluster of scorched trees and soothing fountain; we look down streets where fly all manner of European flags over the abodes of the various consular authorities; and then, after traversing a region of great ateliers and manufactories, always keeping on the rise and sometimes at a tolerably steep rate, we find ourselves in a sort of not very handsome public garden with stunted shrubs and serpentine walks, and a reasonable sprinkling of the fair Marseillaises. The town is now mainly beneath us, but we will not yet look down, we have to climb still higher. Let us rather cast a passing glance at the ladies of Marseilles. The toilettes of most of the great provincial towns of France are far from being Parisian—they are generally too gaudy and frappant, they want harmony and repose. The finery is often worn with great grace and piquancy, but

the very notion that it is finery spoils all. If a woman's dress strikes before the woman, she is overdressed. If the eye instinctively catches the flutter of many-hued ribbons or the flash of brightsome lace, rather than the grace of drapery and the flowing lines of personal contour, the charm of perfect costume is gone, and you pronounce the wearer to be not dressed—but dressy. In respect to this important matter, however, the Marseilles ladies must have due justice. They dress simply and elegantly, and they have a metropolitan air of ease and grace of carriage which you will find neither at Bourdeaux nor Lyons. But the great charm is the stately oriental air with which they glide along; there is Saracen blood in those oval-shaped eyes and long eye lashes, and that intensely black and glossy hair braided over foreheads which poets would call olive, but plain and prosaic individuals would pronounce darkly sallow. The regularity of features is another eastern peculiarity. We of the west and the north have it not. Saxon and Norman features, although pervaded by the same types of temperament, differ much from each as much as faces can do. The oriental is cast in a far more unvaried mould. At Marseilles you see the same nose a hundred times in a street.

Up still, and far above the garden, we are ascending a rocky height, and a steep pull it is. How bare and scorched and intensely dry is the soil. Here a bit of burnt-up turf of the consistency and colour of tinder, but far more frequently masses of reddish, rusty, iron-looking rock heaving up through the partial and scanty soil, which the sun has burned and loosened until it has become little sand dust, which the keen mistral or north wind has scattered in the air. Here and there you come upon a ruinous old stone wall, or an ancient quarry in a projecting mass of rock, still littered with piled-up blocks of cut-out stone. There dwell the lizards. Go gently up,—the whole heap is alive with these morsels of yellow entity. Make a sudden movement or gesture and there is a sort of universal flash of yellow streaking the greyish and reddish stones, and in an instant the live stock has vanished and is snugly stowed in the recesses of the ruin. Those whose ideas of a lizard are founded upon the slow-moving sluggish creatures which we sometimes catch a glimpse of in England, or upon those amphibious gentlemen the efts, who look like spoiled frogs, can form no conception of the lithesome activity and agile gracefulness of the southern lizard, as, after watching you for an instant out of his glittering black eyes, as keen as needle points, he makes a sudden dart, perhaps along a perpendicular surface, so quickly that the eye can catch only a shooting yellow streak, and vanishes into his own particular chink, leaving perhaps only the very tip of his little waving tail to prate of his whereabouts. Do not flatter yourself, however, that you have him at an advantage; advance another step, and in goes the tip into the darksome cleft. The lizard is *cher lei*, in the inmost recesses of his old wall lodging.

Let us glance upwards now. A square strong-looking building caps the hill, with embrasures and a drawbridge, and in the centre something which looks like a steeple; it is, in truth, at once a fort and a church,—the shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde, the peculiar patroness of the Mediterranean sailors, and the prime hope and resource whenever the wind freshens to a double-reefed-topail breeze of the fishermen who man the feluccas and calaban boats about the coast. There is here an ancient image of the virgin carved in olive wood, which is esteemed as being far more adapted to save ships than nautical skill or coolness in danger, and to which accordingly Antonio or Gillaume, when struck with a squall, puts up piteous cries, instead of skinning up the ratlines and getting in the canvas. We cross the drawbridge, mount certain stone steps, and find ourselves on the battlements. Now then for a glimpse at Marseilles. The town lies beneath your feet,—see the sweep of the coast line is broken by a regular basin communicating by a narrow neck with the sea. The basin is circular and its sides are formed of circular stumps of great grey, high-stacked, closely piled houses. These rise each above and above the other, like the seats of an amphitheatre,—the water forming the arena. See how closely Marseilles is packed. It was the basin which produced the city,—the Greeks of old found out the place, and their temples and shrines encircled the inlet from the fine Mediterranean sea. They never founded a city, these Greeks, in a wrong place, and so it proves of this one. Old Massilia flourished like new Marseilles. The harbour was and is its heart,—the salt water its life blood; observe the peculiar contrast between the dusky grey of the houses and the deep blue of the inland patch of sea. The ocean is in the very centre of the town,—the buildings fence it in, and engirdle it,—it lies sleeping in their embrace, perhaps the only instance in the world of a great city built round and round, with

one small opening excepted,—a deep lagoon communicating directly with the ocean. But what of the surrounding landscape,—it is the true Provencal scenery. Hills, all rocks and dust, hard, hot, glaring and parched,—all round Marseilles they rise,—all along the sea coast you may see them inland, gleaming and quivering in the bright burning air. The line in the Psalm about—

“The dry parched land, wherein no waters be,”

comes irresistibly to your memory. The country looks like the cinders of a burnt-up world; not, however, absolutely without green,—a dark, sombre and sometimes greyish green. Wherever there clings the faintest crust of dusty soil to the rocks, the moppish, priggish olive stands in rows grey with the flying dust, and sprawling vines stretch in ragged clusters beneath the trees. Everywhere, too, the rocky slopes of the hill-sides are speckled with white dots,—you may count thousands; they lie as thick as sheep grazing in a field. These are the *bastides* or country houses of the Marseilles city. These buildings are white-washed to an inch of their lines; the roofs are flat; high walls secure privacy to each, and sombre cypresses stand in solemn guard, grimly and darkly green, amid the glare. Every man in Marseilles decently off is the proprietor of a *bastide*. The town cannot conveniently extend into open and airy suburbs, so he has at once his city and his country house. The *bastide* is a Marseilles necessary of life. In the swelter of the crowded and confined streets a regular dwelling would be injurious to health and destructive to comfort. So every spare moment he can snatch from business the Marseilles citizen is lounging at his *bastide*, smoking in its darkened but airy rooms, breathing the evening freshness on its flat roof, or lying in wait with a fowling-piece or pistol to shoot *chastree*, a kind of thrush, forming the principal game of the Marseilles cockney.

But if the land be brown and grey, and burnt and barren to see—turn to the ocean. What a contrast. Was there ever such a wondrous piece of deepest purest azure—the tint is so profound as to be almost imperial purple. There is a sea for you, worthy of Neptune’s dwelling place—worthy of the nymphs and the tritons with their couches—worthy of Amphitrite, in her car of shells. Somewhat different this from the muddy, clayey abomination which ebbs and flows at Margate and laves the wheels of bathing machines. Our own western waters are far superior in point of clearness and colour to the east coast ocean; but even the finest Atlantic blue is weak and thin compared with the true Mediterranean hue. The eye springs delighted from the burnt brown land, to that fresh bright foam-laced mirror, dotted with the white sails of many ships,—the ordinary square-rigged vessels of European traffic, and the high peaked lateen canvass peculiar to the craft of the great inland sea.

Several islands lie scattered about off the harbour mouth. To one of these only we will direct your attention. It is a great brown rock, with fortifications on the summit and walls and ramparts, running round its boundaries; all Europe has, within the last few years, become acquainted with its name, for from the summit of that cliff the redoubtable Count of Monte Christo was flung into the burial place of the Chateau d’If. M. Dumas’s strange and imaginative story has given a quaint charm to that ugly, lonesome rock. All the dungeons of the castle are now open for any wanderer who chooses to explore them, and bestow a franc upon the concierge; and the pilgrimages are numerous.

“I think,” said a Marseilles gentleman to me, “that everybody I know has been to see the Chateau d’If except one.” And he is—“Alexandre Dumas. He is often in Marseilles, but he was never at the Chateau d’If. *Dallieurs*, the rock is a charming place for shooting rabbits; there is a small garrison there, I suppose to defend the rabbits, while the rabbits in turn show their sense of the obligation by furnishing daily pies, fricassees, and fricandeans for their protectors.”

We descend from the battlements and enter the chapel. The chapel! It looks like an exhibition of paintings—a small and not very well lighted gallery of art. But what art! From the floor to the ceiling the place is hung with the most sublime specimens of daubing ever brought together. The average of the pictures is below the average of sign painting. Such limbs—such faces—such splotches of colour—such distortions of perspective. But all the pictures you observe represent some calamity or catastrophe of human life. A great proportion set forth the perilous condition of ships or boats in hard weather at sea; others deal with household accidents. Here you have a woman with her clothes on fire—there a fat old gentleman tumbling down stairs. Representations of “interesting events” flourish by the score. A man getting run over by an omnibus is hung next

another unfortunate being flung from his horse. Here we have a poor fellow falling out of window, and to keep him in countenance another victim is swimming beside an overturned boat. All these pictures are "votive offerings;" they are hung there by the survivors of accidents and casualties of all kinds, in gratitude for the assumed help and protection of *Notre Dame de la Garde*. The sailors have contributed the greater part of the collection. Some of the pictures of maritime trials represent certainly a most terrific state of things, the seas towering over the topmasts. In other cases, owing either to the misinformation of the offerer, or a grudge on the part of the artist against *Notre Dame de la Garde*, the storm represented is not quite so terrific as may be frequently encountered between Gravesend and the Nore. Chapels of this kind are common in the sea-ports of France. In the northern provinces, where the people are much further advanced than in the south, the vessels represented are almost invariably mere fishing boats, and the humblest class of coasters, showing the rank in life of the offerers. In the south you see great three-masted ships on voyages to China or America preserved from some peril, a puff of a squall for instance, not by the seamanship of her captain or crew, but by the kind interference of *Notre Dame de la Garde*.

A paragraph more about the harbour of Marseilles. It is the origin of the town, the pride of the town, and the pest of the town; in fact, it plays the part both of harbour and cesspool. All the drainage from the circumambient city find its way, and has done so for ages, into this common receptacle; and as no tides stir the Mediterranean there it lies, there it rots and stagnates, and from there it spreads throughout the city pestilence and death. The Plague at Marseilles is as celebrated a visitation as the Plague of London; and cholera is awfully fatal when it smites the southern city. Visit the quays on a hot summer or autumn day, strong will the olfactory nerves and mighty the stomach of the stranger be, if he can stand the up-pouring of the putrid miasma. The worthy Marseillais boast that they are used to it, and, in fact, that they rather like it than otherwise—but it is overpowering. The hot shiny water is encrusted with a dense and putrid scum; when oars stir it, the fluid gleams and flashes in strange bright colours, and when paddle wheels churn it the clouds of typhoid exhalation sent up are terrible. It is even said that the stagnation gives birth to horrid inarticulate forms of life, and that glutinous, jelly-like snakes and polypi are to be seen gliding amid the corrupted depths. The process of passing in a boat over this salt water cesspool is as pleasant as may be imagined, but you are repaid in an instant after getting clear of the harbour mouth. Then the breeze comes dancing freshly over the brine, and the waves are as pure as salt waves can be. The graceful feluccas go bending under their striped canvass around you. Perhaps half a dozen stately steamers are in sight,—French men-of-war from Toulon and Algiers, or English mail packets from Malta or Gibraltar. The Adriatic has sent its moyenage-looking craft with peaked and carved prows, and the Levant its quaint zebecs and polacres. Dozens of canopied boats from Marseilles are afloat, fluttering with colours, and the graceful catalan fishing craft shoot through the fleet like greyhounds,—all is life, motion and vivid colouring. The dark brown and grey sweep of the coast,—the peep of the city above the forest of masts,—the deep blue of the sea and the bright blue of the sky, all make up a picture which it is well worth while having crossed the styx of the harbour to enjoy.

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## THE PALE BLUE LIGHT.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

The pale blue light is gleaming still upon the storm-beat shore,  
While, far away, the signal gun booms through the breakers' roar;  
And anxious eyes peer through the night as they their mid-watch keep,—  
Oh! God preserve that stately ship now wrestling with the deep!

The fierce storm howls! the fated bark still drifts before the wind,  
The hidden rocks lie in her track—the boundless waves behind;  
The vivid lightning strikes the mast, but still their course they keep,—  
The morrow's sun may never see that bark upon the deep.

The life boat's manned—they launch her now upon the surging wave,  
While still the pale blue light shines out, a warning to the brave;  
They see it now—and, like a bird, beyond the rocks they sweep,—  
Thank God! that stately ship still rides in safety o'er the deep.

## THE PRIDE OF THE BRIDGENORTHS.

*(Continued from the February Number.)*

A LITTLE child—pale, thin, delicate-featured and bright-eyed, lay on the ground, his head resting on the little grave. An old red cloak was carefully spread over his lower limbs. A girl, about sixteen years of age, reclined beside the child. She was tall and finely formed. Her dress was of dark blue stuff, fitting to her shape and leaving only the beautiful throat and the arms, from a little above the elbow, bare. The admirable form and healthy colour of the arms attracted attention immediately, as she reclined, in an attitude the united dignity and *abandon* of which it would require the chisel of a Bailey to represent adequately; words are useless for the task. She was turned towards the child, with her back towards us; one elbow rested on the mossy grave and supported her head, as she bent over him to catch his small faint words; the other arm was raised to the branches of the yew tree which stretched a little over them, and which, in compliance with his wish, she was bending down that he might pluck some of the berries himself. The child seemed delighted.

"How pretty they are!" he said. "I wish we could always be here Gracey, darling! It is so hot in the house! My head does not hurt me here."

"But, my sweet pet," replied Grace, "we must go back to the village now; I think church must be over, and your mother will wonder what I have done with her little Tom. Shall I lift you, now?" and she made a motion as if to take him up in her arms.

"Oh no! no!" said the child; "not just yet. Don't take me away yet Gracey, I have you all to myself here; and when you are in the village your father and mother and everybody else wants you as well as me! Am I a naughty boy to say that? I dare say I am; but I can't help feeling it—indeed I can't. I do love you so, Grace;" and he put his poor thin arms round her neck and kissed her rosy cheek with his pale lips. "Stay just a little longer to-day. It will be a long time before we get up here again, perhaps. They won't let you stay away from church next Sunday, I know. They will leave me with Betty Carter. Ah! there comes the sun in my eyes again;" and the little fellow turned his head restlessly.

Grace soothed him with soft words and caresses. After a few minutes his face lighted up as if he had thought of something pleasant.

"Gracey, will you do something for me?"

"Surely, my darling—if I can."

"Oh! you can do it easily enough. Don't you remember one day last summer when you let down all your hair for me to play with. Well! I don't want to play with it now; I only want you to let it all down and shake it out like a veil, and then stay where you are, and it will keep the light out of my eyes and the sun will look so pretty through it."

"You are a strange, whimsical little thing," said Grace laughing, but beginning to comply with his request.

"Ah! that's nice again! now I can see you, and I can look out



yonder without being blinded. What pretty colours there are in your hair now ; it does not look half so pretty when it is fastened up. Now it looks as if it had sparks of fire and ever so much gold in it. I don't think anybody has such pretty hair as you, Grace !”

“ I'm glad you like it, dear. Now, shall I sing you that pretty hymn you asked for ? and then we must go, or some one will be sent to look for us.”

“ Thank you, Grace ;” and the child composed himself to listen, with his large eyes fixed on her face.

She began the air of the “ Sicilian Mariners' Hymn ” to some simple English words, in the same sweet clear voice we had before heard.

The sounds penetrated to the hearts of other hearers than little Tom. Leonard, who had mounted to the side of Miss Graham, saw that her lively eyes were dim with tears ; and, to say the truth, his own were not very clear. When the voice had ceased, we all remained in the vain hope that it would be heard again. Miss Graham did not move or speak—she was absorbed in admiration of what to her, too, seemed the wonderful beauty of that village girl. When her song was ended she rose from the ground and stood at her full height, while she shook out and bound up those glorious tresses. I have never seen such on another head, though I have seen many golden and auburn and chestnut. They were a rare mixture of dark red, black and gold, beautifully described by Anacreon—

“ Deepening inwardly, a dun ;  
Sparkling golden next the sun,”

as Mr. Leigh Hunt translates the couplet. He also mentions a comparison of similar locks by Ovid to cedar trees with the bark stripped. There is no doubt in my mind that both the Greek and the Latin poet were occasionally favoured with the sight of hair like Grace Bridgenorth's, though that they were fortunate enough to see it falling around a face and form so beautiful as hers I cannot easily believe. She was almost as tall as her mother ; and her shape was beginning to assume that perfectly symmetrical development which was, perhaps, her highest beauty. Yet how can I say this and not do injustice to that sweet, noble face of hers, from which her father's eyes beamed with a softened splendour.

It is well that we should recall thy young beauty, sweet flower of Ferndale ! It was impossible to look on thee, to hear thy soul-moving voice and not to love thee. Yet all the love of the many who loved thee could not shield thy life from desolating sorrow.

Why was it that Elizabeth Graham trembled and her eyes filled with tears as she looked on you first ? Why did her heart yearn towards you ? Why, when you lifted your little charge and carried him away in your arms, and passed from her sight—why did the place where you had been seem to become dark ? It was that you were, indeed, beautiful ; and that she had a heart to feel true beauty. They are most happy who are endowed with Elizabeth Graham's faculty of perceiving and feeling beauty—the light which is God's shadow upon earth ; for it illumines and gladdens their own souls and brings them nearer to him. Those who have the gift to see and



feel true beauty need not envy the beautiful, for they are as richly endowed.

“A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever :  
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days  
 Of all the unhealthy, and o’er darkened ways  
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,”—

and such was Grace Bridgenorth. Elizabeth Graham recognised this truth when she beheld her for the first time tending the sick child, amid the ruins of the old Castle of Ferndale. From that hour Elizabeth’s love for the village girl began ; a love that worked strange things for both of them.

## CHAPTER V.

### AIDS TO DEVELOPMENT AND VIEWS OF THE VICARAGE.

It was a fine Saturday afternoon, about three weeks after the date of the last chapter,—I was taking a solitary ramble while my old friend staid in the house preparing his sermon for the morrow, when the following words struck on my ear.

“Uncle Seymour ! you are the very person I want ; come here a moment.”

It was my niece’s voice. I looked up in astonishment, for I believed myself to be quite alone. I had not met a creature since I left the village an hour before, with the intention of exploring, for the twentieth time, the summit of the Castle Fell. On geological thoughts intent, I had not troubled myself to look round among the ruins of man’s labour, and was returning leisurely through the centre of the old castle, when I heard Elizabeth address me thus.

She was seated on the little grave beside the yew-tree, in the sheltered angle where we had seen Grace with the sick child. Her bonnet lay on the grass beside her, and she sat with her hands folded on her knees, looking towards me with a half smile.

“Come here a moment, Uncle Seymour ; I want to speak to you.”

I took my seat beside her, and laid aside my hammer and “*bag of rubbish*,” as she was pleased to call the specimens I had collected.

“How is it that you are here—and alone, too ?” I asked.

“I am *here* because I wanted to come, and *alone*, because I took good care not to let any one know where I was coming. My aunt has no idea that one can ever wish to be alone. Is not this a lovely spot ? Don’t you love it ?”

“Yes ; but that is not what you had to say to me, is it ?”

“Not all—though I like *you* to agree with me, even about scenery. I wish we could carry that waterfall yonder with us to Hanover-square next week !”

"I wish we could, niece; it might save me many a concert-ticket."

"Uncle, did I not hear you and Mr. Launcelot talk of a plan for your taking Ralph Bridgenorth with you to London?"

"Yes, my dear. We both of us think it would be of great advantage to the young man. Launcelot is quite right; I have seen enough of him and his scientific tendency to be sure that he needs only good teaching, and access to libraries and museums, to become a first-rate geologist and botanist."

"And you mean to offer him these at your own cost?"

"Oh, that is not a fair way of putting the case, Elizabeth. I always expect a *quid pro quo*. Besides, after all we have heard of the pride of these Bridgenorths, I do not suppose either the youth or his father would accept such an offer. No, no; what I propose is to take him into my service as a sort of secretary and curator of my little museum. I really want some person in that capacity, and should prefer a youth of genius like Ralph Bridgenorth, to whom the business would be a pleasure, and whose education would be an object of real interest to me."

"This is very kind of you, Uncle Seymour," said Elizabeth, putting her hand on mine.

"Not at all, child, not at all; this boy will live to reflect honour on the instrument of his education. Only put the means within his reach, and you will see whether he will know how to use them or not."

"Ah, uncle, your swans always turn out to be geese. However, I *do* believe that there is something very uncommon in that handsome, solemn-looking Ralph. His sister tells me that he never seems to care for any amusement or society; that his whole heart is devoted to stones and plants, and books about stones and plants. I dare say he will one day rival Linnæus and Lyell; and at all events, uncle, it will be a comfort to you to have him with you, and to watch the expansion of his mind. Do you know, uncle, I was thinking of doing a little work in that way myself, when you came upon me just now."

"You, Elizabeth!" and I laughed heartily.

"What are you laughing at, uncle?" she added, looking a little vexed.

"Why, my dear," I replied, still laughing, "You know your father and mother are pleased to attribute all your independence of character and unconventional mode of thought and action to me; and hitherto I have been very contented with the reputation. But, when they reproach me with such a *caprice de femme* as the present, I really do not know. However, first tell me *who* is the favoured youth whom you desire to take home and educate? If it be your cousin?"—

Elizabeth coloured a little and laughed a great deal. At last she said,

"Since you are so very stupid, Uncle Seymour, I shall tell you nothing more, unless you promise to take me back to the vicarage now directly. Mildred and I are to take tea with you and your grave friend. It is getting late."

"We shall be delighted to have your company, my dear. You are a favourite with Launcelot. Put on your bonnet and let us go."

She rose immediately, and after giving a parting glance around, we began to wind our way out from the ruins.

"And now, my dear, tell me the meaning of what you said just now," I continued, as we began our walk down to the village.

"Indeed I shall not, uncle," she said, with a gay laugh. "I shall wait till Mr. Launcelot is with us to enjoy your matter-of-fact, scientific way of joking."

Our conversation then turned to the scenery through which we were passing, and the inhabitants of the village which lay before us. I had never enjoyed any visit to Ferndale so much as the present, for Elizabeth entered fully into my opinions and interests there; into all but my geological speculations, which she only shared in so far as they regarded the discovery of the traditional Giants' cave, and other probable natural caverns in the limestone of the Castle Fell.

The pretty noise of the beck accompanied our talk, and we paused frequently to watch its windings, and the atmospheric changes on the hill-tops as we went along. As we approached the village a few human figures appeared and disappeared on the scene.

"There goes Biddy Barnes, with poor little Tom in her arms," said Elizabeth, "I suppose she has been up to the Grange to get his week's medicine from Madam Castlefort. My aunt is a good woman, but if I were physician in ordinary to little Tom Barnes, I should prescribe a course of bathing and nutritious diet instead of drugs and bread-pudding."

"There is Roger Thwaites as usual," I exclaimed; "any one might know it was past seven o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. I wonder whether he smokes his pipe and eats his porridge every Saturday evening all the year round. He has done it every Saturday that I have spent in Ferndale for the last twenty-five years. And there is Dame Thwaites *redding up* the garden as usual, and mounting guard at the same time over her little grandson, while he learns to-morrow's collect. Ah! woe betide you, Master Dicky Thwaites, if you do not say that collect to his reverence in the morning better than any boy in the parish. It is whispered through the whole class that if Dicky were to lose the top place among them in catechism or collect, his grandfather would beat him with that oaken-staff of his, and his grandmother would give him neither milk nor treacle to his porridge till next Sunday."

"Poor little Dicky! However, they won't break his spirit, that is one comfort! Look at him now! His grandmother's back is turned, and he is helping himself to one of her choice pears from the wall above his head."

"Your eyes are better than mine, Elizabeth,—is that Mrs. Field coming out of the church porch?"

"No; it is Mrs. Bridgenorth?"

"What can she be doing there?" I said.

A smile on Elizabeth's face set me laughing.

"You are right!" I said in reply to it. "I am becoming as curious as a native about every trifle that occurs out of the usual course in Ferndale. Now, you must know that it is Mrs. Field's business to clean the church on a Saturday afternoon, and not Mrs. Bridgenorth's."

"I can solve the mystery uncle. Mildred sent word to Mr. Launcelot that she and I intended to take tea at the vicarage this evening. Now, I leave you to imagine whether good Mrs. Field could make all the cakes essential to that high feast, prepare the best room, and array herself in her Sunday gown in time for our arrival, if she were to do her usual work in the church. Of course she was obliged to procure a substitute in one of these departments."

"I wish, then, she had retained Mrs. Bridgenorth for the home-department and cleaned the church herself,"—I said lightly, while I watched the tall figure of Mrs. Bridgenorth as she walked up the village,—*"it is a real luxury to see a woman move about like that ! Besides, I don't think I ever saw Mrs. Bridgenorth without a bonnet."*

"Well, if you are a good uncle you shall see her without a bonnet in her own house on Monday ; I am going to pay her a visit, and will take you with me."

"I would not answer for the consequences on my susceptible heart, if you were not to be there to take care of me ; and if the lovely daughter were not present to neutralize the effect of the mother's charms."

"Oh, my dear uncle ! in the name of good taste, let me adjure you not to get into that silly old bachelor style of talking about every pretty woman you see. Just as if it concerned you whether a woman is pretty or not. Here we are in front of the vicarage—talk to me about that, if you like."

Elizabeth could say and do what she liked with me, as she well knew ; so I paused with her, to look at Launcelot's quiet dwelling as it stood back from the road, bathed in the golden glow of that August evening.

I have often described the vicarage before to my intimate friends, but I do not think I have yet given the reader a sketch of it, although I intended to do so in a former page. As he is sure to have one (so my niece declares) before this story is ended, he may as well have it now. I can only wish that it were in my power to transport him bodily to that quietest of all quiet country-houses. It was by far the prettiest building in the valley, and was very much too large for its present occupant and his establishment, which consisted of Mrs. Field and her grandson George. But that was of no consequence, as the unoccupied rooms gave nobody any trouble, and added to the importance of the look of the place. It had large gable-ends and a multitude of picturesque chimneys, by which any one at all versed in domestic architecture could have learned that it had been built at various times between the beginning of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, since which time it had received neither addition nor alteration. The walls were entirely overgrown with ivy, and the windows were numerous enough to give a cheerful look to the old place. They were, however, of all shapes and sizes—most of them mullioned and all glazed, with small panes and opening lattice-fashion—or, having that older and much worse fashion, of not opening at all,—a heathen abomination to the apostles of ventilation in those days. The vicarage stood near the church in an old fashioned garden, which, being screened from the north and north-east winds by a high

stone wall covered with ivy and lined by a belt of well-grown fir-trees, was able to repay its master's care, and yielded him abundance of flowers in spring, summer, and autumn. It was well gravelled and tastefully laid out. The principal flower-beds were all together on the west side of the house, but wherever a sheltered and convenient spot could be found elsewhere in the little domain,—a rose-bush—a patch of tulips or larkspurs—a stately white lily or a towering hollyhock, might be seen to testify to the vicar's love of flowers.

In the place of a lawn there was in front of the house about two acres of grass land, planted with good-sized fruit-trees—apple, pear, quince, plum and walnut. Through this pretty orchard plot a path-way wound, from a little gate in the village, up to the vicar's door. In the rear were out-houses and a large kitchen garden—and beyond that was a sort of wilderness, through which the beck forced its noisy way. On the east side of the house, between it and the church-yard wall, was a piece of waste land with a natural or very ancient artificial mound, out of which grew three or four enormous old yew trees, such as may be found here and there throughout England. Wordsworth has described some such—not a hundred miles from Ferndale—as standing

“In the midst  
Of their own darkness, as they stood of yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands  
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths,—or those that crossed the sea  
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour.”

These yews, being at the least twelve hundred years old, were objects of interest in the eyes of an antiquary; and the vicar was very proud of them as the oldest things in Ferndale, as well as the finest specimens of their kind he had ever seen, not excepting “the Pride of Lorton Vale,” or,

“Those fraternal four of Borrowdale.”

During the warm summer noons he was very fond of reclining beneath the wide-spreading “sable roof,” on “the grassless floor of red-brown hue,” there to meditate or read; or, perhaps, as suited the mood of the moment better, to sink into a dreamy semi-conscious state, and with half-shut eyes look sideways along the valley towards the open moor or upwards to the rugged heath-clad fells, which viewed from a recumbent posture seemed inaccessible to any but goats and sheep. Those old yew trees could tell of many bygone thoughts and feelings, moods and fancies of my friend Castlefort. More perhaps, than his comfortable book-lined study within the house; though, *that* too, must have been the silent witness of many a change of mood and feature during the five-and-twenty years of life he had passed within it. You entered the study from a low broad hall, paved with grey slate. There was no light in this hall but that which came from the front porch; and the effect of the study when you went in was the more pleasing by contrast with the gloom you left behind. It was very light and cheerful, in spite of the learned tomes that covered every atom of wall. More than half one side of the room was occupied by a wide window, with a delicious cushioned seat. An ample fire-place was in a corner near the window. A Turkey carpet

covered the floor, and a green baize the heavy old-fashioned table, at which my friend had spent great part of his life. There were two arm-chairs and several heavy straight-backed ones, but no sofas or lounges of any kind—except the window-seat. No articles of taste or elegance were to be seen. No pictures or engravings—no vases or busts. No curtains shrouded the window. Nothing but a daily-renewed nosegay in an earthenware jar, which Mrs. Field called a *beau-pot*, and which always stood in the middle of my friend's table; this was the one ornament of Launcelot's room.

There was a door on one side of the fire-place opening on a passage which led to one or two dark closets on either hand, and which terminated at another door communicating with the kitchen. By means of this passage Mrs. Field kept watch and ward over her master, and carried him his meals without going through the hall. But no one else used the passage, as it was understood that the vicar wished to keep it private. He could go up to his bed-room by an old stair-case which descended into one of the unused closets in this passage; and, in the winter time, he often passed weeks together without going into the rest of the house,—study, bed-room, and kitchen sufficing for all his in-door necessities. But, as I have already intimated, there were many other rooms both above stairs and below. Above were bed-rooms and closets, and “passages that led to nothing;” below, there was one large room which had always been shut up; it contained nothing but a heap of lumber,—chiefly old fashioned toys for children; a go-cart, a swing, a baby's chaise, &c., relics of a race long since grown to manhood. It was called *the old nursery*, though even Mrs. Field's memory contained no legends of the children who used to play there. The door of this room was in the hall, and close at hand was the door of a much livelier place—the kitchen.

This was the gem and glory of the vicarage. I never opened the door and looked in without being dazzled by the refulgence of Mrs. Field's pots and stew-pans, plates and dishes. The sun always shone with meridian splendour there, or the pine logs blazed like the midnight beacon of a lighthouse on the broad snowy hearth. The red tiles of the floor, I used to think, were sufficient of themselves to cook any amount of dinners, they threw up so warm a glow over everything. I never saw any place warmer, gayer, more cosy-looking or more excelling in the virtue of cleanliness. Moreover there was always a pleasant smell of baking or fruit-preserving in the vicarage kitchen; “it stole upon the sense like the sweet north” the moment you opened the door. Something not quite so pleasant stole also upon the sense very frequently, viz., Mrs. Field's voice scolding her grandson, or George's animated remonstrance and speech of self-vindication in reply; still that kitchen haunts one of the greenest spots in my memory's waste.

Not so the best parlour,—this was always a melancholy place to me; though the room was a good room enough and commanded a fine view up the valley from its two bay windows. Upon this apartment Launcelot had exercised his taste and spent his little spare money twenty-five years before, when he expected to instal his bride there. The rose-coloured hangings and sofa-covers were faded now, like the hopes of which they were once the emblem; and the large mirror,



with a crack across its face, typified the frailty of that love whose light should have been reflected there unbroken through life. Launcelot took no note of the room, and his housekeeper exercised her discretion therein. As she said—

“There was no other sitting-room but Mr. Castlefort’s study, and she was not going to let common acquaintances in *there*. Besides, the best parlour should not be shut up like a ghost-chamber, merely because a gentleman had thought proper to change his mind. If there was no Mrs. Castlefort to sit in the best parlour every day, that was no reason why ladies should not sit in it when they came to see Mr. Castlefort. It was the properest place for the company.”

This was Mrs. Field’s word in the matter, and her word was law. Therefore, when I entered the house with my niece on the afternoon to which I am now referring, I was not at all surprised to see the door of the best parlour standing wide open, and to see Grace Bridgenorth engaged in putting flowers into the old Dresden vases on the mantel-piece. She did not see or hear us as we came in, for she was singing. Full and rich were the notes that filled the old silent room; they came over us like ebbing waves of sound as we paused in the hall.

“Listen!—there, uncle!” whispered Elizabeth; “am I not right? is not that voice first-rate?”

“It would make a fortune in a concert-room;” I replied, in the same tone.

“Ah! you are a true Briton,” she said, turning away. “Show you something beautiful or rare and your first thought is—‘What a lot of money it would bring.’”

She had spoken above a whisper now, and the sweet singing ceased. The young girl heard us moving in the hall and came forward.

“Do you want Mr. Castlefort, sir?” she asked of me; and, seeing Elizabeth, she curtsied with a look of pleasure.

“Yes—is he at home?” I said, advancing to the door of the study.

“He is in the garden, sir?—my brother Ralph is with him—I think they want you, sir. Ralph has been invited to tea.”

Grace’s lovely face was radiant with proud pleasure as she looked up at me.

I was glad to find something to say that I might have an excuse for looking at her a little longer.

“I hope your brother is able to give us his company.”

“Surely, sir, when Mr. Castlefort asks him.”

“And did he remember to bring the box of fossils he spoke of yesterday?”

“Yes, sir—there it is;” and she pointed to a box that lay on a chair in the hall. I was about to open it at once, when Elizabeth, who knew my weakness, stopped me.

“If you once look into that box, Uncle Seymour, you will not stir for an hour. Had you not better go to Mr. Castlefort if he is expecting you?”

“Quite right, my dear, I will go. Whereabouts are they, Grace?”

“Under the cedars, sir. If I—would you—I mean, sir”—she blushed vividly and her voice failed.

“Well, Grace, what is it,—can I do anything for you? I said with

surprise and interest; for I could not imagine what the girl had to say.

"Only, sir, if you would be so kind as not to mistake my brother. He is not clever in saying what he feels. He can seldom speak about his feelings—but I know that his heart is full of gratitude to you, sir. Don't mistake him, sir. Pray don't! The folks here call him proud. Oh, sir! he is humble and thankful—oh, very thankful for the help you are going to give him; and, so—so am I—" she added, in a low hurried tone, as if she were almost afraid to speak for herself, though she had taken courage to speak for him. Then raising her head once more, she looked towards Elizabeth—"Miss Graham, will you speak for me? I do not know how. Dear, dear, Ralph! he is so happy! he has got his wish."

"I understand, Grace," said my niece; "and Mr. Seymour understands perfectly. Come with me, my dear, I want to speak to you;" and, nodding good-naturedly to me, she entered the best parlour with the tearful, blushing Grace, and closed the door.

*To be continued.*

## SKETCHES IN RUSSIA.

*[From the Journal of a Gentleman just returned from St. Petersburg.]*

### DUELLING.

DUELLING is strictly forbidden by the Emperor, and any infraction of the orders of his Majesty is severely punished. Indeed, were it otherwise, it is to be feared that quarrels might constantly arise, the results of which would be most serious, as nearly every other man you meet, above the lower class, wears a sword; a weapon not only confined to the army, the navy, and the police, but is to be seen at the side of every student, of all in any way attached to any military or naval establishment, engineers, military and civil, employés on the railroads and dockyards, the superior employés in the tribunals, courts of law, banks, &c. Judges, secretaries, procureurs, under-secretaries, and an infinity of others, are seen with their mother-o'-pearl hilted swords. The most stringent measures are therefore adopted to prevent these weapons being made use of offensively, or otherwise than as ornaments.

I am led to these observations by an affair of "honour," as it is termed, which took place at the beginning of the summer, in which a young friend of mine, a most estimable young man, lost his life.

Two young men, the Counts Rosen and Heinrichoff, officers of the Chevalier Garde, having dined with some of their comrades, and possibly drank quantum suff., had a foolish dispute on the relative qualities of their horses. Each supported the superiority of his favourite charger, the dispute became animated, and unfortunately, in the heat of argument, words somewhat discourteous passed on both sides. An explanation, however, took place, and it was supposed that all was settled amicably. Not so, however; on the following day the affair became the subject of conversation among the officers of the regiment, and it was agreed either that a meeting ought to take place, or that it should be suggested to Count Rosen, to whom the first so-called discourteous phrase had been addressed, to leave the regiment. The mover of this resolution, Mons. S....i, the son of General S....i, undertook to be the bearer of the communication. The consequence was a meeting; and, at the first exchange of shots, the Count Heinrichoff fell dead. As usual, an immediate investigation took place, the particulars of which were submitted to the Emperor on the following day. "This must be put an end to—I will have no quarrelling in the army," said his Majesty; "I will have no duelling. These foolish boys must be made an example of. Let Count Rosen be degraded, and sent as a common soldier to the Caucasus, with power to advance by merit and good

conduct. When he shall have regained his epaulettes, his title and present position shall be restored to him. The seconds, and all who were present at the meeting on the day subsequent to the dinner, be sent to the army with the rank they now hold—thus they will lose two steps; Monsieur S...i, the mover of the resolution and the bearer of the communication, not to have the power, on any consideration, to re-enter the Guards until he shall have served ten years in the army." The sentence was carried into effect the same day.

Since that, the Count Rosen, a most amiable young man, has so distinguished himself in several engagements with the enemy, that he has gained the order of St. George, in an unusually short period has been advanced to the rank of *sous-officier*, and, should his life be spared, it is supposed, and sincerely hoped, he may regain his epaulettes within two years. It is more than probable, taking into consideration that the duel was forced upon him, his Majesty will again allow him to enter the Chevalier Garde.

### IZVOSCHICK AND THE EMPEROR'S CLOAK.

The Emperor, having remained somewhat longer than usual on his daily visit to his daughter the Grand Duchess Marie-Nicolaïvena, the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, having no carriage with him, and being desirous of returning quickly to the palace, most probably having an appointment for a stated time, as he is known to be the very essence of punctuality, took a street sledge. On arriving, the Emperor left the sledge, and was about to enter the palace, when the *izvoschick*,\* not knowing his Majesty, who had returned to St. Petersburg only on the preceding day after an absence of some weeks, taking off his monstrous cap with both hands, reminded him that he had not paid the fare. "Good, good," said his Majesty, "I will send you the money." "Ah, baron†," (pronounced *bahrin*), said the poor *izvoschick*, looking at the palace, "this is a very large building, and has a great many ways out; your nobleness might make a mistake and leave by another door, or the person you might send with the money might not know at which door I am, and might make a mistake; but if, baron, your nobleness would leave your cloak with me, and take my plate‡, we shall both be safe." "What!" said his Majesty, who was amused, "do you imagine that an officer driving to the palace of the Emperor would rob you of your fare, which cannot exceed a *greevenick*,§ or, at most, a *p'yetaltine*?" "Ah baron, forgive me," replied the man, "your nobleness is not an *izvoschick*. You do not know what we do. It is precisely at the palace of the Emperor, at the theatres, at the tribunals and great houses, that we are robbed." His Majesty threw off his cloak, under which was simply the uniform of a general officer, deposited it with the *izvoschick*, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to be passing, and entered the palace. A few minutes only had elapsed, when an aide-de-camp presented himself for the purpose of redeeming the cloak; and telling the *izvoschick* that he had driven the Emperor, who had sent him a ten double note (£1 13s. 4d.), which his Majesty hoped would make up for any sums of which he had been robbed by officers or others; and desired he would wait there until he was sent for. The poor fellow was alarmed; he took off his cap with both hands, as usual, fell upon his knees, burst into tears, and crossing himself—"Gospodi pometa (Lord have mercy upon me); Gospodi boja moi (Holy God! what have I done? what will become of me)? Boja moi! Boja moi! (No, no, no, I will take no money, I will take no money; pray let me go, oh baron, pray let me go);" saying which he jumped on his sledge, and flogging his horse, drove off at full speed, leaving the money in the hands of the officer, who was too much surprised to stop him or have him stopped. An order was given for the man to be found and conducted to the palace, which was immediately done, as his Majesty always has persons near enough to him when he goes out to mark anything that transpires. The poor fellow was now more alarmed than before. He had not only detained the Emperor's cloak, but, by running away, had acted in direct opposition to his Majesty's commands; and the least he expected was to receive some hundred pairs of rods, and be put into the army. What, then, was his sur-

\* *Izvoschick*, the driver of a public carriage. During the winter hundreds of the peasantry, not being able to occupy themselves in the country, proceed to St. Petersburg with a sledge of their own manufacture, and one, two, or more horses, where they become *izvoschicks*, and in the spring return to their homes, frequently having realised considerable sums.

† Baron, or *bahrin*, a term of respect used by the lower classes in addressing their superiors.

‡ Every *izvoschick* wears suspended from the collar of his coat behind a tin plate, on which is his number, and for which he pays a certain sum annually. The shape of the plate is changed every year, that the tax may not be evaded.

§ *Greevenick*, a silver coin, value ten kopecks silver, 4½d. English. *P'yetaltine*, a silver coin, value fifteen kopecks silver, 6½d. English.

prise at being received with kindness, and told not to be alarmed, but to look upon the Emperor as his best friend, whose great happiness and desire was to improve the condition of those whose position placed them at the mercy of evil-disposed persons. The Emperor then gave him a bank-note for twenty silver roubles (£3 6s. 8d.), and dismissed him.

#### THE FONTALKA.

During the existence of cholera, a number of poor ignorant peasants had been induced to believe, by the evil disposed, that the waters of the canals and rivers—the only beverage of the poor and working classes—had been poisoned, and the numerous deaths which had taken place among them was to be attributed alone to that cause, and not to the epidemic. The poor fellows were not aware that the cholera swept off all classes alike, without distinction to rank or position. They knew only that they constantly lost friends and relations from their villages. Those friends and relations had died, they knew not how. They therefore believed they were poisoned. Some thousands of them collected together, armed as usual with their axes and knives, without which a Russian peasant is never to be seen, the former stuck in the belt of his sheepskin, the latter usually carried in his boot—and the result might have been most serious but for the arrival of large bodies of troops. A number of the leading rioters were seized, and ordered to be flogged, which punishment is usually inflicted by soldiers on the spot, and is certainly most severe, not unfrequently terminating in death. The first culprit was stripped, and the lash was about to be applied, when the Emperor, who, as I have observed, is everywhere, drove up on his drojka, as usual unattended. On ascertaining the particulars, his Majesty ordered that the punishment should not take place, the delinquents being objects rather of pity than of condemnation, as it was impossible such ideas could have emanated with themselves. “Flogging will not do away with that feeling,” said his Majesty; then turning to the poor fellow who was about to be punished, “Go,” said his Majesty, “to the Fontalka,” (the river near which the scene took place,) “and bring me a bowl of water.” The man went—the bowl of water was produced—and the Emperor drank a copious draught of it, to the great astonishment of the poor Moojhiiks. His Majesty then addressed them in the kindest terms, ordered them to be liberated, and sent them to their homes; which, but for the opportune arrival of his Majesty, it is most probable they would never have seen again, which may be imagined from the following mode of operation. If the prisoner be condemned to receive a thousand lashes (the minimum in these cases, twelve thousand the maximum), a thousand soldiers are drawn up in single files, in two ranks opposite each other, at a distance of about six yards apart; each man is armed with a strong hazel switch or twig, about six feet in length. A priest is present, before whom the condemned is placed on his knees. After about a quarter of an hour spent in prayer, during which he confesses himself and receives absolution, he is placed in the hands of the provost's men: his sentence, and the particulars of his crime is read aloud; he is then immediately stripped to the waist, his wrists are bound to a musket, which is placed transversely before him, and supported by two soldiers, one on either side. A march in ordinary time is beaten, and preceded by the drummers he has to march past the two ranks, down the one rank and up the other, receiving from each soldier as he passes a blow, which is inflicted with dreadful severity. Should he drop from exhaustion, which not unfrequently occurs, he is placed on a hurdle, and the punishment is continued until the whole number is administered, be the result what it may. Some time since a soldier was condemned to receive twelve thousand coups de bannette, for having committed several murders of a most atrocious character in his regiment. He received the whole number at six different periods, as closely upon each other as it was possible to inflict them; and, as it was intended, he died on receiving the last portion of three thousand. This punishment is termed “Passer un régiment,” and is inflicted only in cases of treason or murder, where the army or navy is in some way concerned.

#### CADEAU TO THE EMPEROR.

During the carnival, masquerades take place twice a-week at the Opera house, and at the Salle de la Noblesse. At these fêtes ladies only are masked; gentlemen are in uniform or *en frac*. No fancy dresses are allowed. The Emperor and Grand Dukes are usually present, unattended, mixing with the crowd as other individuals, and his Majesty may frequently be seen with a beau masque on his arm, of course of whom he has no knowledge, intriguing him, with which he appears very much amused. On these occasions any masque is allowed, indeed encouraged, to address his Majesty, on condition that the privilege be not abused by presenting a petition,

or in fact soliciting a favour. The following singular circumstance occurred at a bal masque at the Salle de la Noblesse, a short time since:—

A masque taking the arm of the Emperor, entered freely into conversation with his Majesty, and having made sundry observations, suddenly ceased and became apparently embarrassed. "Why do you thus break off?" asked the Emperor. "Continue toujours, ta conversation est vraiment charmante, comment, 'su hesches encore (I fear you are about to act indiscreetly—you are about to ask me to do something for you); allons beau masque, je te pardonne ton indiscretion pour ton esprit, parle doue franchement." "No, Sire," replied the lady, recovering herself, "I am not about to commit so serious an indiscretion; on the contrary, I am desirous of offering to your Majesty a present." "A cadeau!" said the Emperor, smiling, "donne doue, donne vite." "Not here, Sire, I have it not with me; but if your Majesty will be graciously pleased to say when and where I may have the honour to present it, your Majesty will find it not unworthy your acceptance." "C'est bien, c'est bien," said the Emperor; "nous verrons, nous verrons; demain à midi au palais." On the following day, at the time appointed, a lady in deep mourning drove to the palace, and enquiring for the Emperor, was conducted, as had been ordered, to his private cabinet. On seeing and hearing her he immediately recognised the masque of the bal masqué, and enquired, evidently pleased, "Eh bien, Madame, et mon cadeau, me l'avez vous apporté? J'esuis vraiment curieux de la voir." "Yes, Sire, it is here; have I your Majesty's permission to present it?" "Certainement, certainement; et vous ne me ferez, pas attendre j'erpère." The lady then opening the door through which she had entered the cabinet, brought forward two exceedingly interesting children, a boy and a girl. "Here, Sire," she said, "is what I hold the most precious in the world. Their father—who had on several occasions distinguished himself in the service of your Majesty, fell in the last engagement in the Caucasus, leaving them unprovided for; I am not without friends, but my object in offering them to your Majesty, is, that they should become worthy the bright name and honours so nobly earned by their father, the only fortune he has left them." The Emperor took the children, one in each hand, and begging the lady would follow him, conducted her to the apartments of the Empress. "Madame," said he on entering, "I have a present for your Majesty, the value of which I am convinced will be appreciated. This lady, whom I have to present to your Majesty, Madame ———, the widow of one of my best and bravest officers, who fell in the last engagement in the Caucasus, has done me the great honour to bring me these interesting and fatherless children. Je lui en sais, gré. It is an offering which, certes, I will not reject. They are the children of a good and a brave soldier; I will adopt them, and will be as a father to them. The boy shall pursue the career of the late colonel, and I have no doubt will prove worthy of his sire; but with this beautiful child," pointing to the little girl, "I am really at a loss what to do, otherwise than beseeching your Majesty to accept her as your half of the offering, which is indeed but just." The Empress, at all times happy at an opportunity of doing good, readily and willingly entered into the feelings of the Emperor, kissed the child affectionately, and the happy mother having expressed her acknowledgments, retired with the assurance that her fondest hopes would be realised. The boy would be placed in the corps de cadets or corps de pages, from whence he would pass to the army, and if successful, may one day become a field mareschal of the empire. The girl will be brought up in the Institution de l'Imperatrice, on leaving which she will most likely be appointed a demoiselle d'honneur de la Majesté, and will have every possible chance of becoming the wife of a person of the highest rank and distinction.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF A BAD HALF-CROWN.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

"PARTICULARLY unpleasant upon my soul,—one solitary half-crown left and the governor inexorable. What does he say? Let's take the fiftieth perusal of his letter—'Dear Tom: Your extravagance shall receive no further encouragement from me. Your quarterly allowance shall be paid as usual, but not another penny. I am amazed at your request. Your offended parent, THOMAS SCRATCHLEY.' Now, I call that about as unreasonable a letter as a governor ever wrote. Let's take it sentence by sentence. 'My extravagance'—I've overdrawn fifty pounds



beyond my allowance, and I owe about a hundred more. Considering that I've been six months in London, and the governor makes me such a beast of an allowance as one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, I can't say that I think I've been so *very* extravagant. He 'won't encourage it.' It isn't he that does it—it's Shears, the tailor—and Stubbs, the bootmaker—and—and the wine merchant and the jeweller—and the rest of the harpies that *encourage* it. Hang them! and they'll be down upon me pretty sharply some day for all their encouragement. 'My allowance shall be paid as usual'—Good; but why not doubled? And then he's 'amazed at my request'—a request for a £20 note by return of post. How easily governors *are* astonished! And he's my offended parent! how easily governors *are* offended! Well, I'm brought to a pretty stand-still. Can't get a halfpenny till next month—dunned by my landlady, and by all the 'small' tradesmen as they're called (because their wants are so large I suppose, for the fellows always have 'heavy bills to provide for'). Not a man I know that isn't cleaned out, so that I can't borrow a *sou*, and yet I've got to live in the meanwhile. It's a necessity that I see—though the governor doesn't. What's to be done?"

It was really a very grave question, and one that Mr. Thomas Scratchley, junior, could not answer for some time. While he is thinking of it, we will take a glance at the youth. He is a medical student—that is to say, he is supposed to attend lectures at the London University, but usually absents himself from an attachment to late breakfasts, pale-ale, and cigars. He is about one or two and twenty years of age, five feet eight high, sandy hair and whiskers to match, and very much of an Adonis in his "get-up." His father is a respectable country surgeon of extensive practice, and Tom is his eldest son, sent up to town to finish his medical studies, with an allowance of £150 per annum from his father, and a stock of copy-book moral precepts from his mother, enough to furnish the minds of half-a-dozen well-disposed young gentlemen.

Tom would not be a bad fellow, but for his vanity. Some one has told Tom that he is good-looking, and Tom is fool enough to believe it, though one would have thought that his own shaving glass would have removed the impression. If Tom could only have got rid of this delusion, he might have pursued his studies rationally and lived within his income, but this unfortunate fancy made him idle and dissipated and extravagant.

"I can't hit on a plan at all," said Tom, after reflecting on the state of his ways and means. "The more I think, the worse things look; and my head gets quite giddy. There's one thing certain—a man must dine. Now, if I spend this half-crown for the purpose of dining, it won't enable me to do so above twice—and two dinners would be very short allowance for a whole month; therefore I must become a 'diner-out' as often as I can get any one to invite me. I'll call on the Thompsons this very day. Mrs. Thompson's a good soul—she always asks a fellow to dinner—that's *one* dinner. How shall I get the other seven and twenty? Well, we mustn't dive into futurity—'Sufficient for the day,' &c."

And with these reflections Tom sallied forth, after having equipped himself in the height of the fashion, according to a medical student's notions of such things.

He called on the Thompsons. Alas! the Thompsons were not at home. The servant, who gave Tom this piece of information, was quite astonished at the effect it produced, for Tom's face drew down to an extraordinary length and his jaw dropped—so that he had that open-mouthed uncomfortable expression of visage which is commonly called "blank." Tom left a "ticket" and walked away disconsolate.

He might call on the Dodsleys certainly, but then the Dodsleys lived at Highgate and he was now at Clapham—rather a long walk. Omnibuses were out of the question—they would cost as much as an economical dinner. What could he do? Must he really change his last half-crown?

Tom sauntered on—up the Westminster-bridge road, over Westminster-bridge, up Parliament-street, Whitehall and Charing-cross, and along the Strand, intent only on his thoughts, which were barren of results.

"Scratchley, me boy, how are you?" said a loud voice, in a very Hibernian accent, and Tom recognised his friend Ignatius Blake, Esq., of somewhere in Galway, who seized him by the hand and wrung it hard enough to make the bones crackle like castanets.

"I'm devilish glad to see you," said Tom, and so he was; for Tom looked upon every friend now as a walking dinner. Blake looked so jolly, too, that Tom made sure he must be all right in pocket. Tom was so perfectly unacquainted with Hibernian human nature as not to know that an Irishman's spirits generally rise as



his purse diminishes ; so that a very highly delighted Irishman, full of jokes and fun, is almost sure to ask if you've got such a thing as a spare sovereign you could lend a fellow till his agent remits him his rents—the villain. Astonishing slow fellows those agents must be—we never knew an Irish gentleman who wasn't expecting his rents by every post, and never could get them "all along of" that confounded agent.

"I didn't know you were in London, Blake," continued Tom.

"Only arrived two days ago, me dear fellow—and how's yourself?"

"Rather seedy," said Tom, trying to look indifferent, "nearly stumped—governor rusty and so on."

"Never mind, me boy," replied Blake, "we'll soon set *that* to-rights. I've lots of money—coming over in a day or two, and then if you want an odd fifty, only say so."

Tom's spirits had risen to boiling point when he heard that his friend had "lots of money;" but when the further information was given that it was "coming over in a day or two," they sank again very considerably, for even Tom was aware that Irish Agents *are*—somehow, very irregular in sending the money across the Channel.

"Come, and let's take a basin of soup together, me dear Scratchley," said Blake.

"Thank you—with pleasure," replied Tom, who thought that he could manage to get through the day on a basin of soup without any further dinner, if he should fail in procuring that customary meal.

"I know something of a place about here," said Blake, taking his arm and leading him up a street out of the Strand, till they came to a respectable looking tavern.

"Waiter—two basins of soup. What soup shall it be Scratchley?"

"I like ox-tail," said Tom, recollecting that he should get more meat in that than any other, and so find it more *satisfying*.

"Ox-tail then, waiter," said Blake in a magnificent tone; for Blake had a very grand style indeed of addressing a waiter. "I'd say we'll dine together, me boy," he continued, (Tom wished he would,) "but the fact is, I've engaged to dine with Lord Barrynamore at the Coventry this evening."

"Don't mention it," said Tom—"I'm engaged out myself."

"Capital soup," exclaimed Blake, as he ladled it down his throat with a chirruping sound. "A basin of soup's the best luncheon a man can take—there's nothing like it."

"It's very good," said Tom, pulling away at it with the appetite of a man who was very doubtful when he should get any more such nutriment.

"I'm well known here," said Blake—"they take deuced good care to serve *me* well. Don't you think we might try just a glass of sherry a-piece now?" he added.

"I've no objection," replied Tom: and of course Tom told the truth.

"Waiter—two glasses of pale sherry."

The sherry was brought and drunk. Blake enlarged upon the quantity of rents he had coming in and how "warm" he should be shortly. He entreated Tom not to trouble himself at all about his own pecuniary affairs—governors *would* cut up rusty sometimes, but they always came round again; and besides, he might remain in *his* debt as long as he pleased and so forth. So that at last Tom was beginning to feel considerably relieved in his mind, and to fancy that he saw a vista of hope for the future—in short, that he should be able to pull through the month very tolerably.

"By-the-bye, me dear fellow," said Blake—"I've come out without my purse, so just pay for this little affair and I'll return it you to-morrow."

Tom's colour left his cheek, and he felt almost sick. He had only half-a-crown in his pocket, and must that really go? and suppose it shouldn't be enough.

"Why—really—the fact is, my dear Blake," he stammered out, "I'm so *very* short, that 'pon my soul I don't think I've more than half-a-crown about me."

"That's enough," replied Blake, "quite enough. Never fear, me dear boy, you shall have plenty of half-crowns to-morrow. Waiter! what's to pay?"

"Two oxtails is one and four—two breads is one and six—two glasses of sherry one shilling—two and six, gentlemen," said the waiter.

Tom felt relieved and threw down his half-crown.

The waiter took it up and turned it about.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, fumbling it in his hand and looking at Tom.

"Nothing for the waiter, eh?" said Blake, laughing. "Never mind, me lad, I'll remember you."

"That's not it, sir," said the waiter.

"Then what is it?" asked Blake.

"This here's a bad half-crown, sir," replied the waiter.

If Tom Scratchley had heard his own sentence of death pronounced by a judge of assize in the black cap, he could hardly have felt more horror-stricken or alarmed than he did. He sunk into his seat again with an expression that any bystander, under the circumstances, would have pronounced an unequivocal proof of guilt. Blake stared first at the waiter and then at Tom, and even he was half disposed to believe that Tom had given the bad coin knowingly.

"What's to be done?" asked Tom, faintly.

"Give me another half-crown, sir," said the waiter, indignantly.

"I—I—I haven't got one; I haven't got any more money," he stammered out.

"Then I suppose your friend will pay for you," said the waiter, turning on Blake.

"I've come out without me purse," replied Blake; "but it's of no consequence, you know me, waiter."

"Haven't that honour, sir," said the waiter, trying to be ironical; "so I'd better fetch master." And so saying, and giving a wink to another waiter to watch the friends, he proceeded to the bar. Directly afterwards the master—a fat, irritable-looking man—came down.

"Send for a policeman," he said.

"Why you miserable blackguard," cried Blake, in indignation; "do you dare to insult two gentlemen like that?"

"Two gentlemen!" exclaimed the host, with a sneer; "two *gentlemen* with one bad half-crown between them. Here, policeman," he said, to one who entered, "just take charge of these two fellows—attempting to pass base coin."

"Looks like smashers—swell ones," muttered the policeman, as he marched off the friends—Blake in a state of foaming wrath, and Tom Scratchley in abject fright.

The charge was duly entered at the police-office, and the culprits locked up. Blake didn't know a soul to bail him—not even Lord Barrynamore that he was engaged to dine with. Tom was afraid to send for any one; and so they passed the night in the police-cell.

Next day they were brought before a magistrate. Landlord appeared and made his charge—waiter proved the case—prisoners were asked for their defence.

Mr. Blake entered into a magniloquent account of himself—where his extensive property lay, and how remote was the antiquity of his family, &c., &c., all which seemed not much to the point in the eyes of the grave magistrate.

Tom only protested that he didn't know the half-crown was bad, and couldn't help not having another. The case looked very ugly.

Policeman X 1 stepped up. He had enquired at Mr. Blake's address, and no such person was known there. (Blake forgot to mention that he went by another name at home for private reasons.) Had also enquired at Mr. Scratchley's lodgings—landlady knew nothing of him except that he seemed to spend a great deal of money, and "owed her ever so much rent."

The magistrate looked graver than ever, and suggested a remand. The chief clerk, who had been handling and examining the half-crown produced, now got up and blandly suggested that in his opinion the half-crown wasn't bad at all.

The prisoners brightened up exceedingly. Scales were produced and other tests applied. Actually the half-crown was a good one! Of course the case was dismissed at once, and the landlord was informed of the very dangerous position in which he had placed himself by making such a charge.

"For the honour of me name and the name of me friend," said Blake, with an air of immense dignity, "I wish to state to your worship that it's me intention to bring an action for false imprisonment immediately." And so saying he took Tom by the arm, and marched majestically out of the court.

The landlord was now in what is vulgarly called "a funk." He rushed after the friends and tendered apologies, which were indignantly refused. He then entreated them to step into his tavern for a few minutes and listen to reason. They condescended. The landlord ordered the waiters to bring a cold collation and champagne, and after an immense deal of dignity on the part of Blake, condescension on the part of Tom Scratchley, and fawning on the part of the landlord—the affair was compromised by a ten-pound note given to Blake, and another lent to

Tom Scratchley, who was thus enabled to "pull through" his month, and to repay the opportune advance.

## REMINISCENCES—CORPORATE AND PAROCHIAL.

BY A RETIRED MERCHANT.

### CHAPTER III.

#### PUBLIC MEETINGS.

I think, indeed I know, that public meetings are congregations of men met for the purpose of stating imaginary grievances—to vilify the State—to escape taxation—to undermine the Throne, and destroy the Church. These gatherings are convened by individuals desiring notoriety and possessing morbid excitement, which can only be gratified by newspaper reports. Persons call meetings in their neighbourhood, strangers mix in them from idle curiosity, and out of these elements personages are selected to move and second resolutions on which they never gazed previously to the composition being placed in their hands. Yet individuals are found, who will stand before the public with the greatest assurance and declare themselves advocates of doctrines, perhaps never considered by them. I detest public meetings, because I know very few persons attending them are sincere; a majority, being influenced by the "incontinent ravings" of some inflated speaker, are determined to support the side they conceive the strongest. I abhor these gatherings, because every sensible man who holds a contrary opinion from those who convene them is bullied and insulted, and often a defence of opinions and principles hooted at and yelled down by ignorant assumption and ridiculous pretension. I have said that nature gave me an "exterior of great respectability," but she denied me the gift of oratory. From my birth to this hour I have been afflicted with a lisp, which has prevented me from intruding myself unnecessarily upon public attention, yet—

"We sometimes think we could a speech produce,  
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose."

But as nature has almost tied my "organ of speech," I seldom or never addressed our meetings, especially when I could not depend on others to utter my own sentiments.

While then our party could transact business unmolested—while we were triumphant in vestry and in wardmote, I felt little objection to an assembly of the inhabitants; but when we were compelled to emerge from the small vestry-room into the body of the church to discuss the contract with the master and the affair of the pauper children, and listen to the inflated addresses of our opponents, it instantly occurred to my imagination that public meetings were so many farces played upon the stage of life, in which some shine as heroes, others buffoons. Public meetings have nearly ruined this country; the expression of treasonable opinions has undermined our aristocracy. In no other country in Europe will governments permit such dangerous gatherings; but in this nation they have, during

the present century, been tolerated and encouraged by men of wealth and station; and even cabinet ministers have afforded their sanction to this mode of making the opinions of the people known. The good old tory days are remembered but as things of the past; society is altered, and now every person who can boast of nervous impudence, believes he has a mission to annoy all that is respectable and wealthy in the land. The distinctions of rank are openly laughed at, and even government bearded and their acknowledged agents opposed and beaten by mere tradesmen!

The second defeat taught me to despise public vestries and large gatherings of the lower classes; I indignantly deny they have the right to intrude themselves amongst their superiors in wealth and station. Such *parvenus* should be content to pay taxes, attend to their avocations, worship the all-wise Deity, honour the church, and venerate the throne. With these sentiments in mind, during one night of utter restlessness, I resolved to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful scene of the last vestry, by arousing the wealthy and polling the parishioners before assenting to any more demands of blatant democracy. The opportunity was soon afforded to put my resolve into execution.

When the advertisements appeared in the *Times* and *Herald*, apprising the medical profession that an excellent situation was vacant, that very morning the indefatigable Poynder caused a large broadside to be pasted on the walls of the ward, calling a public meeting at the Carthage Arms, "to consider the propriety of selecting from amongst the profession resident in the parish a proper scientific man to attend on the poor." Every medical practitioner was invited to attend.

Meanwhile the authorities had thirty-three applications, including the three practitioners named in my last paper, Messrs. Nobb, Garrett, and Barrow. The thirty we rejected and selected the above, not because very eminent men would not accept the office and emoluments, but because I had declared in favour of Nobb. Consequently, when this meeting took place there were but three accepted candidates, and of course I did not expect either of these men would, after the last vestry, when the post was ordered to be advertised, attend such an odious meeting. I write now from information afforded me by one of the poor-rate collectors, Mr. Lovett, who was witness of the proceedings of the evening, for I should have considered myself eternally disgraced had I entered the filthy pot-house, redolent of beer and tobacco!

Mr. Garrett and Mr. Barrow did not attend, but, *O tempora O mores*, Nobb was actually present, avowed himself a candidate, and requested the support of the scum of the parish. I was petrified—actually struck dumb for a few moments, at the folly and audacity evinced by a respectable man. "Good heavens," I exclaimed, as my informant stood before me in bewilderment at the paroxysm of rage and mortification I exhibited, which caused my eyes to sparkle and my nostrils to dilate, "do you mean to assert that Mr. Nobb attended this vile meeting?"

"I do, sir, and he consented to be a candidate."

"The devil he did!"

"Yes, and the company present, consisting of about eighty persons, were much pleased by the questions put to Mr. Nobb relative to a knowledge of his profession. Poynder examined him in

things I know nothing about; but Mr. Spey, who is surgeon of Bartholomew's, was present, and he marked down the branches of science, I think he called them, in which he questioned the candidate."

"Was Spey, the eminent pupil of Lawrence, present?"

"The same, sir, and many other surgeons and physicians from the hospital and our infirmary, and they were astonished at the questions put to the candidate in anatomy, physiology, surgery, and operative-surgery, and especially clinical medicine."

"In heaven's name what can you mean? Have you too been dreaming or drinking this morning? what can such a fellow know about science,—what can he understand of surgery or anatomy?"

"Well, all I can say is, not one smiled; the medical men applauded, and at the conclusion many shook Poynder warmly by the hand and desired to make his acquaintance."

"Lovett, have I made a mistake in the man? Is he what you really paint him? If so, I must alter my tactics and——"

"He made a speech after the questioning, and Counsellor Biller, a friend of Mr. Nobb, followed him and passed the highest encomiums on his style and matter."

"And then the accursed meeting separated?"

"No, sir. Mr. Nobb ordered punch and bishop for those who preferred them, and beverage for others; indeed I never saw such an unanimous meeting. I think he will be elected."

"Silence, slave, or your days of office are numbered! Are you, too, impregnated with the accursed heresy which has crept into the parish within the last month. Peace, sir, and attend to my instructions!"

"I am not a slave," muttered Lovett, "and I am in a free country. If the ratepayers discharge me I am content; but you are not my master, and I don't like such language."

"Leave the room, insulting scoundrel. I will take the earliest opportunity to resent this affront."

"I will not await for a second bidding, I shall leave you, sir, and I will vote for Nobb."

The rate-collector left me to my very unpleasant reflections, and with a threat of supporting a man I so thoroughly detested. I sent for W——n; he came and found me in a perfect fury. The moment he entered the library, I said, "Have you heard of the meeting last evening at the Carthage Arms?"

"I have."

"Well?"

W——n confirmed Lovett's statements with an addition—a committee had been formed to return Nobb; Poynder agreed to propose him, and the nomination would be seconded by Carbutt. It was now time for us to work, we consulted a few friends and resolved to support Barrow and poll every rate-payer, regardless of expense. We immediately repaired to the vestry clerk for a list of the electors; here we were forestalled by the industrious Poynder, he had procured the list three hours previously, and when we procured our copy, which was not obtained until late the next day, for the vestry clerk had been to the gathering and became inoculated with the balderdash



uttered; hence, he was in no hurry to afford us the opportunity of canvassing the voters. At length we received a very imperfect list. Instead of paying canvassers—a good old tory custom—the heads of the parish, the common council-men, entered the humble dwellings of the poor and the saloons of the affluent. But wherever we canvassed we discovered that persuasive eloquence had done its work; and, although numbers dared not say they would vote for Nobb, yet their manners indicated the course they would wish to pursue. Amongst the rich merchants we met with polite and smiling reception, for we numbered sixteen of the wealthiest men in the ward, but very few promises; yet, upon a calculation we made, we found that if we proceeded to the election, a majority would crown our exertions. And we determined to proceed and at once crush the democratic coalition, and cause Nobb to curse the hour he attended a public meeting.

#### ST. THOMAS' DAY.

Before the election of surgeon St. Thomas' Day arrived, and the freemen had to return their friends to the city parliament. Poynder was not a freeman of the city; he traded in a liberty thereof, which, being an integral portion of the parish, entitled him to the proud distinction of being taxed by the most powerful city in the world. But this man having roused public feeling in the liberty, ventured into the ward and propagated pestilent notions. At meetings at the "Bush" and "Great Britain," the grievances of the liberty were promulgated in false and scandalous terms. Thus by a malicious agitation an opposition was raised, and when the alderman took the chair in our venerable Hall with all the symbols of his office—in a gown trimmed with fur, and a massive gold chain hung round his neck, his appearance was very imposing.

Sir Paul Lowrie had been our alderman since the affair related in my first paper. He was an acute person, possessing great tact and judgment. I heard he had once professed liberal principles, but this libel came from the Liberty-men, and of course I did not believe the scandal. The worthy alderman had taken his seat—the Hall became crowded—the worthy knight addressed a few words of congratulation to the freemen on their unanimity and good feeling, when a slight laugh interrupted the worthy knight. On turning to the part from whence the noise came, I discovered Poynder with forty or fifty freemen grinning like apes at the polished language of the alderman. I did not indicate his presence to Sir Paul publicly, but whispered the fact to that gentleman when he had finished his speech. The alderman replied, "he thought that if there was no opposition to the old members, it would be impolitic to offend any one." I agreed, against my better judgment—I perceived a storm brewing, and it burst on our heads with a vengeance.

Sir Paul was startled by the nomination of two new candidates, Messrs. Stencock and Meurice; these gentlemen were nominated by the celebrated infidel Mr. Prophet, and seconded by Mr. Owlett; on a show of hands the election fell upon the old members, whereupon a poll was demanded and a few votes taken. The ward and parish were therefore agitated at the same time. The same parties were opposed to each other in the ward as in the parish, with the exception of the "liberty," which had not a right of returning com-



mon-councilmen. Hence, we had the advantage. The poll being fixed for the next morning, the business of the wardmote would have terminated, but Mr. Prophet rose, and in a very stupid address stated that the Alderman Sir Paul Lowrie did not reside in the parish, and if he did not intend to give up the park for some dirty alley in the ward he ought to resign. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Prophet) considered they had a right to demand a resident magistrate; that it was a republican office, there was nothing of aristocracy about it, therefore he would move that Sir Paul Lowrie be requested to resign his gown, furs, and chain. (Great cheering and laughter.)

The alderman rose, blandly and smiling; he hitched his gown on his shoulders, rattled his massive chain in defiance, and said—"Gentlemen, in 1826 I wooed a bride, her name was A——e (meaning the ward), I won and wedded her, my alliance with my amiable partner conferred great distinction and honour on my name, and elevated me to knighthood; I am so satisfied with the illustrious connexion that I cannot consent to a separation, and as marriage is contracted for life you must excuse me if I demur to a divorce."

This witty impromptu completely cowed the Prophet and he joined in the merriment which ensued. I recorded my friend's words at the time; the short reply to a palpable insult was conceived in the happiest vein, and delivered with a winning smile and appropriate gesture, that I considered it one of the gems of speeches we sometimes hear in public life. After this address no person has dared ask Sir Paul to resign his gown.

#### THE ELECTION.

We left the wardmote in good humour; I accidentally caught the eye of Poynder gazing on myself; that glance indicated respectful defiance; I could not help smiling on the young enthusiast for ideal freedom; he returned the mute recognition; the resolve I had made in the presence of the revolted Lovett was confirmed. That glance informed me the brawler for equality was to be purchased. I did not care for the price. Money was no object, and I determined to stop agitation and claim the former allegiance of persons who were hourly leaving my standard. Our party congregated at seven in the evening of the wardmote election, and a goodly party commenced canvassing the freemen for my old and respected party. We met the opposition at every corner, which frequently caused much mirth by the good-natured wit exhibited when soliciting the suffrages of the "free and independent freemen of A—— street." Poynder and Owlett were amongst the most prominent canvassers, and the contention was kept up until the people were tired of our importunities. The morning came; the alderman again took the chair, when the voters polled briskly for their respective favourites. About 12 o'clock an immense number of inhabitants of the liberty appeared, headed by Poynder, who walked to Sir Paul and said, "Sir, I am a resident in the liberty of ——; I am taxed by the city of London; I am not represented in the Court of Common Council; I conceive I ought to be and I tender my vote." (Great cheering.)

Sir Paul rose and said, "But you are not a freeman of the city?"

"Sir Paul, I am free of the world; the City of London demand my money; I, considering that "taxation without representation is

unjust and tyrannous, call upon you to either receive my vote or cease to call for taxes." (Loud cries of hear.)

"But, Mr. Poynder, your doctrine relative to taxation and representation is now obsolete."

"You did not always think this, Sir Paul, especially when you voted for Sir F. Burdett for Middlesex." (Great laughter; I was astounded.)

"I do not think your application can be entertained: respecting your allusion to Sir F. Burdett, I supported him because I am a whig of 1688." (Roars of laughter.)

"Rather an old politician, I think, Sir Paul." (Continued laughter.) "I now offer a written protest against this election, because the Liberty votes are objected to." The paper was handed to Sir Paul, who appeared much puzzled; at length he said, "I will stop the poll and consult the City Solicitor, if you will do me the favour to attend at the Guildhall to-morrow at eleven."

"Sir Paul, I thank you, and will attend."

The arch reformer then retired from the table. Sir Paul dissolved the wardmote. I felt bewildered and angry with the alderman who could be so easily persuaded by the pretensions of the leader of an insignificant faction. We retired to my house, and, after a few moments conversation, I became convinced that Sir Paul acted with discretion.

The City Solicitor decided against the claim of the Liberty and our election proceeded. At the conclusion one feather was extracted from the plume of our party, and the radicals succeeded in electing Mr. Meurice.

A few days after, and before the election of the surgeon, an event occurred which caused great consternation in the city, and gave complete victory to the Poynder party in the accursed liberty.

Pearce, a city officer, with our vestry clerk, were ordered by the authorities at Guildhall to seize the goods and chattels of Poynder for watching, &c., and they repaired to his house for that purpose.

Poynder's shop had a *bow* front in which property was usually exhibited for sale; that front was empty when the city officers walked into the emporium.

Officer—"I come for to seize for three pounds fifteen shillings."

"Seize my property if you dare,—you will be committing an illegal act."

"I shall take these books," pointing to some on the counter.

"Before you determine, look at this map. You will perceive that the bow window, which is now empty, is situate in the City of London, while all the other parts of the house and shop are in the County of Middlesex. I will not pay because I am not represented; seize them if you dare!"

The officers looked at each other and laughed heartily. It was evident that Tom Pacton had apprized Poynder of this visit, and he prepared to meet the city authorities. The men retired without effecting a seizure. From that day a watch-rate has not been levied by the City of London on the Liberty of ———, and the people elected their own watchmen in consequence of the doctrine of our opponent, that "taxation without representation is unjust," an axiom which I believe to be an atrocious republican blasphemy.

## BOILEAU AND POPE.

## A LITERARY PARALLEL.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

BOILEAU and Pope occupy, in many respects, a very similar place in literature. Their tastes seem to have been formed on the same model; they had the same keen sense of the ridiculous; the same honest abhorrence of all affectation and pretence; and they both alike excelled in giving expression to the most playful strokes of raillery and the strongest sentiments of scorn and indignation. The satires of Boileau, like those of Pope, will be always read and studied as models of careful and correct composition; whilst, with the single exception of Boileau's "Lutrin," there is certainly no modern burlesque which can be compared with Pope's "Rape of the Lock."

It may not be uninteresting or uninformative to consider, as briefly as may be, the relative position of these two great writers, and the influence which they respectively exercised on the literature of the two great nations to which they belong. Without attempting any minute and particular criticism of their productions, or embarrassing ourselves with biographical details, we will endeavour, therefore, to select a few of the most prominent features presented in their lives and writings; not so much for the purpose of individual comparison as for exhibiting some of the leading characteristics of French and English literature at periods of considerable interest and importance.

The age of Boileau was a memorable one in French literary history. It was the age of Moliere, La Fontaine and Racine,—emphatically the poetical classics of France. Literature enjoyed the patronage of the court, and men of letters (a dangerous privilege!) basked in the sunshine of royal favour. At no period had Frenchmen been more elated with feelings of national pride. The conquests of Louis XIV.—his scheme of universal monarchy,—his brilliant court,—his long and glorious reign,—his generosity,—his amours, all combined to flatter the national vanity, to please the popular taste, and to render the *grand monarque* the object of enthusiastic regard, almost of adoration. Whilst the sovereign was magnified into a kind of demi-god, the power and splendour of the French aristocracy—the most brilliant in Europe—were also at their height. To render the political subjugation of the people complete, the authority of a wealthy and worldly church was super-added to the power of the crown and the privileges of the nobility. The spirit of enquiry was as yet dormant in the nation; bigotry and intolerance prevailed to a frightful extent, and the free thought of the free soul was studiously repressed by spiritual tyranny. That a man should be found to give an unreserved expression to his opinions upon any subject at such a period may well excite the surprise and admiration of the candid Englishman, and Pope has not failed to remark how "pensioned Boileau" lashed

"————— in honest strain  
Flatterers and bigots, even in Louis' reign;"

as though something was due to his independent spirit for speaking out at all under such a *regime*. Without enquiring, however, how far and in what degree he is entitled to particular credit upon this ground, we will attempt to show what manner of man he was, and what appears to have been his general character, habits and disposition.

Although his earliest attempts at literature assumed a satirical form, and though he was distinguished during the whole of his career as a sort of literary Ishmaelite, Boileau's nature was kind and gentle,—in some respects even to weakness. It is rather strange to find that the bitterest censors of mankind have been often such good-tempered men; yet who has not been surprised (and perhaps frequently disappointed) at finding an author in the intercourse of daily life the very reverse of what one would have expected from his writings? The comic genius is not unfrequently particularly gloomy at the festive board; the sentimental poet uproariously noisy, and the author of the epic or the tragedy more keenly alive to sensual and sublunary gratifications than our pre-conceived notions would have led us to expect. And with regard to the satirist, Sir Richard Steele (no mean judge of men and manners!) has gone so far as to say that good-nature is an essential quality of his mind. However startling this proposition may appear in the abstract, it is very

certain that Boileau—the greatest of French satirists—was a most amiable and good-tempered being, like the English Earl of Dorset, who has been described as—

“The best good man, with the worst natured muse.”

He had been distinguished, indeed, from childhood for his winning gentleness and amiability. The estimate formed of his character during boyhood by his father is a very curious one, when we take into consideration his subsequent career:—“Nicholas,” he said of the future satirist, “is a good boy; he is not very bright, but he will never say an ill word of any one.” This gentle and docile disposition appears to have been inherited from his parents. His mother, who died during his infancy, and his father, whom he lost before he attained the age of fifteen, were both easy, kind, good-tempered people who lived on the best of terms with every one about them. In mature life Boileau’s personal amiability sometimes assumed an almost extravagant and certainly unusual form. The very persons whom he satirised, and who richly abused him in return, were the objects of his benevolence. To one of these—a man named Linière—he frequently lent money, who as often went with it to the tavern, where he indited a song against his creditor. In his intercourse with the world, we may also remark, that Boileau was distinguished for the simplicity of character which is so often the concomitant of genius; and the following humorous story has been told of his genial and unsuspecting disposition, which is far too characteristic to be omitted.

There was a literary man of the same period with whom he was intimate, named Chapelle, a confirmed roué and scapegrace, who was scarcely ever sober. Boileau met him one day, and expostulated with him on his disgraceful and unfortunate habits. Chapelle appeared to listen with a grave face to his advice: they were standing in the street, and as Boileau waxed eloquent in the cause of temperance, the delinquent quietly drew him aside into a neighbouring tavern, in order, as he alleged, that they might talk more at their ease. Here the great satirist continued his discourse, whilst Chapelle sily called for wine. Entirely absorbed in the discussion, as soon as it arrived Boileau drank glass after glass, strengthening his arguments by deep potations, till at last, when they rose to depart, as Chapelle afterwards narrated with triumphant glee, they could neither of them stand upright.

A satirist, as we have remarked, from his earliest years, the career of Boileau is an illustration of the advantage of an exclusive devotion to a cherished and favourite idea, followed out with steady pertinacity of purpose. The exposure of vanity, folly, and pretension, had always appeared to him his peculiar mission and vocation; nor was he devoid of that lofty sense of responsibility which consecrates and elevates the toil of a reasoning being. He has commemorated in no light and trivial spirit the solemn dedication of his powers to the walk of literature which he adorned:—

“ ’T was sacred satire first inspired my song,  
And taught me to distinguish right from wrong.”

Neither the persuasions of friends nor the expostulations of authority could induce him to relinquish the path which he had selected. He had resolved to be the censor of his age, or to throw up his pen altogether—to be satirist or nothing; and in one of his poems he has expressed his determination to that effect in the following humorous lines. (Our translation is taken from an American periodical.)

“ What! give up satire—thwart my darling drift—  
How shall I then employ my rhyming gift?  
Pray would you have me daintily explode  
My inspiration in a pretty ode?  
Or, coming with an eclogue from the rocks,  
Pipe in the midst of Paris to my flocks;  
Or in cold blood, without one spark of love,  
Burn to embrace some Iris from above;  
Lavish upon her every brilliant name—  
Sun, moon, Aurora—to relieve my flame;  
And whilst on good sound fare I daily dine,  
Die in a trope and languish in a line.”

Boileau had been intended by his friends for the profession of the law. He could scarcely say with Pope,—

“ I left no calling for this idle trade,  
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.”

It had been the ambition of his family to see him a successful and money-making advocate—a trader in legal formulas; but the spirit of the poet rebelled against such a vocation. He refused “to rend with venal lungs the guilty hall,” or to lend

himself to a system of trickery and chicane. That he was right in following the bent of his inclination, few persons will presume to doubt. A good poet may make but an indifferent advocate; and something more than the mere promptings of ambition, we venture to submit, would be found requisite to reconcile the fancy to the life of severe discipline and constant self-sacrifice which awaits the imaginative lawyer. The profession of the law was distasteful to him, and that of the church, which was next selected, proved not less so. He had an elder brother—a learned and dignified ecclesiastic—under whose auspices he commenced the study of theology; but theology again was soon relinquished with disgust. How could it be otherwise? Was it possible that the abuses of the French church, and the un-Christian tendency of its dogmatic theology, could escape the notice of the acute and single-minded satirist? That those abuses had made a deep impression on Boileau, is shown in many passages of his writings. The laziness and sensuality of a wealthy priesthood are thus portrayed in his burlesque of the *Lutrin*; and we suspect the picture must have excited the animosity of many influential ecclesiastics:—

“ Whilst there the sacred sluggards waste the day  
In dull repose: by deputy they pray.  
They only watched that they might relish rest,  
And never fasted but to make a feast;  
Unhealthy matins wisely they decline,  
And substitute a journeyman divine.”

In addition to the conscientious objections to the priesthood which Boileau may be supposed to have entertained, he had another and totally different cause of quarrel with the clerical fraternity. His tastes, we need scarcely say, had been formed by a careful study of the best classical authors; he had hung with rapture, almost with idolatry, over the immortal productions of Virgil and Juvenal; and hence we need not wonder that the harsh and crabbed *style* of the scholastic divinity inspired him with more disgust even than the *matter* itself. In proportion as he admired the remains of antiquity, he despised the literary achievements of the monkish times. It is related of him that when the Jesuit Hardouin had undertaken to prove that the Greek and Latin classics had been fabricated by the monks of the tenth and eleventh centuries, to supply the place of those which were lost (rather a bold proposition!), Boileau artfully observed that “although he did not like the monks, he should have no objection to live with such men as brothers Horace and Juvenal, or brothers Cicero and Virgil.”\* The notion promulgated by Hardouin is a characteristic specimen of Jesuitical flippancy and presumption, and the reply of Boileau is no less characteristic of the simplicity and manly wit of the satirist.

We can scarcely wonder that such a man should have made enemies, and enemies who were capable of annoying, if not of seriously injuring him. The possession of satirical talent is generally a dangerous endowment. A single *bon mot* will often make a host of enemies. It proved so with Boileau. Upon one occasion the French Academy, with which learned body he had never been on very favourable terms, applied to him for an appropriate motto and device. He immediately suggested (and the witticism was never forgiven) a troop of monkeys admiring themselves in a fountain, with the motto of “*Sibi Pulchri!*”

Besides his *Satires*, *Epistles*, and the mock-heroic of the “*Lutrin*,” Boileau composed a few odes and epigrams. The epigrams, however, are for the most part devoted to personal and ephemeral topics, and the odes are exceedingly tame and spiritless. In the composition of occasional verses he was by no means successful, nor can any passages of pathos or sentiment be selected from his writings. It is also apparent that he entertained anything but exalted notions of the female character. Like Pope he seems to have regarded woman as only “a softer man,” and to have been insensible to that high and chivalrous belief in feminine excellence which has purified the hearts and writings of greater poets.

With most of his distinguished contemporaries, the satirist lived on terms of the closest intimacy and friendship. Jointly with Racine he held the office of Historiographer to Louis XIV., and it fell to his lot to convey to the monarch the news of his colleague's death. Boileau was much affected on this sad occasion; for Racine was his oldest and most valued friend, and had literally expired in his arms, exclaiming with his last breath,—“All my consolation is to have died before you.” Louis, who appears to have had a genuine regard for both men, listened to Boileau with emotion, and is reported to have replied in terms of rare condescension—

\* *Biographie Universelle*—Art. Boileau.



"M. Boileau, I shall always have an hour in the week to spare you." Nevertheless it is said that the satirist never went to court. "Why should I go there," said he to some friend, who had expostulated with him on the subject,—*"I know not how to flatter."*

Very little more remains to be told of him. The last anecdote of his life is related by the younger Racine, who states that when he was quite a youth he and Boileau often played at ninepins together. The poet was a good player, and used to say that he had two talents equally useful to his country: he could play at ninepins and write verses! From his poems he derived no pecuniary profit, and he seems to have had little taste or ambition for popular applause. It was his fate to outlive nearly all the associations of his literary life, and to become before the grave closed over him the isolated representative of the Augustan age of French literature. Although he had his share of the infirmities, sufferings, and inconveniences of old age, and though he deeply lamented the loss of the many friends who had gone before him, his natural cheerfulness never deserted him, and he closed his blameless life with a noble act of charity, bequeathing nearly all his property to the poor. His death took place on the 13th of March, 1711, in the 74th year of his age.

At a time when Boileau had ceased to write, and was fast sinking into the grave, Pope made his first appearance in the world of letters. Both men, it will be observed, lived and wrote at periods and under circumstances somewhat similar. The age of Anne has been called the Augustan age of English, as that of Louis XIV. was denominated the Augustan age of French literature. Boileau acquired his principal reputation by extinguishing a host of frivolous rhymsters, and Pope also engaged in a desperate and memorable warfare with the Grub-street scribblers and "dunces" of his age. Both poets were peculiarly distinguished for their nice sense of propriety, their careful selection of sentiments, imagery, and phraseology,—*"the proper words in proper places,"*—and their uniform (perhaps sometimes monotonous) harmony of versification. Nor we can fail to discover in their character and dispositions many features of resemblance. Both were men of genuinely independent minds. In an age of sycophancy and servility Boileau never stooped, as too many of his order did, to fawning and flattery. More favourably situated than the "pensioned" Frenchman, and with a mind of firmer texture, Pope was enabled to carry his English pride of independence much farther, and to command for himself a position which his elder brother of the Muse might well have envied. The bard of Twickenham was emphatically distinguished for the quality of self-reliance. His genius was nurtured in solitude; and from a very early period he appears to have been thoroughly conscious of his own powers, and fully impressed with a belief in his future greatness. At the age of fourteen or fifteen, according to his own confession, he considered himself *"the greatest genius that ever was."* *"Self-confidence,"* remarks his biographer, Johnson, *"is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error; but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value."*

Perhaps much of this over-weening confidence—this sturdy spirit of independence—may be traced to the accidental circumstances of his birth and worldly position. Born a Papist,—a deformed, sickly, ailing boy,—many avenues to fame and fortune were closed against him; but he cheerfully followed the path which destiny left open to him, and from the first dawning of his intellect his earnest heart assured him that it led to immortality.

Although Pope cannot be classed with such writers as Shakspeare and Milton, it may be safely asserted that he holds the first rank amongst English didactic poets. Like Boileau he was peculiarly distinguished for his practical good sense—

*"Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven;"*

and which Johnson happily defines to be *"a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety."* But this is not his only, or indeed his principal excellence. In his views of social life the genius of the poet and of the philosopher is most happily blended. His powers abound with lessons of the highest wisdom, tersely and eloquently expressed, as well as with genuine flights of imagination and fancy. He has some claim also to be numbered amongst the most efficient reformers of our social code. Without encouraging fallacious ideas of impossible perfection, he endeavoured to raise the standard of worldly morality by exposing hollow sophisms and impertinent hypocrisy, and by awarding to unostentatious



integrity its proper meed of approbation. To the purest love of moral excellence he united an intuitive sagacity. His writings abound with moral precepts and widely accepted aphorisms, which have recommended themselves to almost universal favour and adoption. How much of the philosophy of matrimonial life—the secret of connubial happiness—is condensed, for instance, in the following six lines, which we respectfully recommend to the peculiar attention of all newly-married ladies!—

“O! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;

She who ne'er answers when a husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
And has her humour most when she obeys.”

We have remarked that the writings of Boileau are altogether devoid of anything like passion or pathos. There is also a general impression that those of Pope are open to the same observation; but this impression is by no mean a correct one. It is true that sentimental and pathetic passages are scattered but sparingly through his works, but upon several occasions it will be found that he swept the plaintive lyre with a master's hand. We know of few compositions in the English language which breathe a spirit of deeper tenderness than the “Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard” and the “Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.” The latter production is surrounded with melancholy and mysterious associations. Its subject is said to have been an orphan,—wealthy, young, beautiful, intellectual, and high-spirited, who had placed her affections upon one beneath her in station, but, as far as regarded personal qualities, in all respects worthy of her choice. Her guardian, however, an uncle, disapproved of the match, and had actually promised her hand to another. To avoid this hated union the lady fled to the continent, sought refuge in a convent, and finally put an end to her existence with her own hand. In some of its details this romantic story has been sometimes differently narrated, and it has been asserted that Pope himself was the object of the lady's love, and that the guardian strenuously objected to his deformed person, as well as to his comparatively inferior station. Such is the popular account of the origin of this plaintive poem. Dr. Johnson has harshly asserted, in his lofty dictatorial style, that the lady (whoever she was) does not appear to have had “any claim to praise nor much to compassion. She seems,” he adds (in a strain which shows that he was fully determined on annihilating all the sentiment of the thing) “to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long,—the hour of liberty and choice would have come *in time* . . . . Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl!”\* These sentiments appear to us to be coincident with those expressed by the doctor in one of his reported conversations, when the subject of matrimony being brought upon the *tapis*, he remarked, with the greatest coolness, that “he believed all marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of character and circumstances, without the parties themselves having any choice in the matter.” To return to Pope, we may add, that there is every reason to believe that he was not personally unacquainted with the unfortunate heroine of his pathetic verse, and never have the accents of heartfelt grief found a more tender or more elegant expression. We quote a few lines:—

“By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,  
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourned!  
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances and the public show?  
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?  
What though no sacred earth allows thee room,  
Nor hallowed dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.”

\* Johnson's Lives of the Poets—(Pope.)

The celebrated epistle of Eloisa to Abelard is conceived and executed in the same pathetic strain. We know not, indeed, where to turn for a grander or more affecting assemblage of chaste and solemn images. Dr. Johnson's criticism upon it is at once so just and noble that our readers will, we are sure, not be displeased with us for recalling it to their recollection. "His first inclination," says the doctor, "to attempt a composition of that tender kind, arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's 'Nut-brown Maid.' How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove." A brief quotation will justify and perhaps add additional force to these profound remarks; whilst it will aptly conclude all we have to say about Pope as a passionate and pathetic poet:—

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!  
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!  
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned;

For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,  
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;  
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;  
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;  
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,  
And melts in visions of eternal day."

Notwithstanding the malignant aspersions of his unscrupulous enemies, we hesitate not to affirm that the personal character of Pope will stand the test of the strictest investigation. He was a jealous but warm-hearted friend: an open but not implacable foe. In few men have so many social virtues been found united with such varied intellectual powers. Lord Bolingbroke said of him, that he "never in his life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." His filial piety more especially challenges our warmest admiration, and sheds a hallowing light over the whole tenor of his private life. Towards his fond and exulting parents he uniformly approved himself the best of sons—respectful, generous, kind, and attentive. "Whatever was his pride," says Johnson, "to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle." His mother, it is well known, survived to the great age of ninety-three, and in the last fretful and feeble days of her existence there was no change or diminution in his constant and affectionate attentions. Well worthy of our sincerest respect and homage is the noble and unselfish sense of duty which prompted these attentions, and very beautifully has the poet given expression to the warmth of filial affection by which he was animated, in the epistle prefixed to his Satires, and addressed to Dr. Arbuthnot:—

"O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine;  
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:  
Me, let the tender office long engage,  
To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!"

We have already alluded to Pope's thorough independence of spirit and honesty of character. It is but small praise of him to say that he never sold himself to a patron or a party. He did more than this; he has affirmative as well as negative claims on our admiration. In his intercourse with the great he maintained the proper character and position of the man of letters, and never condescended to toadyism, or meanness of any description. Although he was "ambitious of splendid friendships," he was never accused by his worst enemies of sycophancy or servility. He refused the offer of a pension from a friend in power, not from any indifference to pecuniary considerations, but solely because he felt that a pension would compromise the integrity of his character. It is surely no reproach to him that he laboured to augment his fortune by literary labour: he toiled for *gain*, not from motives of avarice or a love of money-getting, but with the honest hope and intention of placing himself above the reach of trial and temptation. True it is that his irritability and self-love alienated many of his friends, and provoked during his lifetime some bitter animosities; but no one who is at all familiar with his personal history can doubt that a spirit of genuine kindness lurked at the bottom of his heart. Large allowances

should be made in minor matters for the occasional fretfulness of the sensitive invalid. Of his restlessness, peevishness, and occasional fits of passion, we need not speak; these and kindred weaknesses appear to us to have been naturally incident to his position, and almost inseparable from the union of such lofty faculties with so mean a body. With a feeble frame and constantly failing health, and with a spirit of such remarkable activity and energy—(truly, in Dryden's words,—

“ A fiery soul that, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'erinformed the tenement of clay,”—

we ought not perhaps to be so much surprised at the imperfections of his character, as at the fact that those imperfections were of such comparatively minor importance.

Upon the political topics which generally affect and interest mankind, the views and opinions of Pope are not unworthy of consideration. He belonged to a class of politicians of whom any nation might well feel proud. Carefully guarding himself against being entangled in the meshes of faction, he fully acted up to the spirit of his well-known couplet,—

“ In moderation placing all my glory,  
Whilst tories call me whig, and whigs a tory ;”

and upon every available opportunity never hesitated to rebuke the virulent spirit of party which has so often impaired the usefulness and degraded the political conduct of public men. It is one of his finest and truest sayings that “ Party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few.” But, whilst he repudiated the character of a partisan, he was far from feeling uninterested in the administration of public affairs. In the welfare of his country and in the general improvement of mankind, he never failed to manifest the fervent sympathy which became the intellectual Englishman. In one of his letters, written on the 16th of December, 1715, we find the following highly characteristic and eloquent passages: “ I never,” he says, “ had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time to attend to the jingling of rhymes and the measuring of syllables; to be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the poet Petronius, who, while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room to write a fine description of the tempest.

I heartily join with you in wishing quiet to our native country; quiet in the state, which, like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happiness of both, to be broken or violated on any pretence or prospect whatsoever. Fire and sword, and fire and faggot are equally my aversion. I can pray for opposite parties and for opposite religions with great sincerity. I think to be a lover of one's country is a glorious eulogy, but I do not think it so great a one as to be a lover of mankind.” With regard to the unhappy divisions in politics and religion which so lamentably interfere with human happiness and progress, he has somewhere sensibly observed that “ People might be much happier if they would only think of the *many* things in which they agree, rather than the *few* on which they differ;”—a pithy and pregnant argument for toleration. Nor do we know of any poet from whose writings so many passages might be culled in which doctrines of charity, kindness, and forbearance are enforced in a spirit so truly catholic.

Whatever exceptions, therefore, may be taken to some of the views and principles of Alexander Pope, we believe that his character must be pronounced by every candid inquirer to have been grand and noble in its general outlines, however faulty or imperfect in particular details. It was not his fate, be it also remembered, to sail very smoothly down the stream of life. None of his delinquencies, such as they were, escaped the lynx-eyed observation of his irritated contemporaries whose spleen he had provoked, and they showed him little mercy. Few men probably have been more abused or more unscrupulously attacked by “ the small fry ” of literature. His personal deformity was made the subject of jest and insult, and the characters of his nearest and dearest friends did not escape the assaults of his pertinacious libellers:—

“ The morals blackened when the writings scape,  
The libelled person and the pictured shape;  
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,  
A friend in exile, or a father dead.”

One feature in his character, which has always commanded our peculiar admiration, remains to be briefly spoken of. We allude to his proud consciousness in the integrity and honesty of his intentions, and his manly sense of personal responsibility in the employment of the talents committed to his charge. In the well-known

lines—familiar as household words—in which he chose to hand down his portrait to posterity, he has done full justice to his independence of spirit, and furnished a motto which any Englishman would be proud to adopt :

“ Not fortune’s worshipper, nor fashion’s fool,  
Not lucre’s madman, nor ambition’s tool,  
Not proud nor servile ; be one poet’s praise,  
That if he pleased *he pleased by manly ways* ;  
That flattery e’en to kings he held a shame,  
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;  
That not in fancy’s maze he wandered long,  
But stooped to truth and moralized his song.”

For the efforts of mediocrity, Pope, like Boileau, had that supreme contempt and dislike which is natural to the man of genius. When a host of inferior scribblers were perverting the public taste and abusing the public ear, it was not in his nature to look tamely on, and suffer pretension to pass unrebuked and imposture unexposed. Few persons would be now found to assert that, in his furious onslaught on the Dunces of his day, he was actuated by mere personal jealousy or malignity. We admit that he may have occasionally displayed a want of moderation and magnanimity, and we regret the use of many harsh, and some indecorous sentiments and expressions ; but no one will venture to deny the general justice of the satire.

Another feature of resemblance may be traced between the literary productions of Pope and Boileau, to which we will briefly refer before concluding this paper. With all their great command of the niceties of versification, neither of them displayed any felicity in lyrical composition. Of the inferiority of Boileau’s odes we have already spoken, and with regard to Pope, his most ambitious effort of that kind, the “Ode for St. Cecilia’s day,” is manifestly and greatly inferior to the noble Lyric by Dryden, with which it is so often compared.

The end of Boileau’s life, we have said, was calm and peaceful, and that of Pope’s was not less so. During his last illness, the great English satirist exhibited a most affecting and most edifying humility of spirit. “One of the things,” he said (a fortnight or so before his death,) “that I have always most wondered at is, that there should be any such thing as human vanity.—If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago : for I lost my mind for a whole day.”\* He died in the course of a quiet evening, on the 30th of May, 1744 ; but the exact time of his death is not known, “for his departure was so easy that it was imperceptible even to the standers by.”†

## COVERDALE MARRIED.

TO OUR READERS.—We beg leave again to announce, in order that there may be no misapprehension, that “Coverdale Married” is not the production of FRANK FAIRLEGH.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW WOMEN MAKE MISCHIEF.

WE suppose that the title to this chapter will be put down to the wrong side of our account by our lady readers. We cannot help it. We are as chivalrous as we can afford to be—that is, as chivalrous as is consistent with truth—and women *do* make mischief. As the *Times* says about everything *very* certain, “that is a great fact.” We must, however, do the ladies the justice to say that they do not, like men, sit and hatch mischief alone. Since the time that Eve did that sort of thing *solus*, it has, as a rule, taken at least two of the gentle sex to breed trouble. Having thus put the accusation and the apology together, we hope one will balance the other and make our peace.

\*Spence’s Anecdotes.

†Ibid.

*If* Mrs. Colonel Blusterton had not come in that morning Harry rode off in a huff and left Alice in something very like a fit of the sulks, it might not have been so bad. How much of the world's destiny hangs upon that little word *if*. It might be prefixed to the supposition of everything that has not been, is not, and is not to be, and set all to rights. But *ifs* do not come to pass, and Mrs. Colonel Blusterton *did* come in.

There is a custom tolerably prevalent in the world which shows how general hypocrisy is. When a husband has been calling his wife a "fool," or a wife has been calling her husband a "brute," and there have been growls on one side and tears on the other, and any stranger enters, it is the fashion to clear up all at once with the rapidity of scene-shifters. The frowns and the tears—the clouds and the rain, are put under the table for further consideration. All seems as though there was never anything but sunshine in the domestic world.

When Mrs. Blusterton was announced, Alice was crying; and before she had time to dry her tears and get up a cheerful countenance, that lady flounced into the room. Of course Mrs. Blusterton saw that there was something wrong; equally of course, too, she guessed what was the matter. Her own experience, though she did not weep much herself, pointed out the fact. It was that "brute of a husband." In Mrs. Blusterton's mind all husbands were brutes more or less—it was only a question of degree; that was a conclusion long since settled on. Mrs. Blusterton had just delicacy enough not to say so right out, and she had just kindness enough, in her own way, to try to cheer up the pretty little wife.

"What, Mrs. Coverdale—Alice," said the lady—"What is the matter?"

Alice murmured out that favourite fiction of a bad headache.

"Oh, you must not tell me that; I know better," said Mrs. Blusterton, with the freedom of seniority—"headaches don't make people cry; come now, I'm older than you, and I understand these things better; tell me all about it."

Mrs. Blusterton was not exactly the person Alice would have chosen for a confidant, but women have a natural disposition to confide in somebody; and all alone, without any friends, under the sense of a new grief, who had Alice to confide in? Beside, there is a magic in kindness, however roughly expressed; and Mrs. Blusterton was evidently kind, and Alice, with more tears, did tell her "all about it."

Mrs. Blusterton meant well; we must put down her advice to that general justification, "good intentions." "Well, that's not much to cry about," she said; "You're young yet; you have not had my experience; when you have you'll know better. If you could only hear Blusterton and me sometimes. You'll get used to it by-and-bye. But I'll tell you what you must do; you must depend on yourself, as I do. If you think your husband will always be amusing you, you're mistaken; it will be lucky if he does not abuse you instead of amuse you. You must learn to amuse yourself, and be independent, like I am. If he doesn't go out with you, go out by yourself. If he leaves you alone at home, find company; pluck up a spirit, and he'll soon find he's got his match."



Alice did not know how to pluck up the spirit her friend recommended, and she was so fond of Harry.

"That's it," remarked Mrs. Blusterton. "You're too fond of him by half; and, what's worse, you let him see it. The men take advantage of that. It will never do to go on that way, making yourself a perfect slave to his temper. I'm going over to see the Duchess myself. I see you're dressed, so just put on your bonnet and come with me.

Alice did put on her bonnet, and Mrs. Blusterton, happy in the consciousness that she was making common cause with an injured wife against "those brutes, the men," was both kind and cheerful; and the old Duchess was courteous and complimentary to the young bride, with whose quiet beauty she was much taken, and hoped to see her again; and what with the change of scene and new acquaintances, and the beautiful drive, Alice forgot her griefs for the time, and smiled as cheerfully, if she did not laugh so loudly, as her *chaperone*.

"And now," said Mrs. Blusterton, when they left the Duchess, "you'll come home and have a bit of dinner with me. Blusterton's out, and will not be home till late, I dare say, and we shall have it all quiet to ourselves."

Alice said "No" at first, but she thought Harry would not be home till late either, and she did not like to go home alone to her own sad thoughts, and she could get away early; and so she fell into the arrangement.

It was late before Alice did get home. Mrs. Blusterton had been full of her "experiences" and advice, and had mingled them with life in India, and told strange tales new to Alice, and had, in fact, talked away as incessantly as a machine wound up especially for the purpose. She gave her guest no time to think, in her really kindly endeavours to amuse her. Alice listened to the voluble flood of talk, at first rather bored, and then, simple little creature as she was, amazed and at last amused, without paying any particular attention to the passage of time, till she was aroused by hearing the clock strike.

She looked up startled—"Why, it is ten o'clock. Oh! how late it is, and it's an hour's drive."

"Well," said Mrs. Blusterton, "your husband's not at home yet, I'll be bound. I don't expect mine for this two hours. If I were you, I'd stay all night." (Alice shook her head at the notion of such outrageous rebellion.) "No, I don't suppose you would; I would though; but John shall put the horses to at once."

The horses were put to, and Alice stood shawled ready to start. Why did she not go? She had begun to be afraid of Harry. What would he say? "Oh, nonsense," was Mrs. Blusterton's reply; "what can he say? He left you alone. He told you to go out, and he don't expect you to be tied to a minute, I suppose; a pretty thing, indeed. Stay a moment; I'll go with you;" and the Amazon put on a bonnet as though it were a helmet, and threw on a shawl as though it were a coat of mail, and stood prepared to do battle with all the angry husbands in the universe.

It would have been better for Alice if she had gone alone—better if she had taken any one else than Mrs. Blusterton; but timidity does



not reason well and sorrow is not apt to judge wisely, so they went together. In the meantime, as the hours passed by, Harry had grown from surprise into impatience, and from impatience into alarm—that sort of alarm which is nearly related to vexation and ill-temper. He was just on the point of ordering his horse and going in search of his wife, when the wheels of the approaching carriage were heard.

If Alice had come home alone, what then? Probably Harry's gladness and relief from anxiety would have put down his crossness; but Mrs. Colonel Blusterton was with her, and that lady in capacity of escort did not feel she had discharged her duty by setting her down at her own door. She went in. Now Harry was proud; he had that true English pride which will not show feeling before strangers—and that kept him cold. He was more than cold—he was cross, and not very well inclined to be even civil; for directly Mrs. Blusterton stalked into the room he saw it all. He knew that she knew “all about it.” That she was there as a guard—a guard to his Alice against him. He thought he saw defiance in her eye and in her attitude. He thought he heard it in her voice when she said, “There, Mr. Coverdale, I have brought your wife home safe you see.”

Of course Harry ought to have said that he was “much obliged” and “very glad,” but he did not feel so, and he did not look so, and he did not say so. What he did say was that it was “very late.”

“Not so very late,” said Mrs. Blusterton; “I dare say now you have not been home long.”

“I have been home four or five hours,” said Harry.

If Harry had only seen Alice then—seen how sorry she looked because she had stayed so long—what came to pass might not have happened; but he did not see her, he only saw the defiant face of Mrs. Blusterton as she replied, “Well, I'm sure its a wonder; you men don't often care how long you keep your wives waiting.”

“Permit me to say, Mrs. Blusterton,” said Harry with dangerously formal politeness, “that you do not know what I do nor what I care for.”

“Well, I know its so with Blusterton, and I don't suppose you're much better than others. All the men are the same—as like as two peas.”

“You 'll greatly oblige me, Mrs. Blusterton, by minding your own business.”

Mrs. Blusterton's red face grew redder than ever as she answered, that that was all very well—that she could'nt help feeling some pity for a poor young creature—that she knew what the said poor young creature would have to go through—and that for her part she wished women had her spirit—she wished she had the management of some of their husbands, that was all.

This was rather too much for Harry to bear. He could be quiet, very quiet up to a certain point, beyond that he was likely to be very explosive, and now he broke out into a string of words which filled Alice with dismay and raised the wrath of Mrs. Blusterton to the uttermost. In fact he forgot himself, and forgot too what perhaps it was more difficult to remember, that Mrs. Blusterton was “a lady,” and so she gathered from his rather unconnected sentences that Blusterton was a fool, and that she was a mischief-making old cat, and if he had her to deal with he'd break her in or break——.

Mrs. Blusterton did not wait to hear the remainder. Before Alice could interpose she was moving out of the room with the audible remark that the man was a perfect brute, and made her way to the door attended by parting compliments from Harry which some people might think would not look very nicely on paper. When Harry turned round Alice was weeping helplessly on the sofa, but his "blood was up" as it is called, and he was not to be moved by tears, so telling her that he hoped she had "made mischief enough," he left her to go to bed alone.

All this was very wrong, and to some people who have not had much experience it will sound very improbable, but those who "know the world" will not be so likely to regard it in that light. What we learn from the revelations of the ecclesiastical courts teaches us that faults of "temper" are at the bottom of most matrimonial grievances, and that in such cases the most inveterate hatreds grow out of the minutest circumstances, as naturally as the gigantic oak out of the tiny acorn.

Harry's conduct was something more than wrong, it was imprudent, and in this world imprudence is often worse than positive error. Mrs. Blusterton was not an ordinary woman; without any very extravagant share of brains she had an inordinate amount of obstinacy, and she was an inveterate hater. Besides, she came of a military family; and, with a good deal of the man-like in her composition, she felt an insult like a man. If conventionality would have allowed her she would have horsewhipped Harry without ceremony, or called him out without scruple; but custom did not authorise either of those courses, and as she rode home she considered how she should be revenged—put up with it she was determined she would not. Blusterton she did not expect would take it up, an opinion strikingly confirmed next morning at breakfast, when the Colonel, rather shaky from overnight, blinked his red eyes as he heard her story, and thought it served her right for meddling. But if the Colonel would not protect her she knew who would she said, and she stalked off majestically and ordered the carriage.

Colonel Blusterton heard her. He knew what was in the wind. "D—— her," was the affectionate ejaculation to which he gave vent, "she's going over to Hogswell to Snawley. There will be a row. The devil's in the woman. Well, I wish Coverdale well out of it."

Mrs. Colonel Blusterton was going to Hogswell to see Snawley, to whom we must now introduce our readers. Captain Snawley, late of the 145th, now on half-pay, was Mrs. Blusterton's brother. He lived at Hogswell in a modest little cottage. He was well known in Hogswell as "*the* Capting." Hogswell was fortunate in the article of captains, but none of them were *the* definite article but Captain Snawley. There was Captain Jones, who took his brandy and water at the Boar's Head with the tradesmen; and Captain Ruff, who did not mind playing a game of skittles; but Captain Snawley was a man of another kidney altogether. He was the essence of military primness and punctilio, and conserved his own dignity wonderfully. He looked down on people who kept shops with a contemptuous scorn which it would puzzle the aristocracy to match. When you saw his small, very upright figure, in the tightest of blue coats and the stiffest of stocks, marching along the ill-kept footpaths of Hogswell,

you almost expected that the cracked paving-stones would crumble under the proud stamp of his heel—and his gold-headed bamboo came down with a crash at every step which sounded like a note of warning.

Captain Snawley had a high opinion of himself, and generally a low opinion of everybody else. As for the Mayor of Hogswell, he was nobody in Captain Snawley's eyes. Captain Snawley told him so when he was called on at the Town Hall to show cause why his dog went unmuzzled in the dog days, a mayoral order to the contrary notwithstanding. Captain Snawley on that occasion used the before-mentioned gold-headed cane over the shoulders of Bill Short, the parish constable, when he served the summons, and shook it at the mayor when he attended the court; for the first of which offences he had to pay £5, and for the second to give bail to keep the peace to all his Majesty's subjects in general, and the said mayor in particular. In fact "the Capting," little as he was, was regarded as a sort of fire-eater in Hogswell, and respected accordingly; the world being much more ready to be civil to those who are prepared to pull the world's nose, than to those who are disposed to shake it by the hand. There were, perhaps, only two persons in and about Hogswell with whom "the Capting" was on friendly terms—one was Mr. Murdoch, a gentleman as proud as himself, who had been upon "the staff;" the other, Mrs. Colonel Blusterton, who was his sister; and people did say that it was to the fact of the relationship Mrs. Blusterton was indebted for her comparative independence of her lord and master. Half an hour after Mrs. Blusterton had seen Captain Snawley, the latter, mounted on his grey pony, which he rode as though it had been a gigantic war-horse, was seen trotting off more rigid and erect than ever, and carrying his cane like a drawn sword, in the direction of Coverdale Park.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### IN WHICH MISCHIEF COMES TO A HEAD.

Harry had spent a very dull night; he had not slept a wink; he had not seen Alice—in fact he had not been in bed. The butler found an empty wine bottle in the library next morning. Harry had gone out before Alice was up, and that was earlier than usual, for she went to seek him almost as soon as it was light, to beg him to be reconciled to her. Wilkins told her that he had taken his gun. Harry, however, was not shooting; he had not loaded his gun, and he never noticed that, nor the birds, nor anything else. It was a long time since he had felt so miserable. He walked about for hours, thinking what an unlucky fellow he was. He felt that he was wrong, but that did not mend the matter. To some minds being in the wrong is an additional aggravation. But he felt, too, that he was right, or, what appeared to him much the same thing, that others were wrong too. There was Alice, she had told Mrs. Blusterton everything; he knew she had, and she had no right to do that; and then that old cat, what business had she to come poking her nose in and interposing; they would have made it all up if it had not been for her. Blusterton was a good fellow enough, but a fool, or he would not stand her ways. Hang it all, it was no use going on in

that way, was the conclusion Harry came to at last, after a great deal of melancholy pondering. He would go back and see Alice, and set it all right, he said to himself, as his good-heartedness resumed its sway; and as for that old woman he would get Alice to cut her, as indeed, after what had passed the night before, was imperative, and they would both give way a little and be comfortable. So Harry got off the stump of a tree where he had sat while making these reflections, and lifting his gun on his shoulder made for home in that sort of bewilderment arising from being up all night, and not being quite certain of what he was going to do, or how exactly he was going to do it.

As he was walking dreamily up the park, Harry heard the sound of a horse's feet behind him, and, looking round, there came trotting up Captain Snawley on his grey pony. Harry, who had had but a passing acquaintance with the Captain, and whose ideas were not very clear, stopped and confronted the visitor, who met him with a military salute, and a stiff "Mr. Coverdale, I presume."

"That is my name," said Harry.

Captain Snawley deliberately removed his cane from its sword-like attitude on his shoulder to under his left arm—as deliberately unbuttoned and drew off his military buckskin glove—with equal deliberation took a case from his pocket and a card thereout, and handed it to Harry.

"Captain Snawley," Harry read, doubtfully, as though he did not exactly know what it meant.

The Captain bowed affirmatively, and looked as grim as a figure-head. Then there was a pause, and the two men stood looking at one another, Harry on the ground wondering what was to come next, the Captain in his long stirrups as rigid as a grenadier at the word "attention." At last Harry asked, as the individuality of the Captain struggled dimly across his memory, "Pray, sir, what may your business with me be?"

The Captain, grimmer than ever, produced his snuff-box, and settling himself more sideways upon his pony, so as to address his auditor with greater effect, answered, spitting out his words with a peculiar slow jerk, "I am Mrs. Blusterton's brother, sir, and in that capacity I call on you for an explanation of the ungentlemanly and insulting language you used to her last night."

Harry was half inclined to laugh, and a smile did cross his face, at which the Captain looked fiercer than ever, and took two pinches of snuff in rapid succession. He was more than half angry, too, and it went against his grain to eat humble pie; but he knew enough of the Captain to be aware that quarrelling with him was a somewhat serious matter, so he said, "I am sorry if I used any words last night offensive to Mrs. Blusterton, but she certainly had no right to meddle in my domestic affairs."

"Am I to understand, sir, that you make an unqualified apology?" asked the Captain.

Now Harry was ready to make an "unqualified" apology the moment before and only wanted to let himself down easy, but he did not like the word, and he still less liked the tone, so he replied—"I thought that was an apology."

The Captain was a martinet, and like most martinets punctilious.

He was not to be put off in that way. He divided his case into heads and thus stated them:—"Permit me to say, sir, that I cannot receive that as an apology, because, sir, it is not an apology. In the first place, you said 'if,' which implied a doubt of my sister's veracity or of my veracity, or both; and in the second place, you made an accusation of meddling, sir, which is an aggravation of your ungentleman-like conduct"—and the captain spat out ungentleman-like with particular unction.

"Rum character," thought Harry—"something between a fire-eater and a lawyer," but he did not say so; what he did say was—"I intended it for an apology." The Captain made a gesture which Harry thought was contemptuous, and that fired his pride as well as diminished his stock of patience, so he added what would as well have been left unsaid—"and as much apology as I think ought to be required."

The Captain's voice grew more polite as he remarked—"Allow me to say that I am of a different opinion, and that I demand an unqualified and humble apology, for conduct which was both impertinent and cowardly."

Harry's blood boiled. "Cowardly!" He stepped up to the Captain, and laying his hand on the pony's mane, asked if that gentleman wanted to quarrel with him? and warned him that if he said cowardly again, he would pull him off his pony and punish the offence there and then.

The Captain settled himself upright in his saddle, put up his snuff-box, gathered up his reins, took his gold-headed cane in his hand, cleared his throat, and then said quietly—"Cowardly."

In a moment Harry was upon him. The cane came down once on Harry's hat, beating in the crown; the next moment the Captain was on the ground, the cane smashed in two and himself in a grasp which rendered him powerless; while the pony stood by looking on as though with astonishment at the scene. Harry was half ashamed of himself directly, a fact which was lucky for the Captain, for after the first shake that gentleman was left to recompose his ruffled dignity.

The way in which the Captain accomplished that feat was very characteristic. There was no hurry about it; he picked himself up with the utmost gravity, buttoned the top button of his coat, which had been unfastened in the struggle—brushed off a little dirt with his handkerchief—collected the scattered remnants of his gold-headed cane, and then casting one grim look at the retreating form of Harry, mounted and rode back the way he came as erect as though he had come from a triumph. The Captain was a good Christian, at least he proved himself so by going to church twice every Sunday and refraining from going to sleep during even the most prosy sermons of the Rev. Mr. Blower—a feat very few were able to accomplish; but, if the reader should think that his calmness was the result of Christian charity, he will be deceived.

What was the result of this contest upon Harry, who was walking home in a frame of mind which made reconciliation with Alice likely? It made him less amiable than ever. Some folks carry good intentions as a waiter carries a tray full of glasses. If there is nothing in the way to stumble over all goes on smoothly—if an

obstacle happens to trip up the bearer there is a smash. Harry's was a mind of this order. He was what people are in the habit of calling "a good-tempered man"—meaning one of those who are very pleasant till they are vexed; and the new element of disagreeableness acted upon him as thunder does on small beer, it turned him sour. It was all the fault of Alice telling that confounded old mischief-making tabby—she had no business to do it. There was no consolation in thinking that he had been wrong first—that he ought not to have given her anything to tell about. That did not make it any better, rather worse; and so feeling his temper would not bear much more he avoided his wife. This was accomplished the more easily, as Alice was crying in her own room.

The intentions of Captain Snawley were not long doubtful. Before many hours had gone over, Harry, who had shut himself up in the library in a brown study, was apprised of the advent of Mr. Murdoch, and was at no loss to guess his errand. Mr. Murdoch made his appearance with an air which showed that he did not stand in any fear of physical force. Strong as Harry was, he would not have stood any chance with that gentleman, if looks could be trusted. Mr. Murdoch was a modern giant, tall and broad, and muscular and angular, with high cheek bones, close cut grisly hair, enormous ears which stood out from his short cropped iron-grey hair, and a general expression which might be described as ferociously punctilious. He gave you a vague impression of an ogre who could eat you, and would not feel much scruple about doing it; but who, you might be sure, would perform the ceremony with all due observance of formalities. After bowing with the grace of a stiff elephant, he informed Harry, in a voice flavoured with a slight Scotch accent and embellished by a very perceptible snuffle, (the latter the result of long continued snuff-taking, the consequences of which also ornamented his clothes,) that he was Captain Snawley's "freend," and that his mission was to "requeest" Mr. Coverdale to name "a freend on his pairt," to arrange for "sawtisfaction for the personal indeegneety" to which Captain Snawley had been so unwarrantably subjected. This information Mr. Murdoch gave standing, with his hat in one hand and a portentous-looking walking-stick in the other, and altogether with the air of a man who would not in the slightest degree object to the same experiment being tried upon him.

Harry saw at a glance that it would be altogether useless to reason with his visitor. He was not a fighting man—but he knew that he could not well avoid meeting Snawley after what had occurred, without incurring conventional penalties which he could not submit to, and so he referred Mr. Murdoch to Tom Rattleworth, who, besides being a military man, was the only person handy to whom he could apply to do him the favour of arranging for his being shot at, and standing by while it was done. Mr. Murdoch received the reference with a snort, which might betoken satisfaction, or snuff—wished Harry a "vary gude day," and took his departure.

Harry had already despatched a hurried note to Tom Rattleworth, warning him of the services which might be required at his hands, and ordered a horse to be in readiness. He now wrote a note to Alice, telling her that he was suddenly called away to London for a



day or two, and then rode off by a short cut to Tom's, hoping to get there before the dragon who was engaged on Captain Snawley's behalf. In that he succeeded—Tom met him at the door, sent his horse round to the stable, and inducted him into the snug bachelor's sitting-room, to talk over the matter.

"This is a devilish nasty affair," said Tom; "but I don't exactly understand it—how did it all happen?"

Harry related the story,—softening down his disappointment of Alice,—doing full justice to the aggravating demeanour of Mrs. Blusterton, and describing the assault upon the Captain. "I don't know how the deuce it was," he said, alluding to the last incident, "that I came to touch the drilled automaton—I am generally quiet enough, but the fellow looked so provokingly stiff, and sat on that brute of a pony of his as though it were a throne and I was his subject; and altogether, what with being vexed at the time and one thing or another, I couldn't keep my hands off the fellow."

"Whew!" whistled Tom; "that is awkward,—d—d awkward. You might have got over the affair with that infernal old woman, but this—'pon my soul, I don't see how you are to get out of it."

"Well, I must go through with it."

"I suppose you must—very unpleasant though—just as the hunting season is coming on too. You don't know this Snawley—a dangerous customer, I can tell you. Why its only the fear of him keeps old Blusterton in order. He'd have thrashed his wife long enough ago—and served her right too—(Harry assented heartily) only he knew what would come of it. Why, Snawley—he was known as 'fighting Snawley' in the Peninsula—puts up flower-pots on end in his garden—Harry Smiles told me—he can see it through his back-window—and fires through the hole in the bottom by way of keeping up his pistol practice, d—n him."

"Pleasant," muttered Harry, thinking it would be much more agreeable if the captain confined his practice to flower-pots, instead of trying to make holes where nature never intended there should be any.

"Here comes Murdoch," said Tom, looking out at the window, which afforded a view of the enemy riding up. "Now you stay here quietly—there's some brandy and cigars in that cupboard—while I go and talk to him."

Harry did not keep quiet—neither did he take advantage of the brandy and cigars. He walked up and down the room, and felt very uncomfortable. It was not that he was afraid exactly, for Harry did not want courage; but if any gentleman who reads this has contemplated being shot at, with a probability of realising the idea in practice, he will understand the sensation which is the contrary of tranquillizing—especially if your opponent have the reputation of being a dead shot. We heard an Irish lieutenant, a confirmed fire-eater, declare that he thought no more of "turking his man than ating his breakfast, begad,"—but even he acknowledged that the first time he felt "mighty onaisy indade;" and this was Harry's "first time," and then the quarrel had come about in so unsatisfactory a way, and altogether he felt it was, as Tom Rattleworth had said, "devilish awkward." It seemed an age to him till Tom came back. However, "ages" will pass by, whether they are

made up of the action of our own feelings or the lapse of centuries, and presently the door opened and Tom entered.

"Well," said Tom, with a whimsical expression of amusement and concern upon his not very expressive face, "It's all settled—we're to meet them in the meadow behind the copse, at Brook-green—the same where Smith staked his horse last season you remember—at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. There was nothing else for it. The beast would not hear of an apology, or any arrangement. 'It was impawsible,' he said. The brute actually seemed to be pleased in his gruff way—so that's how it's settled; and now, it's getting late, I declare, let's have a bit of dinner, and then look after the tools. You'll have my pistols, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," answered Harry, feeling half sorry that he had not broken Captain Snawley's arm, or otherwise disabled him—"but of course I shan't return his fire."

Tom remarked, that was "the correct thing no doubt," and then they discussed dinner—Harry playing a marvellously bad knife and fork, Tom exhibiting a thriving appetite. It is astonishing how little another man's danger affects one. The French have a proverb that "one always has fortitude enough to bear the calamities of one's neighbours." After dinner, Flint, who had been Tom's servant in Canada, brought in a neat-looking mahogany case, containing "the tools," and seemed as if he knew all about what was coming off; Flint had had some experience in that line; and a good part of the rest of the evening was devoted to the investigation of "nipples" and the examination of "tumblers." Tom was proud of his pistols; they went so light when the "feather" spring was set, that a baby might pull them; and he edified Harry with consoling anecdotes, having reference to them, by which it appeared that the pistols, good as they were, had not been very lucky to those who had used them. If Harry had any faith in omens, the antecedents of the weapons were not likely to steady his nerves. "That one," Tom observed—"that's the one that's got the notch in the butt, isn't it? Yes, that one—Jones—Jones of ours had, when he went out with O'Hara. Poor Jones! he had a ball in his chest all because he trod on Mrs. O'Hara's dress at a race ball, when he was too drunk to apologise. That scratch upon the shield of the other—a W you see—Wilson had that, but Bullen, whose dog he threw out of the barrack-room window—that's what that row was about—only winged him, and—"

"Were you ever out yourself?" inquired Harry, interrupting Tom's record.

"Yes, once," said Tom, "but that was with old Glass—Glass of the Commissariat. I trod on his foot one night, and said people who had corns ought to put their toes in their pockets, and one word brought up another; but that was nothing, Glass had *delirium tremens* now and then, and was short-sighted, and couldn't hit a haystack; not a Captain Snawley, old fellow—but you're looking sleepy, I see, you'd better go to bed; there's a shake-down for you up stairs, and we must be up early you know."

Harry did not feel at all sleepy, but he did feel sick at heart, and did not like to show it; and bored with Tom's stories, which were not very cheering, and altogether out of sorts; so he went to his bedroom, and wrote an affectionate letter to Alice, to be delivered, if

necessary, after the affair was over, and sat and looked at the fire, where the coals assumed the forms of the faces of the Captain and Mr. Murdoch, and thought—men will think at such times, if they have any capability of thought in them—of his past life; of his dead mother; of his courtship; in fact, of all there was in life to think about, and at last threw himself upon the bed to try and get a wink or two of sleep. He was just dreaming that he had knocked over Mr. Murdoch at a snap shot—there was a curious confusion, as there often is in dreams, between Mr. Murdoch and a rabbit—and was trying to get him into the pocket of his shooting-jacket, when Tom Rattleworth put his hand upon the shoulder of the dreamer—

“Its six o’clock, Coverdale. Get up; it will take us twenty minutes to get to Brook Green.”

Harry, roused from a vision of shooting to the prospect of being shot at—washed—swallowed a cup of coffee which Flint had got ready,—there was a choking sensation in his throat which would not allow of a sandwich; recommended the letter to Alice to the notice of Tom, and took his place in the dog-cart, the back seat of which was occupied by Flint; “who,” Tom observed, “was up to that sort of work, and as close as wax.”

## CHAPTER V.

### THE MEETING.

We may suppose that there is a place for all things as well as a time for all things. If there is not there ought to be. Well, the meadow at Brook Green was not the precise place, nor that dull chill morning late in the year the precise time for a duel. We know that in saying this we are running counter to the opinions of novelists in general, but that does not much matter, as this of course is not a novel, but an “ower true tale.” Besides, whatever it may be, we have a right to an opinion of our own, and being fond of rights, mean to assert them. Some dark clump of trees, dismal in their aspect, is generally selected as the spot for a fictitious murder; or some place beneath “the threatening shadow of frowning crags,” where the scenery is “in keeping” with the darkness of the actions to be performed, and fitted “to inspire those feelings of melancholy which ought to be called up by folly and crime.” We consider it to be all a matter of taste, and our taste does not lay that way. We prefer the grave to be lighted up by the gay, and lugubriousness to have a touch of merriment. If we could, we would make what the lawyers call the *locus in quo* a bright sunny spot, where a gentleman, if he was to be killed, might fall without soiling his coat,—but the facts we are compelled to relate are upon the side of the sentimentalists, and we are obliged to admit that Brook Green *was* a dismal place, and the soil in such a state that a combatant might expect to die damp if he died at all, as there was scarcely room enough to fall without falling into a puddle.

As Harry and Tom, after leaving the dog-cart (over which Flint mounted sentry) waded on, they became aware of the presence of the other party. Mr. Murdoch loomed through the morning mist a formidable size, drawing a wish from Tom that Harry had to fire at

him, and Captain Snawley stood by his side like a dwarf consorting with a giant. There was a third person, whom Mr. Murdoch introduced as Dr. McIntyre, a "freend," whom he had brought in case of accidents. Everybody looked cold—but Murdoch's party, so Harry thought, looked in addition cold-blooded.

The "men" were placed by their seconds. There was no sun to dispute about, and Rattleworth was satisfied with Mr. Murdoch's measurement of the ground. While this operation was going on, indeed, Tom was looking at the pistols, and handled, as though casually, those which Snawley was to use. The combatants in position—Harry looking a shade paler, the Captain a trifle more rigid,—the given signal was agreed upon, and, in a moment after, one report was heard—only one. Harry had fired in the air, Captain Snawley's pistol had missed fire. Mr. Murdoch bestowed some fervent execrations upon the cap, part of which being in Gaelic we cannot record, and the rest we decline noticing, as they would not conduce to the elevation of the reader's morals, and this is a strictly moral work. Mr. Murdoch himself was sensible of their being rather out of place, for he begged Tom's "pawdon," and excused himself on the ground of its being "awfu vexations,"—as though it were a calamity that somebody had not been transferred to the hands of Dr. McIntyre. Tom now proposed that hostilities should cease, all having been done that "honour" required; but that was an opinion Mr. Murdoch did not share in. "It was no cawmon case," that peaceful gentleman remarked; "it was just a deedly insult." The affair must go on; "it wasna a flash in the pan that would atone for a blow;" and Tom was overborne by the determination of the other side to have it out. Fresh pistols were handed, Tom whispering, as he gave his to Harry, "it's all right—it will be the same next time."

Sure enough it was the same next time. Coverdale again fired in the air,—Snawley again missed fire. Harry could not at all comprehend it; Snawley looked reproachfully at his second; Murdoch swore the most complicated oaths in a polyglot dialect, and the doctor expressed his notion that he might as well have stayed at home. But Mr. Murdoch did not confine himself to swearing,—he produced a pricker and proceeded to probe the defaulting weapons. The operation resulted in his discovering both the nipples to be choked with dirt; the fact being that, while he was stepping the ground, Tom had managed to remove and replace the caps with the addition of a small piece of clay in each, which stopping up the hole rendered the pistols harmless. This was done partly out of a desire to save Harry—partly out of an inherent love of fun; but, when he saw Murdoch's eye resting suspiciously on him, Tom felt that he had been playing a dangerous game. However, the Scotchman could not prove anything, and was too "canny" to make the accusation in the absence of proof, so he contented himself with swearing that it was "vary strange—something a'thegither beyond ordinair,"—and proceeded to reload. Tom again proposed peace, but without any better success. The gentlemen had come out to fight, and to fight they were determined. Tom would have removed his man at all hazards, but he was told that if he did there would be "mair dools than ane that morning."

Coverdale's blood had by this time got up. He was enraged at the persevering hostility exhibited, and he called out, disregarding etiquette, "Let it be so, Rattleworth, if they will have it." Then Tom yielded; and as he gave Harry the loaded pistol said, "You'll fire, of course, this time—aim low." Harry answered, with a flushed cheek and a brightened eye, "I'll hit him as sure as he's alive."

*(To be continued.)*

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL ECONOMY.

If this be essentially the age of physical improvement, not less so is it that of salutary advance in moral, economical and social science; and one significant proof of the mental elevation of the great body of the community consists in the fact that many of those objects which were formerly supposed to be included in the duty of political governments, and which governments egregiously failed to achieve, are attained, or in course of gradual attainment, by the associated exertions of the people themselves. Perhaps the Building Societies are destined to do more for the cause of sanitary reform than could ever have been effected by all the excogitations of the commissioners, if those gentlemen had not been assisted by the intelligent good will of the public; and philanthropists might have long spoken, and spoken vainly, about the necessity of governmental interference to make men sober, frugal and thoughtful of the future, if means had not been taken to make these blessings popularly attractive by exhibiting, in an unmistakeable manner, the certainty and amplitude of their reward.

True, there were benefit clubs, and savings' banks, and innumerable analogous institutions, all professing to confer on the industrious populace the power of effectuating self-provision; and there were the public funds, in which persons whose means were more ample might deposit their accumulations, and receive a minute rate of interest. But all this was found insufficient. The friendly and benefit clubs, besides proving very frequently the foci of dissipation, and the nurseries of bad habits ending in destruction to their frequenters, have turned out to be so absolutely rotten in their original construction, that ultimate bankruptcy, spreading desolation amongst the poor people who trusted to them, is the inevitable fate of the majority, and has already, indeed, been the fate of nearly every one of them which has existed so long as to attain the successive stages of youth, fallacious maturity, and final and inevitable collapse. The system of the benefit clubs is, in short, a terrific evil, one against which no language of denunciation and warning can be too strong, but to the viciousness of which both the legislature and the people are at length, happily, awakening.

Then the masses had another resource—that of the savings' banks. But these institutions are found to hold out little inducement. In the first place, their terms for the usufruct of money being very low, the investor of a small sum found its increase so slow as to be all but literally imperceptible. Moreover, the experience of the last few years has lamentably demonstrated that, besides the disadvantage of so low a rate of interest as to be inappreciable to the ordinary multitude, they do not possess the prime requisite of inviolable security.

These were serious drawbacks both to industry and thrift amongst the humbler classes, whilst persons possessed of more capital, finding an equal difficulty in procuring what they deemed an adequate return on their investments, were driven to all kinds of apocryphal adventures and hazardous loans, ending frequently in disastrous discomfiture. In short, as the sum total of national wealth increased, as a larger portion of the community obtained that inestimable possession—property—it became more and more difficult to employ it with the certainty of fair profit; and the perplexity consequent upon this disappointment threatened to produce effects not slightly detrimental to society.

Meantime government stood powerless to provide a remedy for this confessed defect—to supply this acknowledged want. But here, as in many other cases, the spirit of the age—the spirit of self-dependence and association—stepped in to do the work which no political organization could accomplish; and the operations of one



or two eminent London institutions have opened for all classes those facilities for safe and lucrative investment which statesmen in vain sought to provide.

Since the period—now several years back—when the “National Assurance and Investment Association” first commenced the system of receiving money, in small and large sums, on deposit, investing it, in combination with policies of assurance upon the most substantial and lucrative description of securities, and paying its own investors the highest rates of interest which it might be enabled to secure by an operation combining a duplicate profit, we have not ceased to look with interest on the proceedings of an institution the success of which secured much that was required in order to accomplish that which was admittedly one of the “wants” of the era. And truly cheering have been the results. When the plan was first put into practice, it was in some degree an experiment; it was scientifically and theoretically sound, but it was not yet a tested fact. It is now a *fait accompli* of the most grand and auspicious character—a great fact, fraught with blessing and benefit, daily growing with the increasing numbers of those who avail themselves of it. The rate of interest now obtained and paid by the association is no less than *five per cent*—being nearly double what private investors could procure without incurring more or less risk. In fact, by no other process, save that embracing the double profit inherent in an assurance loan—namely, the profit on the loan and the profit on the assurance policy—could the society procure such terms for those who invest their money with it. One of the most laudable characters of this useful and excellent establishment is, that it does not exclude even the poorest from participation in its advantages; and the few shillings or few pounds of the industrious artisan are treated on the same terms with the thousand invested by his wealthy neighbour. In the principles and proceedings of an institution like this—in the fact of its marked and conspicuous prosperity, and in the circumstance that its active managers include men of the highest note, rank, and fortune in the realm, we recognise one of the symbols of the spirit of our epoch—an epoch which, if not one of sentiment and poetry, is one, after all, of as great practical wisdom and benevolence as any that has preceded it.

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## ORNAMENT AND ORNAMENTATION.

THE time has been when any topic bearing directly upon art, would have been considered wholly unsuitable to, and quite out of place in a cheap popular miscellany like ours. Happily those *dull*, though not exactly dark periods, are now gone by, nor need we offer any apology to our readers for introducing a subject that ought to possess interest for all who make any pretensions to taste—as almost every one is now expected to do. It certainly has become the fashion, within the two or three last years, to talk a great deal about art and various matters connected with it; but unless accompanied and guided by some study, much of the zeal so shown in its behalf is likely to evaporate in mere talk.

Efforts are being made for establishing a systematic course of training for designers and other artificers in various branches of industrial art; for whom manual skill and technical knowledge of their respective specialties of practice have hitherto been thought amply sufficient—in this country at least. So far so well; for that is undoubtedly one important step forward in the right direction. Still, unless it be followed up by another, it will be but of comparatively little service; and that other is, the providing something like systematic art-education for the public, since it is upon their taste and intelligence that we must look for that proper appreciation and encouragement of talent, without which talent itself is called forth only to experience neglect.

It is a great fallacy to suppose that superior ability in art has only to manifest itself in order to be instantly hailed with plaudits and duly patronised. Times are now changed: so long as art looked chiefly to potentates, princes, and popes, and to wealthy religious communities for encouragement and employment, it could afford to dispense with any care for, or intelligence of it on the part of society in general, if only because, brought forward under such imposing auspices, it awed them into admiration. Whereas now the destinies of art may be said to be lodged in the hands of an exceedingly numerous and wealthy middle class, whose tastes, be it whatever it may, the various producers find it more profitable to them to consult



and comply with as being that of the many,—*many* of whom have, by what is called their “industry,” risen from comparative poverty into opulence,—from insignificance into importance; consequently are apt to be purse-proud, and to indulge in all the caprices and tasteless ostentation for which *nouveaux riches* have become proverbial.

All the more desirable then is it that, as the most effectual way of counteracting the sinister influence upon art arising out of the phenomenon in our present social system which we have just been adverting to, some pains should be taken to provide something like sound art or *Æsthetic* instruction for the many, i. e., the middling classes.

Galleries, museums, exhibitions, no doubt, all subserve to such instruction, yet, unless it be accompanied by some more methodical and less empirical kind of study, the knowledge so acquired can be, unless in unusual and exceptional instances, only very crude, confused, and superficial. It is picked up—if it be picked up at all—quite casually and desultorily, bit by bit and in scraps. Besides which, the public are apt to deceive themselves with the notion that they are learning, when in fact they are only indulging a love for sight-seeing—for busy and bustling, yet in reality very indolent and—so to say, *thoughtless* lounging. Well, and what matters it though it be so, so long as they are amused? People know at least what pleases them—perhaps, for even that is doubtful; yet unless they can also be brought to relish what they *ought* to be pleased with, art is not at all likely to be benefited by the attention it obtains from them. So far is the *vox populi* from being also the *vox artis* that it frequently bestows the greatest number of suffrages precisely upon what the judgment of the intelligent artist would most condemn. In matters of art, therefore—perhaps in some others likewise—it would be far better to take and be guided by the minority’s sense than the majority’s nonsense,—which remark brings us, without further delay, to what we may be thought to have quite forgotten—the subject promised by the heading of our article.

The majority of persons are apt to be led away by mere ornament, to admire it for its own sake; and, let it be ever so injudiciously applied, to conclude that, as it is intended to produce beauty, the more of it there is all the more beautiful and deserving of admiration are the objects on which it is bestowed. Whereas, rightly understood, ornament is to be regarded, not as the substitute for artistic design, but only as the *condiment* of it, while the employment and distribution of ornament constitutes ornamentation. Thus defined, it is evident that, although intended to give pleasure, ornament either by excess or improper application of it may be attended with quite the contrary effect, just as over-seasoning or a wrong kind of seasoning may spoil and render quite unpalatable what would else have been an excellent dish. Many of the articles in the Great Exhibition, and those not the least of all admired and extolled, were chiefly remarkable for the utter depravation of taste which they displayed. Most of those which were selected by different publications as subjects for their engravings, were of that unhappy s’amp. Some of them were actually smothered with ornament, or rather what was meant for it, and were little better than so many unintelligible conglomerations of fantastic crinkum-crankum and carved work. Very few of them, too, gave evidence of any attempt at novelty, or of any freshness of idea, the greater part of them being little better than the merest compilations from Wardour-street museums, and old lumber rooms and curiosity shops. Fabulous as is the mill which is said to have the power to grind old ladies into young ones, a mill there certainly *is*, which does actually grind old fashions into bran-new ones; and it must have been kept in active employment for the “Exhibition” of ’51; with such success, too, that the most arrant chaff put into it came out again in the shape of the finest flour or flower—at least passed for such with, or was made to pass for such by the *Art Journal*, whose “Illustrated Catalogue,” viz., of the ’51 Exhibition, gives us examples not only of the most corrupt and vicious taste, but of the most abject flunkeyism and unscrupulous puffing. Many of the things there shown deserved to be so, but then it should have been by showing them up as warnings, and fairly exposing their absurdity and bad taste, instead of recommending and patronising such abominations. Nor need we apologise for making use of that last ugly word, when we find that in one of his papers, printed in the “Proceedings of the Liverpool Architectural Society,” Mr. Frank Howard has not scrupled to denounce “the abominations of the Editor of the *Art Journal* and Felix Summerly,” as foremost in encouraging “the most corrupt and vicious taste!”

In many of the things produced for the Great Exhibition excess of ornament served only to make all the more manifest the ignorance of ornamentation

which was betrayed in them, or else a wilful disregard of its principles. While it was employed so as rather to overlay and disguise than to embellish, what may be called the natural because constructive forms of pieces of furniture were, in many instances, tortured into others exceedingly absurd, and more or less at variance with propriety, convenience, and utility. Articles of the kind there were which, notwithstanding their tastelessness and in some cases even downright ugliness, we cannot but suppose to have been introduced merely for show in a room instead of for actual use. Infinitely more importance was generally attached to rarity and costliness of material, and elaborate, consequently expensive workmanship, than to positive elegance of form and excellence of artistic design. By no means are we insensible to beauty of material and execution, the latter of which ought perhaps to be estimated higher than the other as conferring upon it an additional value and charm, but both ought to be placed lower than design, the last alone exhibiting intellectual power and æsthetic feeling, the other two being no more than the *media* through which it manifests itself. It is not for design to look to them for concealing its own imperfections and short-comings, and to trust to thereby acquiring an extrinsic and borrowed value. Point out to us the writer who would be content to have his works praised for the luxury in respect to paper, typography, binding, and embellishments with which they may be "got up,"—the woman who would not infinitely prefer being admired for her own indefeasible personal attractions than for those accessories to them which even age or ugliness, if accompanied by wealth, can command, and we will at once renounce our theory and throw up our brief in despair.

Merit of design is the first thing that ought to be taken into account, although by those who spoke of the Exhibition it seems to have been the very last. As to the Exhibition itself, its *universality* was, as far as the interests of sound art and good taste were concerned, however well-intentioned, rather a blunder. A totally uneducated public were turned loose into a sort of *menagerie* of all styles and all countries, and to fumble their way among them as best they could, to the imminent danger of their mistaking a monkey for a megatherion, and the enormously be-perriwigged Louis Quatorze for Pericles. It was a complete omnium-gatherum—a Noah's ark both of clean and unclean things, therefore just as likely to encourage bad as to promote good taste. And it seems indeed to have done more for the spread of the former than of the latter, at least for the present; it having occasioned a sudden rage among us for ornament—a morbid and indiscriminately voracious appetite for whatever calls itself ornament, though it be the rankest garbage of its kind.

Even where ornament is good, ornamentation may be bad: separately considered its several details may be unobjectionable, yet so tastelessly put together as to produce discordancy and confusion, and to weary the eye rather than gratify it. The rationale and economy of embellishment is very imperfectly understood, nor do we seem as yet to be in the way of arriving at any certain and well-grounded principles, and thereby of extricating ourselves from the chaotic and fluctuating opinions which now prevail, and likewise from the perpetual *see-saw* of fashion. One of the cant maxims of the day is—copy nature; but, excellently well as it sounds, it is one that requires to be interpreted *cum grano salis*, and with great discretion; adopted too literally, it is apt to lead into sad mistakes and absurdities. Now nature puts things in their proper places; she does not scatter her ornaments about at random; she neither tattoos the skins of animals with flowers, nor disguises plants by giving them the shapes of birds and beasts. Even in her most playful moods and luxuriant compositions, she manifests discretion, is sober even in her gorgeousness, and is never under any circumstances trivial or trifling. So far then, nature holds out, not indeed any express and precise model to the artist, but a most instructive lesson, one, however, which seems to be utterly thrown away upon the majority of those who not only call themselves artists but actually pass for such.

In ornamentation, as in dress, it is only the effect of *ensemble* which obtains credit in any account with taste. So long as that is impressive and captivating, we may fairly be satisfied, leaving it to upholsterers and cabinetmakers to appraise the several items in an elegantly furnished room, and to men-milliners to distinguish between Lyons and Spitalfields silks. It is owing to inattention to *ensemble*, that decoration and ornament so frequently prove no better than so much mere *finery* bestowed upon what has no beauty of its own to boast of. The term "*finery*" would, in fact, describe it far more truly than any other, inasmuch as it conveys the idea of vulgar pretension, coupled with equally vulgar taste and ignorance of

art, of both of which, we have, even if nowhere else, most convincing evidence in Herr Sang's doings at the Royal Exchange and New Coal Exchange, the last, perhaps, the worst, yet the least to be regretted, inasmuch as, vile as it is, it is quite as good as the architecture to which it serves as the pictorial accompaniment.

## PEOPLE WHO ARE "PUT UPON."

WE are not called upon to prove that there are people in the world who are "put upon." That is a fact so well known, and so generally recognized, that evidence is quite unnecessary. It may, however, be prudent to point out what the species is really made up of. On that point there is no little misapprehension. If you will take every man's word for it, there is hardly anybody who is not put upon more or less. Thus some think that not being appreciated is being put upon. The world gets into a way of marking men and things, just as the linen-draper tickets the goods in their windows. There is a great deal of assaying, which has no reference to the precious metals; and when the world will not take a man at his own valuation, he considers himself "put upon." Smith, for example, who is only a half-pay captain, and wears a shabby blue frock coat and mended boots, thinks he was born for a general, and ought to go about in epaulettes and a cocked hat, with a plume of feathers in it; but luck was against Smith, and Smith considers himself "put upon" by luck,—and aristocrats were put before Smith, and Smith considers himself "put upon" by aristocracy,—and richer men bought their steps over Smith's head, and Smith considers himself "put upon" by the power of money. Smith will tell you, holding you by the button, meanwhile, for fear you should escape from the infliction he is putting upon you, how Lord Sabresash was appointed to the staff, and so got a step which Smith ought to have had; and how young Bullion got his captaincy by purchase, and so defrauded Smith of the promotion which was his due; and how old Jones, the major, for whose death Smith had waited patiently for half a dozen years, and who seemed determined not to die, did die just after Smith left the regiment, by which means Mc.Luckie, who had been Smith's junior for so many years, became Smith's superior. Of course, Smith winds up by assuring you, that "the service is going to the devil, sir," as fast as it can; a fate which appears just to Smith, because he has not been appreciated in it.

So Brown, the poet—Brown, whose productions we see every day in the newspapers, as part of the advertisement of Messrs. Levi and Co.—Brown, who is so great at illustrating the poetic beauty of paletots and Eureka shirts—Brown, who throws a halo of imagination around Congou and Mocha, and hallows by his genius the apparently prosaic subjects of Wellingtons and highlows—Brown is a disappointed man, Brown has all his life been put upon. Brown feels that he has a soul above wearing apparel—he would clothe the world with something better than the last dreadnought, or fearnought, or anti-bronchial great-coat of Messrs. Levi and Co., he would wrap it in celestial thoughts; but the world unfortunately will not let Brown, and chains him down to the grovelling necessity of writing about the comforts of life, if he would have any of them. Brown will recount to you how his productions illuminated the poet's corner of a country newspaper, and elicited accidental admiration, till he one day asked for some remuneration for his efforts. His nostrils will dilate with indignation as he informs you how the sordid editor the following week, in his "Notices to Correspondents," gave "Clean" (that was the signature Brown wrote under) to understand that poetic contributions to that journal were always supposed to be gratuitous. Brown will tell you the history of how he sent beautiful poems with short notes to the magazines, and sometimes did not get any notice taken of them, sometimes got them back marked "rejected with thanks," or a hint that "that department was full at present," or some depreciating allusion to their merits; all which Brown ascribes to the fact that the magazines are in the hands of "a set," are governed by "cliquism" and regulated by jealousy; that they would not let a man in who was likely to be a dangerous rival, and who did not belong to their circle; and while Brown draws from this inferences highly flattering to his self-love, Brown is of course proportionately wrath against those who make him "hide his light under a bushel." Brown will tell you, too, of his adventures in "the Row,"

among the publishers, when he went with a bundle of manuscript entitled the "Heart's Memories," or the "Soul's Longings," or the "Harp of Affection;" and found that memory was a barren tract, that longings are doomed to be unsatisfied, and the chords of affection's harp are dumb. He will detail how this house did not publish poetry, and that house had their hands full, and the other house did not think it in their line, and the last house offered to look at the manuscript if he would leave it—and how he did leave it, and of the weary pilgrimages he had backwards and forwards to the Row for news of the offspring of his brain; how he used to go with golden visions of fame and profit, and come back with the dreary, oft-repeated intelligence that they "had not had time to look at it yet;" and how at last, plucking up courage, and remonstrating and insisting that it should either be looked at or returned—a threat Brown thought would frighten "the house" into propriety—his manuscript was handed back to him with the information that "the market was overstocked with that kind," or "it did not exactly suit them;" Brown seeing at a glance that it had never been looked at at all, that it was folded just as he folded it, tied just as he tied it, with a bit of string which had once secured an ounce of tea; and all because Brown had not a name, because the reviewers did not know him. How should they know him? Brown very properly asks, when they would not give him a chance of being known. Brown feels that any man who has money or interest may deluge the world with floods of nonsense, but a mere man of genius cannot get the sublimest productions published; and Brown leads you up to the inference that he has been awfully "put upon" because he has been made *only* a man of genius instead of one with either money or influence. To that he ascribes the fact that he is compelled to go hawking about Songs of the Great Coat, or Melodies of the Teapot, which in his heart he loathes, instead of having the trade competing for the honour of publishing his quartos and folios. But Brown, after all, has a solace which Captain Smith has not—he belongs to the future as well as to the present; or, rather, while he belongs to the present, the future belongs to him. Brown's eye will flash as he tells you that the world will never recognise Smith as a hero, because he never had a chance of being one; will never record battles which Smith might have fought but did not; will never contemplate him as a general who is doomed to die a half-pay captain. No, no; Smith's aspirations, like his worn frock-coat and mended boots, will cease to be and leave no monument behind them. But Brown is a poet—he speaks the present tense with emphasis. He *has* written. He has an empire, if not come, coming, which the world cannot filch from him. "Ha," he says, exultingly, there he has the world at a disadvantage. The world will find it out in time, and perhaps be sorry for it. Though he is compelled to put Messrs. Levi and Co.'s name twelve times into every fourteen lines of advertising poetry, and to shape his mother tongue to find rhymes for it—what of that? There is, in a corner of his table-drawer, a packet of papers tied round still with the old tea-paper string, and Brown is as firmly convinced as he is of his own existence, that some day, after he is dead perhaps, somebody will find that bundle, and that then the "Heart's Memories" will be remembered for ever, or the "Soul's Longings" awake thousands of tuneful echoes, or the "Harp of Affection" make glad music at thousands of hearths—and the world will regret the poet it has lost. When Brown gets into that train of thought, he does not feel so much put upon after all. In one way, at all events, it is beyond the power of the world to put upon him—the world, in fact is putting upon itself; and that makes Brown comparatively happy, till he sees that it is close on to post time, and that he has only done four lines of the advertisement for the "Muddlesborough Patriot," which must go that night, and into which he has yet to introduce the name of Levi and Co. ten times.

Green is "put upon." You knew Green once when he wore diamond shirt studs—was hung in chains and scented the air with the odours with which he was perfumed. Green used at that time to drive a high trotting horse in a stylish cab through "the horrid City" to the Stock Exchange. One of the race of pigmies in top-boots used to hang on behind. Green used to hold the reins with prime rose kid gloves—in fact Green not only flattered himself, but found heaps of people to flatter him that he was "a real swell." We saw Green the other day—minus studs and chains; the fresh garments of other times were reduced to a deplorable state of seediness. The high trotting horse and its burden had trotted off into somebody else's service. Green was prowling with a basket along Clare-market, looking out for the materials of a cheap dinner to be cooked in his garret close by. He who used to trot up to us as though he meant to drive over one, in the days when he "rode the high horse," tried to sneak down an alley, out of sight there

was that much grace left in him, but we stopped him and then Green told us he had been "put upon." He had speculated for a rise, when there came a fall. He had received intelligence which made him think a rise certain, and he did not complain because he lost "some money;"—here Green jingled his door-key against some halfpence, to show us that he had some left—it was not that he cared about but the way it was done. The information he had got was "a sell,"—there was, in fact, a regular "plant" upon him; and he was shamefully "put upon."

We might give a hundred other instances of people who say they are put upon—from the Earl of Frippington who considers that he ought to have had the last Garter, down to Mr. Tapeyard the linen draper, whose customers prefer the goods of a rival tradesman; but we will not, because we have only been giving these instances to show who are the people who are not put upon. We don't think Smith belongs to that class, because he is more fit to be a corporal than a captain. We deny the claim to Brown, because if he has any genius it is far better adapted to the guinea paletot style of poetry than to the Epic; and he may think himself lucky that he is turning a penny with his pen, instead of a spade. We repudiate Green because he is simply foolish, and has been "done unto," as he "would have done unto others," if he had had wit enough. Indeed it is our opinion that the class in question, does not consist of those who are always talking about being "put upon," but of a very different set of beings.

The people who really are "put upon," and you would never guess it from their conversation, unless like us you had some insight into the matter, never complain of it. They may be divided into two species, those who get themselves "put upon," and those who are, as it were, "put upon" naturally. To parody a sentence which has been used till we wonder that gentlemen who dabble in quotations are not ashamed to be indebted to it so often, we should say that some achieve being "put upon," while others have that distinction thrust upon them; but the first achieve it involuntarily, and the latter accept it unconsciously. Here, as it is said they do elsewhere, the two extremes meet in a common fate. The fiery and suspicious, and the timid and meek, are those who come under the designation at the head of this chapter, and of each we will take a type from individuals within our own knowledge by way of illustrations.

Mr. Bluster is a tall man, with a bald head and red face. He has a loud voice and swears. He walks with a gait which shows his own appreciation of himself. His little cunning eyes look out at you from behind spectacles, which some people think he does not use to see with, but to avoid being seen. His coarse mouth has its lips pressed close together to denote unmistakeable firmness. His whole aspect, in fact, seems intended to give you the idea of a man who is not to be done, never has been done, and never intends to be done. Indeed, he tells you so at once plainly, for he affects candour. He knows the world,—he has not looked about him for nothing,—he knows that dog does eat dog, but he is prepared for all that, and knows how to meet it. He never submits to be put upon. He lets you know that at once. It would be dangerous to try the experiment with him, and yet Mr. Bluster is "put upon" every day of his life. We were going to say that we hope Mr. Bluster will not see this article, for his wrath would know no bounds, but we feel tolerably safe even if he does, for he never would believe it was meant for him. His armour he conceives to be so impenetrable that he not only has no fear of being wounded, but also no sense of the possibility of such a calamity. If you were to show him a "speaking likeness" of himself, as a portrait of a gentleman who had been "put upon," he would not recognize it although he had just left the looking-glass. We have thought sometimes that he had just a glimmering of it, and that his manner was assumed to prevent others from thinking so too; but he is so thoroughly consistent that we soon gave up that idea as one utterly incompatible with the good opinion he undoubtedly has of himself. If Mr. Bluster could but understand us, we do think that very manner of his, which he conceives to be such a safeguard, actually invites aggression and lays him open to attack, he would be the most miserable of men. If he could only know that his confidence offends the egotism of other men, and his presumption makes them delight in cheating him, he would become insane; but, "where ignorance is bliss," &c., and Mr. Fox and Mr. Sly, with whom he does business, and whom he thinks he can wind round his finger, though they have grown richer while he has grown poorer, reserve their sneers and their smiles till he has gone, assuring him to his face, that Mr. Bluster is the "very last person in the world they would dream of being able to take in," and so Mr. Bluster achieves getting "put upon."

One example of the other section of this class will conclude our exposition. There



is John Dove—whose nature does not belie his name. Probably he has derived both from some ancestor upon whom the designation was bestowed as a characteristic one. John Dove is as different a man from Mr. Bluster as it is possible to imagine. He is short, and thin, and pale, and altogether insignificant looking. He does not walk as though the street belonged to him, but shuffles along, as though he had no right upon the pavement and was much obliged to people for letting him be there. He has no confidence in himself—no reliance in his own powers of protection. Bless you, if you were to put it to him, he would admit that he was a child—that it would be easy for anybody to take him in. That admission has become natural to him since he has heard it so often from his mate, who was a Miss Hawk before marriage, and who constantly keeps him in mind of it. But though it would be so easy to take him in, he does not believe anybody would. “Dear me, no!” John would say, staring at you from his great, blank-looking eyes, “nobody puts upon me—it would not be worth while, you see.” If ever a man was content with “that state of life,” &c. (the Christian reader will finish the quotation for himself), John Dove is eminently that man. He is clerk to Mr. Sharp, the broker, to whom he was formerly a partner. He is something more than clerk, for he is porter and messenger as well, combining that trinity of occupations on very small wages. Mr. Sharp knows how John was transformed from a partner to a servant, and other people can guess pretty well. It would be dangerous, perhaps, to say it openly, for Mr. Sharp is a stern man, and would not bear calumny, but the world does shake its head, and hint that John has been ill-used. John does not think so. It would be difficult to make him believe it. He cannot tell you very clearly how it was that the change came about—he has a host of indistinct notions that it was through his own foolishness, and now he has almost a reverence for Mr. Sharp. “He is not worth much,” John humbly acknowledges,—“it is not a great deal he can do,” he says,—and “situations are so difficult to be found;” and he really thinks it “very good of Mr. Sharp” to help him. John means what he says. You never have any doubt that he is sincere. The popular notion among his acquaintances is, that he is too great a fool to compass a deception—just as though deceivers were not, after all, the greatest of fools. He fully believes, in the innocence of his heart, that opening the office, cleaning it, lighting the fire, running of messages, copying all the letters, and staying till any time at night, is not more than his fifteen shillings a week renders it a moral duty that he should perform—and in that simple faith John will no doubt live, till Death, who “puts upon” other men, renders it impossible for anybody to put upon John.

The moral of all this—for, in these days, when everybody writes with a purpose, a paper without a moral would be worse than a fox without a tail—the moral of all this, we suppose, is, that the boastful make their own punishment and the weak accept their fate, and that it is not exactly safe to let any man “put upon” you by accepting his own estimate of himself.

## A GLANCE AT PUBLIC EVENTS DURING FEBRUARY.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled on the 10th, and Lord John Russell, whilst he declined to give any detailed explanation of the “general principles” of government, even when importuned thereto by the impetuous Disraeli, made a statement of some of the most important subjects with which his colleagues intend to deal during the course of the present session. The policy of increasing what it has become the fashion to term the “national defences,” is to be carried out, and this operation will involve an increase in the “estimates”—that is to say, in the taxes which we pay for naval and military establishments, though there is, it seems, to be no addition to the number of soldiers, seamen, and marines employed. Certain grievances complained of by the shipping interest are to be mitigated or removed—at least to be “dealt with” in some way, but to what extent, and in what spirit, his lordship did not condescend to explain, leaving such dry details to be furnished by his colleague the President of the Board of Trade. The Jew question is to be brought forward again, and Lord John tells us that the present Cabinet intend to push the measure with great earnestness. When a Government takes up a question involving a great principle, it is nothing more than right and honest that they should set in earnest about their work; but how far the sanguineous energy of



temperament so peculiar to the Prime Minister may work effectively against the High Church feeling in the House of Peers, or how far the same quality (equally characteristic of the House of Commons) may soothe the partiality of the *Inglises* and *Spooners* in the latter assembly; and how far, in case of non-success, the Minister may be disposed to go in practical testimony of the sincerity of his earnestness, is a riddle which it would be presumptuous in us to try to resolve by anticipation.

Lord John Russell further alluded, very vaguely, to the great subject of education, in connection with University Reform. We are told that "something" is to be done, and here ends the information with which the country is favoured.

But on another, and still more important question—that of Parliamentary Reform, in which general phrase are included, by popular assent, an extension of electoral suffrage, measures for securing purity of election, &c., &c.—on this engrossing question the ministerial leader of the Commons is not nearly so vague. We adverted last month to the rumours which then prevailed. But Lord John Russell tells us distinctly, that with respect to franchise extension, he sees no prospect of any more forward movement being effected this year, though it is an object, he declares, which he has profoundly at heart. But "circumstances" intervene, to preclude, for the present, the full consideration of the subject, &c., &c. Great disappointment has been produced by this announcement, amongst the more "advanced" section of the Liberal party, the members of which section do not regard the causes alleged by Government as by any means so cogent as to justify the postponement of practical dealing with a subject so interesting, especially now that one great obstruction—the slow-coach, Protectionist agitation—has been fairly got rid of, and is no longer permitted to "stop the way" of public progress. It is just within the limits of possibility that the project of extending the franchise might have made more substantial way by this time, were it not for Lord Palmerston's conduct in the early part of last year—conduct to which the two years' delay will have, partly at least, to be attributed.

*Apropos* of Parliamentary Reform, the Election Committees have begun to send in their Reports, some of which furnish a moving commentary on the state of morality which prevails during "election time" in our smaller boroughs. Some "honourable members" are unseated for bribery, corruption, and so forth (*of course* only by their agents). Amongst them is the remarkable hero of the street squabble which lately attracted some attention. The unseating of Mr. Carter, the member for Tavistock, on the ground of non-qualification, shows that the restrictive tendency of these qualification conditions, although for so many years treated as a dead letter, is not yet wholly extinct.

We are not as yet in a position to state what Government means to do about the Income-tax. There is a general feeling that the present system of levy contains much inequality and injustice, and people are perplexing themselves with the speculation how far—if at all—the present Chancellor of the Exchequer may be induced to strike a compromise, with his well-known disinclination to introduce a varied scale of rating, according to the description, as well as according to the amount, of the incomes which come within the functions of their Honours the Commissioners. But this is a mystery which will be cleared up before long.

On Friday the 13th, Mr. Disraeli founded a long oration (preliminary to a question, as to the policy of ministers with respect to France,) upon certain stray passages in the hustings' speeches delivered by Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood at Carlisle and Halifax. Mr. Disraeli's harangue consisted mainly of an unwontedly tedious recapitulation of trite historical common-places, commencing with the surrender of Calais, coming down to our own times, and by no means bearing naturally or affirmatively upon his professed object—that of extracting from ministers an intimation whether the language attributed to Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Wood, respecting (and admitted, but partly "regretted" on the part of the last-named gentleman,) did not imply a diminution of the pacific and friendly disposition of our government towards that of France. The introduction of so many topics, totally impertinent to the subject in hand, as well as the personal acrimony which, unfortunately for his own character, he appears incapable of suppressing in his most studied parliamentary displays, betrayed the real animus of Lord Derby's Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and brought the speech to its real level—that of a malicious and wanton factious "move"—which gained nothing but dishonour for its originators. It was much more calculated to provoke, than to prevent, the intemperate language which it pretended to deprecate; its whole tone was of that class which would be almost certain to elicit untimely expressions,

to commit ministers to imprudent admissions—but that, fortunately for Government, the duty of reply was entrusted to men of greater discretion and ability than might have been exhibited under the circumstances, if Lord Palmerston (for example) had contrived to hold the post of Foreign Secretary. Lord John Russell replied calmly, and with considerable effect, showing that the British Government still maintains relations of perfect amity with that of France, but not shrinking from the position, that such amity of relations does not bind us in any way to approval of the individual conduct on particular occasions, of this or that foreign potentate. That ministers are really actuated by a disposition of reasonable conciliation towards France, we have never entertained a doubt; and, admitting the presumption that there was an unwise inconsistency in an isolated sentence of Sir Charles Wood's speech, we are nevertheless persuaded that the course likely to be taken by them is more favourable to the maintenance of peace, than was the gratuitous and ill-placed flattery by which Lord Derby's colleagues made themselves so ridiculous before Europe. The graceful and dignified manner in which the present Cabinet has acceded to the request for the delivery to the French Government of the celebrated "Will" of the Emperor Napoleon, is a pleasant symptom that Lord Aberdeen knows how to do a handsome thing, in handsome style. Sir James Graham made a capital speech, in which he proved himself as adroit a master of retort, as his assailant is of invective. But his reply was rendered doubly "telling" by the circumstance that Mr. Disraeli, in his opening address, had attributed language to him, which Sir James was enabled to affirm he had never used. Sir James Graham's peroration contained a dignified assertion of the right of manly and honest expression of opinion, side by side with official responsibility.

Whilst on parliamentary topics, it is right to take notice that the Lord Chancellor has given notice to make another step—though not a very bold one—in the direction of Law Reform. He contemplates classification and codification, which would be excellent improvements if they were only practicable. But of this his lordship's speech, and the state of the courts themselves, do not encourage very sanguine expectations. The evils of English law lie deeper than his professional bias has so far permitted him to acknowledge, abrogation and consolidation are as necessary as codification. We hope that his good intentions may not be shipwrecked on the quicksands of half measures. Lord St. Leonards has "come out" with projects for the amendment of laws relating to lunacy and other matters. Other schemes of law amendment are on the tapis; and we can only say that if anything real is to be done, the sooner it is done the better. On this intensely national subject the performance has been miserably disproportioned to promise.

Ministers have formally announced that they intend to discontinue immediately the transportation of convicts to Van Dieman's land; that they do *not* intend to propose a change in the anomalous position of the Established Church in Ireland; that they do *not* intend to abolish the well-paid office of Lord Lieutenant; that they *do* contemplate a measure for rendering more equitable the relations between landlords and tenants in Ireland. If this latter measure be conceived in a bold, fair spirit, it will do much for the repression of the fiendish oppression and legalised murders on the one hand, and the not unnatural, but murderous system of retaliation on the other, which have so long stained the escutcheon of the green isle. The bill brought in by Mr. Peel (under-Secretary for the Colonies) for bringing funds arising from the "Clergy Reserves" more under the control of the Provincial Legislature of Canada, is one of the most judicious measures introduced this session, and will tend to the removal of a monstrous monopoly.

Amongst the noticeable occurrences of the month is the final demise of the National Protectionist Society, which delivered its last groan on Monday, the 7th, at the South Sea House in Threadneedle-street. In connection with this "great event" we would refer to the very justifiable strike of the agricultural labourers of Wiltshire, for such an advance in wages as would give them, in return for their weary toil, the handsome income of nine shillings a week. These poor hard-working fellows have heretofore been ekeing out existence upon an average wage of seven shillings weekly! Those who know enough of foreign countries to understand the difference in the cost of living at home and abroad—even as regards the scantiest necessities of life—(salt and fuel being the only exceptions) are at a loss to reconcile with honesty the flaunting allusions which we sometimes hear to the superiority of the condition of such unfortunates as the Wiltshire labourers to that of the foreign peasant. National self-complacency is one of the most amiable of weaknesses, and national self-complacency has, without doubt, something to do with the delusion.

Mr. Hudson, the once all-powerful Railway King, beslavered and fawned upon by some of our foremost magnates, has been mulcted in another considerable slice from a capital which may, bye-and-bye, turn out to be "fabulous," in the strict, as distinguished from the hacknied, meaning of that worn-out term. The Master of the Rolls has adjudged him to "account for" the disposal of a number of shares of the York and North Midland Railway, which bore a large premium at the period when he appropriated them to some purpose which he has refused to explain, except upon compulsion. This decree, if unappealed from, or if confirmed upon appeal, will involve consequences of the most costly kind to Mr. Hudson. Seven or eight years ago this man was the object of adulation as offensive to good taste as the obloquy now heaped on him is merciless and unmodified. The vice of cupidity, whether in its eager expectancy or in its mistifying disappointments, is equally apt to run into extremes, as it has done in its dealing with the character of this man. It exalted him as a demi-god,—it would run him down as a demon. "Truth may lie between."

Cold and bracing weather—which would have been more seasonable in the previous month—set in at the beginning of February, and has continued, with little intermission, down to the date at which we write. Accidents, some of them, we regret to say, fatal, have occurred through the hardihood of over-adventurous skaters. The hard frost being considered favourable to agricultural prospects, has tended, though only partially, to check the rise in the price of articles of food. Meanwhile trade and commerce continue brisk and prosperous; the promising aspect of the noble project of Inter-oceanic communication by the Isthmus of Darien is one of the substantial tokens of our prosperity; the great anxiety of our large manufacturers consists no longer so much in the difficulty of obtaining lucrative markets for their commodities as in the conjectured possibility of a deficiency in the supply of the raw material, without which their vastly augmented operations cannot be carried on. The high authority of Mr. Bazley, chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, tells us that this is the great danger to be apprehended. Well—there is India—let her unbounded productive resources be cultivated, and the danger is effectually removed. It is an astonishing fact that the mere increase in our consumption of cotton wool within the last twelve years exceeds the entire consumption at the close of the war, when we had virtually the monopoly of the markets of the world.

One of the most distressing accidents on record, is that of the loss of the Victoria steamer off the Hill of Howth, almost within hail of the harbour of Kingstown. Seventy-four human lives were lost out of a total of about 120 on board. Disastrous infatuation seems to have been from first to last connected with the catastrophe. On a sleety, snowy, foggy night, when it was difficult to discern objects a few yards ahead, the speed of the vessel was not abated on her approach to a proverbially dangerous coast; she was rushing on within twenty yards of the breakers, when the order—alas! too late!—to reverse the engines was given; when the vessel struck, the unfortunate captain, without waiting to ascertain the extent of the damage she had sustained, backed off at once into deep water, and then finding (again too late) that she was sinking, ordered her once more to run ashore; but she was too helplessly shattered for this. Then, as a last resource, the boats were tried, and had they been in a condition for service, possibly all the lives on board might have been saved; but here once more the most ordinary precaution (but that which, unhappily, would be quite extraordinary amongst sailors) had been neglected. On all the railways in the country, with their scores of millions of passengers, not half the number of lives are lost by every description of accident, arising frequently from the recklessness of the victims themselves, as in one of these constantly-recurring steam-boat disasters. A railway accident always furnishes material for a perfect torrent of newspaper remonstrance and expostulation; and the journalists only do their duty in being jealously watchful of matters in which the safety of the public is so deeply concerned. We respectfully entreat that they may be equally assiduous in their protestations against the toleration of the disgraceful negligence to which the worst consequences of so many steamboat accidents are ascribable, and which negligence seems to increase in proportion to the facility with which requisite measures of precaution could be adopted.

The unfortunate insurrection at Milan is one of the occurrences which marks with gloomy interest the continental politics of the month, exhibiting the madness of ill-concerted attempts at revolution, and furnishing a fearful, but, we trust, an instructive lesson to those who, by their rash appeals to popular ignorance, make themselves morally responsible for the consequence of such proceedings. The out-

break at Milan was in fact nothing more than an *émeute*, excited more immediately by two sanguinary "proclamations," to which the names of Messrs. Mazzini and Kossuth were attached. The latter gentleman has denounced as a forgery the document which bore his name; the Mazzini proclamation is not yet disowned, and, in truth, has a close resemblance to the usual style of its supposed author. The affair has resulted in effects injurious in every way to the people of Milan. Marshal Radetsky, the Austrian governor, has assumed, upon what we consider insufficient evidence, that all the inhabitants, with a few exceptions, were active sympathisers with the disturbance, and has adopted measures of extraordinary and unnecessary severity towards the city. Immediately following this calamitous business has been an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Austria. So far as relates to his personal qualities, the life of this youth does not appear to be particularly valuable to society; but this is the morality of casuistry, and we do not the less detest murder even though the victim be a monarch who has no claim to the reputation of an Alfred.

Emperor Napoleon has made another speech to his Parliament, and repeats his pacific professions with more emphasis than ever. We have no doubt that there is a certain amount of sincerity in these professions; we believe that no one would regret more deeply than the Emperor himself, the occurrence of any circumstances which may render it necessary to his personal interest to direct the restlessness of his subjects towards projects of invasion. But in any unfortunate emergency, when war may become indispensable to his own convenience, Louis Napoleon would not be the man to hesitate on the alternative. At the same time, whilst very far from subscribing to all the views enunciated by Mr. Cobden, in reference to our present and prospective relations with France, we feel bound to confess a very disagreeable persuasion that, if anything more than another could tend to foment and inflame international discords, it would be the wholly reckless and unscrupulous manner in which some of the English newspapers, of no great note in other respects—endeavour to write themselves into notoriety, by their mendacious and unqualified abuse of him, who is, *par excellence*, "the most remarkable man of his day." Abundant—super-abundant—are the passages in his career, on which public criticism may be legitimately exercised; but criticism becomes wearisome and nauseating when it degenerates into mere ribaldry; when the sacred recesses of private life are brutally violated, and every act is distorted and misrepresented, merely because it is the act of a given individual. It is true that this sordid craving after lucrative notoriety, in some measure defeats its own object; people of average intelligence are getting sickened at the repetition of the same unsavoury dose of foul words and hideous expressions. Still the critics to whom we have alluded, are doing all the mischief they can, and that mischief is not inconsiderable. When Mr. Cobden and General Brotherton make sporting wagers, for and against, the probability of an invasion of England, the world laughs at the curious bye-play between an eminent public man, and a worthy old soldier. Meanwhile—wisdom, philanthropy, charity, and civilisation must earnestly desire, that whilst no really requisite precautionary measures are neglected on our parts, there should be a cessation to the mischievous cant which insists on chronic enmity as the natural and necessary state of feeling between England and France. Such blasphemous, un-Christian cant is, as we have just observed, a thing which, if encouraged, would effectually promote the very evil which it affects to deplore.

Little news of importance has arrived from the Cape. The Kaffirs are somewhat less troublesome, but it is still out of our power to record a condition of absolute and trustworthy tranquillity. General Godwin has taken Pegu from the Burmese, and this territory is to be dealt with on the "annexation" principle. Much time cannot now elapse ere some tangible information be forthcoming as to whether the dilatoriness for which the General has been so industriously scolded in "slashing" leaders, have arisen only from his own want of energy, or whether it be not in some way connected with the nature of the instructions which he received from head-quarters. Either the latter hypothesis has some reality, or there is much meretricious faction in the Governor-General's plethoric eulogies of the mode in which General Godwin is carrying out the "policy" which plunged us into the war with Burmah.

We alluded last month to the unprecedented importations of the precious metals which had taken place during the preceding weeks. This month likewise the arrivals have been considerable, and would probably have been more so were it not for the long continuance of an unfavourable wind, which has detained a large number of vessels in the "chops of the Channel." The accounts received from

the South continue to give glowing pictures of the large amounts realised by fortunate diggers, and of the enormous wages paid to labourers and artisans of almost every class. But, concomitantly with these advices, come very sombre descriptions of the discomforts—amounting to grievous privations—devolved on thousands of persons by the absence of accommodation for the human swarms who are constantly arriving at the colony. Another dark shadow is supplied by the authenticated narratives which have appeared of the misery, the disease, and the frightful mortality which have occurred on board some of the large emigrant ships, which (under government superintendence!) have been allowed, in the course of this year, to sail on their four-months voyage across the tropics with “cargoes” (exclusive of the crews,) amounting in some cases to the inordinate number of 800—men, women, and children. We hope—we cannot but hope—that such a thing could have taken place only through an oversight; at least, then, the oversight was a lamentable and fatal one, and should be stringently guarded against for the future. It likewise behoves the authorities, in the discharge of their obvious duty, to take vigorous repressive measures for the extinction of the system of murder and rapine, which has been introduced by the hordes of villains who have made their way to the neighbourhood of the gold-fields, and whose outrages have spread terror throughout the settlement.

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## MY NOVEL.

By PIASTRATUS CAXTON;—or, *Varieties in English Life*. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Four vols. W BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the author of this remarkable book commenced the career of assiduous mental labour which has placed him unquestionably at the head of the literary producers of the present day. It would be difficult to find a point of comparison between the genius of Sir E. B. Lytton and that of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, or any others of those who fill up the brilliant galaxy of contemporary fiction. The “Author of Pelham” founded a school of his own, as distinct from that of Dickens, as Mr. Dickens’s is from the “Waverley” school and its innumerable imitations. Our great literary baronet too, is a poet, a historian, a satirist, a dramatist, a politician, as well as a novelist. But above all he is a moralist; a moralist, however, whose conclusions are so vague, indeterminate and mystical, that after perusing one of his curiously elaborated abstractions, one is tempted to the irreverent exclamation—There is philosophy here, but what doth it teach me? there is thought, refined, and possibly profound—but in what practical duty of life will it aid useful fulfilment, warn against error, and guide to the paths of peace and virtue?

This dreaminess of moral purpose, accompanied by much didactic pretentiousness, has been a growing characteristic of Sir Edward Lytton’s romances since the time when “Ernest Maltravers” took the critics by surprise, and proved how sterling ability can find means of interesting large circles of readers even when it breaks through all conventional rules and standards. Leaving out of the question such wild eccentricities as “Zanoni,” (begun originally under the title of “Zicci,” in the long defunct *Monthly Chronicle*,) we have observed that even where his subject has a broad historical basis—for instance in “Lucretia,” and in “The Last of the Barons,” the passion for transcendental contemplation is evidently gaining on the distinguished author. That which was scarcely perceptible in “Paul Clifford,” almost wholly absent from “Pelham,” and only moderately distinctive in “Devereux” and “The Disowned,” is indulged to iteration in the work now before us.

“My Novel” is in some measure an emanation from “The Caxtons”—that delightful family picture which, with its more corpulent sequence, has for the last two or three years done so much to redeem the once pregnant pages of *Blackwood’s Magazine* from the bleak sterility into which they had been degenerating. In letter-press bulk it far exceeds the orthodox limits, occupying four substantial volumes, so closely printed as to furnish as much “matter” as would be comprised in eight ordinary volumes. The supposititious author is our amiable friend, Piastratus Caxton, so familiar to every reader who has had courage to search through the “great obscure” of the modern *Blackwood* for the single gem which has res-



cued it from intolerable dulness and darkness; and amongst the most interesting portions of the book are the introductory chapters or episodes, in which the Caxton family sit as of old, encouraging the young author with friendly counsel and criticism, and wherein the inimitable *paterfamilias* is as truthfully sagacious and unworldly wise as ever. We could wish that Sir E. B. Lytton had in no case omitted these initial chapters, which in a story of such extreme length, containing much complexity of plot and interminable variety of character, constitute refreshing breathing-places between what may be technically denominated the several "stages" of the edifice.

So much for preliminaries. We now proceed to give an outline of the general plan of the work, and we shall do so in the most brief manner possible, inasmuch as its main interest arises not so much from the particular "cast" of the plot, which, in very, very many particulars, both of persons and incidents, is substantially a repetition of former novels from the same masterly pen, but from those episodic "moralities," which, though, as we have already observed, neither very definite nor always very intelligible, command attention per force of the grace and polish of the author's verbal style. At the opening we are introduced to Mr. Hazelden, an English squire, formed on the finest—(ideal)—model of the squire of thirty years back, and to Mr. Dale, a country parson,—a good, amiable, pious man, with sound sense and no shining talents, endowed with that disposition which inclines men to be contented with their lot, and (without encountering severe sacrifices) to do what good may lie in their path. Then we have a mysterious Italian refugee, Dr. Riccobocca, to wit, a man of learning and philosophical temperament, who, however, in [things of every day life, exhibits a singular degree of simplicity. A village boy, Lenny Fairfield, who, like the doctor, turns out in the long run to be a great personage, plays a conspicuous part from the first. The squire has taken into his head some crotchets about keeping the village stocks in good repair, and poor Lenny having got into disgrace through a series of accidents which we need not particularise, but in which Mr. Randal Leslie, the impoverished scion of an ancient family, and who is the evil spirit—the *bête noir* of the story—makes his appearance, is taken into the service of Dr. Riccobocca, where he passes his time profitably in the pursuit of gardening and philosophy, and ultimately blossoms into a poet. But new characters come on the stage. Audley Egerton, the eminent statesman, and Harley L'Estrange, a man on whom nature, as well as rank and blood, has set the stamp of nobility, have each experienced profound youthful afflictions, which turn out to be more closely connected than either of them has suspected; and here we may as well state that Lenny Fairfield is, in reality, the legitimate son of Egerton, by a village maiden long loved by L'Estrange, but whose affections Egerton had treacherously wooed and won, whilst acting as a go-between on behalf of his unsuspecting friend. It is only towards the close of the scene that these facts are revealed, and that L'Estrange is made aware of the perfidious conduct of Egerton. Meanwhile divers vicissitudes—amongst which is to be reckoned a quarrel with an uncle, Richard Avenel, who has returned from America a rich man—have cast young Fairfield upon the wide world of London, in pursuit of the precarious bread afforded by the juvenile essays of an inexperienced litterateur. By a miraculous concatenation of improbabilities—which are impossibilities except to novel writers—he brings with him, as a companion and protegee, a little girl, Helen Digby, the orphan daughter of a decayed officer, who, on her "first appearance," is about twelve or fourteen years of age, and whom he has met by chance at a country inn, where her father has just died in the depths of indigence. Helen is a sweet and touching impersonation of girlish loveliness, meekness and goodness. But the circumstances under which she is brought into contact with Fairfield present a not pleasing specimen of one of the author's peculiar predilections,—that of placing young people of opposite sexes in false and improbable positions,—in positions which, thank God, the instinctive modesty and sense of propriety so characteristic of our English maidens render not only improbable but impossible. All the fine writing in the world will not persuade plain, sensible people, that there is anything of nature, anything of likelihood, in the picture of the daughter of an officer and gentleman "picking up" with a young country fellow at the grave of her father, and accompanying him, "hand-in-hand," in the plenitude of incredible innocence, all the way to London, and through the streets of London, and to a dingy lodging, where they live, seraph-like, in the soothing relations of brother and sister. The incidents of life, even in its "bye-ways," are not made up of such stuff as this, and we hold it to be bad policy, on the part even of the most gifted writer, and though a metaphysical novel be the medium of communication, to draw over



much on the credulity of his readers,—to shock not only conventional notions of decorum, but our common convictions as to what is credible in the course of nature. The earlier love-passages between Maltravers and Alice were felt as a great tax on our forbearance; but the Arcadian extravaganzas between Fairfield and Helen passeth all bounds of courteous endurance.

But let this pass. The plot thickens. Randal Leslie has come to London in pursuit of wealth and fame, and inspired with a determination to restore, *per fas aut nefas*—(but most emphatically by recourse to the last named alternative) the shattered fortunes of his house. His is a character especially calculated for sinister scheming, and amongst other unholy designs is that of involving Frank Hazeldean, the son of the wealthy squire, in such misunderstanding with his father as to afford him (Leslie), the next relative after Frank, a chance of so working on the squire's prejudices as to induce him to disinherit his son, and make Leslie his heir. With this are mixed up several equally respectable schemes. Dr. Riccabocca has a beautiful daughter, and Leslie has discovered that the unpretending Doctor is in truth an Italian noble of the most exalted rank and of enormous fortune, whom political circumstances, combined with the perfidy of a near relative, have compelled to retire from his country, but who has a very substantial prospect of being restored to his rank and riches. The hesitation of Leslie, between the expediency of seeking the hand of the fair Violante as the heiress to uncounted wealth, and of postponing his suit until something like certainty "turns up" in her prospects, is skilfully delineated, and this part of the book contains some admirable portraiture of the workings of a mind which whilst clear, acute and intensely selfish, is of narrow and restricted calibre.

On his arrival in London, Leslie is taken in some sense under the patronage of Audley Egerton, the eminent and wealthy statesman, but whose wealth disappears in the course of the story like the baseless fabric of any other vision. Gratitude is a feeling alien to the bosom of Randal Leslie, and we find him secretly, craftily and unscrupulously pursuing his own plans of self-aggrandisement in total disregard of the interests of his benefactor and every one else. A Baron Levy—a fashionable money-lender—now appears, and this is one of the figures which we think the author has drawn from the life, trusting to truth and to his own fine power of characteristic portrait-painting. The scenes between Levy and Egerton are also capitally drawn. Levy alone is acquainted with the secret of Egerton's embarrassments, and the struggle of an imperious mind, compelled by pecuniary exigences to submit to a coarse familiarity which it loathes, gives the author an opportunity for the display of some of those powers by which he has achieved his great reputation.

After a ramified series of incidental circumstances, intrigues and counter-intrigues, forming a labyrinth requiring the utmost degree of artistic skill to disentangle, and in which the routine life of a successful public man is described with a vivid accuracy which, however, reminds us somewhat too forcibly of many similar sketches in the author's previous works, the hypocrite Leslie is fairly exposed, and dramatic justice is dealt out to all the personages. L'Estrange has imagined that he had fallen in love with Helen, but discovers his mistake; that the more brilliant Violante, daughter of Dr. Riccabocca, now Duke of Serrano, &c., is the real object of his attachment; and he resigns Helen to her first love, Fairfield, who is by this time a man of much literary renown, and better still, is the recognised son of the Right Honourable Audley Egerton. Sir E. B. Lytton has an astonishing fondness for these *mal-entendus* of the tender passion. Scarcely one of his works in which there does not figure some proud, stately, unfathomable character, whose way in life has been crossed, until the approach of middle age, and who at this moving crisis makes up for lost time by proposing for one lady and marrying another. Before all this takes place, L'Estrange has gone through a moral ordeal of intense bitterness. He has had to overcome the strong impulse which tempted him to wreak revenge upon Egerton, after the discovery of the treachery of which the latter had been guilty. The conflict of passion and principle in this particular, reminds us of those powerfully-drawn scenes in the sequel to "The Wilmingtons," where a man of good heart but quick feelings is led, by the smarting sense of intolerable injury, to cherish plans of dire vengeance against those for whom, *in pectore*, he still retains some inklings of affection. We are bound to confess that the quick process of L'Estrange's conversion from embittered hostility to more than exuberant forgiveness, is, in "My Novel," of too abrupt and precipitate a character to be responded to by our conceptions of what is likely to occur amongst grown-up persons not wholly swayed by momentary impulses, but governed by something like consistency of purpose, whether for good or evil.

As for Egerton himself, he dies the author's favourite death for statesmen, judges, and such stately persons, viz., of disease of the heart. *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo*. The great lawyer in "Paul Clifford" is thus suddenly cut off, after discovering, in the abyss of degradation, his long-lost son; and the great statesman in "My Novel" meets the same catastrophe, after discovering his son, in more satisfactory circumstances. Parallel cases are scattered throughout Sir E. B. Lytton's works, and there are always the same symptoms—indicative rather than positive—an involuntary pressure of the hand upon the seat of the mortal affliction, a stubborn effort on the part of the sufferer to conceal his infirmity from the world, &c. &c. *Toujours perdrix!* unfriendly commentators will exclaim. We do not join in the cry. We believe that the author of this work has some great purpose "looming" in his mind,—some grand ethical, or social, or moral problem, whose solution is the object of much of his contemplation and mental toil. We are firmly convinced that he is an ardent lover of truth, and that he is inspired with an intense desire to make mankind acquainted with this truth. The misfortune is, that after so many years of preliminary "adumbration," he still appears unable to shape, embody and define it, so as to furnish some accessible point at which folks may grasp its essential meaning, and make it palpable to intellects less subtle than his own.

For the rest, in its attributes of skill and style, this work is, perhaps, the most elaborately artistical of any that has proceeded from the pen of Sir E. B. Lytton. It is as to style and polish (to use one of his favourite and oft-repeated phrases) *totus, teres, atque rotundus* on all points. Perhaps no other writer of the day could carry out, to such finished completion, a story so intricate and complex, without producing painful obscurity. All through, the event is kept consistently in view, no matter how great the involutions of circumstance which we are required to follow. The author of "Tom Jones" could not involve himself more boldly in a difficult situation, and could scarcely extricate himself more ingeniously. This accomplishment is the result of study as well as practice; it is a branch of art in itself, and one in which Sir E. B. Lytton distances all his contemporaries. As a dramatic narrative the book has few equals in our day, though, not so unfrequently as we could wish, the dramatic point approaches to something very like twaddle. To put so very old an idea into such pompous dress as the following, would, we deferentially submit, be thought not much better than twaddle—if its authority were not so eminent:—

"Randal's smile was withering as he spoke. 'Come on,' he said, after a pause; 'come on.' Again the walk was quick, and the brothers were silent.

"They came at length to a little shallow brook, across which some large stones had been placed at short intervals, so that the boys walked over the ford dry-shod. 'Will you pull me down that bough, Oliver?' said Randal, abruptly, pointing to a tree. Oliver obeyed mechanically, and Randal, stripping the leaves, and snapping off the twigs, left a fork at the end. With this he began to remove the stepping-stones.

"'What are you about, Randal?' said Oliver, wonderingly.

"'We are on the other side of the brook now, and we shall not come back this way. We don't want the stepping-stones any more—away with them!'

All as old as the hills; Tinker Sprott could give twenty versions of the same maxim. Something more striking, though still not quite new—something, at all events, better calculated to give a clue to the precocious subtlety of a youthful "demon of intellectuality," is that which follows:—

"Read hard; knowledge is power."

"But you are so fond of reading."

"I!" cried Randal. "Do you think, when Wolsey and Thomas-à-Becket became priests, they were fond of telling their beads and pattering Aves? I fond of reading."

There is food for thought in this. Master Randal, we need not say, grows up a very clever scoundrel. It is only surprising how these clever scoundrels, after playing pranks of the most transparent kind, with an effrontery and success which supposes the temporary suspension of sight and hearing amongst their neighbours, invariably succumb before little difficulties which the greatest dunce on earth would easily master. But such is life and nature—in novels.

The female characters in "My Novel" are drawn with the vigour, truthfulness, and delicacy, which Sir E. B. Lytton nearly always exhibits in this department of his labours, but even here foregone types are sometimes followed with a painful

fidelity almost as close as that with which Fenimore Cooper reproduces his "stock" figure, Leatherstocking. As a whole, taking into view his merits and defects, the work is able, eloquent and impressive, altogether worthy of our great philosophical novelist, who will consummate his renown when he brings his philosophy into that definite shape which will enable him not only to "adorn a tale," but "to point a moral" by its inductions. We could have wished that he had repudiated the hack routine of "disposing" of all his figures, and fixing them, one and all, in that prosy position which poor Hook used to call "settled for life." The curtain would have fallen more nobly on the death of Audley Egerton.

## Literary Notices.

*Daisy Burns.* By JULIA CAVANAGH. 3 vols. R. BENTLEY.

Depth of purpose and brilliancy of style are qualities never absent from Miss Cavanagh's novels; and the present story sustains her well-earned reputation. In "Daisy Burns" are numerous passages unsurpassed, respectively, for sterling wit, exalted morality, and touching, unaffected pathos. But there is one grand defect,—the situations in which the authoress places her characters are sometimes very distant indeed from all our preconceived ideas of propriety and *vraisemblance*. The manner in which Cornelius Reilly—a lad of twenty—"rescues" the heroine from the custody of her own near and well-to-do relatives, passes our conceptions of anything which is likely to take place in this world; and there are other incidents and positions equally improbable. In reviewing the latest work of another distinguished author, we have taken the liberty (in our present number) of expostulating with novel-writers generally upon the increasing passion for straining probabilities—a passion which threatens to run to an extreme which, though very different from, would be scarcely more endurable than, the extravagances of which Mrs. Radcliffe is very unjustly charged as the representative. In the present case the "mistake" in question does much to injure the effect of that which is in other respects one of the capital books of the season. This hint is offered in sincere friendliness. We trust that Miss Cavanagh will receive it in a similar spirit. Very little is wanting now to place her in the foremost rank among female authors; we are anxious to see her avoiding every error of style which could possibly impede her rise towards the high and extended reputation to which her eminent talent entitles her.

*Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George the Third.* From original Family Documents. By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS. 2 vols.—HUNT and BLACKETT.

It is a trite remark, that the business of memoir-writing has of late years been overdone. The remark is only partly true. The work has been rather ill-done than overdone. The editors of memoirs and biographies are in general too desirous of avoiding their proper and laborious duties by loading their pages with prosy, inconsequent letters from or to third-rate personages, or indeed (which happens quite as frequently) persons who have no public rating at all.

The work before us is an acceptable deviation from the impertinences of this description of writing. Scarcely a page in the two massive volumes is devoid of something important, informing and interesting—connected, too, with public events, which, though they happened almost within the memory of our fathers, are in some respects less understood by the present generation than the "court policy" of the James's and Charles's. Availing himself of the unusual resources placed at his command by his relationship with the Grenvilles, &c., the Duke of Buckingham has produced a work which throws a new, curious and reliable light upon many important passages of English history. It is not necessary that we should discuss the justice of the marked personal predilections and prejudices which appear here and there. Intelligent readers will be on their guard against the pitfalls in which the noble editor's biases would ensnare their opinions. Taking the book as a whole, one of its class, possessing so great historical value, has not appeared for many a day.

The cause of this is that the correspondence inserted is almost exclusively that of first-rate men, whose position brought them into immediate contact with the persons and circumstances referred to, and into direct acquaintance with facts known to the outside world only by garbled rumours. Amongst those portions of the book which we perused with an absorbing, though painful interest, is the Grenville correspondence respecting the conduct and character of some of the more worthless and debauched sons of the unfortunate king. The character of the heartless Sybarite who brought the "Georgian era" to a conclusion, is consigned to infamy more damning, by a few accidental circumstances revealed in this correspondence, than could have been attached to it by volumes of mere invective.

If noblemen "who have been unfortunate" always devoted their leisure and privacy to such good purpose as the Duke of Buckingham has done in the present instance, the popularity of our aristocracy would be much increased.

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*The Pilgrims of New England.* A Tale of the Early American Settlers.  
By Mrs. J. B. WEBB.

THE history of the "Pilgrim Fathers"—those early Puritans who were the first colonizers of New England—is an interesting subject to Americans, and to all who love to study the progress of the grand principle of religious liberty. Not that the emigrants in the Mayflower were by any means the representatives of that principle. They fled a persecution which they themselves had the will, but not the power, to inflict on others, and which, when they found themselves firmly planted on the other side of the Atlantic, they carried on with a brutish ferocity scarcely paralleled in the old country. The early history of the American colonies, is, to some extent, we are sorry to say, the history of each liberty-professing sect flogging, branding, occasionally hanging, out of love for religion, the members of other sects. Even the Quaker settlers of Pennsylvania are not exempt from the charge of intolerance in this matter, though they never carried atrocity to the extreme which some of the hideous fanatics of the New England states adopted as a duty, and defended by garbled references to Holy Writ.

The purpose of this tale appears to be that of presenting, in the most attractive guise, and through the medium of a romance founded on fact, the manners and habits of the earliest Puritan settlers. There is a quasi-religious vein of verbiage running through the book, which, to our taste, is much more sanctimonious than sanctified. Mrs. J. B. Webb has, however, the advantage of writing with evident sincerity—with strong faith in the super-eminent virtues of those whose memory she celebrates; and sincerity is always not only beautiful in itself, but has the faculty of imparting some of its beauty to whatsoever it handles.

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*Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century.* By the EARL OF BELFAST.  
LONGMAN and Co.

THIS volume consists of a reproduction of lectures delivered by the noble author at a public institution in Belfast. The active and equal terms, devoid of the impudent affectation called "condescension," upon which the members of the aristocratic class are of late coming forward to identify themselves with the tendencies of the public mind, to seek honour and reputation in fields open to all comers, is one of the most noticeable and pleasing "signs" of the times. Lord Belfast's lectures contain many passages of vigorous thought and description; his language not always remarkable for polish, but seldom without nerve and impressive force. The title of the work gives some idea—though an inadequate one—of the multiplicity of its subjects; for, not only poets, but poetical principles, are discussed in a tone of hardy criticism which puts us to a loss how to account for the author's not very flattering commentaries upon critics in general. On the other hand there are various passages—such as that which attempts to "fix" the position of Byron with contemporaries and with posterity—in which a palpably undue amount of praise is bestowed. We doubt much that Lord Byron's fame will prove as permanent as it was extensive. We doubt that it would have been so extensive, but for the marked love of paradox which was gratified by the spectacle of a Lord protesting against conventionalisms. Lord Byron's fame as a poet has sensibly declined—his character as a man of singular though mis-directed abilities, and of some good qualities of heart, has proportionately risen, and has almost purged itself from the monstrous and superstitious imputations of which, "in our hot youth," he was the victim. This change in the poet's relations with public opinion is not to be regretted by his friends and the friends of truth.

## THE AGE OF "SWINDLES."

BY A VICTIMISED PATERFAMILIAS.

EVERY schoolboy who has read Ovid, knows that the ages of the world are, according to the poet, four—the golden age of Paradise; the silver age, when men began to get naughty; the brazen age, when they were becoming hardened in evil ways, and brazen-faced; and the iron age, which extends from a long way before the flood down to our own times. We won't quarrel with these divisions, but we beg leave to add another: we call the present emphatically the age of swindles, and we shall proceed to demonstrate the truth of our definition.

We won't say much about the Railway mania, but we all know what it meant—swindling—swindling on the grandest and most attractive scale ever practised on a deluded public. We have our own opinions about various other Joint-stock companies, banking, mining, and life insuring; but we won't state them, because we can prove our case without mentioning such concerns. What we contend is this—that mankind now lives by swindling.

We—let us drop the figurative *we*, and say plainly *I*—I am a family man. I have a wife and several children—I had rather not state how many, for I hate performing the particular sum in addition necessary for reckoning them up. Well, as a family man, I and mine require food and clothing, instruction, and amusement. They are very common wants, and yet I can't satisfy them without being swindled in almost every individual item.

To commence with Mr. Shortweight, my baker. Mr. Shortweight is a highly respectable tradesman, of course; for it must be borne in mind that every tradesman is now dubbed "respectable," just as surely as every member of Parliament is styled "honourable," and very often with precisely similar desert. If you will turn to any day's *Times*, and run your eye down the law reports and police cases, you are almost certain to pounce on some tradesman or other, as plaintiff or defendant, and I will give a bond to forfeit ten thousand pounds, if I don't find the epithet "respectable" tacked to his name, provided you will in the other event pay up twelve months' subscription to the *British Journal*. I'm quite easy that no one will accept my wager—not even at the United Service Club, or the Jockey ditto.

Mr. Shortweight, then, is a "respectable" tradesman; but Mr. Shortweight lives in the age of swindles, and so my loaf is always an ounce or two under the strictly legal admeasurement. If I complain, Shortweight tells me that I *will* eat "fancy" bread. When I inquire what that means, I find that it consists in the loaf having a kind of waist made in the middle, and a hole dug in the top-crust by the baker's finger, instead of being a mere common-place cube. Well, I have to pay extra for the waist and the ornamental dig in the top, because my wife likes "cottage" loaves, and the others look so beggarly. Now I put it to an impartial public, whether an extra penny, or even a halfpenny, charged for the waist and the dig, is not something remarkably like a "swindle?" I don't say anything about potatoes and alum, and so forth, which are suspected to lurk in my "cottages," because I have a respect for Shortweight's feelings. Nor do I utterly condemn, and anathematize Shortweight himself. He is just as good as his brother bakers, and it is not his fault if he lives in an age of swindles, and has to act like his fellows.

Mr. Suet is my butcher. I invariably study the market prices of Smithfield, Newgate, and Leadenhall, and I am perfectly *au fait* at the precise sums from time to time fetched by mutton, beef, and veal, at per stone, "sinking the offal." Yet it is a curious, and at first sight very puzzling fact, that Suet always charges me ninepence a pound for sirloins, and eightpence for legs of mutton, however much the original cost of those articles may vary in the markets. Suet tells me he calculates his "average;" but I don't believe a word that Suet says, any more than I believe what any other man says about his own particular trade. Suet's "average," as he calls it, is very much above a twenty per cent. profit on the highest sum he pays himself, and about thirty per cent. profit on the lowest. If the reader asks me why I don't leave Suet, and deal elsewhere, I answer—Because Suet is quite as honest as his fellows, and only "swindles" because he lives in an age when it has become almost a necessity to do so in self-defence. If my beef and mutton somehow or other won't turn the scales when my cook puts them into them, Suet is highly indignant with his "assistant" for his carelessness, and offers to dismiss the fellow if I particularly desire it. What can Suet do more? Suet is but the victim of his age.



As for my grocer, Mr. Molasses, he's a man to be pitied by any one who has a grain of humanity in his composition. The way that poor Molasses is imposed on by the "wholesale houses," is shocking. He confessed, when I mentioned that my last supply of sugar contained about six ounces of sand and dirt to every pound, that he verily believed the merchants and importers would ruin him. Go where he would he was thus imposed on. Customers of course complained, and very naturally suspected him of the fraud, whereas he was but the victim. The pickles, too;—I really can't bear to think of the quantity of oxalic acid I have been swallowing for white wine vinegar. My wife is particularly fond of pickles, but the *Lancet* has cured her of the taste. She agrees with me, that it cannot be conducive to health to swallow poison every day that she wants a relish to the cold meat.

We have long ago given up green tea. As it is a fact quite as certainly established as the revolution of the earth on its axis, that there is not such a thing as a leaf of unadulterated green tea in the three kingdoms, of course it would be madness to swallow any more of it. We stick to black, and while suspecting sloe leaves, console ourselves with the reflection that they are wholesome.

Sauces are too nasty to mention. In fact, with the exception of Mr. Goldner's preserved garbage for the navy, I don't suppose that anything more revolting to the stomach could well be found than the ingredients of most of these delectable compounds. I confine myself to salt, mustard, and pepper for my condiments, though I am perfectly aware that the latter has as much ginger as pimento in it.

Altogether it could not be easy to pitch upon an article sold by Mr. Molasses which does not fall within my category of "swindles."

If a man begins to talk about beer, its price, its manufacture, and its measures, he may be quite certain to have every one but a brewer, or a publican, coincide with him in pronouncing the whole affair a swindle. Perhaps it's the greatest of the swindles of a swindling age. The great brewers charge as much as ever they did, while the materials of their drink are thirty per cent. cheaper. The publican makes three barrels of "Cabman's Particular" out of two barrels of actual beer. The pewter measures are filled up with a third of froth, and the bottle measures contain about half of what they profess to hold, and are still gradually diminishing. Try a private brewer, and you will get the first cask moderately good, and all the following ones (if you are fool enough to go beyond the second) execrable. Cheated in price, cheated in quality, cheated in measure, decidedly we know nothing in this age of swindles to compare with the beer swindle.

No—not even the London milk. It is true that the "Cow with the iron-tail" (alias the pump) contributes almost as much to the article brought to our doors as the real flesh and blood cow; but after all, sheep's brains and chalk are rare ingredients, and the presence of the limpid stream may be detected by that useful little machine, the lactometer. After having, day by day, for a short time, informed my milkman of the exact proportion of water used by him, to his great surprise and secret horror (for he regarded me as a wizard, or something worse), he gave it up, and sends me the genuine article. As a set-off to this forced honesty, he cannot be persuaded that a pint of milk is as large a measure as a pint of beer, and so being convinced that a man *must* swindle, I wink at the short measure for the sake of the pure quality.

My greengrocer sells stale vegetables, and so does yours my good reader, and the price of potatoes is something awful to contemplate. The butterman mixes lard with his butter to make it look white, and I ask any man of candour whether he knows where to procure a Cheshire cheese, ripe and mellow, and flavoured as it used to be in a bygone and more honest age?

Altogether I am morally, aye, and physically convinced that any man who ministers to the wants of my stomach, swindles me in price or quality, or both.

As for the coal merchant and the wine merchant, they are worse than the rest. If I object to pay 26s. a ton for coals that cost 6s. at the pit's mouth, I am served with "drawing-room" coals, or some such abomination for a guinea, and I am either smothered in smoke or half ruined by the wonderful rapidity with which the article is consumed. The corporation of the City aids in the swindle I know—more shame for them; but the Smithfield nuisance proprietors never *will* be shamed, and so it is useless to talk of such cattle. The wine merchant confesses that fine old port of the old school is not to be got; but the fellow charges me the same for his fiery peropiga and logwood as he charged for the "old school" port. We all know how much Cape there is in a butt of sherry,—or, if we *don't*, we are swindled in blissful ignorance—that's all.

Then we come to our other bodily wants—raiment and adornment. Look at the



tailors! The fellows are a disgrace to the world—at least they would be if they lived in an honest world; but they do not, and so I suppose they are no worse than the rest of us. Now, a man in this great city—we are sick of hearing it called a "Modern Babylon," for Babylon was twice as healthy, ten times as handsome, and infinitely more moral—a man in this great city, we say, has two classes of tailors to choose from—those who swindle him with cheapness, and those who swindle him with dearness. If he goes to the first, he gets clothes that make him look like a Guy, are apt to come to pieces inopportunistically, and are very soon seedy; besides being also exposed to the unpleasant consciousness of being accessory to the oppression of poor artisans and the encouragement of sweaters, and running the risk of catching a fever, or the small-pox, from the contagion of his new toga. If he goes to the fashionable west-end snip, he pays about two or three times the actual value of his garments; and however gracefully they may be cut, he must still strut about with the consciousness of having been swindled in the matter of price.

The hosiers are no better. Kid gloves are as dear as ever, in spite of the alteration of tariffs. A silk neckerchief of good quality is not to be had at a cheap shop, and at a dear one it costs twelve shillings. Talk of distressed Spitalfields weavers, indeed! if they *are* distressed it is not by the lowness of prices charged to us customers, but by the "swindling" of the respectable retailers who pocket their huge profits. My wife vows and protests that a piece of good flannel cannot be had, though you may find plenty of stuff expensive enough to ruin a poor father of a family. Silk dresses are cheap and worthless—our grandmothers' would last for years—our wives' wear out in two months. Verily I believe the swindle of "cheapness" is the worst sort, because the most attractive and the most ruinous.

Bootmakers! Look at your bootmaker's bill twelve years ago, and see if you get a single item cheaper now than you did then. Don't you still pay eight-and-twenty or thirty shillings for your Wellingtons, and two-and-forty, or fifty, even, for your patent full dress ones? And yet look at the difference of the price of Bordeaux calf. Talk of free trade, indeed! who has had the benefit of it—Mr. Stumps, your bootmaker, or you, his customer? Decidedly there is "nothing like leather"—in the matter of swindling.

The jewellers just now occupy a very ugly position in the public estimation. Every man is examining his "gold" chain, and wondering whether it is genuine. Aqua-fortis is rising in the market, and professional assayers are making their fortunes. The jewellers are trembling in their stockings, and suspect every man who enters their shops of being an irate customer come to ask, "How about that gold chain you sold me, Mr. Alloy?" One or two unlucky ones have been fastened on and hauled before magistrates, though the law of the land decides that a man may defraud his neighbour as much as he pleases, in spite of magistrates and policemen. He may forge gold chains, and get your money for them; but Botany Bay awaits him if his propensities for forgery incline to bills of lading instead. Well, the jewellers are no worse than other people; they *do* swindle you, and thereby they prove that they are but men and brothers living in a corrupt age, and doing to others as they *are* done unto.

The upholsterers, too, what a nice set of men they are! Furnish a house, and try them. Do the thing quietly, and go to a "moderate" man. You are delighted with his prices, and they *are* low—at least they would be, if he sold you what he professes to do; but do you really suppose that your drawing-room took sixty-five yards of Brussels, my good sir? Take a rule and measure it, and you will find out how Mr. Sticks makes his money. And are you green enough to suppose that your mahogany dining-table is *not* green? Stop till the divisions gape, and the corners bulge up from the legs, and you will form a more correct notion. And if your exceedingly pretty bedstead does *not* tumble to pieces some day (or some night), to the unpleasant astonishment of yourself and spouse, the power of glue is greater than I believe it to be.

Suppose you very properly distrust cheap furniture, and go to Messrs. Marquetrie and Co., and do the thing handsomely. Sincerely do I envy the length of your purse, and the obtuseness of your intellect, if you are satisfied with the result—if you really don't think it rather a swindle that your dining-room curtains cost you some eight guineas beyond the price of the simple damask itself, for binding, and making, and hooks, and nails, and fitting-up, and lining, and heaven knows what beside. Or if you really think that little slab of marble, supported by a rosewood leg with a claw at the end of it, with a bit of looking-glass over it, and a bit below it, charged to you at eighty guineas, a fair and reasonable article. If you are

satisfied with these and a few dozen other such things, then of course you won't agree with me in thinking that Messrs. Marquetrie and Co. can "swindle" as well as Mr. Sticks, though in a different style.

But it is not the tradesmen alone who "swindle," says the reader. Certainly *not*, we reply most cordially. All the world is at the game, and the tradesmen do no worse than their betters. Take the educators of our youth—what bright moral examples they offer to the admiration and imitation of the tender ones confided to their care. Are there no Do-the-boys Halls in existence now, or did "Nicholas Nickleby" put them all down? Not a bit of it—they are as rampant as ever. Don't you read of board and education in everything, from the classics to the multiplication-table, daily advertised for sixteen guineas a-year? And, if you are the father of a family, don't you envy the man who has found out the secret of giving a "liberal diet" to hungry young gentlemen (letting alone the instruction) at such a rate? Of course you will reply that the thing is a plain, self-evident swindle—so plain and self-evident that it almost ceases to deserve that name, seeing that no one can be imposed on by it. But you are quite mistaken; *nothing* is so palpably absurd as not to find dupes enough to believe it. Have you forgotten the Shottisham wiseacres, or the Virgin Mary miracles in France? And besides, even people that do understand it all—bad step-fathers and inhuman step-mothers—send their children to such places because the swindle *says* that they are well-fed and well-taught; whereas, if it had plainly and truthfully declared, "children starved, and ill-treated, and kept in wretched ignorance, at sixteen guineas per annum," even the bad step-fathers and inhuman step-mothers would not venture to patronise it.

And then, as you are humane and love your offspring, *you* won't have anything to do with such places. You send Tom and Harry to the Reverend Doctor Dullhead, and Jane and Eliza to the Misses Primly Backboards. The doctor charges you only eighty guineas a-year for your sons, but he sends you in a bill of extras for everything that is worth knowing in these days—for French and German, and chemistry and natural philosophy, &c. &c.; and the astonishing quantity of medicine your healthy boys must have swallowed, and the numbers of times their clothes have wanted mending and their boots repairing, the libraries of books they appear to have waded through and cast aside, the pens and paper they have used up, and the pocket-money they have spent—all these make you stare most unfeignedly, and contribute to add about fifty per cent. to the Doctor's little half-yearly account.

And the Misses Primly Backboards, they demand only fifty guineas a-year for the comforts of their elegant establishment for a select number of young ladies; but it appears to you that female intelligence must be at the lowest ebb—at all events, that female minds are incapable of communicating any species of knowledge and accomplishment, for your daughters have had masters, and separate masters, for each individual accomplishment, from French and vocalization down to calisthenics and flower-painting; and for the masters you pay rather more than for the comforts and elegances of the Misses Primly Backboards' select establishment. It is hard, and it is revolting to the delicacy of our refined taste, to apply ugly words to reverend doctors and finished proprietresses of young ladies' seminaries—but what *do* Doctor Dullhead's bills and the Misses Primly Backboards' charges amount to but simple "swindling?"

Let us leave private life, and emerge into public. How do the Railways treat us? Don't they pretend to take us to places within a certain time, which they know perfectly well they don't keep to once in fifty times? Don't they box us up in narrow, stifling, low-roofed first-class carriages, dog-hole second ones, and horse-box third ones? Don't they seize on our luggage, and charge us for overweight at as high a rate as they charge us for our own conveyance? Don't they combine together, when there are opposition lines to the same place, to keep up the fares? Don't they make up large dividends at the expense of our comfort, safety, and lives? Don't they, in fact, swindle us right and left, in every way in their power?

Look at the theatres. Who ever enters one, that don't regret the loss of his money, if he has sense? Has he not paid five shillings for a seat where his knees are jammed up to his nose, where he can't stir without digging his neighbour's ribs, or being "hooked" by some mysterious pin or ornament of a lady's costume? And was he not also mulcted of a shilling, to secure the place he had paid for from being appropriated by some one else? And did he not give sixpence for a playbill of the box-keeper, lest the fellow should admit him in such a way as might make his neighbours take him for a "suspicious" character of some kind or other? And has he not also to give two-and-sixpence for the hire of the double-barrelled opera-

glass, which might as well be made with green bottle glass, as far as he can see through it; and sixpence for his great coat, which he was obliged to leave in the saloon, because it is not admitted into the dress boxes? Does he not feel as if in all or some of these items he has been pretty considerably "swindled;" to say nothing of the imposition of the announcement of the dull farce, as "received with roars of laughter," and the empty benches being "crowded houses every evening?"

But we will take a still higher flight. Take Kings and Emperors—not our own excellent little Queen, God bless her!—but the gentlemen of the divine right over the water. Are they not a set of —, you know the ugly word? Don't they fleece their subjects of their property (especially in *conquered* provinces), and humanity of its rights? Don't they talk about their "paternal" care, when they shoot down those who don't admire their pretensions? Don't they give constitutions and talk of freedom when they are frightened, and drive a coach and six through the constitution and prate about the "rule of order" when they have got things all their own way? Is not half the monarchy in Europe a mockery, a delusion,—a "swindle?"

What is patriotism at home? Why are lords "noble," and M.P.'s "honourable," unless in vulgar phraseology they "behave themselves as sich"? What does the conflict of parties mean? Is there really any very great difference between my lord this and my lord that, Sir Somebody something and the Right Honourable Some one else, as to what is really good for the country? Are not the very measures they propose, when one or the other gets into power, so remarkably alike, that, save in name, no hair-splitter could define the difference between them? And don't they talk about "principles" when they mean self-interest? And prate about "Reform," or the "balance of power," when they mean place, and pay, and patronage for themselves? And does not the country believe in them, and look up to them with a touch of faith? And is not the whole thing, after all, an ever-repeated, bare-faced swindle?

And it is not kings and emperors, and nobles and aristocrats alone, that keep up a swindle. Not at all. Cast your eyes across the Atlantic, and gaze on the Model Republic. Read the declaration of their independence, and that all men are born free and equal—and then read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and see what slavery is, and how it flourishes: and when the Model Republic blusters and talks big, and boasts of being the freest nation in all creation, ask yourself whether its magniloquent declaration is not a very gross "swindle?"

But we are too disgusted to go on—so, probably, is the reader to follow us. We have said enough, and more than enough, to support our theory, and to convince the impartial that, from the highest to the lowest, at home and abroad, the whole world is corrupt, and we live in the grossest and most palpable "Age of Swindles."

## THE PRIDE OF THE BRIDGENORTHS.

(Continued from the March Number.)

HALF an hour afterwards we were all assembled in the best parlour—the vicar and his niece, Mildred; Elizabeth Graham, my new protege, Ralph Bridgenorth, and myself. Mildred acted as hostess, and presided at the urn with her usual elegance and dignity;—which was a great deal more than the occasion required, I thought.

She probably thought that I, on my side, was a great deal too indifferent in performing the duties of a visitor and a bachelor at a country tea-table. I recollect being terribly *sans gene* and comfortable that evening; for I *would* open young Bridgenorth's box of fossils and spread them out before me, among Mrs. Field's bannocks and tarts. I talked of nothing else for a long time, and to no one but the young man himself—who, calm and taciturn, replied to my questions, kept his eyes on his treasures, and took cups of tea

from the handsome Miss Castlefort with perfect composure. Nothing could be more satisfactory to me than the clear intelligence he showed in his replies and explanations, and the *thoroughness* with which he had investigated the nature of every scientific fact within his limited sphere of observation. From the poorest elementary books he had worked out theories and methods of investigation for himself, which were all radiant with that original inner-light called *genius*. The errors into which inadequate knowledge had led him were bright with this misapplied genius. I confess to feeling a strange joy and pride that evening, as I looked at the youth and hoped to be made the instrument of removing the impediments to the full and free development of his genuine scientific mind. I watched him as he handed the specimens before us. Every motion of the hand, every expression of his face was instinct with unconscious power; his voice was clear, steady, decisive;—he was regardless of all minor things—the who and the where; truly, I had found one of those exceptional men, whose work is to lead forward the human race. I sat thinking these things in my heart, while he replied with straightforward brevity to the various questions I put to him.—Once, I forgot what he was saying, in my earnest admiration of the speaker's face. He paused, as if expecting some remark from me.

"Go on! go on!" I said—"you found them in a chalk bed?"

"Yes, sir—I found those ammonites and belemnites in different beds about Greygrath and Ferndale.—I've been trying to learn something of the divisions of the ammonites, but I can't get on with them for want of——"

I looked up to see what he was stopping for. Every one was listening to him. The vicar and Elizabeth had ceased their conversation and were gazing with interest at the young geologist;—Mildred looked at him with a sort of haughty surprise. He did not observe any of them; he was looking up at Mrs. Field who had laid a hand on his shoulder. She seemed half amazed, half frightened; and without any apology for addressing one who was now her master's guest, she spoke as follows:—

"Ralph Bridgenorth, are ye crazed?—with your stones and your books, ye're mightily set up, indeed!—Ammonites and Bethelites! What do you mean by talking to the gentlefolks about seeing Bible people, dead and gone this hundred years and more? And seeing them *in bed* at Greygrath and Ferndale, too? Just as if you could find no other place to raise up all the wickedness of Canaan in, but just the one you was born in?—Ah! you may laugh!—I'm an old woman, Ralph, and not much worth minding perhaps; but I've nursed you in my arms, and I can't abide to see you committing yourself this way—you that is thought so clever, too!—And before the vicar himself to be talking so wild!—the Ammonites coming to Ferndale of all things! I thought you'd left off telling lies, my boy; but this is just like your story years ago about the great sea once washing over the very tops of our fells.—Who do you suppose will believe such rubbish?"

Mrs. Field was so honestly indignant—evidently so thoroughly disappointed that her young favourite should disgrace himself on this occasion, that I could not laugh outright at her absurd reprimand. Ralph sat looking up in her face with a quiet smile, balancing one of the

offending fossils in his hand, and waiting till she had finished.—But the vicar interrupted her.

"You misunderstood what Ralph Bridgenorth said, Mrs. Field. *That* is an *Ammonite* which he holds in his hand."

"That!" and she looked with supreme contempt at the thing. "Why that is a lump of dirty chalk!"

"But scientific people call it an *Ammonite*," said her master.

"Eh now! to think of that, lad!" she exclaimed, bending over Ralph's shoulder to look at the fossil. "An *Ammonite*! Have you got any *Jebusites*, now? and all the rest of them? Well! we do read in the Bible, sure enough, about much learning making folks mad; and I've sometimes thought that book-reading was a great hindrance to common sense." Here there was a scarcely perceptible glance of her eye towards the vicar. "But I never could have believed, if master didn't say so, that scientific folks could be so foolish as to give a stone a Christian name."

"But *Ammonite* is not a Christian name, Mrs. Field," I said; "you forget."

"No—not Christian exactly, sir, I know."

"The *Ammonites* were good-for-nothing heathens," I persisted. "I don't see why you should object to calling stones by heathen names."

"Why, if they are heathen, leastways they are *Bible* names, sir; and I don't like the Bible names to be taken in vain. If they call a bit of chalk an *Ammonite*, I wonder what they call a Bath-brick!"

Here we all burst out laughing.

"I did not know you were such a Bibliolater, Mrs. Field," I exclaimed.

"Such a *what*, sir? I never heard *that* name before. What does it mean? Ah! I do not know much about hard words, and science, and stones, and such like—so perhaps I've made a fool of myself after all, Ralph.—Well, lad! never mind.—I did it for the best.—I was afeerd you was going daft with your *Ammonites* and *Bethelites*. And I'm forgetting my own business while I'm minding yours.—I came to say that your father has sent for you to go home to prayers. Its nine o'clock and more. He'll be waiting for you."

I was astonished at the ready obedience with which the young man met this somewhat extraordinary manifestation of parental authority. In a few minutes he had replaced all the fossils and closed the box. He rose, and after performing a rustic bow to the two young ladies, without looking at either of them, he was about to take leave of Launcelot and myself in the same way, when the former advanced and cordially stretched out his hand. The young man hesitated a moment and blushed.

The vicar smiled. "Shake hands with me, Ralph. Let me thank you for the pleasure your society has given us. I am sorry you cannot stay longer. I hope you will come and spend another evening with me before you take flight for the great world. May God bless you, my boy! May you continue to make a worthy use of the great talents with which he has endowed you. And when you come back to your native place, may you be as ready to honour your father and mother and to obey their smallest commands as you are this night. Good evening."



Ralph Bridgenorth took up his book and walked rapidly from the room ; to hide his pleasure and confusion at being thus addressed by the vicar, I thought. He had forgotten to take leave of me, and I followed him from the room.

The hall was almost dark, but I could see the outline of Ralph's tall figure as he was shouldering his box in the porch.

"Let me assist you," I said, putting a hand to the box—"you came away in such a hurry, that I could not say good night."

"Good night, sir."—I could not see his face, but the voice sounded constrained.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Ralph?"

I saw his eye-lids rise suddenly, in the deep twilight. The eyes flashed—

"I did not like to presume, sir."

"You are a confoundedly proud youngster, Ralph ; but you must condescend to shake hands with me, nevertheless."

"And with me, too, if you please! It was Elizabeth's low voice close at my elbow, and it was her white hand beside mine."

"Condescend!" murmured the young man. "Mr. Seymour! You forget—you are a gentleman, and I am—"

"*A genius*. Which, in your secret soul, do you believe ranks highest?" I asked.

"You may be mistaken about me. You will be disappointed. I do not think I am"—his voice faltered—"a *genius*."

"You may take my word for it. Don't let us mistake each other. You will have to work hard—all geniuses have. You will have to cast away pride—all geniuses should. Will you accept my friendship, not my *patronage* remember."

Slowly the box was slipped down from his shoulder. Ralph Bridgenorth took my hand in his, pressed it hard, and then raised it to his lips. I felt them tremble. He tried to speak—but the words seemed to die away in his throat. He sunk on the bench in the porch, and covered his face with his hands—he was weeping. During a minute I shared his emotion. Then he rose up, grasped my hand once more, and said, in a deep but distinct tone—

"I will show my thankfulness to you by becoming what you think me capable of being. By God's help I will be worthy of your goodness. And—Miss Graham—"

He turned towards the place where she had stood holding out her hand to him.—She was gone.

"Tell her that, untaught peasant as I am, I can appreciate her kindness. That I hope to be worthier to touch her hand ere long. You cannot know how happy you have made me, this day. The light of knowledge is streaming in on me—and you have driven away the thick cloud which had settled over my life. God bless you! May he let *me* help to bless you!"

Then snatching up the box, he bounded away quickly, through the little orchard down to the village.

I stood in the porch watching the stars emerging from the orange-gloom of twilight, smoking a cigar, and thinking of my new friend, Ralph, when I felt a hand on my arm—it was Elizabeth ;—she had her bonnet on.

"It is time for us to go back to the Grange," she said. "Leonard



has not come. Will you walk with me, Uncle Seymour? Mr. Castlefort is coming with Mildred."

We went out together and walked as far as the orchard gate, without speaking. As I opened the gate for my niece to pass out, I saw her face in the light of the newly-risen moon. "What are you thinking of Lizzy?" I asked. "Have you been making any discoveries or experiments?"

"No. I was thinking of your discovery."

"Mine!—I never discovered anything in my life, child. I must be contented to understand the discoveries of men of science. Alas! I have no genius myself!"

I suppose I spoke rather sadly, for Elizabeth replied in an affectionate tone—

"Do not say *Alas!* uncle. Say, *Thank God!* It is a blessed thing to be able to appreciate genius, as you do—to have the means of helping its first steps. I feel the truth of your opinion about Ralph Bridgenorth *now*.—You say you never made a great discovery in science. You forget what Sir Humphrey Davy said was the greatest discovery he ever made."

"What was that?"

"Michael Faraday.—Perhaps you may rival Sir Humphrey Davy. You may have made a discovery equal to his greatest."

"Perhaps.—Ralph Bridgenorth cannot fail to be a great man—if he live."

"*If he live!*" echoed Elizabeth, in a reproachful tone—"Why do you doubt?"

Her voice ceased, for we were passing in front of the Bridgenorths' cottage. The door and the windows were open, and we distinctly heard the father of the family reading aloud. The full tones and the broad accent came solemnly floating out on the evening stillness.

"Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am."

"Behold thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee; verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity."

We stept on softly that we might not attract attention: but I turned to look towards the cottage. I could only see a single head—that of a young man, as he sat close to one of the windows, his cheek supported on his hand, and his eyes fixed in an abstracted gaze on the opposite wall.—It was Ralph.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### MISS GRAHAM VISITS MRS. BRIDGENORTH.

The next day was Sunday. I do not remember any thing that happened on that day, except a conversation between Elizabeth and myself during a long evening walk over the fells and on the moor. She entered cordially into my hopes and plans for Ralph's advancement in learning. We took his pride, personal and hereditary, into consideration, and discussed the best means of avoiding all un-

necessary shocks to it. But Elizabeth remained firmly in her opinion that if he really possessed the mental faculties I attributed to him—his pride would fall from him as they developed—like a childish garb, which he had out-grown.

"The best cure for pride," said she, "is knowledge. Remember, uncle, what your old pet, Owen Feltham, has written—'Pride is the vice of little minds, and humility is the virtue of great ones.'"

"I believe it, firmly, Lizzy.—But pride often apes humility so successfully as to deceive even careful observers."

"At first and for a short time, perhaps; but every tree may be known by its fruit."

"Mrs. Bridgenorth, for instance," I continued—"Did you observe her to-day, at church—as she stood up in the midst of her family? And again during the sermon, which was evidently preached at Ralph—and his departure and probable temptations in London—did you note her then?"

"Yes, uncle. I *did* watch Mrs. Bridgenorth then. I never lose an opportunity of looking at her face;—it is so beautiful. Besides, it is such a puzzle. I mean, in that one respect to which you just now referred.—I cannot tell whether the expression—the habitual expression, is proud or humble. Perhaps, I may be able to make up my mind on the matter to-morrow when we go to speak to her about Grace."

Elizabeth had already forgiven my stupidity in supposing that the intended object of her benevolent interest was a young man; and had imparted to me her desire to take Grace Bridgenorth with her to London.—I had seen objections in the case of the sister's removal from home which I did not see in that of the brother; and had stated them strongly enough to my niece.

"She was a beautiful—a singularly attractive girl. She was very young—and had never been beyond her native village. The position of lady's maid in an establishment like that of my brother-in-law, was full of dangers for such a girl."

"But I do not wish to make her my maid, uncle."

"What then?"

"My companion—my pupil—if possible, my friend. Why do you shake your head in that ominous way?"—"It won't do, Elizabeth."

"What won't do, my wise uncle?"

"Grace Bridgenorth cannot be a companion to you—she is uneducated. She is a sweet-tempered, beautiful girl—but what sort of companionship can there be between you and an ignorant village girl?"

"I think I have found some," was the reply—"Besides, she need not continue ignorant. She has brains. It will be a pleasure to me to teach her."

"Perhaps—for a week.—After that time you will discover that it is no pleasure to work at a task for which you are unfitted. People can no more practise the art of *Teaching* without previous preparation and education for it than they can practise the art of painting or surgery.—No! No! This girl can no more be your pupil than she can be your companion.—Don't risk her happiness, my child, by taking her out of the sphere in which she was born, merely to gratify a whim of yours."

Elizabeth remained silent, with her eyes bent on the ground for some moments. At length she said, with affectionate earnestness—

“Dear uncle, I do not like to act in this matter without your sanction. Let me obtain it, if I can. Do you believe that God gave gifts to woman to hide them under a bushel; and that his gifts to man only are to be brought forward, exercised, and made use of to his fellows?—You do not hesitate about helping Ralph Bridgenorth to become a geologist.—I have discovered that Grace has *genius* too.”

“Genius—for what? For winning your heart, Lizzy, and for turning men’s heads with her beauty?”

“For music, uncle. You will admit that I know something about that.”

“For music, indeed!—What is the use of that to a poor miller’s daughter?”

“Nay. You should ask that question of her Creator. Perhaps He may lead you to answer it in the same spirit as that in which you have answered the similar one concerning the use of scientific genius to a poor miller’s son.”

I was silent a moment. At length I asked, “What is your definite wish, hope, intention for this girl?”

“To make a singer of her—a professional singer.”

“A dangerous profession for a young and beautiful girl utterly unacquainted with the world.”

“Not so dangerous as stifling a faculty and its natural yearning for exercise.—Uncle, there is no virtue in shrinking from the work we are capable of doing. Why do you advocate cowardice for a woman? You know as well as I do that cowards can never be virtuous.—Grace Bridgenorth has already felt the desire and the power to be a singer.”

“Are you sure it is not the desire and the power to be admired for her singing and her beauty?”

“You are severe, uncle;—but I think I may safely declare that she is more free from vanity than most girls.”

“You have known her rather more than three weeks.”

“It is long enough for me in the present case.”

“I do not understand this, Elizabeth. You, who are generally so hard to satisfy; who require so much time to judge of new acquaintances—you are bewitched by this girl’s beauty. If you were a man, now, I should think it a case of love at first sight.”

“And although I am not a man, uncle, I may as well tell you, in confidence, that it is.—I know you are not so much of a sceptic in spiritual relationships as not to recognise such things as sympathy and antipathy at first sight between human beings previously unknown to each other.”

“I *must* recognise the truth of what I have myself felt.”

“Well then, just believe that my liking for Grace Bridgenorth is a sympathy—an elective affinity—in short, what in plain English is called love at first sight.”

“I will. But still, Elizabeth—no affection should be indulged to the ultimate injury of its object. If you take the girl away from this place—from home—parents—”

“Very true, uncle. I, of course, take upon myself a heavy

responsibility,—but if I am merely helping Grace to do with her parents' consent what she would otherwise do without?"—

"In that case, niece—Ah! I never can have the comfort of finding you out in an act of selfishness. Still, I rather dread your carrying this rustic beauty up to town. And with that voice of hers—how many hearts do you calculate she will pierce? Byron was right, depend upon it—

"The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

"I do not see why the devil should have the best voices assigned to him. Surely, you and Byron might leave a few to recruit the seraphic choirs, and allow Grace Bridgenorth's to be one."

"I have no objection, my dear.—So you think the girl has strength of head enough to stand against the temptations of a town life and a professional life, such as she, if I understand you rightly, desires for herself."

"You may call it strength of head, uncle; I call it natural rectitude, moral principle—and love for and trust in God as her Father and secure Protector. Believe me, uncle, Grace Bridgenorth is not likely to go wrong."

"I will speak to Launcelot about it. If he approves of your scheme, and if her mother and father consent, I will raise no more objections."

"Then speak to Mr. Launcelot to-night, uncle; and to-morrow you shall go with me to consult the Bridgenorths themselves."

I spoke to Launcelot that evening on the subject. At first he seemed startled, nay, confounded. From the few words he said I gathered that Grace's departure would be a grief to him personally—It was clear to me that he was attached to her. But with his habitual unselfishness he speedily turned from the thought of his own loss and began to consider the desirability of the change for the girl herself. He appeared to have a very high opinion of her character, while he recognised the dangers to which she would be exposed by her singular beauty—her inexperience—and her indefinite position with my niece's family. More than all he dreaded, as a country clergyman would be sure to dread, the unknown perils of a woman's career in a public profession. These, I endeavoured to persuade him, were far fewer than he imagined—not more, I reckoned, than the perils of idleness, vanity, want of an object in life, and want of independence, which beset the lives of most women. Still, he was not convinced; and resigned himself to the utter destruction of gentleness, modesty, and all that he called true womanliness in his rustic favourite—if it should be decided that the plan proposed should be carried into execution. Again, he believed that her musical gift was great. His nephew, Raymond, who was no little of a musician, and who had taught Grace and the other village girls and boys to sing in the church, had told him so. He also knew that she had begun to desire knowledge and means of improvement beyond her reach. A great deal of mischief had been done six months before by Raymond, who had taken half a dozen of the Ferndale lads and lasses (among whom Grace was one) to a grand musical festival at a cathedral town some twenty miles off. Grace had never been able to get that

treat out of her head. She was changed since then. Perhaps, if Miss Graham's kind offer were to be refused, the girl might be induced to take some step of her own accord.

"Did *I* know," he asked, "what Mr. and Mrs. Bridgenorth thought of the proposal?"—There was anxiety and curiosity in his tone.

"No. I believed that as yet nothing had been said to them on the matter. My niece proposed going to speak with Mrs. Bridgenorth on the morrow. I was to accompany her. Perhaps it would be well that he should broach the subject to the girl's mother first?"

I said this, remembering how much importance all the Ferndalers attached to the opinion of their clergyman; and that few of them undertook any business without previously consulting him. I was rather surprised, therefore, when Launcelot replied—"No. He would rather not broach the subject to Mrs. Bridgenorth; he would rather hear how she took it when broached by Miss Graham. Did I think Miss Graham would object to his company on the morrow as well as mine?"

I replied at once for my niece; who would, I felt sure, be heartily glad to have the clergyman with her on this somewhat formidable visit. Therefore, it was settled that in the afternoon of the following day Launcelot, Elizabeth, and I should go to John Bridgenorth's cottage.

We reached it at the appointed time. The little front garden, already described, looked brilliant in the August sunlight, as we passed up the narrow pathway to the porch. The door opened into a passage paved with slate; which was agreeably cool and shady after our hot walk. At the other end of the passage the back door stood open; and beneath the heavy porch I caught sight of the distant Castle Fell, with the Force, and the first winding of the beck on its descent. Framed as it was by the porch and doorway, it looked like a cabinet picture. I would have given a hundred guineas to transfer it, as it then looked, to the canvas, and to carry it away with me. At a touch from Elizabeth I turned from this lovely view to an open door on the right hand of the passage, and descended with her by a deep step into a large low room—the *house* and *keeping* room of John Bridgenorth's cottage.

The light was subdued by the lowness of the casement; but near the open lattice I saw Mrs. Bridgenorth spinning—for as yet the power-looms of Manchester had not crushed the life out of all those pretty small machines, which filled up the busy hours of cottage maids and matrons forty years ago. It was a sort of modern German picture—that glimpse at Mrs. Bridgenorth, as she sat by the low casement, busy at her wheel, with the gold-green sunlight streaming just round about her, but leaving the rest of the room in shadow. It was but a glimpse;—for she rose as we entered and, pushing aside her wheel, turned to greet us. I had always thought her a tall woman. Now, beneath that low ceiling, her height seemed majestic. I had wished to see her without a bonnet because of the beauty of her face—and now my attention was attracted from that to the fine outline of the head—clearly defined as it was by the close-fitting white cap and the neatly braided hair. There was something betwixt the quaker and the nun in her figure, I thought, as



my eye glanced over her black stuff gown and snowy coif; but there was nothing quakerish or cloistral in the expression of her face as she bent her head to her visitors. She was evidently unprepared for them, and looked from my niece to me with calm surprise. When her eye rested on the vicar its expression altered. She turned to look for her daughter and said, "Grace, set chairs."

Grace had already done so, and we seated ourselves. Grace took up her position standing beside Elizabeth; her mother sat down again in the chair from which she had risen. I drew my chair to the opposite side of the window that I might admire her at my ease. Launcelot sunk quietly into a seat behind her and looked to Elizabeth to begin the conversation. But Mrs. Bridgenorth spoke. "I am sorry my husband is not at home," she said, without looking at any one in particular; "you have come to speak of Ralph, sir," and her eyes were raised to my face.

"Not exactly, Mrs. Bridgenorth," I said; "though I should be glad to have a few words about him, too. The fact is we have come to speak to you about another of your children," and I glanced with a smile at her daughter.

"To speak about Grace!" And there was both surprise and alarm in her voice as she fixed her eyes on the girl. Grace returned her mother's look and blushed crimson.

"Do *you* want to leave us, too, Grace? Is not Ferndale good enough for you either?" There was bitterness as well as love in her voice.

"Mother," said Grace, "do not speak so. It is not that."

"Tell me—what is this?" asked Mrs. Bridgenorth, glancing from one to the other, and finally turning round to Mr. Castlefort.

He spoke very gently—yet as one having authority. "Do not agitate yourself, Mrs. Bridgenorth. Grace wishes to make herself independent, to improve herself, to see more of the world than she can see in her native valley. An excellent opportunity presents itself. This young lady, Miss Graham, is much pleased with your daughter, and offers to take her to London as her personal attendant and to give her the means of cultivating her talent for music, by which Grace hopes to make herself independent."

"And to live away from Ferndale always?" asked the mother sorrowfully.

"Oh mother! mother!" sighed Grace. "What can I say? It is not that I want to leave you and father and every one here. I shall come back often."

"What will your father say?" asked the mother sadly.

"I have told him.—He says I may go, if *you* will consent."

"I consent?—To lose both Ralph and you—who can tell what will become of you, in that great world of London?"

"God will be with your children there as here," said a serene voice behind her.

She started and looked round. "Mr. Castlefort, is it you who would urge my girl to this step? Do you encourage her as you have encouraged Ralph? He is a man. I say nothing against *his* going away. I cannot expect to keep him always with me."

"Nor could you expect to keep your daughter at home very much longer," I interrupted. "Marriage would take her from you."

Mrs. Bridgenorth's hands played nervously with a fold of her gown, and her eyes were fixed on the floor. She was very pale and her bosom heaved painfully. Grace sprang forward and knelt at her mother's knees. Elizabeth now advanced and laid her hands on Mrs. Bridgenorth's shoulder. The poor woman looked up somewhat wildly into Elizabeth's good, sympathetic face, and seemed to find comfort there.

"Listen to me for a few moments, my dear Mrs. Bridgenorth. They have not told you all. They have not told you that I *love* Grace."

"Ah!"

"That makes some difference, does it not?"

"Yes, yes. You do not want my girl to wait on you merely because she is pretty and clever."

"And mother! next to you all at home, I love Miss Graham—*i. e.*," added Grace hurriedly, "*after* Mr. Castlefort."

"So you see," continued Elizabeth, soothingly, "Grace is not going out to a mere common service. I am going to have her taught music—so that she will perhaps be able to sing in public—or perhaps she may give lessons or become organist of a church. Her father thinks she is right to wish to earn her own bread."

"But she need not do it," murmured the mother. "We have enough for her. Her father will support her till she marries."

"But she may never marry. She may not be able to marry the man she loves. This often happens to women—and then they marry a man whom they do not love, because they know of no other way of providing for themselves. Would it not be better to live single than to do this?"

"Perhaps it would," whispered Mrs. Bridgenorth, drawing Grace towards her and kissing her fair forehead—"yes—I must not have my Grace deceive any man."

"Now, I promise you that Grace shall learn to support herself while she lives with me—that she shall be well cared for—that you shall hear of and from her frequently—see her when you wish; that her brother Ralph shall have access to her always."

"Ah! Ralph will be there—near her. Does Mr. Seymour live with your father and mother, Miss Graham?"

"Not actually in the same house, but as near to us as this house is to the vicarage."

"And this is what you have had on your mind so long, Grace?—You have been wishing to get away from home these many months, while I have been trying to make your life at home more pleasant to you?"

There was something in her mother's tone that made Grace weep. She had obtained her mother's consent to her departure—that she felt secure of—but yet she wept. Mrs. Bridgenorth caressed and comforted her—forgetting her own grief. Elizabeth made me a sign and I retired with her into the garden, leaving Launcelot with the mother and daughter.

Half an hour afterwards, as we were watching the eddies in the beck, Grace came lightly towards us from the house, with her brother Ralph.

"Will you come into mother once more, if you please, Miss Graham."

She will be much obliged if you can spare her a little time. It is quite settled. I am to go.—And yet I am not happy!"

"What day have you finally fixed for our return?" asked Elizabeth of me. "I must tell Mrs. Bridgenorth."

"Friday next—you must all be ready, remember." And I looked from her to Grace and Ralph, who made an obedient motion of the head.

\* \* \* \* \*

And on the following Friday Ralph Bridgenorth and his sister first left their quiet valley for the great world and its work.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE VALLEY OF ISKOR.

To the east of the valley of Cashmire, beyond where the mountain of Haramuk reposes calmly in the skies, lies another valley yet more lovely than the far-famed vale of Cashmire. Here, amidst all that is brightest, richest, and most beautiful, has the mighty Maharaj,\* the father of the Genii, placed his seat. It is the centre of perfection—the dwelling place of goodness—the abode of honour, greatness, and power. The inhabitants of the humbler valley to the west, speak of the glory and magnificence of his palace, but none attempt to describe its beauty, for language has not words to do so.

Stimulated by noble desires, every year many pilgrims set forth from Cashmire to journey thither, but the greater number, deterred by the dangers of the way and the steepness of the mountain, or allured by the evil genii into deceitful bye ways or hidden snares, either return to Cashmire or are lost upon the way. They who climb the mountain and attain an entrance into the valley of the Maharaj, are summoned to his presence to receive gifts and honours, while his Grand Vizier, Eben-dharr, assigns them an abode suited to their merits. The wars which had preceded the conquest of Cashmire by Humayoon, had induced many to seek refuge in the valley of Iskor, while the peace, which soon after ensued, equally diminished the number of pilgrims. As age, however, at length seemed to foretell the death of the sultan, and the dread of a civil war, such as too often in the East follows the death of Princes, impelled the Cashmerians once more to remember the refuge which offered them so happy an asylum from the evils and sorrows of war.

### THE TALE.

Mirza-Ahmed, Amurath and Khan-el-Singht, kinsmen and descendants of the great Timour, having passed the years of their childhood and youth together, resolved to perform the pilgrimage to the valley of Iskor, and to test the truth of all that was reported of the wonderful Maharaj. Yet, though the youths thus resolved on the same task, the spirit and motives which prompted each were various and opposite. Mirza-Ahmed, devoted to the admiration of beauty and goodness, longed to enter into a region where these were found in all their excellence. Khan-el-Singh, on the other hand, gigantic in stature, and conscious of superiority in strength and activity, only thirsted for an opportunity to display his superior powers before an admiring world, by exhibiting the ease and readiness with which he would surmount dangers before which others quailed and were overcome. But Amurath, alas, poor Amurath!—without a reason he undertook the task—he thought not of its dangers, he mused not on its difficulties. His companions had said, "we will go," and while his thoughts were set on other things, he said, "I follow!" Oh Amurath! Wherefore didst thou not duly reflect ere thou pronounced the thoughtless word? It were no disgrace to have continued in thy native valley—it

\* Great Prince.

† The Lion Prince.

is foul dishonour to set out upon a journey and be overcome and perverted by every difficulty thou meetest—it is base shame to give thy word and hold it not fast.

The morning of departure had arrived, and at an early hour Mirza was on his way. He presented himself to the Emir of the Maharaj, who was appointed to prepare the pilgrims for the journey, received from him the signet ring which was to procure him access to the palace, listened attentively to the directions which were given for surmounting the dangers of the road, and with a calm, thoughtful, and happy aspect, addressed himself to his undertaking. The Emir had instructed him in the easiest and most direct path, yet so many bye-ways intersected the road in all directions, that he would constantly have been at a loss how to proceed had he not still kept his eye fixed on the Peak of Haramuk; yet this was often obscured, and with the utmost caution he was still occasionally betrayed into the wrong direction. He always, however, speedily discovered his mistake, when with a patient and cheerful resolution he retraced his way, watching till the clouds cleared from off the summit of the mountain; then, with his clear up-turned eye once more fixed upon that guiding point, proceeded steadily along. Within one day of the period usually occupied in the journey, he arrived in sight of the Vale of Iskor. Notwithstanding his anxiety to proceed, he waited the arrival of his old companions, ere he announced himself to the eunuch who is appointed there to receive the pilgrims, and transport them across the chasm that separates the mountain from the opposite valley.

A day and a night had passed ere either was seen, when at length he discovered the plume of Khan-el-Singh, waving proudly as he strode haughtily along, leaping from rock to rock, or striding up the steep ascent with an ease which would have won universal admiration, had not his proud, disdainful mien converted the feeling into disgust. A slight flush of indignation passed over his face when he beheld his companion already at the summit; yet, not deigning to notice the circumstance, after a careless salute he suggested that they should present themselves to the Eunuch Golun, and proceeded immediately to the palace of the Maharaj.

"Thou art too hasty, brother," replied Mirza-Ahmed, "Amurath is not yet in sight, we must stay his arrival."

"Amurath hath doubtless turned back ere this," said Singh. "I did not depart till four hours after thee, yet I passed him ere the sun was at noon, and when I stayed for refreshment at sun down, I beheld him at a great distance below, and on another track."

"Then he may not arrive for some days, yet there is here sufficient to entertain us while we await his coming."

"And meanest thou that we, who have so speedily and well performed the journey, should stay the pleasure of a loiterer?" asked Khan-el-Singh with indignation.

"He has been our companion through life," replied Mirza—"let us enter together into the presence of the Maharaj, thou knowest he is timid even before the presence of his fellow men, though bold to meet danger; how then might he be over-awed to enter alone before the mighty presence of the Father of the Genii?"

"Though art too pitiful," replied El-Singh. "Let us hasten to Golun that we may be conducted to the palace against noon."

"I stir not hence without Amurath, while there exists a hope of his appearing, so help me Allah!" replied Mirza calmly yet firmly.

"Then farewell! I will not for a truant forfeit my due reward," said El-Singh as he proceeded towards the tower of Sahib Gur, which protected the pass. Knocking loudly at the portal, he demanded to be instantly conducted to Golun, and by him led on to the palace of the Maharaj. "Know," said the Imaun, who stands for ever at the gate, "that three moons are permitted to the pilgrims from the time they depart from Cashmire, ere the portals of Maharaj be for ever closed against them. They who depart as companions must be admitted together, unless any linger beyond the allotted time. Not then, till the three moons be expired, canst thou appear before my master without thy brother. Happy Mirza! whose own heart hath prompted thee to await his coming!"

Having heard these words, Khan-el-Singh returned to his companion, whom he found occupied in exploring the region, and seeking out all that was beautiful to indulge his mind with the contemplation of their perfections.

Time passed on—days—weeks—two moons—and the third had begun to wane, yet no trace of Amurath, no indication of his approach. The indignant impatience of Khan began to subside, with the certainty that his delay could not now be much prolonged, while the anxiety of Mirza became painfully intense, as the hope which had hitherto supported him began to yield. Day after day, and hour after hour was his gaze directed to every point by which he could possibly approach. How often was the wing of the vulture or the eagle mistaken for the crest of his turban, or the waving of his scarf! How frequently did the cry of some wild animal become transformed into his call for aid! Alas, alas! there are but three days more Amurath, hasten, or the portals of the Genii's heaven are closed on thee for ever.

Another day had passed—the sun of the second was hastening downwards to the horizon—the proud Khan-el-Singh was exulting in the prospect of to-morrow's triumph—Mirza Ahmed wept.

The prospect of beholding the beauty, and inhaling the perfection of the mighty Genius, could not still his regrets for the fate of his brother. A spirit of beautiful but doubtful aspect passed in its flight across the vale, and offered the mourner the cup of oblivion. "Drink and forget thy cares, heaven will be thine to-morrow!" "My cares will be forgotten in the presence of the Maharaj" he replied. "The remembrance of my brother shall linger with me through eternity—hence," and he dashed the cup aside as hope glided swiftly past on an errand of mercy—a plume from her pinion fell at his feet, and ere he had taken and twined it in his crest, the last ray of the departing sun was reflected on the jewelled turban, and shone on the snowy scarf of Amurath.

For a moment pleasure and astonishment withheld Mirza from hastening to embrace him. Pale, dejected, with a weary though resolute step, he seemed unlike the apparently passive, thoughtless youth from whom he had so lately parted. Yet, notwithstanding his dejection, there was an unconscious dignity in his mien and a noble glance in the eye, which had often shrunk before that of a maiden or a slave, that filled the mind of Ahmed with unbounded pleasure, as it seemed to invest with some lineaments of beauty the once ignoble form of his brother.

The haughty El-Khan saluted him with reproaches as he advanced, and without allowing him a moment for repose, or to adjust his disordered garments, urged that they should now, without farther delay, present themselves to Golun.

"It cannot be," interposed Mirza; "seest thou not how our brother is weary and oppressed with travel; behold the disorder of his garb: he shall repose to-night, while I arrange and repair his robe and vest, and at early dawn shall we proceed to Sahib-Gur."

"Thou art kind and good, my brother," replied Amurath, "but I dread delay—I dread to linger longer near the scene of so many dangers. I must cast myself as I am at the feet of the mighty Maharaj, and implore his mercy. Far, far have I wandered from the path he has assigned his pilgrims; yet will I try his mercy. Happy, happy are ye who have escaped the dangers and the sorrows that I have rushed to meet!"

"Be comforted," said Mirza, "a bright morn shall dawn upon us speedily. Let us, since thou art willing, hasten onward."

Amurath bowed consent, but the great thought passed through his mind that he was about to appear before the glorious father of the Genii, surrounded by his spotless sons, and he stayed and lingered, till again cheered by the encouraging voice of Mirza.

Reader, shall we turn back to trace the wanderings of Amurath, and search out the cause of his delay? Come then with me, if thou wouldst learn wisdom from another's fall; but if thou wouldst glory in thine own superiority, or despise him in thine heart, hence! lest a word of the tale should fall upon thine ear.

As he proceeded to the Emir, who was appointed by the Genius to give the signet to the pilgrims, and furnish them with directions for their route, he was accosted by an old man of gay and careless mien. His address was lively and engaging, and he in it was unnecessary for him to delay by a visit to the Emir. While he told him, thou mayest readily discern, this path winds regularly towards the summit of Hal? ant by the face of the mountain."

"The way, my son, is not by the face of the mountain."

"But the signet ri-



"That need not concern thee," said the little man; "I can furnish thee with an exact counterpart; the jewels, it is true, are not genuine, but the difference cannot be discerned;" and he fixed on him an inquiring look, which was too readily responded to by Amurath, who gave no other reply; yet the glance of intelligence that passed between them, and told how readily he could consent to the imposture, plainly showed how easy a victim he might become to the insidious designs of an enemy. Again their eyes met as he took the ring from Golath, and a smile, like his own, of treacherous sweetness, in the eye and lip of Amurath, was the best reward he could offer for the guilty gift. Oh, base Amurath! can'st thou stain thy noble blood, and bring dishonour on thy race by falsehood and deceit? Shame, shame to the son of Timour!

He turned gaily on the way indicated by Golath, and for some hours pursued the path without once directing his eye towards the peak of the mountain, to ascertain if he was in the right course. There was much indeed to engage his attention. Here the way was strewn with flowers—there it led through delicious groves, where every luxury was profusely spread: the chontries, at convenient distances, as they resounded with the sounds of mirth and revelry, invited to frequent repose; numerous fellow travellers, crowding in the same frequented paths, shortened the tedium of the way, the greater part of whom, gay and happy at heart, contrasted with the dark aspect and assumed levity of Amurath; a shade rested upon his brow—his gaiety was fictitious—his smiles were feigned—he was in all things artificial. Thus had some weeks been passed, while Amurath, forgetful of his object, turned towards each path that attracted his attention, or if asked of his destination, carelessly replied, "to the summit of Haramuk!" as he journeyed heedlessly along.

He thus proceeded, till one day on turning an angle of a winding path, which led down to some tepid springs, he was accosted by a youth whom he had not seen for some time previous to his departure from Cashmire, who, observing the signet ring, saluted him as a pilgrim, wishing him a happy journey. He talked much about the way, praised him for his courage in entering on so hazardous an enterprise, and—unsuspicious of the fraud—admired the ring which he wore as a badge of pilgrimage.

A darker shade passed over the countenance of Amurath, which was chased by a burning blush of shame, and, for the first time, he paused to muse upon his course. His companion, scarcely observing this, passed on after renewed wishes of success; but the dark consciousness of his guilt staggered him in his path, and the hasty resolution crossed his mind of retracing his steps and abandoning a road which, however many its allurements, he well knew was widely asunder from the path he had meant to follow. But there was much to hinder this. Oh, Amurath, it is hard to retrace our steps—yet, the longer delayed, the greater grows the difficulty. Oh! Amurath, it is base to abandon a noble enterprise; it is foul shame to stoop to deceit.

For three days he stayed irresolute, nay, had half resolved to retrace his road, when Golath, the gay old man who had directed him by this route, appeared, and dissipating all his better resolutions, proposed to accompany him for some little distance.

At length the region began to assume a different aspect. The trees and plants became fewer and less beautiful, and frequently wore an unhealthy appearance; the streams, which had formerly meandered between verdant banks, now rushed over and amidst bare and rugged rocks. The country was less populous—the world looked cold—dangers were gathering around. He turned to his guide for counsel, but Golath had disappeared. Night and tempest came on together; but, as if impelled by some invisible power, Amurath still pursued his way, though new dangers appeared at every step, till the noise of a rushing torrent rose fearfully above the roaring of the storm, while a bright blaze of lightning showed him that he stood on the brink of the precipice, past whose base the angry stream was rushing. It was a fearful moment—his heart sickened, and his courage died within him; but hours had to be thus passed without succour or relief. The darkness deepened—it was midnight. A loud crash among the rocks—a moment's pause—and then the splashing fall of their huge fragments in the torrent, as the adjacent precipice gave way, lent fresh proofs of his danger; his knees trembled, and he would have fallen into the fearful depth beneath, had he not been seized by a hand, while a sudden burst of light shone around the being who detained him.



"Who art thou, mortal, who thus tremblest at these dangers?" said the spirit. "If thy courage could lead thee into such perils, let it sustain thee amidst them."

"I am a pilgrim to the valley of the Maharaj (replied Amurath), and journeying towards the peak of Haramuk. Night and tempest have overtaken me. Merciful Genius, lead me to a place of shelter!"

The Genius fixed on the pilgrim a calm, inquiring gaze. "Mortal," she said, "presume not to attempt to deceive me. Thou knowest well that this path leads not to the glorious summit of Haramuk." Amurath was silent. "Amurath, listen to me. I am the chosen daughter of Maharaj, and wait continually at his right hand. Presume not to deceive me—thou couldst not. Didst thou not know that Golath led thee astray? I know thou didst. He is my foe, and continually endeavours to seduce the allegiance of my followers. I saw that he had marked thee for his prey; I knew the force of his stratagems, and I resolved to oppose his wiles. Amurath, Allah loves thee, and heard my petition when I craved permission to descend to thy rescue. Once has my hand been extended to save thee, such aid I cannot bring again, but I am permitted to point out the way that will lead to the high-road by which thy companions have, long since, gained the peak: but the time is short. Three moons were accorded thee for thy journey; two are past, and the third wanes; thou hast no moments to spare; yet I will not conceal that great dangers await thee, great difficulties must be surmounted ere thou canst extricate thyself from thy present position. Hast thou courage to meet these?"

"I have never been esteemed a coward," replied he.

"I know it: thou art not weak. Allah formed thee strong and courageous, yet how hast thou employed his gifts?" Yet despite the enervating nature of the climate through which thou hast past, and the luxuries on which thou hast banqueted, thou hast still strength sufficient to achieve a mighty task—a task which now no common resolution could accomplish. But, oh Amurath! the joys of my father's valley will richly repay for all. Shall I see thee the prey of my enemy, or shall I behold another subject in the palace of Maharaj? Reflect ere thou speakest; I may point the way if thou wilt undertake the journey. — Wilt thou be my son or Golath's slave?"

A troubled shade of deep and painful thought settled on the pilgrim's brow, while he revolved the scenes of the past and the hopes of the future; the former how effeminate, base, and unmanly; the latter, how worthy the mighty energies of the noblest being whom Allah has placed upon the earth—a brave man. He thought long and deeply over all, ere he replied, "Thine, merciful Genius!"

"Hast thou weighed the dangers?" she inquired.

"So far as mortal can. But when they are surmounted, how shall I procure admission to the presence of the Maharaj?"

"Thou hast but to present the ring which thou received on commencing thy journey."

A dark flush overspread the features of Amurath, as he heard these words. He looked upon the counterfeit jewel and an ashy paleness succeeded: the ray of hope which had beamed was exchanged for the midnight of the darkest despair; his eye was fixed immoveably on the gulph below; the cup of happiness seemed only to have been presented that he might feel his ruin more intensely; but the compassion of the Genius was not yet exhausted.

"I know it," said she; "I read in thy countenance the shameful tale that thou hast stooped to deceit—that the Son of Timour hath debased his race by dishonesty. If thou art my follower, cast the base gewgaw into yonder stream! better appear before Maharaj even as thou art, than with the forged coin of fictitious virtue." Amurath obeyed, and casting the ring into the stream, the dark shade, which had so long hung over his brow was dispelled, while the brightness of his companion's countenance became reflected upon his own. "Yes, my son," continued she, "I see that thou art worthy of my care: thou shalt yet add honours to thy noble house. Receive from me the signet, without which thou couldst not appear before my father."

"And thou (pardon me, Genius), how without this canst thou procure admission on thy return?"

"By my word!" she replied, with dignity; "none ever question its veracity." Amurath for the first time looked up, and beheld "TRUTH," inscribed in plain characters upon her broad bright brow. "I may stay no longer, Amurath; the

signal for my return is sounded on high. In the morning shalt thou perceive a dove, white as the snows of Hindoo Coosh; observe her flight, and she shall lead thee into a place of safety; farewell!" The light which surrounded her vanished away, and Truth soared upward. But the morning had dawned, and the sun was hurrying on with the light of day. The tempest was passing away.

Wherefore should I pursue the course of Amurath? The ambassador of Truth became his guide, and he followed in her track. Often, when wearied with travel and out-worn with toil, would the recollection of the chontries which had afforded him shelter and lodging, on a less arduous path, rush upon his mind, and invite him to return: but in vain—he only nerved himself for fresh exertions, and hastened steadily along. The dangers and difficulties he surmounted are not given me to tell. Oh what mortal mind can justly weigh the suffering of another? Maharaj looked down from his throne!

The departing day had blended into twilight, and twilight just faded into night as the three pilgrims presented themselves at the gate of Sahib-Gur. The portal was opened by a mute habited in white, who conducted them along various winding passages, a few of which were dimly lighted, while the greater part were immersed in the deepest gloom, until they reached a large chamber, where Golun, seated on a throne of black polished ivory, received the guests in silence. His countenance was stern and inexorable, and to Khan-el-Singh even seemed terrific, though Mirza imagined that his features softened almost into a smile, as he approached him with respect unmingled with fear. "Depart," said Golun, to the mute who had conducted them before him. The slave obeyed, and a shuddering thrill passed through the hearts of the pilgrims as they found themselves alone in the presence of the dark stern being. He arose, and approaching a casement at the opposite end of the chamber from where they had entered, beckoned them to follow. They obeyed in silence, Khan-el-Singh lingering in the rear. The casement opened as they advanced, and Golun pointed downward into a dark, deep abyss, which all the northern side of the citadel overlooked. The gloom of the chamber seemed converted into day, as they looked upon that ebony gulph, where all was still, silent, hushed; while a breathing of wind that passed through the chamber with a heavy sigh, added to the awfulness of the silence without.

"Behold the pass," said Golun, as he pointed to the gloomy space; "ye must pass the gulph. Come hither, mortals," and he extended a hand on either side, which rested on the younger pilgrims. Khan-el-Singh lingered behind. The touch was cold—icy-cold. He led them to the casement—to the edge of the abyss. Khan-el-Singh followed involuntarily—his eye glared wildly—his hair stiffened.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gulph was passed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The pilgrims stood in the glorious palace of the Maharaj, in the vast antechamber, whose doors stand ever open, and whose eastern portal faces the throne of the Father of the Genii. They awaited the summons to his footstool. And Mirza-Ahmed? He lived, he breathed, in the presence of the being on whose beauty he had longed to gaze, within the closest circle of that excellence whose wide influence extends to the remotest boundaries of earth—he beheld its embodied form. Words could not tell the deep intensity of delight with which he gazed upon the mighty one; the wonders and magnificence of all around had no power to divert his eye for a moment—he sank involuntarily upon his knees—it was indeed, a reality; he looked on, he lived before the Maharaj.

And Amurath, he too was happy, yet not entirely so. As the man rescued from the perils of shipwreck, who, though rejoicing in his deliverance, cannot in the moment forget the horrors from which he has just escaped, so the recollection of the mournful past still lingered in his breast; yet his features, which expressed a melancholy gladness, seemed to have caught a ray of the beauty which pervaded all around. It may have been that the Genius looked upon him—it may have been that a gleam of the light which shone on Mirza's countenance was reflected back on him, as he rested his hand upon his shoulder. He too looked not upon the marvels around, yet neither did his downcast eye ever turn towards the Maharaj.

Khan-el-Singh, on the other hand, as he stood a little in advance of his companions, turned quickly from one object of attraction to another, and gazed on all with the proud mien of the conqueror who contemplates the spoil which his prowess has acquired. He too might have a form and countenance to be admired, yet not to be dwelt upon with pleasure; the proud dignity of his bearing might attract the eye, but its selfish coldness could not allure its stay.

While each was thus occupied, Mirza was aroused from his contemplation by a herald, who advanced to command him to approach the throne of Maharaj, and receive the award of his deeds. He arose from his knees, and with a noble confidence followed the steps of the herald, who conducted him to the footstool of the mighty judge.

"My son," said the Genius, "wherefore didst thou desire an entrance here?"

"That I might dwell in the land where beauty and excellence inhabit, oh great Maharaj—that I might live in thy presence and become thy son," replied Mirza.

"And thou art worthy to be so," said the Genius; "thou art worthy of honour, for thou hast never fallen. Eben-Dhar," he continued, addressing his Grand Vizier, "let it be proclaimed aloud that Mirza-Ahmed hath acquired the spotless crown of him who hath never strayed. Receive it at his hands, my son, and the future shall testify how well worthy of the perils thou hast surmounted is an entrance here." Ahmed bent low and kissed the footstool of the throne ere he retired with Eben-Dhar; again he looked upon the countenance of the Maharaj as, with a majestic voice, the mighty Genius himself summoned Amurath into his presence. It was an unwonted thing. The herald, who fulfilled this office, revolved his late actions to discover if he had offended; doubt and surprise were depicted on every countenance; some predicted a good, but more an evil fate awaiting Amurath. The mighty voice had spoken, and with a trembling step Amurath obeyed.

"My son," said Maharaj, while encouragement was blended with the awful dignity of his voice, "be not fearful, but look upon me."

Amurath looked upwards, and, for the first time, beheld that countenance on which he who has once gazed must often turn to gaze again. They who have seen it, wonder wherein lies the secret of the attraction; some say it is the power, some the excellence, some the beauty of the Maharaj that draws all eyes towards him: but it is not these—no—IT IS HIS LOVE—the love that pervades the heart of the great one: love, deep, earnest, boundless,—PASSIONLESS. Amurath looked upon him and his fears vanished: the love with which the great one beheld him filled the heart of his adorer, while he fell upon his knees and clasping his hands exclaimed, "Oh, great father of men and Genii, thou knowest all, thou knowest my wanderings, my errors, my rebellion, the deceit with which I would have imposed even upon thee—canst thou pardon?"

"These may be forgiven, but thou hast turned others aside—this is fearful guilt," said the judge; "here wouldst thou do the same."

"Allah forbid!" ejaculated the suppliant, while a tear rolled down his cheek. (The Princess Imenee, who, kneeling at the footstool, was weaving jewels in a crown of gold, caught it as, transformed into a diamond, it fell at her side, and wove it into the crest, while another from her own fair lid, as it fell upon her work, shone with the milder glow of a pearl by its side.) The dark memories of the guilty past, as they revolved rapidly through his mind, had gathered into that one bright bitter drop, and as it fell the sting which had embittered every joy was wrenched from his heart. But oh, the intense anguish of the moment, as the griefs and crimes of years concentrated in that speck of time. Oh, let not the wise sow the seeds of such a pang; and the rash, who have scattered them, stay their hand, that they add not to the bitterness of a moment whose least anguish is almost too much for man.

With a brighter brow, Amurath looked yet more earnestly in the face of his judge, as he prayed for mercy and forgiveness; "Oh! is there none to intercede!" he exclaimed, while, for an awful moment, the Maharaj looked on him in silence; thou knewest all ere I gained access here; behold the signet ring by which I was admitted."

The Maharaj looked down with benignity upon the ring, and beheld the emblem of Truth.

"The signet ring of my beloved one," said the Genius, "nothing may be denied

to the just who wear her stainless badge. Blessed are they who have made her their guide. Now know I that thy word will not fail. Amurath, thou shalt receive thy crown. Imenee, hast thou performed thy task?" he continued, addressing the Princess, who had wrought the last jewel into the crest of a golden crown. "Lay the crown at the feet of thy brother: it is fitly done—and (the voice of the Genius, full, clear, and majestic, reached the remotest corner of the palace as he spoke) be it proclaimed aloud, that every dweller in the valley of Iskor may hear, that Amurath hath received the crown of the victor. The demon of evil passions was permitted to assail him, and he has conquered the fiend; the spirit of falsehood and deceit to entangle him in his snares, and he has torn the insidious net in twain—he hath conquered in all. Great and blessed is he who has never fallen; greater and more blessed still the man, who, though fallen, has risen again, though conquered hath finally overcome—great and blessed shall be my son Amurath.

"Eben-Dhar, Amurath hath proved his strength, let him perform an office worthy of his powers."

Ere the Vizier had time to take the hand of Amurath and conduct him to his new dwelling, the brilliancy of the light was suddenly dimmed, as a frown darkened the awful brow of the Genius, and the astonished attendants around observed Khan-el-Singh, with a haughty step and impatient mien, approach unsummoned, before the presence of his judge.

"Who art thou, presumptuous mortal," he inquired, "who hast dared, unbidden, to invade my presence? What reason can excuse thy daring intrusion?"

The proud confidence of Khan died as the Maharaj spake; but, with assumed hardihood, he replied: "Great Genius, thou beholdest Khan-el-Singh, a true descendant of the mighty Timour, and one who has brought no stain upon his lofty race. Not alone within the allotted time have I performed the journey hither, but in less time than even the brave and vigorous perform the task, has my strength achieved it, and surmounted the dangers by which so many are overcome."

"Darest thou, proud man," replied the Maharaj, "to inform me of thy deeds, as though I were thy fellow? Knowest thou not that my eye hath beheld all thy ways; nay, that I have known the inmost thoughts of thy heart? I saw thee despise thy brother, and glory as though thou wert better than he. I saw thee a faithless friend, ready to forsake him for thine own advantage. I have seen thy life, I have known thy thoughts. Rash man, wherefore hast thou hastened by thy presumption an evil fate and added to the darkness: even here thy pride would bid thee trample upon those less gifted than thyself; but the very humblest of my sons must be honoured by all his brethren. Hence, vain mortal! thou hast received thy reward ere thou camest hither; as thou hast desired the admiration and applause of men, so has it been abundantly bestowed. Hence, and let those who hear thy fate learn on what empty food the vain and presumptuous are content to feed."

The further fate of the haughty Khan-el-Singh it is not given me to tell; neither may I say what happiness awaited his brethren. The fervid bards of the East, who dwell beneath the hottest rays of the sun, and live nearest to the valley of Iskor, have not essayed the task; they tell us that their verses are too cold to paint its glowing beauty or describe its happiness: how then shall a child of the frozen North attempt what is beyond *their* skill?

## REMINISCENCES—CORPORATE AND PAROCHIAL.

BY A RETIRED MERCHANT.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### OUR PARISH ELECTION.

THE day arrived with "portents big," when the battle between British merchants, aided by wealth and talent, and arrogant democracy, was to be fought. Early in the morning I could perceive a pink and white flag streaming from the "Little Britain" pot-house.

At 10 o'clock a band of music and flags with "Nobb for ever," "Nobb and independence," "Nobb and humanity," inscribed upon them, were paraded in the street. The infamous procession actually stopped before my door, and played "See the conquering hero comes." I became furious, and rushed from my mansion—dashed through Carthage-street to our clergyman, when from the Carthage Arms another immense flag waved mockingly on my bitterness of spirit. From the windows on the first floor I perceived several persons, amongst whom stood Poynder, conversing with Dr. Nobb. Some fellows less vulgar than these men bellowed forth "Nobb for ever—down with Barrow!" This shout was followed by loud laughter. I had to run into the square to escape the infuriated mob, incited by these low creatures surrounding the public-house. I soon found myself within the Rev. Mr. Carter's dwelling, nor did I emerge from the house until within a few minutes previous to the nomination.

When proceeding down A—— street, we saw some children of the friends of Nobb, with pink and white flags in their hands, which they waved, while shouts rent the air for the "popular" aspirant for parochial distinction. I passed Poynder's shop; it was full of earnest faces, many of whom bowed respectfully but ominously. We reached the church through the crowded street. The sacred building was also crowded to excess; the pews were occupied with women, the aisles with men, whose "homes and hearths" were deserted in order to witness the proceedings. Persons who never interfered in parish matters attended on that eventful day. The band executed lively tunes in the street; pink and white favours appeared suspended from the button-holes of a vast number of those congregated. The women caught the contagious example, and borrowed portions of the favourite colours from the silly enthusiastic men.

Nobb entered the church with Poynder, Carbutt, Owlett, and their "committee." My party were sufficiently distinguished by those outward appearances which indicate *gentlemen*. They did not then require bands of music or "favours" to carry their candidate. We were assembled in great strength; indeed each party had not spared expense in order to achieve the victory. I gazed proudly on my friends. "Nobb for ever," reverberated through the sacred aisles of the venerable edifice, on the appearance of that gentleman; and my party gave forth counter cheering for Barrow and—myself.

The senior churchwarden, Spar, took the chair by general consent. Spar was a dumpy person, marked with the indentations of small pox. He was very stout and puffy: his countenance was similar to a large Swede turnip; his eyes small, grey, and unmeaning. He dressed genteelly, and was never perceived in public without his "goodly countenance" enveloped

"With kerchief starched and collar clean."

And such a collar! reaching nearly to his diminutive optics. He appeared the impersonation of a *grave* undertaker, which was his business. Mr. Churchwarden Spar had never uttered a speech; he inherited a thin voice, similar to Mr. Shiel's, without that democrat's false eloquence. I elected him because he always bowed so gracefully, and his eel-backed politeness endeared him to our party. Behold



Spar in all his glory, surrounded by nearly the whole of the parishioners. When he rose majestically and announced the business of the vestry, every one must have perceived the man clothed in "brief authority," exacting the respect due to the high situation to which "a splendid destiny" had called him!

When these preliminaries were concluded, perceiving that no one rose to propose a candidate, I felt that Poynder purposely paid this mark of respect to my antecedents, and my heart softened towards the young enthusiast. I looked at him hardly; he bowed respectfully and said, "Proceed, sir." I rose to propose Barrow. I descanted on the eminent abilities of the candidate, his fame as a surgeon, his virtues as a man, and his tenderness and skill to his patients. I compared him to John Hunter and Hippocrates. I informed the vestry he was a sincere aristocrat and a lover of our glorious constitution, and concluded a long speech amidst laughter from the odious pink and white party, and immense cheering from the old time-honoured blues.

Mr. Junior Churchwarden Sug was a tall thin person, with a pinched physiognomy—his forehead narrow and low. His whole appearance denoted a choleric disposition. He possessed immense wealth. He desired to second the nomination, but I doubted his ability. I never assented to the election of an "orator" for that office; hence, neither of my "props to the church" presumed to address the vestry. Their duties consisted, according to my estimate, in filling chairs when required, sitting gracefully in the churchwardens' pew on Sundays, putting questions to vestry meetings when placed in their hands, being a little blind to numbers when against *our* party, to refuse divisions when practicable, affecting a knowledge of parochial management when that management redounded to *our* credit; and, finally, affecting hopeless ignorance when questioned on any alleged cruelty to the poor.

These were their duties. I would not trust a churchwarden to emerge from an insignificance I deemed it my duty to place him in. There stood the form of Sug, towering aloft over the heads of many of the traders, and from the deeps of his great grand heart he denounced the opposition in fiery accents and a silvery voice. I became entranced at the surprising volubility he evinced; and when he declared that the parish required a *gentleman*, not an upstart *adventurer*—a man who had a *grandfather*, and not a *parvenu* son of a soap-boiler—to be their surgeon, I could have fairly hugged that gaunt tall man with wiry nerves. He said it "was an insult to the aristocratic merchants—to the respectability of one of the first City parishes in London—to think of bringing forward a person whose father, for aught he knew, kept a chandler's shop. He had no doubt been seduced—[loud laughter]—by that wretched party who desired to destroy the church—blot monarchy from merry England, and appropriate other persons' wealth to gratify intemperance, vice, and crime."

Here the hisses became so alarming that Sug appeared bewildered and frightened at the fierce vociferations around him. He cut short his expletives and descended to his former quiet position. I record a portion of his speech; it was his *first* and *last* oration. After a few weeks' illness the wealthy merchant was placed in a



lunatic asylum—the pink and white fellows said, in consequence of an overwrought temperament, occasioned by his unjust speech on this eventful day. However, he became mad, and died while eulogising the glorious constitution of our noble country—a fitting death for the brave and good: he died in harness—peace to his ashes!

When the orator had bowed his venerable head to the storm of hisses and every conceivable sound conveying disapprobation, Poynder rose. The moment his square head was seen on the pulpit steps the hisses were exchanged for cheering, long and continued; the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, redolent of bergamot and trimmed with pink and white ribbons. When silence was restored, the nasal organ of this person betrayed the contempt he evidently felt at the speeches he had been a silent listener to. His harangue was long and frothy—some said crushing, for its pointed satire and unaffected condemnation. He said the “proposer of the illustrious Barrow had informed them his candidate possesses eminent abilities. Perhaps the honourable merchant believed this to be true, but he confessed he never heard his name connected with any branch of that profession he honoured by condescending to practise. He had read and contributed to the medical literature of the last ten years, and he had not discovered the name of that gentleman as an instructor of youth, nor had he furnished one page to embellish the science he professes. His fame as a surgeon the proposer compares to the immortal John Hunter! but, desiring to out-herod Herod, he considered Hunter an inferior surgeon, and he drags ancient Hippocrates from his tomb in order to clothe his *protege* with a ‘tawdry suit of qualifications which nature never intended him to wear.’ (Loud cheers.) By this means the proposer has degraded instead of elevating his candidate. The founder of an anatomical museum—the eloquent lecturer and able writer, whose fame is European—whose discoveries in science are annually celebrated by a scientific profession—to compare Barrow the apothecary with a name renowned in the annals of a noble profession, was so supremely ridiculous and must appear so to the candidate, he should not feel surprised if he declined the contest in favour of his honourable friend, Mr. Nobb, the pupil of Lawrence — a name future ages will rank second only to the immortal Hunter. With respect to the aristocratic predilections of Mr. Barrow, he could merely reply by asking what affinity these antiquated notions on politics had with clinical medicine? (A laugh.) Now with respect to the seconder, Junior Churchwarden Sug, he admired the audacity of that person; he had dared to intimate that the parish required ‘a *gentleman*, not an upstart adventurer—a man who could boast of a grandfather, not a *parvenu*.’ This was certainly a gratuitous piece of impertinence from Mr. Sug, for he had been informed that, although Mr. Sug was now a wealthy merchant and worth his plumb, yet his own mother sold dolls in G——ll-street (here Sug gave a passionate start amid roars of laughter)—an excellent person to sneer at others for keeping ‘Chandlers’ shops.’ With regard to the party with whom he acted and had the honour to belong, he admitted they were ‘radical,’ but he utterly denied they were ‘wretched’ and ‘intemperate,’ or addicted ‘to vice and crime,’ or enemies of the ‘Church and Throne.’ (Cheering.) They were the enemies of wasteful expenditure, and

the lovers of equal laws for all. (Hear.) He implored the vestry to elect Mr. Nobb, whose character as a parent—whose science and skill as a surgeon—whose conduct as a gentleman—would do honour to their choice.

'So would their primal duties shine aloft like stars,  
While humbler charities which soothe and bless  
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.'—(Immense Cheering.)

There being no other speakers after this oration, the Churchwarden put the resolution "that Barrow be now elected as surgeon to the Workhouse," when there appeared an immense number of hands held up for that gentleman. The Chairman then put the name of "Nobb," amidst loud cries of "all, all," and a forest of hands—dirty, I admit—and the "cambrics" of the women were elevated.

The Churchwarden declared the election in favour of Barrow. (A torrent of hisses.) Poynder demanded a poll, which being granted, the election was fixed for the two following days, commencing at 8 and closing at 4 on each day.

At midnight the jacobin clubs were carousing in honour of their candidate. A rich pawnbroker, my next door neighbour, named Bailiff, espoused the mixed colour and Nobb. He had invited several plebeians to the "Bush," when bishop, punch, and wine were served out to the "free and independent" voters. Speeches in favour of their candidate were uttered, and resolutions passed in his favour—and another band added—any quantity of ribbon guaranteed to the wives and daughters of electors; coaches, cabs, frys were ordered, and lastly the "Carthage Arms" and the "Little Britain" were declared "open houses." For the "tories" were to be beaten. Of course Bailiff paid for all! Nor were we idle: while these intemperate men were engaged in the wassail bowl, we canvassed—men and women. Those persons I would not have noticed the day previously were now visited, their squalid hovels entered, hands shaken, and their abominable brats caressed; some of our party even ventured to kiss some of them, in order to secure the sweet voices of the parents!

My good city of Norwich is celebrated for its elections—its hilarity and expenditure; but our parish, with one wide and a few narrow streets, a few courts and alleys, was agitated with zeal and intemperance equal to any election ever witnessed in that farfamed city of the East.

Morning broke, bright and beautiful; the shops were opened earlier than usual; almost every pink and white voter had a "streamer waving in the wind" from his windows, and our party imitated their example. We had our flags with "Barrow and the Constitution," "Barrow and Science," in blue and white; while ours were superior bands—and the strains from the instruments, music. The tin kettle affair of the pink and white party sounded oddly when meeting our brave musicians. The cabs groaned under banners—large placards were pasted on their sides. At a quarter before 8 the voters rushed into them to the poll—from the top of the ward to the bottom, about a quarter of a mile, while many even rode from their houses next the church. All was gaiety and good humour, and the polling was watched with intense interest by all. Poynder was in

every quarter. I was also active; we met frequently—bowed in silence, and put forth our powers. At one house, about 3 o'clock, I met him; the person who had occupied the premises was named Aspen, he had promised us for Barrow, he was a respectable man—I went to take him to vote. I discovered Poynder trying to persuade him to poll for his friend. I reminded Aspen of his promise; he said it was “conditional,” but he was still inclined to vote for Barrow. To end this altercation, Poynder put his mouth close to Aspen’s ear and whispered a sentence—the free and independent elector stared and said,

“Indeed! is it so? Open the cab door. Here I go for Nobb, and—”

I could not catch the remainder of the sentence, it was lost in the roar of the wheels rattling over the stones of the road to the church. I felt certain the man was bribed. From the commencement of the poll the inhabitants had voted nearly an equal number for each candidate—one hour there was a majority of three for Barrow, the next the poll exhibited an equality of numbers; then Nobb advanced four, and again succumbed to our prowess. At half-past three Aspen recorded his vote; twenty persons, who were before indifferent spectators of the exciting scene in the church, shook that person by the hand, and to a man voted for Nobb.

At the close of the poll the numbers were exhibited at the pink and white committee rooms, and simultaneously printed and circulated to the inhabitants, who placed them in their shop windows. The numbers were—

ELECTION FOR SURGEON—FIRST DAY.

Nobb	. . . . .	310
Barrow	. . . . .	289
		<hr/>
Majority for Nobb	. . . . .	21

ELECTORS—A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether to-morrow, and victory is certain.  
Central Committee Room,  
Carthage Arms.

Yours faithfully,  
EDMUND POYNDER.

We had a meeting; the election became a serious affair; to be beaten was immediate destruction to us as a party. It was certain that bribery and treating had done its good offices. Of course I do not blame the pink and white party for resorting to this mode of winning. We resolved to imitate their example, but I would not condescend to bribe the poor devils in their hovels; *that* was done by deputy, and fearful was the traffic. Independence and principle were thrown on one side, and money was preferred to ancient friendships.

Strange that this metal should alienate and destroy all moral feeling—prostrate honour and good faith, and present to the world sad pictures of the utter scoundrelism of a race boasting of their integrity and a belief in the good and the beautiful!

A placard was issued in the morning by the opposite party, containing these words,—

“NOBB AND INDEPENDENCE.  
BEWARE OF BRIBERY, CORRUPTION AND  
INTIMIDATION!

Scorn to be bought and sold like cattle at a fair,  
Lest the devil overtake thee and leave you in despair.

NOBB FOR EVER!  
RUSH TO THE POLL!!"

We met at my mansion in the evening. My cellar and larder were placed at the command of the guests; wines of delicious flavour and viands of *recherche* quality, were placed on inlaid rosewood tables, and justice meted to all my voracious friends. When the cloth was taken away, I rose, left thirty persons to imbibe my wines *ad libitum*, and retired with W——n, my brother, and G——m. Our councils were brief, our course taken, and victory certain. We returned to the party with confidence, our cheerfulness re-assured them. The night was far advanced when each sought his home. The next morning many of my friends appeared with enlarged noses and blacker eyes than usually embellished their physiognomies. They had met the opposite party on leaving my house, and from gibes they came to taunts and then to blows, a quick transition, and the guests of the preceding evening looked similar to pugilists after two hours' hard fighting. The next morning, my brother had not arrived from his country seat at Hampstead; it was ten—his usual hour nine punctually—but then I knew why he was absent. Yet I became anxious for his presence. At eleven he entered the church with a gloomy countenance; W——n and G——m were with him.

"My dear brother, you look anxious—have you succeeded?"

"Oh, Buckey, we are ruined and lost! That fellow you sent me to is a fool."

"Proceed, dear Thomas."

"I entered his counting-house from my carriage. He was seated, looking calmly, looking over his bill book. I said 'Why cannot we be friends?'—He stared.—'My brother has sent me to say if you will give up the contest, and let Barrow in, you may name your own reward—in short, we offer you the vestry-clerk's situation, or a seat in the common council of the ward, which eventually will lead you to the Aldermanic gown, and finally to the Mansion-house as first magistrate of the largest and richest city in the universe.'"

"Well, his reply—quick."

"He refused!"

"The devil he did!"

"Yes; he drew himself up proudly and said, 'Mr. ——— the gold is not coined that can bribe, nor the situation yet created that can win me from honour, good faith, and duty. Go!' I rushed into the carriage, and here I am. A d——d infernal fool that Poynder is!"

"Hush, good brother, not a word of this; we must now work and win."

This refusal astounded me; I never conceived a man could be so silly as to prefer poverty and dependence to a career promising wealth and station; and yet I could not avoid transient admiration for incorruptible integrity and devotion to a cause he had espoused. As the day waned the enthusiasm increased, the streets were impassable, and carriages were compelled to take another route through the city. Neck and neck proceeded the voting. Exertions were made to reduce the fatal majority; but as soon as we polled a dozen votes, nearly the same number, or exceeding it, were instantly

recorded. Amidst fighting, swearing, and drunkenness the poll closed; and still the ominous number was displayed. Nobb had won a gallant fight, and achieved a victory, by a majority of 21.

FINAL CLOSE OF THE POLL FOR PARISH SURGEON.

Nobb	410
Barrow	389
Majority	21

I am bound at this distance of time to record that Aspen was *not* bribed; the words used by Poynder, which induced him to vote, were—"Nobb is a Freemason." The twenty neutrals were also members of the same mystic society; hence they voted with Aspen, and won Nobb a situation which he retains to this hour. He rides in his carriage, drives a pair of bays, and takes his *otium cum dignitate* at Wood Green; while the man to whose exertions and integrity he was indebted for his success in life, is in all probability pining in some garret amidst poverty and wretchedness—a fit reward for public purity!

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

SOME three hundred years ago the Elector Joachim said that "it would be easier to find a white crow in the Mart of Brandenburg, than a learned man;" and this highly-gifted Prince was compelled to summon his professors from Meissen, Suabia, and even more distant countries. Still, in that day, it was seen that the Brandenburgers would not allow themselves to be converted by these doctors, but followed their own road, as, for instance, in the Reformation, which their Elector, with all his own wisdom, and that of his professors, could not repel or suppress. It gradually extended, in spite of his University at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; and when it had gained access to the hearts of the whole people, his successor and son, Joachim II., placed the seal of completion upon it.

This University on the Oder was truly a splendid affair. Kaiser and Pope had endowed it with their privileges and blessings, and Joachim had treated it like a darling child. Professors were appointed to it, whose fame was sounded through the whole world; and their numerous thick volumes were full of learning, astonishing at that day, but forgotten in the present. These professors were acquainted with and taught everything humanly and divinely right, with the exception of that which the people yearned for and waited—the true doctrine.

In their auditories they hurled the thunder of their eloquence upon the Monk of Wittenberg, who dared to teach the new doctrines to the people. He knew and understood nothing of the old and holy Theses; he only wished to subvert that which had been so long held in esteem by Princes and Kaiser and the whole world, and if there were anything that required amendment, how could the Augustine Monk effect it? To alter it would be the task of the great and mighty, or the doctors they entrusted with the task. It would require time, reflection, and respect for the wisdom of the Saints, who had maintained these doctrines for so many centuries, which had rendered the nation happy and contented.

Thus spoke the Professors of the University of Frankfort, and they assuredly received many friendly glances and salutations, and perhaps, too, something more substantial from the Electoral councillors and ministers. The people said nothing, but silently adhered to the Monk of Wittenberg. All that the prelates, and doctors, and nobles said and did against him, was of no avail: even interdicts were useless. No one opposed the will of the Prince, for the Brandenburgers were obedient: but no Prince could govern their hearts and thoughts. And thus it happened in Brandenburg, that Martin Luther, the man of the people, that counted no learned man in its ranks, gained the victory over the powerful and wise Regent, whose com-

mands everyone obeyed, for he had learned how to govern during a long and happy reign. The nobles trembled before him; the citizens followed him like a flock of sheep. He punished injustice where he found it; he was eloquent, like few in the whole German Empire. He led the Princes in council: and yet he must have confessed on his deathbed that he had not been able to guide the *hearts* of his people.

And his University of Frankfort, at first so mighty, became desolate and empty, like Göttingen in the present day. The will of the Prince, who declared his professors taught the true doctrine, did not procure them a single scholar. The students migrated in shoals to Wittenberg, where the man of the people taught, and his teaching kept them willing prisoners.

Thus, then, the contrary of what this just and good Prince desired, occurred. He had an University, and it was deserted; professors, but they were and remained strangers in the land; and his people sought and found elsewhere what it wanted and desired.

At a later date, what he wished was fulfilled. So many white crows arrived that black ones became a rarity; that is, so much learning and science entered the land, that people almost wished themselves back again in the black time, on seeing the many white pens which were at work there.

But in the meanwhile strange things occurred. The people regarded science, which the priests had so long hidden from them, as a magic lantern, in which everyone who possessed the key to it could see all he wanted, both past and future. The learned were looked upon as a species of sorcerers; and in the knowledge of hidden things, which they fancied they had discovered, Catholics and Protestants rivalled one another in folly and superstition.

At that day it was believed that the sun went round the earth; and if the sun were a handmaiden, who only beamed for our globe, the moon and stars, which were so much smaller than the sun, must, *à fortiori*, be formed only for the use of mankind. Our forefathers, who had been so long kept in mental subservience, had the proud idea of imagining that all the suns and planets—in short, all the world and created things, down to the smallest particle of sand—were formed for their especial benefit. How this accorded with Christian humility, I cannot say; but they were, in other respects, excellent Christians who believed it. If their mathematicians and astronomers had calculated the track of the stars, why should not the human intellect succeed in the task of discovering the internal qualities of the planets, and their universal and particular effect upon mankind?

Astrology, therefore, flourished for 200 years after the Reformation, and was in higher repute than ever. It was a settled affair with both learned and unlearned, that the celestial bodies had an influence on human destinies, and that a man's fate could be determined from the position of the planets and fixed stars.

Astrology, at which we now smile as a creation of the brain, was, at that day, a famous method of gaining a livelihood. The astrologers were excellently paid, and had their posts of honour at the courts of Princes and great men. They had not only to calculate the nativity of newly-born children, but were taken to counsel in all weighty undertakings the Princes designed—declarations of war, treaties of peace, marriages; just as in olden time the priests killed animals, and observed the flight of birds. The latter was called heathenish and superstitious, but the stars they said never deceive. Thus the Elector of Brandenburg, of whom I spoke, had an astrologer of the name of Carion, and this pious and learned Prince thought it neither sinful nor foolish to consult him in all important matters.

We may believe, however, that these astrologers were equally good courtiers, and knew their way better to the favour of the Princes than they did among the planets and nebulae on the sun. When they agreed with the ideas of their rulers, they were certain to be correct. Thus the learned Carion announced to his Prince that his second son had received from God a special patron, an angel called Bathsithadel, and that the Electoral house would prosper to remote centuries; and he, besides, prophesied the very year and day on which Doctor Luther would be burned. We have authority to prove that this prophecy came to pass.

Astrology was even taught in the universities as a science: it is not astonishing, then, that it was summoned to advise in the affiliated professions. The physicians employed it especially. They would not order blood-letting if the stars were not in the right conjunction: they would sooner have allowed a patient to die than sin against those eternal astrological rules. A Dr. Bartisch wrote a large book about diseases of the eye. I do not know if it still possesses any reputation among medical men, but it is copiously explained in it, that operations should



only be undertaken under the signs of Libra, Sagittarius, and Aquarius. If the case was very pressing, they might be permitted under the signs of Virgo, Scorpio, and Pisces; but in that case especial attention must be paid to the evil aspects; if not, it would be better for the patient to become blind. There was never any want of texts to prove all these rules. In this case Ecclesiastes had said: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." It unfortunately happened to Dr. Bartisch, that some of his patients were not cured. He allows it with perfect candour; but this did not in any way shake his faith; but he rather ascribes his ill success to the circumstance that some error had taken place in the observation of the planets.

There is certainly much written in the stars; but in the present day we can only read this much, namely, that we shall never decipher it. But our fathers, in their wretched and gloomy thirst for knowledge, fancied they could read the destiny of the world in them, as plainly as if it was written in black and white. No prophecy ever found such universal belief and excited such universal terror as one in the year 1518, just at the time when the Reformation commenced in Germany. It has been often proved that the good, when powerful and necessary, will force its way, like a fountain, through the superincumbent crust of ignorance and obstinacy, but also brings with it much defiling slime and noxious vapours. Some time must elapse before the water of a new well becomes drinkable.

Thus then, in the year 1518, a German astrologer, by name Stöffler, proved, from the conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, in the sign of Pisces, that in six years, and in the month of February, 1524, a great and universal deluge must take place. Stöffler was no courtier, who discovered a thing to please one or the other potentate; for no prince felt a desire to be drowned, or have his land inundated before his very eyes. He was an honest German professor, who, with a hot head but melancholy thoughts, had pored over the stars and his books till he really believed what he fancied he saw. His heart was so filled with terror, that he did all in his power to warn his fatherland and the world against the misfortune which impended over them. He wrote to the learned and great, had it preached from the pulpits, and published many pamphlets about it. Stöffler made so much noise that his prophecy obtained universal credit. Not merely in Germany, but in all Europe the belief in the deluge extended, among the people, the great, princes and kings, and among the learned, for it emanated from a learned man.

Any who still doubted were forced to believe when Stöffler wrote a letter to the King of Spain, afterwards Charles V., in which he described the deluge in such an animated way, and proved its infallible arrival with such various reasons, that this sensible prince was even terrified, and, like his fellow regents, saw no method of guarding against it. For although he had mighty fleets on every ocean, and the sun never set on his dominions, how would his ships give shelter to all the nations that did homage to his sceptre? Another astrologer, Augustine Niphus, helped the king in his necessity, by controverting Stöffler's prophecy by equally learned arguments.

This, however, only satisfied Charles himself. His courtiers thought, on the other hand, that the second astronomer was only a time-server, and had, to please the king, denied the danger which ominously brooded over them, and the fear and trembling through Europe daily waxed greater. And yet, only a few years ago, when the Russians gained possession of Mount Ararat, did we not see shoals of pious German emigrants wander thither? Heaven knows what Biblical visionary had prophesied to them a new deluge, that they should think it advisable to settle in the neighbourhood of the sacred mountain, where the ark had taken ground after the first great deluge; but they certainly thought they should find their best means of safety there. If, then, this could be possible in the nineteenth century, why should we feel astonished that our forefathers in the sixteenth, when there were few books and no newspapers, should grow terrified at the prophecy, and live in the fear of death?

One of King Charles's generals, Count Veit Rango, pressed him, even if he did not believe in the deluge, to take the precautions requisite in case of the worst; and, in consideration of the value of an army to a ruler, order his troops to march to the mountains at the beginning of February, and have magazines provided there beforehand. Charles V. was, however, perfectly cured of his fears, and gave it as his opinion, which he afterwards proved, that he could make more use of his soldiers in the plains. But the number of terror-stricken persons was enormous in the towns and the country. One infected the other; the women often filled the

air with their cries and lamentations, and the priests took advantage of the terror to proclaim from the pulpit the arrival of this scourge as a punishment for the iniquity of mankind. In fact, many became insane through their fear, and in several places it was dangerous to express a doubt as to whether the deluge would really take place, or, if it did, whether it would be so extensive and terrible. History tells us of many strange things which people did to protect themselves against such a lamentable fate. Many sold their houses and farms for a mere trifle, and bought carriages, waggon, and baskets, which they intended to load when the rain began, and retire to the mountains with their flocks. Others learned how to swim and row and manage sails. Boats and ships were already considered securer and more valuable property than houses and land.

Auriol, President of the Parliament, went more securely to work in the south of France. This learned man believed that the second deluge would not be much better than the first, and sailing-boats and swimming would not be of much avail. He, consequently, had an ark built of the pattern of Noah's, large enough to contain his family and relations, a few domestic animals, and sufficient food for several months. But beside this he had four strong and tall brick pillars erected, on which the ark rested. When the first threatening rains commenced, he intended to mount the ladder resting against it with all that belonged to him, and patiently wait till the floods raised the ark from its strong supporters. He had also taken care to procure a first-rate steersman.

Henndorf, the Burgermeister of Wittenburg, had managed more simply. His house was high and firmly built. Although he believed as truly as the rest in the approaching deluge, still he felt confident that on this occasion God would behave more mercifully to mankind, and would not suffer the water to rise above the roofs, at least of the higher classes. When the time drew near, he therefore only provided himself with bread, meal, and pickled meat, and also with a barrel of beer, in order—as he confidentially told his acquaintances—“to have a good draught during the deluge.”

The terrible year arrived: the frightful month was entered upon. But there had been very little snow during this winter, and day after day passed without the sky growing dark. Instead of gloomy clouds, which should have piled themselves one on the other, the sun shone mildly, and thawed and dried and warmed the earth, so that snowdrops and crocuses and violets peeped out. Although every one looked up in terror each morning to the sky, it remained pure and serene, one day like the other; and when the 1st of March arrived, all drew a long breath of satisfaction: the Elbe and the Oder, the Rhine and the Maine, remained within their bounds, only the Alps and Carpathians glistened in their soft winter robes, the snow melted gradually, and no avalanche threatened destruction.

The good Burgermeister of Wittenburg was able to take his barrel of beer down from the roof, and have a good draught at his ease on the level ground; the carriages, waggon, and baskets were unpacked; how the ark of the President Auriol, at Toulouse, was taken down from the pillars, is not known; but every one went to his business again, and was soon convinced that there was no longer any cause to fear a deluge.

But what became of the prophecy and of Stoffler? Was he ridiculed or punished for terrifying the whole world without rhyme or reason? Nothing of the sort. Stoffler was still honoured, for he was a celebrated and respected man, and his prophecy retained its reputation, for—the stars never deceive. The non-fulfilment was a miracle, by which God, through love and compassion towards mankind, had prevented an event which, in the natural course of things, must have taken place. As many had employed the fear of the deluge to their own advantage, priests and theologians now made use of its non-appearance to suit their own ends. The clergy had prayed and fasted both *coram populo* and in their cells, and it was the effect of their good works alone which prevented the catastrophe. Learned theologians proved in many pamphlets that, in accordance with the immutable astronomical arrangements, a deluge *must* have taken place in February; but, according to God's promise in the Bible, none *dare* occur. This collision was assuredly another proof that the heavenly word was of more effect than all that science brought forward as inevitably true. In other respects, every one explained the matter just as it suited them. In the following year the terrible peasants' war broke out. The historians of Brandenburg therefore tell us that, although a deluge was to take place, it was not written in the stars that it must necessarily be a *watery* one, and that it might be referred with equal justice to the *blood* which was poured out in streams during this war!

But it seems at times as if mortals required to be terrified only to live, and as if they were not satisfied with the frightful inflictions of nature—such as war, fire, plague, or sedition—but must always fashion new causes for fear. The alarm felt at Magister Stöffler's deluge had been scarcely survived, when a new and still greater subject of fear made its appearance. The sanguinary peasants' war, the struggles which accompanied the revolution and threatened to emanate from it, were far from being horrible enough for their excited fancy; they soon dreamed of the destruction of the world, and it is melancholy to relate that science materially aided them in it.

About this time the first almanacks were published. Stöffler brought out one at Ulm in 1499, but it met with such a favourable reception, that many followed his example, and the Court Astrologer, Carion, published one which surpassed all others in the boldness of the prophecies. He was as little disconcerted at the fact that Dr. Martin Luther was not burnt, as Stöffler that the deluge did not occur. Carion went so far as to bring out another almanack, in which he predicted all the events which would take place in the German Empire, from 1528 to 1540. As it only appeared in 1530, there was nothing surprising in the fact, that all the prophecies bearing reference to the first two years were correct. Many things in the following eight years also were accurately stated at the day and hour, such as eclipses of the sun and moon. Even if a few of the events he foretold were unsuccessful, still that did not shake popular belief in him; for a man who had stated so many things correctly, might be allowed a mistake now and then: his friends and contemporaries would have found as many reasons to excuse him, as they did for the non-arrival of the deluge.

As the astrologer fared so well, there seemed to be a perfect rage for prophecying. We have certainly had melancholy examples of this, even in later years; and everything has not been so clearly explained as we fancy is the case with astrology. Prophets arose on all sides, and although none succeeded in obtaining such universal reputation and credit as the foretellers of the great deluge, still they made more confusion in the smaller circles where they obtained disciples. Any one who reads of the madness and follies which were everywhere to be found at the commencement of the 16th century, must consider it fortunate that they were more sincere fanatics than artful tricksters who took advantage of this feeling.

Who would imagine that the world was going to be destroyed 300 years ago? In the village of Lochan, near Wittenburg, there was a preacher of the name of Stiefel, who held to the new doctrine. He was a very learned man, but we may say he had over-studied himself; for after he had studied day and night, from year's end to year's end, and sought advice in the apocalypse and astrological works, he at length came to the conclusion, for which he had twenty-one reasons, that the world would perish. It was merely child's play to say this, for how many before and after him asserted this, and who among us would like to contradict them and say our earth must last for ever? Stiefel, however, knew more, for he had calculated that the end of the world would arrive at eight o'clock in the morning of the 3rd October, 1533.

The parish of course believed what their preacher said; and besides, they had never had such a learned clergyman before. The peasants began to hang their heads, and this is said to be a very contagious disease. People soon came from the neighbouring villages, and even from distant towns, to hear Stiefel preach about the destruction of the world. And still his thundering voice could at times be scarcely heard through the groaning and lamentations, for the end of the world is something different from a great deluge, which might possibly not cover the tops of the highest mountains, or even reach the Burgermeister's roof in Wittenburg. In a deluge some might be saved, but who could dare hope to be spared in the cracking, tearing, splitting, and eventual disappearance of the world? And if the world were destroyed and they were overlooked, whatever would be their fate?

Still there was a place kept for preacher Stiefel, which he regarded with great self-satisfaction. Through his calculations on the Revelation he at length came to the conclusion that, if the whole world perished, angels must remain in safety, and he was the last angel who would blow the seventh trumpet! The peasants, therefore, looked with pride and some consolation on their clergyman when he told them this with a contented face, after all the horrors he had foretold. They hoped that on the day of judgment they would not be utterly lost, when under the protection of the seventh angel!

But if my readers imagine that the terrible prophecy only caused tears, lamentations, and repentance, they are very greatly mistaken. The majority of the peasants

thought, on the contrary, that if the end of the world was approaching, there would be little use in saving and tormenting themselves with unnecessary toil. The trumpeter would care for their salvation, and during the short interval they thought it better to enjoy the blessed sunshine, and make themselves jolly as far as they could. They sold their houses and farms, and a jovial sort of life commenced in Lochan, of eating and drinking, dancing and singing. Whether Stiefel approved of this I cannot say, but he was probably so sunk in his thoughts about the approaching end that he did not trouble himself about it. Nor is it written whether he exercised himself in trumpet playing, so that he might not be taken unawares; but he no doubt fancied that a man selected from the beginning for such an honoured post, would necessarily possess the requisite qualities for it; but he gave away his books, for he would have no need of them in the next world.

The September of 1533 came to an end, and October commenced. The songs in the inns, the wild noise, drinking and dancing, then ceased. They no longer crept singly in the twilight, as they had done in the last weeks, to their pastor, but thronged round his door to confess. During the last days the poor clergyman could scarce find time to take necessary nourishment; he was perfectly besieged by penitents.

During the night of October 2nd, not a soul closed an eye in Lochan and Holzendorf. Only sobs and groans could be heard from the hundreds of inhabitants. Had it not been for the dogs, robbers might have plundered the village, and there would have been no one to prevent them. And all felt towards morning a hot, oppressive atmosphere, just as it must be when the world is going to be destroyed. Between seven and eight, black clouds drew over the Elbe, and lightning was seen in the distance. There they all lay, young and old, husband and wife, in the fields, with clasped hands, praying and singing hymns, in expectation that the earth would yawn beneath them—while the storm pealed above their heads.

It was certainly a storm, but nothing more, and it went away as it came. They had become rather wet from the rain, but the thunder rolled along, the clouds followed it, the sky became clear, the sun shone again, and the earth was not rent asunder. One stood up after the other, and the ground did not even tremble. They shook the water from their shoulders, one looked at the other, and all at their preacher.

Stiefel watched the departing storm, but it would not return. It struck nine—ten—eleven. It was just possible he might have made a mistake in the hour, but certainly not in the day and year. But mid-day arrived and the earth was not destroyed; the sun smiled and the birds chirruped. The latter found abundant food in the fields, but the peasants began to feel hungry, and had nothing in readiness. No fires burnt on their hearths, and many, perhaps, had nothing left to cook.

The poor peasants of Lochan and Holzendorf had been cheated by Stiefel as to the end of the world. They had sold and squandered their property, and on what should they exist if the world lasted much longer? Should we feel surprised, then, that they became angry and attacked the poor clergyman, who was not so clever in making excuses as Stoffer and his friends had been? The poor man himself was the most miserable of all, for he had no longer any books, or any credit with his parishioners. It would, perhaps, have been better for him had he given away, long before, those books from which he had derived his calculations and prophecies.

They bound his arms behind his back, and led him—their shepherd and prophet—with threats and ridicule to Dr. Luther, at Wittenburg. We may fancy what excitement it caused in the University, when the parishioners of two villages accused their clergyman, with wild cries and curses, before the man of God, and demanded that he should either restore them their farms, or else cause the destruction of the world.

I do not know the result, except that Luther at last succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between poor Stiefel and his parishioners. All this would appear to us very foolish and unreasonable, but since that time much has occurred which is not a whit the less so; and false prophets, though of another sort, will always rise up, until the whole world eventually becomes sensible, or really perishes, which is, perhaps, one and the same thing, and may happen at the same time.

## THOUGHTS ON NOVELS.

Nor only do novels constitute no inconsiderable portion of the literature of our time, but the very genus itself is peculiar to modern literature. Prose fiction was unknown to, certainly never cultivated by, the ancients; neither was it in the middle ages, except in the shape of monkish legends, or in that of such "light" and delightful reading as *Amadis de Gaul* and similar productions, which would now appal even the most enthusiastic mediævalist. It is not, indeed, to be denied, that a more natural species of prose fiction even then existed, to wit, the Italian *Novella*, whose name has been adopted by us; and it is owing to those of Boccaccio, and some others, that a polished and fixed style of literary composition was formed in Italy, at a period when our own language was so rude and barbarous as to be now scarcely intelligible. Chaucer is obsolete—not to be understood without a glossary—scarcely ever read, and perhaps still less relished by those who attempt to do so.

With regard to Boccaccio it is quite different. His style, indeed, is not exactly the Italian of the present day; but neither is Milton's prose that of our own time, and notwithstanding his being so very much the earlier one, the Italian appears less antiquated than the English writer. All this, however, will be thought to have little to do with our professed subject: for more to our actual purpose will it be to observe, that similar as is in name the *Novella* of the Italians, it was altogether unlike its modern successor, it being nothing more than a short tale, often a mere anecdote, and as often as not, such a scandalous one as to say very little for the morality of those "good old times," either on the part of the so-called "religious" or secular classes of the community. But we gladly turn away from the profligacy and Dr. Achillism of monks and nuns, consigning it over to the consideration and extenuation of "Golden Square" cardinals and archbishops of Westminster.

The "Novella," or tale, differs as much from the modern "Novel" as an outline sketch for it does from a picture, or a single scene from an entire drama. Within such exceedingly narrow limits there cannot possibly be any development either of character or anything else. All must be compressed; no room being afforded for either detail or accessories, or for *a la Scott* graphic description and colouring. In fact, colouring was not attempted; on the contrary, all was reduced, not to miniature, but to medal and monochrome. For description and dialogue, or what are called "scenes," the *Novella* afforded no space. It was content with stating mere matters of fact, in such a very dry and matter-of-fact way, that some of our newspaper police reports show far more talent for both graphic delineation and truth of local colouring. The ponderous and long-winded French romances of the seventeenth century, in folio—for in those days there were no circulating libraries—certainly afforded ample space and verge enough for minute description of contemporary life and manners; instead of which, they were altogether destitute of vitality of any kind. However it might be denominated, the locality was in the land of "nowhere," and the personages and characters were merely lifeless, stuffed-out puppets, that were made to figure as emperors and kings and princes, male or female; for the dignity of "moonshine" could hardly condescend to notice any less elevated specimens of humanity. In such productions all was *un-nature*, and to such a degree, that a fairy tale is, in comparison with, quite sober and rational. Still, worthless as they were, and utterly forgotten as they themselves now are, they claim a page in the history of literature, nor are they without interest for the lovers of literary monstrosities.

Some are such teetotallers with regard to works of fiction that they eschew them altogether; looking more to the shape in which it is presented than to the quality of the article itself. Such people, while they turn up their noses at novels with disdain, will, without making wry faces, swallow a great deal of fiction provided it be served up to them under the respectable name of history. Even history itself would be considerably elucidated by, and acquire additional interest from contemporary *ad vivum* portraiture of contemporary manner and feelings in the garb of fiction. An Athenian *Gil Blas*, for instance, would have afforded us a far more satisfactory insight into the every-day life of the Greeks than is to be derived from the pains-taking labours of Potter, Barthelme, Lantier, &c., which exhibit only fragments of it, collected with great diligence from the writings of the ancients themselves. Of the authors just named, two have indeed had recourse to the aid of fiction, having worked up the information that was to be obtained



only in bits and scraps, into a continuous narrative, shaped by one into the *Travels of Anacharsis*, by the other into those of *Antenor*. In comparison with books of professed "antiquities," such productions are, if less convenient for reference, light reading, yet can hardly be called books of entertainment; so that by getting upon two stools they find themselves in the predicament proverbially attributed to that false position.

Romances in Greek there are, though those which remain to us are only just enough to vouch for such compositions having existed. The few which have been preserved are of an exceedingly late period, consequently neither do, nor possibly could afford any picture of manners and society in the palmy days of Athenian civilization, literature and art. Somewhat strange, perhaps, to say, the best specimen of the kind which has come down to us was the production of a Christian bishop; namely the *Æthiopica*, or *Theagenes and Choriclœa* of *Heliudones*,—a romance which we ourselves have read—how vanity oozes out!—and which, as far as mere plot goes, is most ingeniously constructed, for it presents such a succession and complication of adventures and incidents that even any tolerably satisfactory outline or analysis of them would require several pages. The theatre or scene of it, however, might just as well have been laid in the moon as where it is.

Of fictitious narrative we give our decided preference to that class which depict contemporary society; for if executed with truthfulness of delineation and colouring as well as artistic skill in other respects, are eminently historic,—not indeed as historical romances, quite the reverse, but as supplying the future historian with data and materials for any tolerably faithful delineation and characterization of the actual state of society at the period spoken of,—matters which history as hitherto written, has—both important and interesting as they are—apparently considered beneath its dignity to record, leaving such task to mere antiquarians and archæologists, to whom it leaves the task of poking into rubbish and picking up scrap by scrap the merest shreds and patches, rags and tatters of the past, and then stitch them together as well as they can. Even books of "*Household Expenses*" have been resorted to for the purpose of gathering from such interesting documents the most trivial bits of dull and lifeless information.

The freedom of the above remark will, we trust, be excused, if only because it serves to show very forcibly that from one class, at least, of the works of fiction which we are speaking of, considerable information may be derived with regard to the social condition of a people and their habits and manners. Previously to the existence of the modern novel, there was nothing to give us adequate pictures of real life and contemporary manners. While the dramatist could do so but very imperfectly, owing to the limited size of his canvas, the older romance writers did not attempt to do so at all; on the contrary, they seem to have looked down with scorn upon nature and reality and probability, as vulgar and ignoble matters, altogether unworthy of their attention—as being of the earth, earthy. They soared far above the limits of this lower world: the atmosphere of common sense was much too gross, mortal men and women creatures too common for them. Even the modern romance, when it first came up, although many degrees less absurd and extravagant, showed the improvement consisted in little more than substituting inanity for insanity. Almost its best productions of the "*Otranto*" period were feeble and pale; nor would those of the *Radcliffe* school—hardly "*the mighty magician of Udolpho*" herself—have found many admirers had they not appeared when they did. *Sir Walter Scott* gave a complete death-blow to the whole of that school, and to the pseudo-historical romance of the preceding period. To descant upon the merits of that great and consummate master—or we might call him the originator of the genuine *Historical Romance*—is quite unnecessary; besides, were we to begin to do so, we should leave ourselves no room for what we have still to say.

Like what is called historical painting, the historical romance, at least as it was treated by *Scott*, may be allowed to take precedence in the marshalling the procession of art according to established etiquette, since it demands superior power of imagination, and requires greater preparatory study and research. Yet, in what is called "*High Art*," be it either literary or pictorial, unless there be a manifestation of intellectual energy corresponding to the loftiness of the subject, the degree of talent displayed in the treatment of it will appear feeble and abortive, and the subject itself reduced to the level of triviality not the less excusable for ambitiousness of aim. For our part, we consider *Hogarth* not only a far superior artist to his father-in-law, *Sir James Thornhill*—in which opinion all will agree with us—but also far more deserving of a title to which he never aspired—except, indeed, on



one unlucky occasion, viz., in his "Paul before Felix"—namely, that of a *bonâ fide* painter of history, or what would become such in course of time, as is now the case. In his portraits Vandyke has given us more real history than in his historical pictures. So, too, both Fielding and Smollett, and in a lesser degree Richardson also, were the historians of their times; not, indeed, as regards public events—the making and breaking of treaties, but in respect to the less dignified but not less important matters of the actual state of society and manners. Their novels, and Hogarth's paintings and engravings, have preserved to us much that would else be now forgotten, there being no other equally faithful record of them, and the changes in manners which have since taken place—luckily all for the better—having rendered those "good old times," as some would call them, almost fabulous ones.

Without pretending to claim a higher nominal rank for them, we must confess that we ourselves give the preference to that species of the novel which, in a manner, shows us "the very body and pressure of the times," by depicting contemporary society and manners under some one or other of their manifold aspects and varying phases. With the heroic and so-called historic, we can sympathize but very imperfectly. However great the artistic power and skill displayed in such subjects may be, they have, apart from artistic merits of execution, less of either interest or instruction than portraiture from the life, whether of contemporary society generally, or particular classes of it. No doubt the talent required for such matter-of-fact delineations is not of the very highest order: it requires far less exertion of imagination to depict an alderman arrayed in all the glory, if not of Solomon, of his own robes, than to adumbrate an Adam in all his nakedness. The artist has the alderman before him in *propria persona*, and has only to transfer him to his canvas; but with regard to Adam it is an altogether different matter, because how should any one, however gifted, be able to give us an adequate or even tolerable representation of our universal parent in his original shape before the fall?

The species of novel most to our taste is that which gives us pictures taken from real life, as it presents itself to the writer's personal observation and study, in all its varying aspects—at least, in that aspect and phase of it which he undertakes to portray. It is precisely a work, or rather works, of that kind which we desiderate for enabling us to understand the every-day life of the civilised nations of antiquity;—pictures completely made out, not only as regards the figures and their costume, but also truthfulness of local colouring and accuracy as to the minutest details and accessories. Willingly would we give up a good deal of the dignified and poetical in ancient literature, for even a single production in familiar prose, by means of which we might form a tolerably clear idea of society and manners at Athens or Rome. Nay, though we should prefer prose as the most suitable vehicle, we should not object to the poetic form, provided the subject itself were not put upon stilts, but treated as graphically as are those of Crabbe.

However ingeniously they may be constructed, novels whose interest lies chiefly in intricacy and plot and a rapid succession of incidents, which keep the reader's curiosity on the stretch from beginning to end, possess less attraction for us than do those which depict manners and delineate character, and which keep more to the ordinary every-day course of human affairs. Life is not made up of complicated adventures and surprising events. For that sort of alcohol which is so much in request with the literary dram-drinkers of the circulating library, we entertain no particular predilection. The gin shops of Eugene Sue and Dumas have not us for their customer. Infinitely better than their ardent spirits—which, according to what we see reported of them, must have come from the devil's own distillery—do we relish the comparatively milk-and-water stuff of such writers as Jane Austen, whose novels are so many small highly-finished cabinet pictures representing *interiors* of English life in the middling classes. In fact, the domestic novel is one almost entirely of English growth; nor can it be successfully transplanted into countries where the *climate* of society is composed of very different elements from that of our own. All the less therefore are we surprised that while Scott has had not only translators but imitators in nearly every European language, even in Spain and Italy, neither Miss Edgeworth nor Miss Austen have obtained any in those countries. How, indeed, should the domestic novel be cultivated where domesticity itself hardly exists and the development of individuality is repressed? It has, however, begun to take root and acclimatize itself both in Denmark and Sweden, in the latter country more especially. The English public are tolerably familiar with Miss Bremer's novels, and also with several of Madame Carlen's; but "The President and his

Protegés" which, although the shortest, is also one of the best of them—has not yet been translated here.

To proceed with our remarks—but no: we will not think of proceeding any further just at present, but reserve what more we have to say on the subject for some other opportunity; and in the meanwhile hope we have wearied our readers not half so much as we have our pen.

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## COVERDALE MARRIED.

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### CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

HARRY was not a duellist—he had no sympathy with duelling—he would not have shot a man in cold blood—he had only gone out in compliance with that conventional tyrant called etiquette: but now he was enraged at the evident desire his antagonist exhibited for blood, and as the combativeness of his nature asserted itself, he bit his lip and made up his mind to make Snawley pay for his vindictiveness.

When the signal to fire was given for the third time, the report of the two pistols rung out so simultaneously that it seemed but one sound. Harry felt a slight shock in his right arm, and thought he was hit, and then the smoke clearing away he saw Snawley stretched on the ground, and Murdoch hastening towards him.

"Are you hurt, Coverdale?" asked Tom Rattleworth.

"A little, I think," answered Harry, holding up his right arm.

Rattleworth took the pistol from his hand saying, "No, your'e not hurt—all right, my boy—a narrow escape though, by Jove. His ball took the lock of the pistol and smashed it—just grazed your hand—there you see—and glanced off. The pistol's spoilt—better that than you, old fellow; but Snawley's got it snugly, I fancy."

Harry, as though in a dream, accompanied his second to where his late antagonist lay. Dr. M'Intyre had cut away the Captain's tightly-buttoned frock-coat, pushed aside the blood-stained shirt, and was busily occupied examining a wound just above the collar-bone. Murdoch looked on very composedly. Tom Rattleworth, notwithstanding all his good-heartedness, did not look as though he were at all sorry; but Harry, to whom it all appeared like a dream, felt sick and stupefied.

There is something in the shedding of human blood, even if that of an enemy, which makes it necessary to get used to the occupation before a man can regard it with anything like tolerable equanimity. Men of the world perhaps would not like to confess as much—because that sort of humanity would be regarded as rather disgraceful than otherwise; but whether they confess it or not, they feel it. Why, there was Tom Firebrass, who would be ready enough upon occasion to invite his brother out before breakfast. Tom was seen once, with his coat off, pale and with tears in his eyes, helping to carry a poor wretch who had been run over by an omnibus to the hospital. Firebrass ought to have been proud of that act, which the recording angel doubtless wrote down with a smile; but he was not; he regarded the mention of it as an insult, and "called out" one of



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his most intimate friends who told the story as a good joke at a dinner-table. What Mr. Murdoch felt when he saw his ancient comrade down, we do not pretend to know—there were no signs of emotion upon his iron face to give even a hint. What the doctor felt was what doctors usually feel, curiosity about “the case” in their hands. Men do not import sentiment into their business; except, perhaps, Jack Ketch, who shakes hands in token of amity with the criminal he is about to strangle. What Tom Rattleworth felt was that it served Snawley right; but Coverdale was stunned and borne down by the consciousness that probably he had killed a man. He did not reason about it—he did not think—he did not consider his own danger if Snawley really should die. It would be difficult to put the sensation he experienced into words. It was as though a weight had fallen upon him, the heaviness of which he could not estimate—a weight which numbed his feelings and made everything dim and indistinct.

After a silence of a minute or two, which seemed to Harry an age, the doctor said as coolly as though he was busied about a piece of injured machinery, “I’m thinking ye’d better get the carriage round and be getting him hame.”

“Is he dead?” asked Murdoch; and the question was justified by the complete insensibility of the wounded man, who neither stirred nor groaned nor gave any other signs of life.

Harry trembled as he bent forward to listen for the answer. “No, he’s not dead—but maybe he’s no that far off,” said the doctor, fashioning a compress and producing some bandages from a case he had with him. “I dinna think the lungs are touched, and there’s nae banes broken; but it’s an ugly case, sir—an ugly case; and it’s ill guessing what’ll be the end o’t.”

The carriage in which Snawley’s party had come was close by, but it could not be brought to the spot, a wide ditch being in the way, passable only by a narrow foot-bridge and a style; so the four men took up the unconscious Snawley and bore him gently as though he had been an infant, and deposited him tenderly upon the cushions. Strange creatures men are! They are so full of kindness after their cruelty has done its work. If they were only as kind before they had committed an injury as they are afterwards, there would be fewer wrongs to be atoned for.

The carriage drove off, leaving Rattleworth and Harry alone. The latter stood and looked after it as though surprised. Tom, however, was wider awake. He shook Harry by the shoulder to rouse him from his reverie. “Why, man, you look as though you were sorry you had not been that yourself, but it won’t do to stand here. This affair will get wind directly, and we must take care of ourselves.—Let’s see.” Tom pulled out his watch. “It’s a quarter past nine, the train up is at half-past—it’s only two miles to the station, and we’d better be off.”

Flint had brought round the dog cart and picked up the pistols, shaking his head at the broken one as though that appeared to him a greater calamity than a ball in Captain Snawley, and in two minutes they were rattling in the direction of the railway station.

“Just in time,” said Tom, as he pulled up at the station and the up-train rounded a curve of the line with slackened speed. He gave



a few words of instruction to Flint, which Harry neither heard nor heeded, took two first-class tickets, jumped in as the whistle sounded, and the two friends were on their way to London.

How long they sat in silence Harry did not know. He sat looking out at the window with still the same sense of dim confusion that he had felt since Snawley had fallen. As he looked out at the window, he saw fields and hedges, sheep and cattle, and tall trees and houses fly by. He remembered, afterwards, stopping at stations and seeing people getting in and out, and hearing the guards and porters talk about the luggage and the time and the last train; but he saw and heard it all as though it were somehow mixed up with Snawley and the field at Brook Green.

Tom Rattleworth had coughed and shifted his seat and at last, in defiance of those laws which are so full of penalties from forty shillings upwards, produced cigar-case and fusees to light an Havannah. Tom did not exactly pity Harry, for he did not quite understand him. Tom did not share in his friend's confusion of ideas, for Tom, generally speaking, had not ideas enough to get them into any considerable tangle. He thought Harry ought to have been very glad that he was not shot himself, but he could allow something for the awkwardness of the affair. "This comes of getting married," thought Tom to himself, and registered a vow against committing a similar folly. "If he hadn't a wife at home now, he'd feel comfortable enough, but thought of her makes the mess seem worse than it is." Tom did not know—how should he? that Harry had not once thought of Alice.

"Have a cigar," said Tom, holding out his case.

Harry, without speaking, made a gesture of dissent.

"Oh, nonsense!" urged Tom; "it's no use giving way and weeping, you know. It's not so bad after all. I dare say the fellow won't die, and if he does he'll be no great loss. Come, have a cigar."

Harry had not energy enough to persist in refusing. He took the cigar and lighted it mechanically.

What wonders that cigar did! Those who do not smoke cannot understand it. It seems a silly sort of thing to puff away at a roll of tobacco; but smoking, if not a very philosophic operation, is a great help toward practical common-sense philosophy. As the smoke curled upward about Harry's nose, his dizziness cleared away as though it had a greater affinity for the vapour. Then there was the necessity of hiding the forbidden luxury as each fresh station was reached, and as the train rolled on and cigar after cigar was lighted, he and Tom were talking about their plans and prospects.

Tom had arranged everything up to a certain point. He had given Flint the address of an hotel in town where he intended to go to, and directed that worthy to make inquiries about the condition of Captain Snawley and write to him under an assumed name. "Flint's safe to do it all right," said Tom; "and when we get his report we can decide upon the next step. If Snawley is getting well, we needn't bother ourselves; if he goes wrong, we must take a trip across the Channel."

So it was settled. They got to the end of the journey, ensconced themselves comfortably in snug quarters, and waited for Flint's letter. The postman, next morning, brought that important epistle. It was

folded without much regard to the parallelism of its sides, sealed with a blotch of wax, stamped with the top of a ramrod, and directed upside down in a hand which evinced that the post office authorities were not easily puzzled by hieroglyphics. Here are the contents, as Tom and Harry with some trouble spelled them out:—

"Honerd Sur Captain Snawle is verrey bad as can be I see the docters boy hand arterwards docter Makinter hand e say has e carnt b wurs e say as e allers coffen and spitten hup of blud which is a bad sine hand e dusement think has e kan Live long Missis Baldersting is jest wild and crieing er hies hout hand e his unsensibul I av gone tu belston to poot this in the post has Misses Kummins as kep the post hoffice at oqswle nose me hand mite git spiing wich wudent dew hand hif u riets tu me direct to james Steal hat the post hoffice belston til cald fore your humbel servant tu kommand james flint i avent ben tu the park hand don't no nothink habout Misses Koverdell wich i shall fine hout wen i rits agen."

This letter completely damped Harry's spirits again, and Tom was more than a little discomposed about it. Not that he cared much about Snawley, or would have been inconsolable if the house of Snawley had been extinct; but it was vexatious, just as the hunting season was beginning and he had taken the hounds. "But what is done can't be helped," quoth Tom, "and it's no use crying over spilt milk. We must make part of the English colony at Boulogne for a time. The steamer starts to-morrow morning at three from somewhere down by London-bridge, and we had better get on board to-night."

Harry acquiesced, and wrote a long letter to Alice, and Tom despatched a missive to Flint, and the next morning saw the refugees steaming down old Father Thames to their Continental hiding-place.

What a change a few days had wrought in the aspect of many lives! Let us look and see what changes are taking place elsewhere.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### UNWELCOME VISITORS.

We don't know how it is, but it certainly does happen that people come to see you just at the very time you could have best dispensed with their company. If you have asked the Smiths to dinner, the Smiths are sure to come when you are sitting down to cold mutton; or if the Jones's drop in to tea, it is when there is nothing about, and the window curtains down and general clearing up and uncomfortable-ness. Poor little Alice, at Coverdale Park, did not want visitors. She had heard all about the duel of course, heard it with all sorts of exaggerations till she sent over to Hogswell and learned something like the truth, and then, as her maid declared, she "cried her eyes out." We may safely conclude, however, that that was a metaphorical way of speaking the maid had, for when Harry's letter came the next morning she read it without the help of any other organs than her own.

Alice had, it must be confessed, sulked with Harry a little—just a little—and she had also felt the slightest touch of indignation at his conduct; but yet, with a pleasant inconsistency which belongs to woman, she was very tender to his letter. Old people may call it nonsense, and people who have never been in love may call it stupid and declare that they cannot understand it, but those who have

warmer blood and a larger experience will comprehend it all when we own that Alice kissed the seal before she opened it and the signature after she read it ; all of which looks very extravagant to those who do not know how real it is. And then the letter was so tender, just like Harry—dear Harry—was in the old time ! It is astonishing how affliction brings out the tender sentiments. Alice was delighted with the letter, yet it was that sort of delight which made her cry all the more and led her maid to infer and to inform the household generally that “ Missus had got bad news.” Poor Harry, she thought he tried to write so cheerfully, and yet it was evident that he could not succeed, and really it was very dreadful to be obliged to go away from home. and so she would go to him and comfort him. She would give directions to have her things packed up directly. She would set off within an hour. Ha ! what was it made Alice stop and turn pale, and after a minute or two give a little scream and then fall back insensible ? We will peep over her shoulder and see. On the table before her was the “ Hogswell Independent ” fresh from the press—its lines of type yet damp—and in a conspicuous place in a bold type, for newspaper Editors set off their columns just as a shopkeeper sets off his window, putting the choicest articles in the strongest light, was the following paragraph :

“ AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

“ The town of Hogswell and neighbourhood has been thrown into the greatest excitement by the, it is to be feared, fatal result of a hostile meeting, which took place at Brook Green yesterday morning, between Captain Snawley and H. Coverdale, Esq. ; the former attended by — Murdoch, Esq., an old military friend, the latter by T. Rattleworth, Esq. We are not at liberty to mention the cause of the quarrel further than to say, that it is understood to have arisen out of a gross insult offered by Mr. Coverdale to Mrs. Colonel Blusterton, the sister of Captain Snawley, followed by a brutal personal assault on that gallant officer on his offering a remonstrance on Mr. Coverdale’s conduct. At the third fire the gallant captain received his opponent’s ball just above the right collar-bone. The bullet took an oblique direction towards the shoulder, lodging near the clavicle, where it still remains. Dr. McIntyre of this town, who happened to be passing near the spot, was attracted by the reports of the pistols, and hastening to the spot found Captain Snawley weltering in the blood which was flowing profusely from the wound. He rendered such assistance as was possible at the moment, and then had Captain Snawley removed to his residence, where he lies with but very faint hopes of recovery. Mrs. Blusterton has since been in constant attendance upon the wounded gentleman, and, it is needless to add, is penetrated with the deepest grief at the melancholy occurrence. Mr. Coverdale and Mr. Rattleworth fled to London by the next train to avoid the consequences which threatened them, and it is understood that warrants have been issued for their apprehension.”

Warrants issued for their apprehension ! Alice had not thought of it in that light till then, and the thought of Harry in custody, a criminal, charged perhaps with murder, probably convicted and sentenced, and——It was at that point Alice gave the little scream before-mentioned, and fell back in a swoon. A minute or two after-

wards a carriage rolled up to the door; there was a sound of wheels, a clattering of steps, and Wilkins the Butler knocked at the door, opened it, and announced "Mr. and Mrs. Crane."

Proudly did Kate step from her sumptuous carriage, hardly touching the proffered hand of her spouse—hardly deigning to notice the obsequiously proffered help of Horace D'Almayne—proudly did she sweep through the hall, and up the staircase and through the door. She was splendidly dressed, and as beautiful as ever, perhaps more beautiful; but it was a beauty changed from that which distinguished the Kate Marsden of other days. It was a colder, haughtier loveliness: she seemed to have grown harder and more unbending—her face was more rigid—her glance more fixed and defiant—the lips seemed to have grown thinner, pressed as they were tightly together. It was not a happy kind of beauty; there was neither joy nor content about it; it was not an attractive beauty, but one that held you at bay and repelled you. The face was the same as of yore, but the old expression had gone, and the new one told of strong passions and smothered regrets—of a struggle within which the world might not see. Kate would have told you that she was happy. She would have pointed to her establishment, to her jewels, to her family rescued from poverty: but look in her eyes and *there* is suffering—look on her rigid mouth and see the determination that that suffering shall be silently borne.

"How are you, Alice?" said Kate, as she entered the room. Alice did not reply. Kate walked forward with somewhat increased haughtiness; but when she saw the closed eyes, the pale face, the hands hanging listlessly by the sides, she bent over her cousin with a manner changed as though by magic, muttering, "Is she miserable too?" then turning round more beautiful than ever, now that the woman had come back to her face, she desired Mr. Crane to ring the bell, and "Mr. D'Almayne" to fetch a glass of water. The tone in which she spoke to the latter told a tale. It blended at once pride and contempt and a sense of power; and the glance which Mr. D'Almayne shot at her while he obeyed the command, was one of anger and fear. In a few minutes the servants had carried Alice to her room, and the two gentlemen were left alone.

For some time neither spoke. Mr. Crane was discomposed. He hated a scene; it deranged his comfort and ruffled his dignity. He looked out at the window discontentedly, and played with his watch-chain. D'Almayne was differently occupied. His quick glance had caught the paragraph in the "Hogswell Independent," and his eyes ran over it with an expression of malicious satisfaction.

"This is very disagreeable," said Mr. Crane; "I can't think what's the matter."

"I think I know," said D'Almayne, after hesitating a moment as though half inclined to let Mr. Crane find out for himself, and then he read the paragraph.

"Always a hot-headed sort of a person," remarked the Cotton Spinner.

"Quarrelsome, perhaps, sir, but good-hearted, don't you think?" asked Horace, in his most insinuating tone. "I remember Mrs. Crane used to think so."

"Mrs. Crane, sir," said the husband of that lady, clearing his

throat with a preparatory "hem," as though that were a necessary to the announcement which was dignified by Mrs. Crane doing it the honour to appear in it, "Mrs. Crane, sir, had a very natural affection for her cousin, and a partiality for Mr. Coverdale, as her cousin's husband. Mrs. Crane will probably still feel that partiality; but my opinion is, that of all the conceited——"

The flattering portrait of Harry, which Mr. Crane was drawing, was checked by the entrance of Kate, and the old gentleman pulled up as suddenly as though he had been caught in a crime. D'Almayne, too, lost the soft smiles with which he had been listening, and assumed a grave look. Kate glanced from one to the other, her eyes yet wet with tears but with the haughty look back again, and you knew at once that that woman was the ruler of those two men. The stupid rich man and the clever poor one were equally under her influence.

"This is a very serious affair," said Mr. Crane.

"You have heard of it, then?" replied Kate. "How did you know it?"

"D'Almayne has just read me the account from the paper."

"Where is it? Let me see it." Kate said this to D'Almayne in the same tone a mistress would use to a servant, and taking the paper from his hands she read the passage. "Exaggerated, I dare say—grossly exaggerated; these things always are in the newspapers. I think, Mr. Crane, you had better ask Mr. D'Almayne to ride over to Hogswell and ascertain the truth. We ought to know."

D'Almayne bowed his consent to the mission, and left the room. Mr. Crane remarked interrogatively, "I suppose we shall stay here till D'Almayne comes back?"

"I shall stay here for a few days," said Kate decidedly; "at all events, until I am more certain about poor Alice. I shall write to Arthur—to her brother to-day, and till he comes it is only proper that she should not be left alone."

"Very proper," said Mr. Crane, fidgetting about and looking very uneasy, as though he did not think it proper at all, but did not like to say so; the fact being, that he was pulled one way by a desire to be out of a house of mourning in which he did not sympathise, and another way by some dread of interfering with Kate's decision; "but," he added, "Miss Crofton is to be with us to-morrow."

"Miss Crofton can come on here," said Kate imperiously.

"But, my dear, would not that be very rude?"

"Rude!" echoed Kate, in a tone which made Crane start; and then she continued with a laugh that looked very much like a sneer, "oh no, Miss Crofton and I are too old friends for her to take offence. Besides, you can go over in the carriage to-morrow, and bring her over with you."

Mr. Crane did not dream of objecting. Somehow Kate had a way with her which her husband did not understand, but to which he tacitly yielded. He had learned to do that in his short matrimonial experience, and resigned himself to do as he was told.

D'Almayne did not return before dinner. When he came, his report was, that Snawley was much in the same state; that an eminent surgeon had been summoned from London to consult on the possibility of extracting the ball; that the next day would probably

decide the fate of the patient; and that, as to the warrants being issued, that was a pure invention of the editor of the "Hogswell Independent."

The next morning Mr. Crane departed to convoy Miss Crofton. Shortly after his departure, as D'Almayne sat in the library, Kate walked in and took a seat at the opposite side of the table. "I want to ask you a question, Mr. D'Almayne. You did not tell all you had heard yesterday. What was it?"

"All I heard about what?"

"All you heard about this duel. I watched you, and saw you check yourself. Tell me the rest."

"Oh, it was only some silly tale—a mere rumour," replied D'Almayne, with one of his blindest smiles.

"Probably," said Kate, "silly enough, I dare say, but tell me what it was."

Thus pressed, D'Almayne did tell how it was said that Alice and Harry lived uncomfortably together, and that the quarrel with Mrs. Blusterton arose out of one of their disagreements; and a quantity of such other gossip as usually filters through the servants' hall in most establishments.

"And why did you not mention this?"

"I thought perhaps you would not like Mr. Crane to know it."

"You had some other object, Mr. D'Almayne."

"What other object could I have?"

"I do not know; I do not presume to understand all your motives; some of them I do know; but I am certain you had an object, and as certain that it was an unworthy one. You need not deny it; I *understood* you. All I wish to say is, that Arthur Hazlehurst will probably be here to-morrow, and I desire he may know nothing of this."

Kate turned away to leave the room. D'Almayne looked up and murmured, "Not if you do not wish it; you know how devoted I am to you."

Kate came back with flashing eyes. "Let me, if you please," she said, pressing her hands down on the table, and leaning forward and speaking in a voice which seemed almost like a hiss, so compressed were her lips; "let me, if you please, hear no more of this. I forgave it once; I forgave it because I despised you too much to avenge it. I knew your whole life through channels of which you have not the remotest idea. I could crush you, but I suffer you to remain. I do not care to forgive it again. If you venture a second time—if you make any mischief here, I will not fail to expose you." And Kate turned her back again as contemptuously, and walked from the room as majestically as though she had been a despotic queen, and D'Almayne one of the meanest of her serfs.

D'Almayne turned red and white by turns during this insulting speech, made all the more insulting by Kate's tone and manner; he bit his lips till the blood came, but he made no reply. It was only when the door had closed, that he struck his clenched fist upon the table, and swore that he would be repaid for his humiliation. At dinner, however, he had cleared away all traces of anger; he was as deferential as ever to Kate; and to Alice, who made her appearance, pale, but, thanks to Kate's genuine sympathy, composed, he was as-



siduously attentive. When the ladies rose to take a stroll in the park, D'Almayne, forsaking the decanters, stood ready to accompany them, but Kate coldly said, "They would not trouble him;" and with a look sent him back.

The evening brought Miss Crofton and Mr. Crane. D'Almayne surveyed the new arrival carefully. She was a fine dashing woman of seven or eight-and-twenty—a beauty too—one of that style of beauties who strike you at a distance; hair as black as night; dark eyes, which fixed on you a penetrating glance; a glowing complexion; eyebrows, perhaps a little too strongly marked; nose well shaped, but open to the same objection; mouth well cut, but large and somewhat sensual; figure tall and massive and inclining to fulness;—such a woman as young gentlemen run after, and old gentlemen are attracted by—youth and age having, in this respect, much the same tastes. Her manners were free and open, and her loud laugh silvery and ringing; but there was a certain tinge of coarseness which jarred on people of delicate natures. It did so on Alice, all the more perhaps that she recollected Harry had known Miss Crofton, and perhaps—but Alice checked the suspicion as it rose.

Alice was soon tired, weak as she was, and when Kate had seen her comfortably in bed she left D'Almayne and Mr. Crane to amuse one another, and with Miss Crofton retired to her room.

It was difficult to know what relations those two women would assume to each other. They were very affectionate, even as affectionate as ladies generally are when "dear friends" meet after a long absence. That was natural. Miss Crofton had been a governess at the school where Kate was educated, and had done a great deal towards "framing" her pupil's mind. Since then the intimacy had been kept up by correspondence, and now she was to be Kate's companion. Hitherto the elder had influenced and swayed the younger. They were much alike. There was the same haughtiness, more unrestrained in Kate, more subdued in Arabella Crofton by a life of dependence; the same resolution; the same quickness of intellect; the same ardent nature; the same strong will. They were much unlike too. Miss Crofton was more coarse and massive, Kate more subtle and delicate; Miss Crofton was more imposing, Kate more dignified. Too unlike to blend together, too like for one to submit willingly to the other. They both of them felt something of this—were conscious that the old days of teacher and school girl had passed away, and that their intimacy must assume another form. Both of them wondered how they would agree together.

"Well, Kate, you have succeeded—you are rich."

"Yes, Arabella; but some successes are worse than defeat."

"You don't regret surely?"

"I do. I do more than regret—sometimes I almost hate life."

"Mr. Crane seems very amiable, very easily managed."

"Yet it is not that. He is easily managed enough. He yields everything. He is a rich fool, or I should never have married him."

"What more can you want?"

"What more! can you ask? I want affection—affection from some one who is worthy of mine, from a man whom I might love without shame to myself or reproach from the world."

"You cannot have all things."

"I have thrown away the best."

"It was necessary."

"Yes, it was necessary; at least I try to think so, but sometimes that thought mocks me. Arthur is rising in practice. I hear of him. He will get rich. If I could have waited—"

"He is not married."

"No; that I could not bear; anything but that. That would kill all hopes. It is but faint now, and it makes me feel ashamed when I indulge in it. Yet I should be miserable if it were crushed."

"You don't ever see him."

"No; that would be too dangerous a part. I can keep my heart still. With him I would not, proud as I am, answer for myself. I am so glad you are here. Arthur is coming to-morrow. You will help me to go through the meeting. It will be a hard task. Mr. Crane has told you about poor Alice."

"Yes; and Mr. D'Almayne, what of him? He has not touched your heart?"

"He!" and Kate's lip curled and her eyes flashed as she uttered the word.

"I see there is no danger there; yet he is very handsome; there are worse cavaliers."

"He is handsome; but it is more the beauty of a woman than of a man—more the beauty of a cat than of a woman. He is too little for a tiger—a cat is a proper comparison—ready to spring, but afraid. I can make him useful, or I would have dismissed him long ago."

"You have mastered him then?"

"Yes; he gave me the opportunity, and I took it. He schemed to get me married to Crane for a double purpose. He wanted money for himself and had his designs upon me. I saw through it. When he declared himself—thanks to your information—I was prepared for him. I told him I knew his life and his purpose, and threatened him with exposure if he dared to importune me again. Since then he has been very humble, and I have tolerated him."

"He is very clever but very unscrupulous, and therefore dangerous. As I told you, he has been in most of the continental prisons, young as he is, and been expelled from all the States for frauds. You must take care that he does not make too great a demand on Mr. Crane's purse."

"I will take care. Enough of him! I think you said you knew Mr. Coverdale."

Miss Crofton's bright colour became a little brighter. "Yes—it is some years ago, and I dare say he has forgotten me. Is he very fond of his wife?"

"Yes—no—that is—in fact it was quite a love match—but there is some tale D'Almayne has picked up about their disagreeing."

"She seemed a poor doll," remarked Miss Crofton thoughtfully. "Not likely to hold such a dashing young fellow as her husband."

"My cousin Alice is not a poor doll, Arabella. She is a dear good-hearted creature—I wish I was as good—but she is too meek and gentle."

"Well, meekness and gentleness are all very well in their way," replied Miss Crofton, "but they don't do with men."

We have given the above long conversation between the two ladies, as it serves to explain something of the past, and may be used as a guide for the future. It explains Kate's influence over D'Almayne, and where she obtained it. Miss Crofton had been a long while upon the continent in good families, and when Kate wrote to her to announce her marriage, and mentioned Horace D'Almayne, she guarded Kate's heart by a few incidents in connexion with that gentleman, which had come to her ears.

We must trouble the reader to follow Miss Crofton a little beyond the above conversation, by glancing at some of her thoughts—after she had retired to bed. That lady, who was by nature rather unscrupulous, had imbibed no small share of continental morality. Perhaps it may be timidly whispered, we are not altogether pure in England; but at all events we are careful to keep up surface morality, by which some respect is shown for virtue. In other countries the pretence is more thoroughly discarded. Miss Crofton had guarded her reputation with English solicitude, and would, had it been necessary, have advised her pupil to do the same. She was quite prepared to find the handsome vagabond D'Almayne in the character of the lover of Kate; and though now satisfied that it was not so, she ascribed the fact not to purity but to affection for another. She would have deemed fidelity to such a withered old money-bag as Crane a piece of laughable simplicity. That was a point to be elucidated. For herself she had thought that if Mrs. Crane had a lover, she might make some impression on Mr. Crane; but his pride in his wife's beauty, and his thorough intellectual subjection to Kate, showed the schemer that that was a forlorn hope. She might—for a lover was a necessary of her existence—have turned her attention to D'Almayne; but he was a penniless adventurer of more than doubtful character; and after all, if she had ever loved any body in her life—a doubtful point—it was Harry Coverdale; and here she found herself in his house. It would not take much, she thought, to rival such a poor thing as Alice, and she treasured up the hint Kate had dropped about domestic disagreement D'Almayne knew all about. That's more than Kate knew, perhaps. She would know too. She had D'Almayne's secret in her hands, and would use it to make him her tool. With that thought she fell asleep.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PLOTTERS.

Capt. Snawley was getting better. The ball had been duly extracted by the "eminent Surgeon" from London, and the fact duly recorded in the columns of the "Hogswell Independent." The bulletins which the beauty Flint despatched to Boulogne, and the reports received at the port, were daily more encouraging. Mrs. Colonel Blusterton was herself again, and Colonel Blusterton had become more melancholy since the improvement. Upon only one point was Mrs. Blusterton dissatisfied. She was very anxious that Harry should be brought to justice. She expressed her hopes to the Captain on that point, but he repelled it with indignation. He was too much of a soldier to bear malice. He declared that

Harry was a brave fellow, "as brave as a lion" and desired that he might hear of no more such unworthy suggestions. Mrs. Blusterton had a wholesome fear for her brother, and thus summarily put down, gave up all thoughts of revenge. It was not deemed quite safe for the expatriated gentlemen to venture back just then;—so Tom and Harry consoled themselves as they best might at Boulogne, indulging in no end of grumbling, which was excusable, for Rattleworth could not forget the hounds, nor Coverdale his wife, who now seemed dearer to him than ever.

Poets, as everybody knows who reads the wild things they write, do not often indulge in common-sense truths; but we must make an exception in favour of that songwright who set young ladies singing "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." There really is some truth in that. Providing that the absent have hearts—a thing not always to be relied on, and that they ever have been fond—there is nothing like distance, stretching old ties, to make one remember that such things exist. The bonds of affection are like most other bonds. We cannot feel them till we begin to move, and then they pull us back. It must be wire of superfine quality and strongly woven, which can keep fresh beneath the unintermitting wear and tear and small annoyances of domestic life. Let footsteps go over the greenest grass day by day, and you see brown barren pathways come in it. So daily habit and hourly cares wear hard tracks in the heart. Give either the heart or the grass repose, and the blank places grow bright and fresh again.

At the park Alice had recovered almost her old health and spirits. Kate was her good angel. Miss Crofton she shrunk from. Mrs. Crane thought that her former governess had changed for the worse, and treated her with less confidence. Perhaps the alteration was in Kate, rather than in Miss Crofton; for we are wonderfully apt to think other people have changed, when we have changed ourselves, and see them through a new atmosphere of thought. Perhaps it was a little of both. Perhaps it was that Alice's simple innocence and quiet beauty made a bad foil for the assured dashing woman of the world.

And what of Miss Crofton and Horace D'Almayne. They were plotting; and the direction their schemes took may be seen from the following dialogue. The whole party were in the park. Mr. Crane had led his wife and Alice on; D'Almayne, who seemed to have transferred his allegiance from Kate to devote himself to Alice, was laughing close to the side of the latter, talking that small talk which dandies are great at, and ladies for the most part are not averse to. Alice looked up now and then, and rewarded the accomplished adventurer with a smile. Miss Crofton was unattended. Suddenly, just as the party were about to turn an angle of the thickly-planted walk, that lady stopped—stooped to look at something, and then called "Mr. D'Almayne." Horace walked to the spot. "What is that?" asked Miss Crofton, poking at some object in the grass with her parasol. D'Almayne reached over and picked it up. It was a German coin, which, to tell the truth, Miss Crofton had dropped there only the moment before. "How curious!" she said; "were you ever in Germany?"

"Yes," answered D'Almayne, hastily, and moved on to join the

others. They, however, were out of sight, and the lady kept at his side.

"At Baden?"

"Yes."

"In Italy?"

"Yes."

"You know Florence then?"

"I do."

"At Marseilles?"

"Yes."

"When I was there in 18—— I saw the convicts condemned to the galleys. Dreadful sight—is it not?"

"I—I really do not know," said D'Almayne, colouring to the roots of his hair; for the lady had fixed on the very year when he had the misfortune to be there himself, and her cold searching black eyes were fixed on him with a look which told him that she knew all. He instantly jumped to the conclusion, too, that it was she who had given Kate the power to humble him.

"It must be horrible," continued the tormentor. "Not for those who have been roughly reared and used to hardship perhaps; but for those, I mean, who have been used to luxuries. I am told that they send *chevaliers d'industrie*—often young men of good family, you know—there. They must suffer dreadfully."

D'Almayne made no answer. If he had not much conscience, he had a quick consciousness, and he knew, as well as though Miss Crofton had said to him outright, that all this was pointed at him.

"They whip them too," Miss Crofton continued; "and I hear the marks can never be effaced from their shoulders."

D'Almayne shuddered and quickened his pace; but Miss Crofton kept still at his side, and at last he desperately faced her and asked, "Why do you say this to me?"

"Because I know you," answered the lady—"know that you have tasted the fare of the galleys."

A thousand thoughts flashed through the mind of D'Almayne:—the recollection of his past life—the sense of shame, long since forgotten—the feeling of disgrace, borne till it had become habitual—the bitterness of wasted opportunity, the triumph of successful knavery, the perilousness of his present position. The human mind is always a puzzle; but in the criminal mind, with its tortuous intricacies, the enigma is deepened in complexity. The words rose to his lips to deny the accusation directed against him, but his lips refused to utter them. He knew that the charge was true—that would not have prevented him using a falsehood. What had more effect was the certainty, as it seemed to him, that Miss Crofton knew it likewise. As she stood there with her great black eyes, staring as though into his soul with a confident gaze, the last hope left him that it was only a surmise on her part. The impulse came upon him to beat her to the earth, but the reflection came with it that that would do no good. It would lose him his position by leading to inevitable exposure. He asked at length as calmly as he could, "What, then, is your object? do you intend to expose me?"

"Oh dear no," said Miss Crofton smiling triumphantly; "I do not

know that I have an object beyond letting you understand that I know you. It is for you to take care that you give me no other motives. Shall we walk on?"

"Stop one minute. Does any one else know this?"

"Why ask me that question, when you could answer it yourself? You know that Kate—Mrs. Crane—knows it. It was perhaps necessary for her safety that she should."

"Any one else?"

"Oh dear yes; plenty of others, as you must be well aware too—but not here I think. Come, give me your arm, and walk on before our absence is noticed."

D'Almayne did as he was desired. It would be curious to analyse the feelings of those two as they walked, side by side, arm in arm: Arabella Crofton had made a slave—a slave she meant to use too—and her proud step and erect head showed her sense of superiority. D'Almayne felt that he was mastered, but his subtle brain told him it was only for a time, that he would find means to break the chain. What means, he did not exactly fix upon; but there were dark thoughts at work within him as his eyes now and then glanced from the ground on which they were bent, to the bold handsome confident face of the woman at his side. Two persons knew his secret—Kate and his companion—did he entertain similar feelings towards each? He asked himself the question in that dreamy sort of way that men fall into when a sudden trouble comes upon them. His answer was that he did not. He had had what he called love—others might give it a very different name—for Kate. He felt sure that she would not injure him; that she had no motive to use him to his own injury, though she might thwart some of his plans. With Miss Crofton it was very different. At first sight he seemed conscious—so quick is the intelligence which enables some natures to penetrate into others which have points of similarity—that she was an adventuress as he was an adventurer. To such a character he naturally attributed unscrupulousness and indifference to the fate of others, as well as a propensity to seek for aggrandisement, no matter at whose expense. This first impression seemed now to him to be confirmed beyond all possibility of doubt, and he thought that if that woman were not, like him, stained with crime, it was only because she had been more fortunate, not better, than himself. That thought upheld him as he trod step by step with her, but it made him also hate her worse and dread her more.

*(To be continued.)*

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## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

WE are great admirers of old sayings. We could give a great many reasons for liking them. They are quaint and pithy and sententious, and positive and wise. It would not be wrong to call them the pocket-pistols of philosophy. The trained warriors of science may use the heavy artillery of wisdom, but old sayings are the weapons of the million. Still we are compelled, with all our predisposition in their favour, to admit that they are not perfect. Their chief fault is that they are one-sided, and very positive in their one-sidedness. They ought to run on in pairs, one being used to qualify the other. We could give plenty of examples of this, but perhaps there is not one better for our purpose than this—"Better late than never."

That is an axiom generally accepted; its truth is self-evident. There is no possibility of disputing it; and yet we will venture to say, that correct as it is, there is not a fallacy abroad in the world which has done more harm in its way than that sentence. "Better late than never," says the man who has an appointment at one and does not attend it till three; and he seems to think that the adage not only justifies his being behind time, but almost makes it a merit that he has come at all. "Better late than never," repeats a gentleman who has found out a mistake after it has ruined him and half a dozen people besides. "Better late than never," pronounces a statesman reviewing an abuse which has continued for centuries, and which, after it has done all the mischief it can, there is some idea of reforming at last. "Better late than never," hiccups the roysterer, who ought to have been in bed before midnight, but who finds himself trying to use the latch-key when the small hours are rapidly getting larger. "Better late than never," reiterates the rake, who has spent his fortune, ruined his constitution, and wasted his life, and is thinking of "settling down" and "being steady," when nothing else is left for him. And the phrase sounds to each not only as an excuse, but a justification—to some not only as a justification but as a positive glorification. There is a sort of absolution to those who use it, which wipes away past sins without penance, and sets them up on a brand-new moral pedestal for the future. It seems to say to the world generally, "that there is no good in finding fault, and no use in moralizing; what is done is done; and as for the rest, why, it is to be all right;" and this happens simply because the fellow saying, which should accompany it, is wanting to give it the two-sidedness which is requisite to fit it for human use. It is lucky for the world that some one exists to supply the deficiency; and now that we are about to accomplish that, we may take a leaf out of the world's book, and say for ourselves, "Better late than never." It only requires a little mental power to see that the adage does not pretend to point out the best; that it only aims at a comparative good, not at positive goodness; that comparative good, when placed by the side of something higher, becomes comparative evil. That is the proper way to look at it, and that leads naturally to the emendation we suggest; let us add to "Better late than never," "Better early than late;" and then we shall see it from another point of view. It not only ceases to be the expression of merit, but it falls into the acknowledgment of faultiness; and though it loses in its comfortable power of consoling, it gains in its truthful power of instructing. Yes "Better late than never, but better early than late," is the real utterance of wisdom which we have found a voice for; and if the world, which has been wrong so long, will wisely take our advice and get right at last, it may for once say, "Better late than never," with some small degree of propriety. We are not very sanguine that it will, though; first of all, because we are in our own country, and that is the place where we have the highest authority for saying that prophets are without honour; secondly, because the world is fond of those sayings which excuse its faults, rather than those which reprove its errors. Some suppose that—our wisdom notwithstanding—there will always be victims to "Better late than never," while "Better early than late" will be buried in that obscurity and neglect to which pearls thrown before animals we are too polite to mention, are usually consigned.

"What, have there been victims to 'Better late than never?'" That seems a very small cause to produce victims." "True, my good sir, it does seem a very small cause; but great events you know, or at least ought to know if you have arrived at that very problematical age 'years of discretion,' are frequently produced by very little ones. We have known things much more unimportant than 'Better late than never,' mould a whole life, and so have you too. A glance from a pair of bright eyes which said nothing, or at least nothing that could with certainty be interpreted, what influence do you think that had upon a man's fate—upon your own perhaps? A glimpse of a pretty foot, or the soft pressure of a fair hand, have

they never led even you—to say nothing of sillier people—a pretty dance through the mazes of life? A prick of a pin has cost a man his life. Perhaps when Lord Nelson wrote that famous letter of his to the Crown Prince at Copenhagen—a letter you remember, for doubtless you are well versed in history—he *could* seal, possibly the difference between sealing wax and wafer, slight thing at that is, helped to determine the relative position of two great nations. Just think of that, my large-minded friend, when you put down trifles as things of small account, as petty items which do not make much difference when the final balance is struck, and then confess if you do not think yourself too wise to confess ignorance; or if you had modesty enough for the effort, that you have yet a lesson to learn which we are desirous of teaching you—the lesson, ‘to wit,’ as the lawyers say, that little things are the hinges upon which great things turn, as your hall door does upon the hinges which fix it to its post; that little things are the rudders which guide the great ships of life over the ocean of fate; and then, if, differing from us, you still continue to regard ‘Better late than never’ as a little thing, you will have come to the knowledge that it may be powerful; a lesson better learned early than late, but ‘Better late than never.’”

But, though we dare say you are quite “up to all that sort of thing,” we don’t want to puzzle you with subtleties of reasoning, or annoy you with hundred weights of morality. We will tell you a tale of a victim, a real victim, of “better late than never,” whom we once actually knew, Jonas Lighthouse. He was one of our playfellows when we were at school, and from various circumstances—which we have not time to tell, and which it would not interest you to know—a sort of casual acquaintance had been kept up in after life. Jones had no father and never had had one—the decease of the elder Lighthouse having taken place before the younger saw the light of this world. Jonas grew up, we suppose, as most children do grow up out of long clothes into short ones, out of his nurse’s arms on to his own feet, out of frocks into a tunic suit, and out of that into jackets. He also grew as was very natural, being the only child, into his mother’s affections. So fond was Mrs. Lighthouse of her pet that long after he ought to have made the acquaintance with our respected pedagogue, Mr. Birch, he was indulging in unbounded liberty and unlimited ignorance. One day, when Mr. Quick, Mrs. Lighthouse’s brother, and consequently Jonas’s uncle, paid them a visit he asked, “Where does Jonas go to school?” “Oh! he does not go to school yet,” said the mother; “it is time enough for that yet.” “It is time he made beginning, though,” said Mr. Quick, who had great faith in “train up a child in the way he should go,” &c., and a firm belief that sparing the rod spoiled the child: “he will be very late.” “Well,” rejoined Mrs. Lighthouse, with whom the saying was a favourite, “well, ‘better late than never,’ you know, brother.” “Not so sure of that,” replied Mr. Quick, who evidently thought “better early than late,” while Jonas stood by with by no means an amiable expression of face, as an infringement upon his privileges was proposed, and was of opinion that good as the words he so often heard repeated, “Better late than never,” were, “Better never than late” was, in that instance, the wiser reading of the adage.

At length the time did come when Mrs. Lighthouse was forced unwillingly to own that Jonas must begin his education, and so he was transferred to the care of Mr. Birch. The first effect of “Better late than never” was the appearance of the tall Jonas at the bottom of the class of the smallest boys. That, however, was not the worst of it. Backwardness might have been remedied by application, but the iron (we mean the saying of course) had sunk too deeply into his soul to render application probable. Jonas was always behind with his tasks, always sauntered over them; and when Mr. Birch would say, “You will be very late with your lessons to-day, Master Lighthouse,” the boy would bend over his desk and rejoin in an undertone, “Better late than never;” thinking to himself at the same time but “better never than late.” We need not recount all the tasks and confinements and thrashings which the “Better late than never” course ensured Jonas. They formed the school-boy phase of his victimization. It would not have mattered much if they had taken the notion out of him; but they did not, and so it was victimization for nothing; and when Jonas was sixteen, he had his education, if ever he was to get one, still to begin. Mrs. Lighthouse had no notion that he should continue an ignoramus. She had an ambition that he should be a scholar. There was a family living, somewhere, which she hoped some day to see Jonas filling. “True,” the good foolish widow observed, “he had begun late, but what of that? plenty had commenced later than he had, and yet made bright men. It was time enough yet, and you know ‘Better late than never.’” If she had only been as wise

as we are, which perhaps was hardly to be expected, she would have known that that "Better late" made the dreadful "never" very possible. But in happy ignorance of that, Jonas was transferred to a public school, and afterwards to the University of Oxford, to qualify for the "cure of souls."

Alas ! wherever he went, that fatal "Better late than never" attended him ; and it was only after seven years wasted, after he had been twice plucked, and at last rusticated, rather late, but *perhaps* better than never, that he discovered he had mistaken his walk in life. He was not fit for the ministry, but he thought the army would suit him excellently. Mr. Quick, who was called into consultation upon this occasion, thought that it was "very late" to begin again, to which the widow replied, "Yes, so it is rather; but then you know 'Better late than never.'" "Not so sure of that," growled Mr. Quick; and Jonas, who, as the boy, had heard the self-same words with uneasiness, now heard them with disgust, and thought his uncle "an old bear," as he confidentially informed us afterwards; but he did not say so, for though Mr. Quick might be a bear, he was rich, and that was a reason for bearing with him. In those days—for we write of the "good old times" when "George the Third was King," and when Europe bristled all over with hostile armies—an entrance into the royal service, and the privilege of wearing the royal livery, was not so difficult as it is now. There was no necessity for bowing and scraping to secretaries of war and making interest through county members for a pair of colours. The affair was easily settled, and Jonas was duly gazetted to an ensigncy in the 159th foot, then on service in the Peninsula. Jonas was not bright; he learned his drill and the mystery of sections and battalions and platoon firing slowly; but "better," you know, "late than never." He was often late, too, at parade and behindhand with some formal duty, for which he received a reprimand, muttering to himself, "better late than never." Once entered on actual service, the same form of words hung like an atmosphere about him, and after many escapes, one morning, when the regiment went into action, Jonas was missing. He had ridden over to visit some officers at a distant bivouac, had overstayed his time, and when he came back in hot haste, found that if he had been there sooner he might have been a hero. "Better late than never" did not serve Jonas at this crisis. The court martial thought "as well never as late," and the sentence was, that Jonas was to be cashiered and declared as unfit to serve his majesty in future.

This was all the doing of "better late than never." We are denied the opportunity of saying how Mrs. Lighthead would have applied it when her son came back; for while he was *not* fighting the battles of his country abroad, she was fighting the battle of death at home, and Jonas found a handsome property at his disposal. Since then Jonas has—shall we say "better late than never?" (he says it himself)—been "buying experience;" but Jonas is evidently not a fool, as, if the popular saying be true, that "experience makes fools wise," he would have left off "better late than never" long ago. He has been fleeced by sharpers; "done" by friends, "taken in" in speculations, swindled by bubble companies. The fortune his mother left has gone; the presentation to the living, with its recommendations of "light duties," "large tithes," and being "situated in a good hunting and shooting county," has been advertised in the *Times* and sold to the Rev. Plutus Moneybags, and Jonas is living upon a small allowance from the gruff old uncle, who doubted that it was "better late than never." When old Quick dies, Jonas will be rich again; and then, so he tells us, he means to turn over a new leaf. "The old fellow is 82," said Jonas, "but he holds on amazingly. I suppose, though, he will die some day." We suggested "better late than never;" Jonas did not agree to that with his wonted readiness. He shook his head, and actually said, "Better soon than late, old fellow, and the sooner the better." It was not an amiable wish, but really we looked upon it as a hopeful indication. If Jonas can fix that in his mind, there may be some chance for him yet; but we are afraid the old habit is too deeply rooted, and that when old Quick is numbered with the dead, Jonas will hold on again to "better late than never," and go down to the grave with it on his lips. If anybody takes the trouble to anatomize him, it is as likely that they will find it written on his heart as that the declaration of Queen Mary, that Calais would be found engraved on hers, was a true one.

Now, suppose that this wickedly one-sided old saying had never been made—or suppose that it had had the wise addition we have pointed out—or suppose that Mrs. Lighthead or her son had had the wit to make the addition for themselves—is it not easy to see that Jonas would have been spared a great deal of folly and trouble? And depend upon it there are a good many Jonas Lightheads in the world, who are saying at this moment, "Better late than never."

## DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN FEATURES OF THE MONTH.

**THERE** is little domestic political intelligence. Parliament has adjourned itself to the 4th of April, having done little more so far this year than to pass a few measures through certain stages, and wrangle rather warmly about the disclosures made respecting the all-but universal system of corruption which, in the face of the bribery oaths and of all the pains and penalties enacted against bribery itself, is proved to be rampantly prevalent amongst borough electors generally. Two or three writs have been suspended; great protestations against corrupt practices have proceeded from all sides of the House of Commons; and nothing appears to have been devised as yet for the purpose of repressing a system which is notoriously gaining ground, which is a great scandal and disgrace to our national character, and which causes our representative institutions to be regarded in foreign countries as a mere framework of fraud and hypocrisy. There is one class of politicians—viz. the very extreme Radicals, supporters of the Ballot, Universal Suffrage, &c.—who appear not dissatisfied with this state of things, inasmuch as they suppose that the difficulty of finding a remedy may force the more cautious sections of Liberals to the adoption of sweeping measures as an alternative preferable to the retention of the present crying evils.

The Bill for the Removal of the Jewish Disabilities has had a second reading in the Commons, and passed through committee, and the third reading is fixed for the 10th of April. The atmosphere of the Lords is that, however, which usually proves fatal to this measure; and we do not at present see that its prospects, after it reaches the Upper House, are more promising this year than on any former occasion when, after much hard struggling, it has come by an untimely death at the hands, or rather at the voices, of their lordships.

Very great interest attaches to the controversy respecting what ministers really do mean to propose with reference to the future government of India. It is a consideration which may be said to involve literally awful responsibilities—the fate of 120 millions of human beings, victims of the terrible misgovernment of countless ages, dependent on the Yea or Nay of a small body of law-makers situated thousands of miles away, and scarcely one of whom possesses any personal acquaintance with the country to be legislated for. A strong party has demanded that before “permanent legislation” is decided on, a more lengthened and extended inquiry than has hitherto taken place should be made. Ministers say, on the other hand, that they have matured their plans after ample information obtained. Even now it remains doubtful whether the Cabinet, yielding to numerous representations, may not determine to postpone any permanent measure to another session.

Meanwhile, in especial reference to the foreign relations of this country, some interesting conversations have taken place in Parliament. It had been rumoured that after the failure of the miserable insurrection at Milan a demand had been made by continental powers for our delivery of such “patriot refugees” as Mazzini, Kossuth, &c. No doubt, too, some serious communications actually passed on the subject of the practices of the foreign refugees in England; though from the quibbling statement made by Lord Palmerston (to whom Lord John Russell unfortunately entrusted the reply to a question which Lord John himself ought to have answered), no satisfactory impression of what took place could be collected. Happily, however, sufficient was revealed to make us feel assured that the hospitality of England is not likely to be withheld unless it be grossly and foully abused. As to any demand for the surrender of the refugees, it would be met by a direct refusal. The spirit of the English people would not submit to any other result.

Some sensation has been created by the revelation of the circumstances under which the sinecure colonelcies of two regiments of the foot-guards have been improperly bestowed upon, and unfortunately accepted by, Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge. These appointments had been intended as rewards for eminent military services, and the manner in which they were conferred on two young Princes, wholly destitute of any title to respect on the score of service, is not creditable to the integrity and independence of Lord Derby's government. It will be much to be regretted if the good taste and good sense of the two Princes do not induce them to retire from situations to which they have not a scintilla of

claim, but which they hold to the exclusion of veterans who really possess such claim.

Amongst the interesting domestic circumstances may be mentioned the approach of *another* of those "happy events" wherewith the Queen so frequently gladdens the hearts of those who love to hear of an abundance of olive branches around the royal household. Her Majesty, it appears, has left town as is her wont on such occasions, and of course will not return until the interesting affair shall have come off.

Side by side with these joyful tidings came the set-off of a vast number of fearful railway accidents following each other in rapid succession, and of an equally appalling frequency of infanticides and other violent crimes, which are the more unaccountable when it is recollected that the prosperity of the present and late seasons have been rarely paralleled, the slight check which has occurred at Manchester appearing to be only temporary and partial. For the railway accidents Lord Malmesbury is engaging himself in endeavouring to provide some legislative remedy; and we trust that his lordship's experiments may prove more fortunate than his recent disportations as the chieftain of the foreign office. But to crimes of immorality and violence, where shall we present a counteracting influence? There are social evils which seem to grow at least concomitantly with our growth in wealth and population, and which have hitherto defied the reformatory and preventive expedients of philosophy, philanthropy, and even of education.

Apropos of education, much gratification has been expressed at the result of a deputation that waited upon Lord Aberdeen, for the purpose of representing to his Lordship the right of the University of London to return one or two members to Parliament, in the event of a reconstruction of the representative machinery, or of the distribution of any of the seats which may become forfeited for proved corruption. Lord Aberdeen declared himself, on the general principle, most favourable to the objects of the deputation; and his character, not less than his cordial tone, leads us to think that he was sincere in his declaration. Assuredly, whilst bodies like Oxford, Cambridge and Trinity College possess the privilege of distinct Parliamentary representation, it is a little "too bad" (as old Lord Liverpool would have said) to see seats of vigorous contemporaneous intellectuality such as the University of London, destitute of that privilege. This is one of the inconsistencies which cannot long survive energetic remonstrance.

From Australia the accounts continue as wonderful as ever; a temporary rumour respecting an approaching failure of the gold crop is disproved, and the store of precious metals is described as being inexhaustible for hundreds of years to come, according to the present ratio of collection. But whilst hope and anticipation grow every day more sanguine, and emigration is becoming the passion of all classes of persons, the means adopted for ensuring accommodation to the journeyers appear to be miserably defective and inadequate. Great mortality has occurred in some of the outward bound vessels; others, including steamers, have made wretchedly tedious voyages, and in one or two cases have had to put back after no less than three successive attempts to put to sea. The disasters of the Australian Steam Packet Company and their delectable fleet are not likely to be soon forgotten in the history of maritime misadventures. Such tales as that of the *Australian* would furnish materials for no bad comic romance, but for the consideration of the lamentable amount of human misery involved in the progress of such calamities. Even some of our shipowners of the highest reputation have laid themselves open to gross blame for neglect of the spirit of their engagements with passengers. This is one of the departments of business in which the strictest surveillance—accompanied by no scanty resort to penal measures, when necessary—should be exercised by the public authorities, in order to the prevention of cruelty and injustice of the deepest dye. We know no case more pitiable than that of a helpless emigrant exposed to the usage which would be inflicted on him by avarice, unchecked by fear of the consequences of a legal visitation.

Another victory has been obtained at the Cape, which has cost us more, in loss of life, than almost any of those which preceded it; and once more the enemy are declared—as Mr. Disraeli declared them to be four months ago—quite subdued. Neither have we done with the wretched war in Burmah, where internal revolutions have been adding to the horrors of foreign invasion, and our general is blamed for wasting time in negotiations, though it is entirely possible that his hands may be in great measure tied by the nature of the instructions he has received from the civil authority which ordains the policy of the war. These Indian and



African "little wars" have abounded in sad examples of imbecility and infatuation—British wisdom, humanity, and justice not always figuring to the best advantage. In the somewhat varied chapter of foreign politics for the month, the most interesting point is probably furnished by the extraordinary speech made by General Pierce, the new President of the United States, on his "inauguration day," the 14th of March. Mr. Pierce, the representative of the great Democratic party in the Union, throws off all disguise with respect to the annexation question, and clearly signifies his adhesion to the principle that the Confederation must absorb Cuba, if not "something more." He avows the doctrine of "sympathy" with strugglers for freedom in all countries, from which many infer an intention to go the whole length of the propagandist maxims. With a curious idea of consistency, the General next digresses into the engrossing subject of slavery, which he pronounces engrafted on the Constitution of the Union, vehemently denouncing every exertion of "fanatical enthusiasm" to interfere with the "national institution." Altogether Mr. Pierce's oration, as reported, is one of the most unusual pronouncements of opinion *de omnibus rebus*, emanating from so distinguished a source, with which the world has been favoured during a long course of years; and it has come upon the public with an effect the more thrilling, in consequence of the taciturnity previously maintained by this eminent personage. The fact that the General is a man of unquestionable ability, that he seems a man of prudence and strong resolves—deeply imbued, however, with party biases, which he seems determined to gratify to the utmost, does not detract from the importance of an official exposition, which, as indicative of a practical policy to be manifested in the future, possesses greater interest than attaches to the ordinary annual "messages" of an American President. Mr. Pierce was elected by an extraordinary majority, and at a period when one of the great political parties of the Union was on its last legs—when the old Whigs or Federals were broken up by the death of the last of their ancient leaders—and he was likewise elected purposely to represent certain opinions in which the ancient doctrines of non-interference with the politics of other countries are by no means recognised so implicitly as in the system of which Daniel Webster and the two Adamses might have been regarded as the expositors. The opinions, to support which he was thus honourably elected, have been adopted by Mr. Pierce in their full meaning, in the remarkable address which ushers in his political career; and many who know America will regard the commencement of his authority as that of a new order of things which cannot fail to make itself felt in Europe.

Very different from the universal content and prosperity to which an American President has usually to refer as a description of the state of his country, is the complexion of the accounts which reach us from Continental Europe, where misery and turbulence predominate in sinister rivalry, and the *clemente* of one day is succeeded by legal butcherings, sequestrations, and deportations, on the next. Such is the actual state of Italy. Marshal Radetzky, the Austrian Governor, has been mercilessly avenging the foolish and ill-timed rising of February, and his oppressions extend far beyond the circle of those criminally implicated in that fatal tumult. In fact, it appears to matter little to the old Marshal whether a specific offence can or cannot be brought home to given individuals, provided he take it into his head that he has reason to dislike or suspect them. Dislike and suspicion mean about the same thing in the Marshal's philosophy, and thousands of innocent persons have been imprisoned and ruined on accusations respecting which not even a shadow of rational suspicion could exist against them. In fact a malignant species of idiocy would in some cases appear to be the principal incentive to the charges instituted against the unhappy Italians. The Marshal is close upon ninety. Is it possible that these irrational and imprudent proceedings are the effects of a doting senility, which may be pitied but ought not to be indulged. The young Emperor ought to look to it, if the arm of the Hungarian assassin have left him sufficient perspicacity to bestow two consecutive thoughts upon any subject whatever. The Emperor, they say, is recovering; if so, it will be well if he make use of his returning faculties to endeavour to put a stop to a state of things which, apart from its gross injustice, is more likely than anything else could be to eradicate any lingering traces of respect towards Austria which may hitherto have survived in any portions of the "Italian mind." As things now go on, old Radetzky, if not controlled, seems likely to leave a name as much soiled with obloquy as that of General Haynau, who died, we perceive, a week or two since, unregretted even by those of whose policy he had made himself the dishonoured



tool. It is doubtful if Radetzsky has not perpetrated cruelties in Italy on as large and pitiless a scale as any which were enacted by his dead compeer, who probably never entirely recovered from the brutal outrage committed on him by our brew-house savages at Southwark.

Pleasanter than talking of Radetzsky, Haynau, and their misdeeds, it is to record the circumstance that the Madiai converts, whose imprisonment has made them the objects of so much sympathy in England, have at length been liberated. So that the righteous principle has prevailed in the long run, and British representations have not been made in vain even to the ear of a petty Italian despot. It has been alleged by some hypercritical observers, that if we had not interfered so actively on behalf of these injured persons, they would have been released sooner; that their long detention arose from some false notions of etiquette which entered the Grand Duke's head respecting the possibility of its being supposed that he was influenced by foreign "pressure." We do not agree with these objections; we believe that the demonstration of British sympathy, exhibited in so many shapes, formed an effective moving cause of the relief which the prisoners have received; and we trust that a fellow feeling with sufferings endured for conscience sake may ever continue to form a characteristic of the people of this country. For the rest it is to be hoped that the future proceedings of the Madiai may prove them worthy of the friendship they have received from this and other countries, and that they will not leave on the minds of the people of England those feelings of disappointment which, it is much to be regretted, have sometimes been produced by the conduct of individuals whom we have received with enthusiasm as the representatives of a great principle.

Imperial systems in Europe would appear to be in a transition state. We have Russia and Austria conspiring for the dismemberment of Turkey—just as, three quarters of a century since, the same powers plotted the destruction of Poland; and political circles have been somewhat excited by reports of unfriendly communications passing between the eastern and western powers with respect to the fate of a body-politic which has long since lost all vitality; whose vitality, when she possessed it, was seldom exercised except for purposes of blood and mischief; and which it would certainly not be the policy of any Christian nation to sustain by artificial props, except for the purpose of defeating such designs as those which have been imputed to Russia in connection with the possession of Constantinople. The Turkish question, in all its aspects, is a delicate and difficult one; for whilst it cannot but be regretted that the political interests of Great Britain should oblige her to take part to any extent with a corrupt and vicious barbarism, it is indispensable in the other view that precaution should be taken with reference to such contingencies as that of a gigantic power, belting Europe from north to south, commanding the two great portals, the Baltic and the Mediterranean—inspired with the will and the ability to push its multitudinous legions towards the great centres of civilisation in the west, and threatening by-and-bye, under some rash and ambitious despot, to make such encroachments on the independence of Christendom as to render herself predominant, if not absolute, in the councils of all other nations on this side the Atlantic. The patriotic spirit of England spurns the contemplation of even the far-off possibility of such a calamity; journalism has taken the alarm; and fierce as was the tone of objurgation in which it had been of late becoming fashionable to allude to the career and character of the present Emperor of the French, the newspapers at present actually teem with suggestions of an *entente cordiale* with that obnoxious personage, for the purpose of "averting Russian designs upon the independence of Turkey and of all Europe."

France herself is of course quiet. Under a regime like the present there can scarcely be a medium between absolute submission and insurrection. The only recent demonstration afforded of the survival of any remnant of such a thing as free opinion amongst the people, was the assemblage of some 30,000 workmen to do honour to the funeral of ~~Madame Raspail, wife of the~~ well known ultra-Republican. Louis Napoleon, it is understood, remains on terms of the most satisfactory uxoriousness with the fair Eugenie—who, again, is declared to be a miracle of womanly devotion. When was it otherwise during the early matrimonial life of two very prosperous persons?

It is worth while to state that the Emperor has pardoned a great many political prisoners; and this act of clemency, or justice, has procured him a fresh stock—if only a small one—of popularity. When the Emperor deals out his

mercies, it unfortunately happens that suspicion arises that the same principle governs such distribution which was alleged to influence the famous one of the sausages and champagne. But he is a man whose heart no other man can read. The manumission of some hundreds of prisoners, the permission to several exiles to return to France, was at all events a graceful accompaniment of the marriage festivities—a sort of festivities, by-the-bye, which they manage in France better than in any other country under the sun.

General St. Arnaud has retired for the present in a state of ill health—brought on, it is profanely whispered, by a course of life not the most careful. The celebrated chymist, Orfila, is dead; and whilst in politics all is torpid quietude, a fierce semi-theological war is raging amongst the prelates, which, absurd as it is in its utter triviality, reminds one, in some of its features, of the gigantic contests waged in former days between the Jansenists and the Ultra-Montanists. Only suppose pigmies to be Titans, and the comparison will not be quite imperfect. The present bubble has reference to the orthodoxy of the famous religious journal *L'Univers*, which the Archbishop of Paris denounces, whilst several other bishops support it, and all parties, including the editor, have appealed to the Pope for adjudication on the dispute. Thus, whilst the fate of empires trembles in the balance, there are men in high positions who can occupy their attention with the veriest trifles.

There has, as we have observed, been some interruption, in one or two branches of trade, of the long afflux of prosperous business by which the last two seasons have been happily distinguished. Manchester, amongst other places, experienced a slight re-action, or rather pause; but there appears no reason to dread that, for a considerable period to come, there will be any such relapse as to occasion distress in any department of business. As to Manchester and the cotton districts, they have more cause to feel uneasy respecting the supply of their staple raw material than about any difficulty in procuring markets for their goods when manufactured; and the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce are taking up the subject with their usual quickness and intelligence.

Prices of provisions of most kinds have been rising, and there has been much cold and bitter weather throughout the month. On the other hand the wages of working people generally have rather risen than fallen, and the rise, we trust, has been so great as to make up to the artisan and labourer the difference in the price of food. In connection with this subject it is pleasant to have to record that the authorities at several of the government dockyards, &c., have spontaneously taken into consideration the rise in prices, the comparative scarcity of artificers, and the importance of retaining sober and steady men in the public establishments, and have accordingly increased the wages of the men in a ratio varying from 10 to 12 per cent. Voluntary acts of justice and considerateness like this do more to prevent the mischief of strikes, to attach men to their employments, and to promote feelings of good-will between the several classes of society, than all the paraphernalia of formal legislation. Government officers are perhaps more chary than there is need for about making advances proportioned to the exigencies of the times. The principle of carefulness of the public money is an admirable one. But there is a false economy and a true economy; and no economy is more false than that which, for the sake of a nominal saving, tempts the skilled and able workman to desert his service and betake himself to where his labour will be better appreciated and rewarded. Private capitalists usually show themselves capable of understanding the great distinction between the two species of economy—the true and the false:—and it is a good sign when the great officers engaged in the public departments show themselves wise and high-minded enough to follow a good example, even if they do not happen to have courage to set it.

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## Literary Notices.

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*Harry Muir.* A Story of Scottish Life. By the Author of *PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND.* HURST and BLACKETT.

THERE are but few, if any, of our readers who have not dwelt with delight upon those charming pictures of Scottish character in its best aspect—those sketches of woman playing her noblest part, as the soother of sickness and sorrow, the faithful friend of the despised and unfortunate, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing guardian of those endeared to her by the ties of blood—few, we repeat, can have forgotten those delineations of real life in its joys and its sorrows, which abounded so plentifully in the recollections of ever loveable Mrs. Margaret Maitland. Few have forgotten Sunnyside, or ceased to wish for a renewal of their acquaintance with those whose virtues and foibles were described with such truth and charity by excellent Mistress Margaret.

It is some years since we read that admirable story; and there is, perhaps, not a single figure created therein by the magic potency of true genius, which is not at this moment stamped upon our memory. The tale before us is cast in a far different scene; though the characters, especially the female ones, bear numerous points of resemblance to those in the author's first admirable work. We are here transferred from the fresh country-side to the smoke and filth of Glasgow, and the unfortunate "hero" is a clerk in a mercantile house, remarkable for the liveliness of his temper and the convivial attractions of his manners, and surrounded, unhappily for himself, by a troop of admiring "friends," amongst whom the pliancy of his disposition paves the way for his own ruin.

If it were the intention of the fair authoress to enter a solemn protest against the "drinking habits," which have been so miserably prevalent in Scotland, but which, to the blessing of mankind, are gradually verging towards extinction, and if she intended to accompany this protest with an illustration the most forcible and impressive, not a question that in the present work she has abundantly succeeded. If, moreover, her wish were to depict the dangers of a too-yielding temper—of a disposition which cannot say "no" to the solicitations of the tempter, the work may be read with benefit by those who need such a lesson; and if, in fine, she aspired, by arguments of the most lucid nature which metaphysical induction can assume, to exhibit the great fact, that there is no more dangerous and fatal possession—no direr curse—than talent misapplied, her success has been equally signal.

Indeed, the main point of the tale, so far as regards the hero himself, appears to be that of exhibiting, in the first place, the pernicious effects of the habits which, in the good old times happily gone and past for ever, were misnamed social, or jovial; that of showing, in the next place, how liable persons of easy temper are to be seduced to destruction by compliance with the requests of boon companions; and finally, holding up salutary warning to all who may be in danger of falling into these snares and pitfalls. Excellent is this purpose, and it is all the better inasmuch as the peculiar talent of the author enables her to impart to the dry morality a charm of style more attractive than is usually found in even that superficial class of writing which has nothing but verbal grace to recommend it.

It is unnecessary for us to enter into a detailed description of the plot of a narrative whose beauty and impressiveness consist chiefly in its separate scenes, or "compartments." The hero is interesting solely as illustrating in his person the misery of weak principles, combined with what is falsely called good nature, and the worthlessness (not merely the worthlessness, but the mischievousness) of the "resolutions" of amendment formed by such persons, and which resolutions are most generally the result of a maudlin remorse, formed during the first nervous moments of awakening to the consequences of an escapade. The female figures of a story are those which, in all the works of this gifted writer, are in every respect most interesting, and in which she displays her marvellous insight into the idiosyncracies and varieties of human nature. No one who studies the character of Martha Muir can rise from the book without being confirmed in the impression that sternness and tenderness in the same nature are compatible, and that affection towards the individual may well co-exist with severe indignation for his vices. And the wife of the wretched debauchee—who in his comparatively lucid moments hatches schemes of vast ambition and promise, the success of which is entirely dependent on a regularity of conduct which he is continually infringing—is a touching picture of the gentler order of women. Then the other extreme is Mrs. Jean Calder, an un-

amiable specimen of much that is bitter, repulsive, and forbidding in the "softer sex. But even Mrs. Jean is very far from being without her redeeming qualities.

It will readily be conceived that broken health, blasted hopes and sad and early death, form the catastrophe of Harry Muir's career. The authoress has shown some of the genuine good taste which distinguishes her, in not working out reformation, ultimate happiness, and so forth, for him. Rather let human life be painted as it is; let vice and folly, even when set off by maudlin good-nature, reach their appropriate goal; let the curtain drop darkly upon them, instead of assigning to them the reward of soberness, prudence and virtue. We know nothing more injurious to the effect of a well-written story than the introduction of those sudden miraculous changes, from inveterate folly to wisdom and prudence, which not one person in ten thousand has ever witnessed in the world as it is. It is this mistake which, in the generation before the last, led to that crusade against fiction in general which utterly proscribed many of the most clever novels of the old school.

Some who affect minute criticism may object against the character of Martha Muir, that it has too many features of resemblance to that of Jeannie Deans. But here the charge of plagiarism would be as untenable as it would be to impute it to Oliver Goldsmith, on the ground that Fielding had, before him, depicted a well-meaning and simple-minded parson. And it may also be objected, that, in many of the most effective passages of the story, one is reminded with painful vividness of that demure style of Scottish phrasology which was so much in vogue thirty years ago, and many specimens of which appeared in works like "*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*," as well as in several of Hogg's and Galt's domestic pieces. True, there is a defect here; and if we may venture on a further hint to a writer of such consummate power, we would suggest to her that there are certain mannerisms which, though possessing the charm of freshness and originality in a first work, may become the contrary of attractive when repeated in a second, third and fourth. But where faults are so few and merits so numerous and manifold, it is sufficient to conclude by declaring our conviction that this work is likely to endure much longer than the ephemeral fictions of "the season;" that amongst several other novels already published this year, it is inferior to none in depth, force, and sustained interest; and that it is in all respects calculated to increase a literary reputation which is now approaching to the first rank.

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*The Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge Advocate General of the British Forces in the Peninsula.* Edited by Sir G. LARPENT.—BENTLEY.

FRUITFUL in books of all kinds has been the grand story of the Peninsular War, from the massive publications of Napier and Gurwood down to the tiniest brochures which typographical ingenuity could invest with the appearance of a volume.

Amongst these productions the present work is not the least interesting. In his capacity of Judge Advocate of the Forces, Mr. Larpent had an opportunity of closely observing many of the leading events and personages of the varied and tumultuous scene, and in his "Journal" (or rather series of letters addressed to his stepmother) he gives the result of these observations in a pleasant, conversational tone, embracing no very high or comprehensive views, but bringing us nearly *en rapport* with characters and circumstances the memory of which is always associated with much interest. Those who have not been entirely nauseated by the fulsome torrent of so-called "anecdotes" which inundated the newspaper press after the death of the Duke of Wellington, will be pleased with the series of personal traits here described, sketched, as they were, when the Duke was in his prime, and playing the great part which has given his name immortality. Indeed the host of sham anecdotes, concocted by the ingenuity of competing penny-a-liners, which has for several months past offended good taste, renders it perfectly refreshing to find anything really trustworthy and authentic—emanating from a source above the suspicion of mendacity—to remind us of what the Duke of Wellington really was.

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*Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army.*  
HURST and BLACKETT.

THE interest in these volumes consists mainly in the plain and unaffected narratives given by the author of sundry passages in the war carried on a few years ago by the United States against Mexico. The work has no claims to rank amongst those marked by high thought, or even political intelligence. The author's personal

adventures are almost the only points worth noticing in the book, and these are told apparently with candour and truthfulness. Of the condition of Mexico, the character of its inhabitants, the peculiarities of the country generally, or any of those more important topics, the competent handling of which might give the book some permanent weight, there is next to nothing.

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*The Romance of Student Life Abroad.* By RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

A collection of continental sketches and stories, some of them very startling, and all of them more or less effective, which the author founds on the imaginary basis of the proceedings of a number of medical students in that emporium of wonder and horror, and fun and frivolity—the French capital. Some of these sketches will abundantly repay perusal, and contain vigorous delineations of the “by-ways” of continental life.

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*Apsley House.* By CHARLES A. COLE.

THIS very thin volume consists of a poetical—rather let us say, rythmical—inventory of many of the objects of artistic and historical interest which the good fortune and the eminent merit (so amply appreciated!) of the great Duke enabled him to congregate within Apsley House, and which the good taste of the present Duke has remitted the public to inspect. England will ever remember the services of her renowned soldier, and applaud herself for having so richly rewarded him; though the fulsome cant in which, for two or three months after his death, it was the fashion to exaggerate, or rather misrepresent, every one of his personal attributes and qualities, is beginning already to be regarded as not less false and mawkish than the mock compliments which, many years since, used to be paid to the virtue and morality of another great commander, to whom the Duke was undeniably superior in the qualities which go to constitute a truly great and good man. Mr. Cole alludes to the antecedents of the several objects which he enumerates with laudable patriotic enthusiasm, not always very judiciously expressed.

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*The Pocket Peerage of Great Britain and Ireland.* By HENRY R. FORSTER.

ONE of the few books which perfectly fulfil the objects set forth by their authors or compilers. As a medium of easy reference, and of compendious and satisfactory information on the subject to which Mr. Forster addresses himself, this work, considering its size and cheapness, is literally without an equal. In the compass of a modest but elegantly got-up volume, we find everything which the general public can care to know respecting the personages who constitute the ennobled aristocracy of the United Kingdom. It is a model of judicious classification and arrangement; and the brief characteristic paragraphs appended to the routine notices of pedigree, births, marriages, &c., &c., are in numerous instances so felicitously expressed as, in a single graphic sentence, to illustrate the history of a great house. Mr. Forster's tastes and avocations qualify him more thoroughly, perhaps, than any other man now living, for the editorial superintendence of a work of this kind; and in truth he has made admirable use of his opportunities. One of the peculiar advantages of the book is the freshness of the information which it furnishes,—having been corrected to a date so late as to include all the ministerial appointments consequent on Lord Aberdeen's accession to power.

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*The Ghost of Junius.* An Inquiry, &c. By FRANCIS AYERST. BOSWORTH.

ANOTHER of the interminable series of “Inquiries,” in which gentlemen of an inquisitive turn have been airing their ingenuity for three quarters of a century—another attempt to solve a problem, the interest of which resides mainly in the mystery which attaches to it. It is now generally felt that the ability, or the importance, of the celebrated letters of Junius, was the subject of exaggeration, not less absurd and unfounded than was the character of many of the public men of those days—the first Lord Chatham being a not very venerable instance. Mr. Ayerst fixes on Lieut-General Rich—a man of whom the world has not heard much—as the veritable Junius. His “proofs” are as satisfactory as many of those by which half-a-hundred other gentlemen have been similarly identified as the great gun of the *Public Advertiser*, and the matter remains what it is likely to remain—a riddle. Whilst on the subject, we may take notice of a clever article which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and in which, by complicated hypotheses, the authorship is ascribed to Lord Chatham, leaving the matter as much in *nubibus*



as ever. The above controversy, now of some eighty years' standing, is an entertaining exemplification of the fastidious importance with which mystery—or mystification—has power to clothe a subject of little substantial interest.

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*The Glass and the New Crystal Palace.* Illustrated, &c.

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

WE do not intend to enter on the argument as to the wisdom and prudence of what is called the "teetotal" pledge. Excellent reasons have from time to time appeared in favour of the principle of total abstinence; whilst, on the other hand, the system of "moderate drinking" is not without its clever advocates. Of the former principle, Mr. George Cruikshank has been for a considerable period the zealous and eloquent advocate, and the present work (illustrated with all his characteristic point and vigour) is intended to furnish (and really does furnish) great support to "the cause." The foul and deadly temptations of the gin-shop, as contradistinguished from the healthful and improving entertainment to be provided for the people in the sumptuous edifice at Sydenham, are rendered visible and palpable to the perceptions; and we hope and believe that these delineations will not be without some of the effect contemplated by the gifted and philanthropic artist. To the much-agitated question of the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sunday, Mr. Cruikshank addresses himself, although indirectly, and exhibits the contrast between the position of the sober artizan and tradesman, "enjoying himself" with his family at the Palace, and that of the same individual wallowing in filthy and destructive drunkenness.

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*Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.* By A. H. LAYARD, M.P.

THIS work completes the high reputation of which the author laid the foundation in his "Nineveh and its Remains." As he advances in his researches, experience and previous inquiry make his information, equally with his conjectures, more precise and satisfactory. The illustrations are of admirable finish and distinctness, and altogether the work is about the ablest which has appeared in connection with the subjects of high antiquity to which it relates. We may respectfully observe that it would have been still more useful to the general reader, had greater care been exercised in drawing up the index and the indicative portions generally. The want of a distinct and intelligible guide, or scheme of reference to the multitudinous contents, is a serious drawback from its utility for popular purposes.

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*A Hero.* Philip's book. A Tale for Young People. By the Author of "Olive."

A PLEASANT story, notwithstanding the infelicitous and cumbersome framework in which it is set. Moral heroism, in the person of Norman, the hero, is contrasted with physical strength in that of his brother Hector; and all right-minded readers are doubtless expected to award the place of honour to the former. The heroes of children's books are rarely heroes to children, and we doubt if Norman will prove an exception to the rule; but, whether juvenile readers catch or miss the moral, they will be sure to find many unquestionable points of interest in "A Hero." No young boy or girl could fail in being delighted with the spirited account of the struggle for prizes that takes place in the Glasgow High School. And the story related by the Mamma will have a charm for old readers as well as young ones. Mr. Godwin's illustrations are worthy of mention, even in this age of pictorial excellence, they are very spirited and graceful.

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*American Poets.*—Poems of J. R. LOWELL.—Poems of THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE great world of the West is fast redeeming itself from the imputation that it had no native literature. Within the last twenty years a host of American names have attained various degrees of celebrity in nearly every one of the higher departments of literature, and we are assured by the editors of the works before us that the number of young American literary aspirants is as legion. The authors of these two volumes are both very young men, whose verses have been favourably received at home, and deservedly so. Some of the short poems possess a high degree of merit, and we find scarcely anything which does not rise above the average of the mediocre metres which appear in some of our "fashionable" quasi-poetical books in England.

## THE PALM TREE ISLE.

*From the French.\**

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, I found myself, after many voyagings and journeys in the East, a temporary resident in that vast and opulent empire, which, having excited in former ages the cupidity of the proudest conquerors, has now fallen under the sway of a company of English merchants, whose humble origin forms a strange contrast to their present proud pretensions.

At Madras I became acquainted with Edward Seyton, a young Scotsman of ancient family and of elegant manners. Seyton, brought up in London, in the centre of gaiety and fashion, looked for happiness only in the pleasures procured by lavish expenditure. After the death of his father, he sold what he called his modest patrimony, realised by the sale several thousand pounds, and came to India, as he said, "to make his fortune." I found him a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word, with a cultivated taste and a lively and engaging disposition. We often discoursed together, and though there was scarcely a subject on which we entirely agreed, a close intimacy was soon established between us.

During the two years which he had already passed in India, my friend's capital had not increased with the rapidity on which he had calculated in his early dreams of opulence, and when we were together he often indulged in language of bitterness and complaint.

"Must it be my fate," he said to me one day, in a tone which I have never forgotten, "to grow old in exile, far from my friends and country, and never to become the possessor of wealth till I have lost the capacity for enjoying it?"

"And what prevents you," I inquired, "from enjoying your fortune immediately?"

"Can it satisfy my wants?" he rejoined. "What a miserable being is man! Heaven has endowed him with reason only to make him sensible of the weakness of his nature. He is born full of desires which he can never gratify; his young and ardent imagination pictures to him a world of pleasure, but reality dissipates the charm; his eye embraces a boundless prospect, which his hand is unable to grasp; the corner of the earth in which he happens to be born does not produce enough to satisfy his wants; the food which he requires to nourish him, and the fluids which quench his thirst or reanimate his strength, the clothing which defends him from the inclemency of the seasons—all are placed at a distance from him, scattered here and there, out of his reach; and it is only by painful trial, through dangers and difficulties innumerable and inconvenient, that he can become possessed of them."

Whilst he was running on in this strain, we were joined by an officer of the company, who had just received letters from London. "You have heard of Harry Middleton?" said the new comer, after having detailed to Seyton many other pieces of news respecting their mutual friends in the metropolis.

"Undoubtedly. The happiest of men!" cried Seyton, turning towards me with an air of triumph. "A fashionable reputation, an ample fortune, a magnificent mansion in London, a noble country-seat and hunting-stud celebrated all over the north of England—superb equipages, a box at the Opera—friends everywhere—not only rich, but, better far, able to enjoy his riches, and to reap the manifold advantages of a well-ordered expenditure."

"There is an end of it, however, now," said the officer smiling at my friend's enthusiasm, "for Middleton is dead."

"Dead?"

"He has killed himself."

"What, then, did he meet with reverses? some losses for which he was unprepared?"

"Certainly not. Up to the last he had more than enough to satisfy all his desires, and his swiftest horse could not in twenty-four hours have made the tour of his domains."

\* The sketch here presented to the reader in an English dress is taken from a work by M. X. B. Saintine, entitled *Le Lièvre des Conteurs*. M. Saintine is perhaps best known to the English public by his charming and graceful tale of *Picciola*. With regard to the narrative which we have taken the liberty of selecting from his pages, we are anxious to state that it is not so much a translation as an adaptation. Instead of adhering to rigidly literal interpretation, we have endeavoured to preserve in our version the spirit of the original; whilst, in order to bring it within convenient compass, we have made several important alterations and omissions.

"Perhaps then he had been deceived or betrayed by friends?"

"It is not probable: he moved in a distinguished and unexceptionable circle. The fact is he killed himself because he had had enough of life."

"And how old was he?" I inquired.

"Thirty-six."

"And so fine a fortune."

The death of Henry Middleton seemed to give a fresh turn to Seyton's reflections. He was evidently most deeply affected by the sad catastrophe, and I wrung from him an admission that too large a fortune, like too much power, is often an evil to the possessor. These sober and salutary ideas were, however, soon dissipated by the scenes of opulence and splendour with which he was surrounded; and he was relapsing into his former frame of mind and indulging in fresh dreams of wealth and its attendant gratifications, when he was summoned to undertake an important mission to the Maldivé Islands, which are situated, it will be remembered, on the western side of the great peninsula of Hindostan.

The voyage was likely to occupy some days, and I resolved to accompany him. As soon as our preparations for departure were completed, we embarked at a small town on the Malabar coast, with a gentle breeze in our favour. But the wind soon changed; it blew what the sailors call "a fresh gale," and having tacked about in the vain hope of seeing a place of refuge, we were compelled to drift out to sea. At length, on the third day, we came in sight of a group of small clustering islands. The wind fell; night was at hand; and fearing that we might strike against one of the thousand rocky islets which abounded in these seas, we cast anchor before what appeared to us a kind of sand-bank, rising above the waters, about a hundred yards from us.

The captain of our brig—an old sailor, who had passed his whole life in navigating those dangerous waters—came up to us as we were watching the sandy hillock, and, to beguile away the time, told us its history, as nearly as I can recollect, in these words:—

"Yonder island," he said, "for such it is, was formerly cultivated, and many families lived there in comfort: it was well supplied with fresh water from pure and abundant springs, and the soil was everywhere extremely fertile. But one day—a long time ago—a frightful tempest, such as had never been known within the memory of man, prevailed in these parts. The waves rose to a prodigious height, and terrible was the fury of the whirlwind. From this storm a great number of islands suffered, but the one before us more than all. It disappeared entirely for many days during the rage of the tempest. When the sea became calm again, it was seen to re-appear on the surface of the waves; no longer indeed clothed with verdure, but naked, bare, and desolate. The sea had swallowed up everything—houses, inhabitants, even the soil itself. A single man and a single tree escaped the disaster. You can perhaps distinguish through the fog, near a little white rock, a turf of verdure which resembles from hence a light cloud hovering over the island. It is a cocoanut-tree, which, it is said, was preserved at the time of the storm by the ruins accumulated around it. The waves, when they retired, deprived it of this support; but the roots of the tree became fixed in the sand, and it has kept its place. As for the islander, he was absent from the place during the hurricane, and now in his own person represents the whole population of the island."

"What!" exclaimed Seyton, "a man live upon that rock?"

"It is true," said the sailor.

"But *how* does he live there?"

"That I cannot tell you."

The story had excited our curiosity and it was decided that on the morrow, at break of day, we should visit the island."

Having landed on its shores, we could see nothing at first that would lead to the supposition that a human being existed in that dreary solitude; there was no trace of vegetation, and the soil was a coarse lime-stone, covered here and there with small hillocks of sand. Meanwhile we anxiously looked for the top of the palm-tree, of which we had lost sight when our boat approached the island; the nearer we got to it, the taller it seemed; but we sought in vain for any traces which would indicate the presence of the islander. At length our curiosity was gratified by discovering at the foot of the tree a slight hut, built by the hand of man.

A human being then inhabited, or had inhabited, this desert. Doubtless it was some unfortunate, who, having become weary of his fellow-creatures and of life, had sought to hide his miseries in this solitude.

Such were our thoughts, when from the interior of a rock, hollowed out like a grotto, but more arid and desolate than any of the others, we beheld an Indian advancing towards us,—the inhabitant, proprietor and king of the island. He was an old man, with a complexion of a deep olive colour and a figure exceedingly spare; but his firm walk indicated, nevertheless, perfect health and strength. As soon as he perceived us, far from appearing frightened, he quickened his steps and approached us with an air of satisfaction painted on his features.

After he had, according to custom, wished us health and the prayers of the poor, he retired into his hut, and brought out some coconuts, some fish dried in the sun, and a vessel filled with palm-tree wine. He then seated himself near us, having first spread out a mat over the fine sand which carpeted the ground round the cocoanut-tree.

This hospitality, so modest and unpretending—the place where we stood—forming, as it did, a picture simple and sublime—a rock, the sky, the sea—that melancholy feeling of weakness which seizes the man of civilization when he finds himself thrown into some unknown and isolated corner of the earth; all concurred to strike with astonishment and awe the spirit of the proud Englishman; and the spectacle, I confess, was not without its charm for me. A light breeze ruffled the sea; the sun, which had risen behind us, gilded the top of the palm-tree, and its giant leaves waving to and fro before our eyes, caused a pleasant alternation of light and shade. Everything glittered in the sunshine and assumed a variety of tints. It seemed as though a spirit of life and joy breathed through the lonely island, which had first appeared to us so gloomy and desolate.

Seyton, who had continued unceasingly and wistfully to direct his eye towards our vessel, whose top-sails only were visible behind a massive rock, soon began to interrogate our host with lively interest. The latter spoke the Arabic language, which is in use among the Mahometans of the Maldives. We were able to understand him, and a familiar conversation took place between us.

“And what induced you,” inquired Seyton, “to fix your abode alone in this desolate place?”

“Destiny,” replied the Indian, crossing his arms over his breast, and raising his face to heaven. “After the tempest, when I returned hither to see if the waves had at least spared the tombs of my ancestors, I found nothing, for the sea had swept away the living and the dead. The palm-trees planted by me at the two epochs when Allah had blessed me with offspring, had disappeared with my children also. A single tree remained in the island—it was the tree which my father had planted on the day that I was born. The will of the prophet ordained that I should remain here; I am here, and blessed be his name, here will I stay. He knows far better than we do the place in which it is good for us to dwell.”

“But you must sometimes obtain assistance from your neighbours in the next island?”

“No,” said the Indian smiling, “for twenty years I have with my hands supplied all my wants.”

“What! clothing—food—everything?”

“They are all there,” said he, pointing to the tree. “Did not the palm-tree spring from an angel’s blood? They are all there,” he repeated, gently embracing the stem of the tree as he spoke. “Its large leaves suffice to cover my cabin and to keep out the burning rays of the sun, and my mats are plaited from their delicate fibres. I find in its fruit the milk which quenches my thirst and invigorates my frame, the kernel which is my food, and the oil with which I anoint my limbs to render them smooth and supple. The outside of the nut—its fibrous covering—furnishes me with the precious material from which I have woven the garments that cover me, and the nets by which I procure my fish: for the appetite of man is hard to please, and the same kind of food does not suit him at all times. My cups, my domestic utensils, these also I owe to my friend the palm-tree. What have I to desire?”

“But man is not born for solitude. Have you never envied the lot of other islanders, your neighbours?”

“The face of man is sweet to me, I confess it. But I sometimes receive a visit from fishermen who toil in these parts, and the rarity of their visits renders the satisfaction which they afford me the greater. Every tie that has made life a blessing to me is associated with this place. What could I do elsewhere? And my tree. . . . Could it, do you think, transplant itself along with me? Is it not my twin-brother, my benefactor, my support, the interpreter to me of the decrees of Providence? My father planted it, my mother tended it, when we

were both young and weak together. It has witnessed the happiest epochs of my life; my years as they glided by have been marked by the fresh shoots which appear in rings or knots upon its stem. Leave it! No. . . . Count those rings, they will tell you my age, and then say whether you would counsel me now to begin a new existence. And the tomb of my wife! Who would tend it if I were gone? . . . In this place I love to recal the past, and to perform the devotions with which I begin the day. I was about to offer up my customary prayer when the sound of your voices broke upon my ears."

"But in this desolate spot," said Seyton, "are you never subject to weariness of spirit, dejection, *ennui*?"

"No," said the islander, "all my time is occupied. First, there are the three seasons when I harvest my nuts; then I have to prepare my food from them, and to weave my garments, to enrich my household with new utensils, to repair my hut, my nets, and, when the weather is fine, catch my fish. Besides, I am not alone in this island, many sea-birds of different kinds have taken up their abode in the rocks close to my dwelling. Look! you may see them dip their wings in the sea, and rise towards us on the bosom of the advancing wave. My birds and I are no strangers to each other. They are my neighbours, companions and friends."

Whilst he was speaking, many strange birds, with long beaks and blue and white plumage, flew round us in a circle, and gathered in small groups on a rocky eminence near the Indian's hut. He threw them some fish bones, and they soon disappeared to perform a fresh journey round the island.

"Another means of support," I exclaimed, "which Providence has placed in your way."

"What!" said the Indian, "do you suppose I could destroy them? And without necessity, too? What society would then be left me? No, far from seeking to hurt them, when my fish is plentiful, they share it with me. They obey my call, and I love to watch their pretty gambols and amusing habits."

"And these, then, are your pleasures?"

"Not all. The morning sun, the sight of the sea and sky, the ships which pass my shores, the insects, clothed in green and gold, that glitter in the darkness of night like troops of stars: sometimes I gladden my spirits with the wine my tree affords."

"Nothing then is wanting to complete your happiness?"

"Alas!" replied the old man, thrown for a moment by this last question into a painful reverie, "I should indeed have nothing to desire if the betel tree still grew in this island. Once upon a time it spread its beautiful and fragrant branches along the side of a grove of date-trees which flourished yonder (pointing with his finger, as he spoke, to a bare and barren spot of ground, overgrown with a dark sort of moss). Nevertheless, I can procure it in exchange for my cocoanut shells, or for the cloth or cordage which I manufacture, as I have told you, from the outer covering of the nut."

"So you even engage in commerce?"

"The Prophet has blessed the work of my hands and the produce of my tree. He has given me more than enough to satisfy my wants: but sometimes during the rough weather there are few visitors to my island, and my betel is exhausted. Yet, where is the man who is perfectly happy? As for you, strangers, it seems to me that you suffer from a still greater privation, for your teeth are altogether destitute of the ruddy colour produced by this inestimable plant."

"It does not grow at all in our country," I observed.

"Unhappy country!" exclaimed the Indian, lifting up his hands, "but Providence has doubtless recompensed you by other favours; for his bounty is inexhaustible!"

Simple, pious being! who could thus, in the midst of such great privations, acknowledge and bless the prodigality of a Providence. We left him deeply affected as well as astonished at his simple and sublime philosophy. What a contrast to the creed of civilized man in the realm of opulence and splendour which we had recently quitted.

For some time after this incident, Edward Seyton never ventured to complain of the position which had been allotted him in the world; but his ambitious thoughts and wishes, although unexpressed, were not extinguished, for all men can comprehend a great lesson, whilst very few know how to profit by it. Having effected the object of our mission and sojourned some time in the principal island in the group, before we quitted the Maldives, we resolved to pay another visit to our host and his palm-tree. We had purchased for him a stock of betel; but alas the Indian sage was never to receive the reward of his hospitality! As we approached the



island we could no longer discover the summit of the palm-tree, uplifted like a light and elegant parasol, for I could compare its crown of foliage to nothing better. Another hurricane had swept over the island, and destroyed everything. The tree was uprooted, and the man was dead. On the naked and desolate beach they were buried side by side. We raised the trunk of the palm-tree and beheld the body of the Indian, both deeply imbedded in the sand.

The island is now called "The Palm-tree Isle."

## COVERDALE MARRIED.

### CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

Miss Crofton spoke first: "Is Mr. Coverdale very fond of his wife?"

"I think so."

"Do they live happily together?"

"I have not seen them together since their marriage. They appeared to be much attached before it."

"But you know. I do not suppose that you have been here for a day, even, without hearing. Tell me: I want to know."

What—thought D'Almayne—could she want to know for. He could not conceive, but he told her all he had heard, which, as usual in such cases, was more than the truth.

"I thought," said Miss Crofton, "that she was not the sort of woman to hold him."

"Do you know Mr. Coverdale, then?" inquired D'Almayne with quickness.

The lady hesitated; the colour mantled up on her cheeks; she shook her head as though about to answer in the negative; but she replied, "Yes—that is, I did—slightly—very slightly—years ago."

"You seem to know his character."

"Oh, his is a character easily read; and I am quick at reading characters." The emphasis on the last word, and the look which accompanied it, effectually silenced D'Almayne.

From that time all seemed to go on quietly at the Hall. A stranger looking at the party as they sat quietly by the evening fireside, or clustered around the table, or strolled along the walks, would have noted nothing particular. The volcano which has been still for ages, around whose sides vines have climbed and forests grown up, and on whose rocky terraces gardens have been planted and cottages built, looks peaceful enough; but there is that in its bosom which may some day pour red hot lava over the fertility which it has suffered to surround it. The lake which looks so placid and calm to-day, sleeping in the bright sunbeams, and giving back the unclouded heavens and the ray-gilded cliffs, was yesterday black as ink, and troubled as an unquiet conscience. Even now, in its depths, the waters were wearing and chafing against the whitening bones of those who trusted to its serenity and were destroyed by its rage. If we could only look below into the volcano, or into the lake, or into the heart, what should we see? If we could but realise the old fable, and put a window in every man's breast! Well, perhaps it is better that we can-

not. We should not shake hands with so many people. But the novelist is privileged to peep into the heart—to peel off its outer husk of composure—to turn back its thin veil of sincerity—to watch the chamber where thoughts are distilled—to touch the chords and listen to hear whether they ring out true concords or jarring discords of falsehood. It is only the novelist who may do it. If you knew those whom he describes—if you knew yourself—perhaps, you would not bear it even from him. It might touch you and yours too nearly; but fictitious personages—those whom you do not know—are only marionettes you know upon a puppet stage, and you may apply their history, or not apply it, as you please.

We do not wish to dive very deeply into old Crane. He was mainly surface; few, if any depths to dive into there. Love for his wealth, and pride in his wealth, and satisfaction with himself for being wealthy—admiration of his wife's beauty, contentment at having secured such a matrimonial prize, and awe at her energetic nature and keen intellect—a sort of contempt for D'Almayne because he was poor, and yet a sense of his usefulness: these were just now the springs of Crane's life—the fountains at which his mind sipped. Alice is as easy to read; not because she is so shallow, but because she is so transparent. There is not a wish in her heart—not a thought in her brain—which she would not tell to the winds, though she were sure that the winds would whisper it again to every human being. But Kate! there is a whirlwind in the heart of Kate, as she sits abstracted, noticing no one—tracing with her foot the pattern in the carpet and playing restlessly with her hand with the tassel of the sofa cushion. You do see it in her eyes, as she lifts them to answer a casual remark of Miss Crofton—though, perhaps, there are slightly marked dull circles round them, and her cheeks are pale; but then Kate has a headache. What suffering, in the way of mental torture, a headache often covers! Miss Crofton guesses there is something more than a headache, and guesses pretty near the truth; but Kate has not been confidential with her, and there is a line drawn somewhere between them, which neither passes over. But Miss Crofton knows that Arthur Hazlehurst has been there, and Arthur has gone to see what can be done in Harry's case, and to arrange for his return from Boulogne. Kate was thinking how kind and tender Arthur was to Alice, and how proud and indifferent and distant to her. How he called her Mrs. Crane—not Kate, as he used to do; and she acted the same part to him, though she felt as though she were upon the rack, and knew that he felt so too. Well may Kate's head ache, while she dreams of a home that might have been—a home not so gilded as hers—humbler but happier—a home, perchance, with a young child's voice making music in it; and she shudders as she looks at the yellow old cotton-spinner, and hopes that the child's voice may never be heard in her house. There are more tragedies than those which are put upon the stage—tragedies which are not spoken nor acted, but felt and endured and done. Oh her head! Kate felt—and she plucked at the tassel so fiercely, that it came off in her hand—that there might be one in which she would play a part; but she checked the thought, and getting up, kissed Alice tenderly, and, pleading illness as an excuse for going so early to bed, retired. Mr. Crane would have accompanied her, but she en-

treated him not. The entreaty sounded very much like a command—she would be better alone—and she went alone.

Miss Crofton was amusing Mr. Crane—she had been very attentive to Mr. Crane of late. D'Almayne was hanging over Alice, who, happy at the prospect she thought she saw of returning happiness, was laughing merrily at the sallies of the clever fop. D'Almayne had been instructed by Miss Crofton to be very attentive to Alice. What motive Miss Crofton had, he did not know; but at all events it squared well with his own inclinations, and he obeyed.

"Mr. Crane," said Miss Crofton, "Mrs. Coverdale does not seem to feel the absence of her husband much. See," and she directed Mr. Crane's attention to where Alice and D'Almayne sat.

"When we first came she was quite melancholy—quite ill, in fact," said Crane.

"I dare say," simpered Miss Crofton; "but Mr. D'Almayne seems to work wonders, does he not? Don't you think he's very handsome? I declare, if I did not know Mrs. Coverdale was married, I should think—" and she raised her eyebrows and pursed up her mouth, and left old Crane to finish the sentence—and he did finish it to himself with a vengeance. He thought how lucky he had been to escape Alice and how fortunate to get Kate, who did not laugh and joke with D'Almayne, but kept him at a proper distance, as the wife of a rich man ought to keep a poor dependent. If Crane could have seen below as we have—but perhaps it was as well for Crane that he had no more eyes than his neighbours.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DECEIT AND CRIME.

D'ALMAYNE slept in the room precisely opposite to Miss Crofton. Alice had gone to bed. Miss Crofton and Mr. Crane were engaged, the former in teaching, the latter learning the game of chess, as a way of finishing the evening, and D'Almayne went to bed for lack of better employment. Miss Crofton's chamber door was ajar;—D'Almayne took no notice of it at first, but then he was seized with that sort of objectless curiosity which belongs rather to a woman than a man—(D'Almayne was an effeminate man). He gently pushed the door and entered. There was nothing particular in the room. It was just an ordinary chamber; and after glancing at the toilet apparatus, he was about to withdraw, when, upon a small table, he saw Miss Crofton's writing-desk, and, what was more, the key in the lock.

If D'Almayne had not seen that! What heaps of things in this world hang upon "ifs!" If he had not, this chapter of this history would not have been written. But he did see it, and his curiosity at once took a defined form. He might penetrate Miss Crofton's secrets. He might get her into his power as she had got him into hers. Gently he turned the key and raised the lid. A letter was lying there. It was directed to "H. Coverdale, Esq.," at Boulogne. What would D'Almayne have given for a peep at its contents! but it was sealed. As he turned it over there was the red wax impressed with the boldly-cut initials "A. C.," as impervious as Miss Crofton her-

self. That thin seal of yielding materials was a barrier as impassable as a stone wall—one of those barriers which society raises up and gives strength to for its own protection; for society, which seems so fair and open, has need of silence with her sealed lips. Society would be in danger of falling to pieces if all the secrets which seals guard were noised abroad. Therefore society does wisely when it gives conventional strength to wax.

D'Almayne looked at the address again, as though that would tell him something; but it only told him what a bold hand that woman wrote—round and firm, and bold and decided, as that of a strong-willed man; not one of those triangular pieces of writing which young ladies are trained to scrawl, and out of which all “character” is taken. There is something, after all, in handwriting as a means of divining mind; and so even Horace D'Almayne thought, as he looked at the free dashing letters, and thought of Miss Crofton. He put the letter down—down on what? On blotting paper. Blotting paper—well, what of that? This, that the moment he saw the blotting paper a new thought flashed through his mind. He took it up; it was nearly a new sheet. It had evidently only been used once, probably to dry the ink in that very letter. Thanks to Miss Crofton's bold handwriting, there were a good many words almost perfect, but of course reversed. D'Almayne took it to the looking glass, and held it before the mirror. Then he had no difficulty in making out his own name—there it was, plain enough. Then he traced such words as “honour,” “wife,” and in one place what he was sure was “galleys,” and a date—that date Miss Crofton mentioned when in the park. He would have spelled out more, but he heard a door open, and hastily replacing the paper and relocking the desk he went stealthily to his own room, and peeping through the keyhole saw Miss Crofton retire for the night.

D'Almayne did not go to bed early that night. He strode up and down his room, with a face in which fear, shame, perplexity, and hate were contending for mastery. More than once he opened his door; once he went so far as that of Miss Crofton, and listened, but he came back again. At last, as though worn out, he threw himself into an easy chair, and leaned his whole face upon his hand. He had settled to think Miss Crofton had denounced him, that was plain. Why, that was not so plain. She had been asking for Coverdale's address;—she had made him get it from Alice. That was what she wanted it for. Alice, ah!—he remembered the words, “wife,” “honour”—he remembered too that Miss Crofton, under the pretence of wishing to keep Kate more apart from Alice, had told him to be very attentive to the latter. He recollected, also, Miss Crofton's manner when she spoke of Coverdale in the park. Quickly he put these scattered hints together, as few but those who weave subtle schemes themselves can do. He saw it all. Miss Crofton loved Harry Coverdale, wished to separate him from his wife, was making him a tool to arouse the husband's jealousy, was fixing the suspicion by revealing his true character—yes, he saw it all. What could he do? He might have gone—but that did not enter his mind. It was the most obvious course, but the subtlest men are just those who are slow to see or take obvious courses. And if he had thought of it, those who know how an adventurer will fight for a

position, and struggle to retain it, will understand how unwilling he would have been to seek safety from disgrace in flight. No; he was piqued at being duped, deceived, taken in;—his hate was aroused, and he would fight it out. He must prevent that letter from reaching its destination. How was he to do that? Probably Miss Crofton would not send it to the post with the other letters from the house. She would not excite suspicion by its being known that she was writing to Mr. Coverdale. He would watch her. Not a movement of hers should escape him. That it should not go, he was determined. And for her—he would think. The stoppage of that letter would only be a temporary escape. He must be safe, permanently safe. He would—he clenched his hand and left the thought unfinished, except by a malediction, and went to bed.

D'Almayne did watch Miss Crofton the next morning, as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse. Notwithstanding he was so late in bed he was up with the dawn. He listened an hour or more for the opening of his neighbour's door; he heard it open; he caught the rustle of the gown descending the staircase. He entered the room. The desk was locked—the key gone. Was the letter there? He went down, that question racking his brain. He found Miss Crofton at the breakfast table, as smiling and open as ever; and he emulated her good temper. People often wonder that deceit is practised; it is so hard, they say. Poets say so, too. Foolish people! foolish poets! it is easy, far too easy; so easy that there are few who do not use more or less of it. Nothing so easy, at least for a time. The worst of it is, that it does not wear well. Of course people will say that is cynical. D'Almayne would, and so would Miss Crofton. Perhaps it is cynical, but it is also true, "more's the pity." All unconsciously Miss Crofton sat in her deceit, little thinking that it was seen through—little dreaming of blotting paper revelations, with the letter in her pocket. Yes, when she kissed Alice with more than usual tenderness, and hoped Mr. D'Almayne was well with extra cordiality, she had that letter, denouncing and betraying Alice, in her pocket. D'Almayne knew it. Miss Crofton had a pocket—not one of the old-fashioned pockets our grandmothers used to wear, supplementary pouches, hung in some unknown region below the dress, and only reached by the wearer, after various grotesque stoopings and twistings and divings—but a modern pocket, let into the dress. Unaware that a pair of the sharpest eyes in the world were upon her, she had pulled out her pocket handkerchief, and with it a part of the letter. The latter was quickly replaced, but D'Almayne had seen it. That was one step toward his object. He thought at first to pick the lady's pocket, but then she would miss the letter and write another, so that there would be nothing gained. He would wait and see.

The letters came in from the post—one for D'Almayne. He read it—said he thought he should have to go to London to meet a friend. He was not certain—he had not quite made up his mind whether that day or the next. Could some one drive him over?—That was soon settled; one of Mr. Crane's servants was to go over to Hogswell that afternoon to make some purchases, and he could take the chaise.

Miss Crofton was very sly—she had a headache that morning.



It came on suddenly after Mr. D'Almayne had announced his intention of going to London; so after breakfast she went to her room. Mr. D'Almayne went to his room also, to make preparations, of course, for his journey. He had an odd way of making preparations. He made them by watching at the door with his eye to the keyhole. Yes, he thought so—Miss Crofton's door opened, and Miss Crofton herself, without her headache, but with her shawl and bonnet, ready for walking, came out, and tripped down stairs. D'Almayne was on her traces in an instant. Miss Crofton was only going to get a mouthful of fresh air. So she told Mrs. Crane's maid whom she met in the hall. D'Almayne heard her. Out into the park. Not a nice morning for walking—quite as likely to get a mouthful of fog as a mouthful of fresh air. Miss Crofton did not seem to mind that. Up the avenue to a side path which led across to the servants' offices at the back of the house. Miss Crofton had a fancy for walking in the direction of the servants' offices. After her from tree to tree, noiseless as a snake, wily as a Red Indian, glided D'Almayne. He was right. She is at the servant's offices. She found Mr. Crane's man—she gives him (D'Almayne, from an angle in the wall, sees it) a letter—the letter he is sure. Now he breathes again—the rest is comparatively easy. He does not trouble himself to watch Miss Crofton any further. He regained the house and his room, and began his preparations this time in reality. Among the things he packed in his small trunks were a case of small neat-looking tools, some springs, a wheel or two not much larger than those of a watch, and some lengths of fine chain. What did he want with them? Well, Mr. D'Almayne was, among his other accomplishments, by no means a contemptible mechanic, as his friends knew. He could mend the lock of a lady's work-box, put a watch to rights, construct models, and do fifty other handy things; possibly, if he had a few minutes to spare in London, he might amuse himself in that way.

Mr. D'Almayne was driven to the station that afternoon, driven too by Mr. Crane's man, to whom Miss Crofton had given the letter. He should be back next day, or next day but one at the farthest, and hoped—this was with his softest smile—that he should find Miss Crofton as beautiful and blooming as ever; and Miss Crofton laughed her silveriest laugh, and was sure, whatever she might be, Mr. D'Almayne would come back as gallant and polite as ever. That is how friends part, and (though deceit is so hard) enemies too sometimes.

Driving into Hogswell the man, who was a stranger to the place, asked D'Almayne where the post-office was, as he had a letter to post. D'Almayne did not know, but would look out. There it was—the Royal Arms, the Rampant Lion, and the Fabulous Unicorn, over a chandler's shop, with a wooden panel and a slit in the window. We wonder the Royal Arms were not ashamed to be seen in such company, but they were not; and Mrs. Cummins, the post-mistress, was not a little proud of them. She had not a coat-of-arms of her own, and she did not want one. While she was so respectably furnished by the government, she could afford to snap her fingers at the Herald's College.

"Just hold the reins a moment, please Sir, while I get down and post the letter," said the man.

"Here, I am nearest," said D'Almayne, in the most natural manner possible; "give it me, I'll put it in;" and taking the letter he appeared to put it in, and then withdrew it beneath his cloak and remounted the chaise. "Now drive on, my good fellow, or we shall be late."

He had got the letter; but he did not know that Mrs. Cummins herself, watchful as a woman ought to be who guards royal interest, was peeping unseen through a pane from between half a cheese and a canister of tea, and saw that he did not put in the letter; and when he had read the epistle in the train, and found his suspicions confirmed by the blotting paper revelations enlarged, the post-mistress was wondering who the handsome gentleman with "mustaches" was who got out of Mr. Coverdale's chaise and didn't put a letter in the post, and why he did not, and the widow mentally made a note of the mystery, when her attention was called off by a large order for a quarter of a pound of soap, as a thing for future gossip and inquiry.

The next day brought Mr. D'Almayne back, and he found Miss Crofton more than ordinarily blooming, if that were possible—at least so he averred; and Miss Crofton believed he had grown in courtesy—at least so she said. He was pleased to hear that Captain Snawley bade fair to be on his legs again soon, and that the captain had given his assurance that Harry Coverdale had nothing to fear from him or his friends, and that Harry himself might be expected home in a week or a fortnight at latest. In fact Mr. D'Almayne was in an excellent temper, as a man ought to be among his friends, and exerted himself to the utmost to please everybody, Miss Crofton particularly, and succeeded to admiration. Alice laughed till her sides ached. Mr. Crane thought him vastly clever, and thought all the better of money which could buy such cleverness. Miss Crofton declared he was "the drollest creature in the world;" and even Kate, won for a moment from her gloom (her headache still continued), rewarded the elegant wit with a faint smile, and the farce was played out till bedtime; and then, perhaps, the thoughts of some people partook more of tragedy than comedy. Miss Crofton thought of the scene there would be in a day or two. She was sure the letter had gone, for the man had told her he had posted it; he did not tell her that he did it by an agent, or that might have diminished the certainty, even though the agent was her friend Mr. D'Almayne. D'Almayne thought of what he had done in London, and how Miss Crofton would be affected by it. Alice slept as trusting innocence sleeps; Crane snored as rich men have a right to do after their wine, and Kate tossed and tumbled by his side with thoughts which we hope few wives are kept awake by.

The next was an eventful morning—a marked day. If we were only painting for effect without regard to truth, we should make it a gloomy towering morning, the black clouds filling up the sky as though frowning at the sin below. A real novelist has such a love for "keeping" and "fitness," that the temptation would be irresistible. But we are not novelists. We are doing, as we said before, a bit of history; and we have it upon the best of authority, backed by the prediction in Francis Moore's almanac for that year, which we have consulted, that that particular 5th of November was as bright a day as the

boys who indulge in guys and bonfires could desire—a little frosty, the ground crisp, the window-panes in the chambers crusted over with those arabesques which our old uncle used to tell us “Jack Frost” made—the sky as blue as midsummer, and the sun as bright if not as warm as June, glowing through the casement and nearly putting out the fire by which the party sat at breakfast. And the spirits of most of them, catching their tone from the atmosphere, were unclouded as the sky and as bright as the sun. Perhaps also the hearts of some of them were cold as well as bright, like the winter rays which gave light but only simulated heat. Miss Crofton was in especially good spirits. There was always a glow of life in her, but now it fairly blazed out in raillery and repartee rivalling D’Almayne himself. The letters came as usual, and with them a parcel for Miss Crofton; a parcel neatly and strongly done up, and tied and directed in characters not written but printed.

Who could it be from? Miss Crofton could not guess; she knew so few people in England. She had been so long away, that the few she did know must have nearly forgotten her; and then none of them were aware of her whereabouts. Well, it was there, and she would see what it was. “Perhaps some present from an old lover. Eh! Mr. D’Almayne?”

Mr. D’Almayne did not answer. He had gone to the further end of the room, and at a window was absorbed in his letter. It absorbed his attention, it was so interesting; though any one who watched him might have seen his black eye, a little more restless than usual, glance off the page now and then sideways at the box and Miss Crofton.

That lady snipped the string which bound the packet, unrolled one covering, then another—“very carefully packed upon my word!”—and at last uncovered a small ebony cabinet, beautifully inlaid, and of somewhat ancient make. “Well,” she said, taking the key, a bright new one, out of its foldings of tissue paper, “my unknown lover has taste. If the inside be only as pretty as the outside, I shall hope to hear from him again.” The key turned easily, the bolt shot back, the lid lifted rather stiffly. Miss Crofton stooped to push it up, while Alice leaned over from the other side of the table watching the lid come up. There was a slight click—then a loud report—a shrill scream, and Miss Crofton lay dead before the box.

Alice fainted. Crane threw himself upon the carpet as though in dread of another explosion. Kate, followed by D’Almayne, rushed to the spot. He lifted Miss Crofton. The blood was trickling from two wounds, one in the eye, the other a little above the brow. In two minutes more a man was galloping to Hogswell for Dr. McIntyre. As fast as a horse could bring him, the doctor came. He looked at the body. They were two pistol shots, he said, and death must have been instantaneous.

Dead! Kate could scarcely believe it, and Crane, hardly recovered from his horror, could not comprehend it—so few minutes before so full of life and health and mirth! D’Almayne was cooler, but still deep in astonishment and grief. Dead, and how! The cabinet was a beautifully constructed infernal machine; fixed to the bottom

on swivels were two small pistols, the muzzles pointing to where the lid opened; beneath these barrels were springs, which, as the lid raised, pushed up the weapons; stretching from the lid to the triggers were two fine steel chains, which, passing over pulleys, ensured the pistols, ready cocked as they had been, being discharged when the box was opened. Poor Arabella, the box from "an old lover," as she imagined, was a fatal gift; and when she snipped the string which bound it, the Fates were busy with their shears at her life thread.

There was a coroner's inquest of course, and the jury had the benefit of the evidence of Mr. Crane and Mr. D'Almayne; the coroner, with that delicacy for which coroners are remarkable, suggesting that they "might dispense with the evidence of the ladies, whose feelings were no doubt sufficiently harrowed by the melancholy and distressing event;" a suggestion the jury agreed to unanimously, it being scarcely a disturbance of their unanimity that Mr. Lather, the barber, whispered to Mr. Bull, the butcher, who sat next him, that he thought "as how they ought to know all about it," a desire which, though perfectly constitutional, so excited the ire of Mr. Bull, that he only answered with an emphatic grunt of disgust and a dig of his elbow, which left Mr. Lather no breath for further objection at the moment. The gentlemen told the jury all they knew, which, it appeared, was somewhat less than the reader is already aware of. The parish constable produced the box and testified to his want of any clue to the sender. The jury viewed the body, Mr. Bull remarking that "them wounds would a' killed an ox;" and the jury inspected the machine, the foreman, a locksmith of Hogswell, declaring it was "very neat and ingenus—very," and giving it as his private opinion that "the fellow as made that had a head on—he had," a proposition which appeared so reasonable that it passed undisputed. Here the coroner summed up, and a verdict was returned of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown;" and the matter ended—or rather another phase of it began.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE FERRET AT WORK.

THE Home Secretary, in bills bearing the royal arms, thought proper to offer a hundred pounds' reward for the apprehension of "the offender or offenders," who, &c., and Mr. Crane added another hundred to the Government offer. One of the results was, that Mr. Timothy Cuff, a sharp detective officer, laid himself down to the work. Mr. Cuff was a man who was neither tall nor short, but stout and strong, as a man who has to deal with murderers and thieves ought to be. Mr. Cuff had a face which put you in mind of a bulldog's—a little sharpened up and refined and humanized, as it were. Mr. Cuff had a low, broad—very broad forehead, and huge projecting eyebrows, and a large square head, with plenty of space behind the ears. Mr. Cuff had a voice which seemed to come with a rumbling sound from anywhere than from his mouth, and you rather thought that he was speaking to you out of his little grey eyes, which

twinkled under their bushy brows. Mr. Cuff had not the reputation of being quick—indeed, as he said himself, he did not “purfess to be”—but he had the merit of being sure. For a cold scent and a long job, which wanted patient working, there was nobody like Cuff. “He aint a man what goes any remarkable pace,” Mr. Sharples, a brother officer, remarked; “but when he’s once on, there aint a caper going as’ll stall him off.” We may imagine Mr. Cuff, then, at his work.

The next morning after that on which the bill was posted Mr. Cuff was at the park. Shifting the bit of straw which he carried in his mouth from the middle to one corner, for the convenience of speaking, he asked Wilkins, who opened the door, if anybody was in. After informing Wilkins, who since the murder was cautious of strangers, that he was “a hoffer,” and had come about “that job,” Mr. Cuff, after a slight delay, was shown into a room, not *the* room, where the party had just finished breakfast.

Mr. Cuff was a polite man. He hoped—moving the straw for the purpose—that he “didn’t intrude,” and wasn’t “hobnoxious;” during which apology he was making a mental sketch of everybody in the room, and taking an inventory of the furniture. That done, and receiving an assurance that he should receive all possible assistance, he proceeded with his examination, watching the lips, not the eyes, of everybody who spoke, as though the mouth would tell him as much as the words. He seemed to pay more attention to D’Almayne than anyone else, probably because that gentleman seemed more collected than the others. This was shown by—as it happened once or twice, when somebody else was speaking—D’Almayne beginning a word, when the officer, turning quickly to him, said, “You was going to say something, Sir.” After all the information was exhausted, Mr. Cuff asked whether the lady had any correspondents, and was told not since she had been there. Whether she had written to anybody. No one had seen her write. “And this you say isn’t the actual room.” No, it was the breakfast room, opening out of the hall. “Werry good,” said Cuff; “then if I may trouble ye, perhaps ye’ll obleege me by letting me see the werry room, and you in it, just as you was. It may help and it mayn’t, but it gives a man ideers to see things as they actually was, or leastwise as near it as possible.” So the party adjourned to the breakfast room, and took up their places as on the fatal morning; Mr. Cuff not only taking note of all, but taking a rough plan, with their names, in a huge pocket-book. “Thank you, gentlemen and ladies all,” said Mr. Cuff, “I think that’s all—No, by-the-bye, there’s *jest* one thing. Can anybody tell me what that box was like?” Neither Alice nor Kate nor Mr. Crane could, but D’Almayne did, not superficially but thoroughly, even drawing a sketch of it on a piece of paper, which Mr. Cuff deposited among other documents in his pocket-book. Then, after a glass of brandy, which Mr. Cuff preferred to wine—it agreeing, he said, with his constitution better—and begging a lift back to Hogs-well, which was “a precious long walk,” a request which was complied with by an order that the chaise-cart should be placed at his disposal, Mr. Cuff bowed himself out among the servants. From them he did not obtain anything worth adding to his stock of information, and so he mounted the chaise-cart, which, as it happened,



Mr. Crane's man—the very man who was entrusted with the letter—was to drive.

*(To be continued.)*

## HOPE.

When Pandora's box was opened, and all the evils which have since waged war with human happiness were unpacked and scattered hither and thither, to work whatever mischief they would, at the bottom appeared a little being with a bright smiling face; and, announcing herself by the name of "Hope," promised to set all these things to rights. The disclosure which the ill-fated box displayed was, in all truth, an unsightly mass to gaze upon; and, as the wee-begone spectators turned this way and that, in their utter confusion, they listened gladly to the little voice which said, "Yes, yes, it is an unsightly array; yet never mind, I promise you to set all to rights—but—" Immediately there arose from the bulk of her auditors such murmurs of satisfaction, interspersed with a few expressions of glowing gratitude, that the remainder of her address was lost to all but a few—a very few—so few indeed that when, after some degree of order had been restored, they repeated her words for the benefit of their rejoicing brethren, they gained but a careless hearing, for every one said, "I, and I, and I was present, and I heard nothing of this." While not a large proportion, though still too numerous a party, had so abandoned themselves to their vain regrets, on the issue of such a dark series of calamities that, amidst their own groans and lamentations, the cheering words of Hope had never reached their ears; and when, at length, they did observe the wonderful change in the deportment and countenance of their lately weeping friends, they concluded they had turned mad with grief; and, shedding fresh tears for the supposed fresh calamity, each betook himself away to some solitary spot, where, undisturbed and in silence, he might brood over the sorrows of his bitter destiny.

But there was some reason, too, for this desponding brotherhood imagining that a spirit of madness had fallen upon the community; for the expressions of their joy were extremely extravagant (always excepting the few who had heard the concluding words of the bright little spirit's address). "Hopo," they declared, "had promised to put all things to rights; to overthrow, to nullify the power of these evils, and they trusted her implicitly." Alas, poor deluded mortals!

Here a bold, enterprising youth, in a flimsy bark, which should have only dared to venture upon a smiling sea, launched forth upon the waters, while the wind was rising fast and the angry clouds plainly predicted a coming tempest. "Hope," he said, "assured him that he should triumph over the storm," so he launched his bark and perished in the waves. There, warm-hearted enthusiasm entered the pest-house to relieve the sufferings of its inmates, but trusting to the promises of Hope, took no precaution against infection, and fell a victim to the plague. The soldier, as he rashly numbered to-morrow's battle among the victories of the past, bounding with Hope, rushed, half unarmed, to meet a wary foe, and bowed his dishonoured head to receive the yoke of his opponent. The hopeful student glanced lightly over the task, whose success was to seal his fate for life; and trusting to the Hope which had promised to smoothe the rugged path of learning, and give him the triumphant prize, stood boldly before his stern examiner, but soon retired abashed before less gifted competitors.

Thus, by and bye, they all found that too much faith had been placed in the promises of Hope. Loud lamentations were again heard and bitter accusations breathed against the fair deceiver. Her beauty was pronounced to be but painted charms; her silvery voice but as the voice of the syren, which only allured the listener to his own destruction; and bitter maledictions were pronounced upon the name of false, deceitful Hope. A few, it is true, still adhered to the worship of their fair divinity; like the too faithful lover, who still pays his homage to the mistress who has often deceived him, and who, he grants you, may deceive again. But "Hope," they said, "appeared so beautiful they loved her still; and, if deceived, it was happiness to be deceived by one so fair." Alas, poor enthusiasts! A vast number, however, sided with the melancholy crew who had never heard her voice; and as "fair, deceitful Hope," she became branded by the world at large.

The world is capricious.

A party, ere long, appeared in her favour. They were a set of men of, at first sight, no very remarkable appearance. Neither stern nor gay, their countenance showed the traces of deep, but not severe thought, while a calm expression of happiness beamed from their eye and rested on their mouth, and their firmly closed lips displayed energy and resolution. Their limbs, while perhaps not possessed of much grace, were robust and well-formed, while their whole frame bespoke men who had laboured resolutely and perhaps in the face of opposing difficulties; while an air of contentment in their countenances plainly told that they had laboured successfully. Hope smiled serenely, as she gazed upon her champions; and well might she smile; for they looked like men who would engage in no undertaking till they had examined their means of accomplishing it; but who, having done so, would peril life and limb to gain their end, and never cease their efforts or abandon their cause till their labours were crowned with success.

Their leader, having called an assembly of the malcontents, in the Town-hall of the world, took his place on a slightly elevated platform, and prepared to address the crowd. He was distinguished from his party only by a more resolute air, and a frame which seemed to be more hardened by toil than that of his followers. It is whispered that he had hewn a passage through the rocky mountains of prejudice, and opened a highway through regions once supposed to be inaccessible. He has never, however, been heard to assert the fact himself; but as, in the society of which he is chief, it is considered disgraceful to boast, or even speak of their exploits, unless they are mentioned as an example or encouragement to the weak, his own silence does not for a moment argue the incorrectness of the rumour.

Having with some difficulty succeeded in procuring silence and gaining the attention of the assembly, he spoke as follows:—

“You are all loud in your clamours against our mistress, Hope, whom you accuse of having deceived you with empty promises, which she knew, even when she uttered them, to be altogether false; but, if you examine the matter fairly, you may perhaps discover that the error lies at your own door, in having yourselves failed to fulfil the conditions upon which she promised to repair the evils of our altered state. You look amazed at the mention of ‘conditions’—you never heard of such—here then you were at fault; for clearly and distinctly did she state conditions, which your own impatient eagerness alone prevented your hearing. ‘I will repair these evils,’ said Hope; ‘but you must all patiently, resolutely, and perseveringly contend against them yourselves. Your own exertions, without my aid, would avail but little; yet my countenance, without your own labours, would be equally ineffectual. *Spare no toil, and hope for every success.*’ These were cheering words, and we who now support her claims heard them in grateful silence, and treasured them in the depths of our hearts: we weighed their import—prepared ourselves for our work, and success has finally crowned every effort. Amidst dangers and difficulties, repeated disappointments, darkness and uncertainty, Hope still cheered us on, for we remembered her words and believed her promises—and the result has proved them true.

“You, my friends, have mistaken the language of our mistress; but it is not yet too late to retrieve your error—receive the interpretation of us, who, from long intercourse, have learned to read her every glance. When her promises were given, she knew that God had bestowed on you the noble gift of reason, and did not suppose that, casting the precious boon aside, you would idly fold your hands, and yield unresistingly to the current of events, or rush rashly and unprepared to seize the object of your desires, expecting *her* to do the work which you were sent on earth to do yourselves. The wild and headlong youth who has squandered his rich patrimony, tells us that he is poor to-day because disappointed of the inheritance which he had hoped to receive from his wealthy relative, and he brands Hope with deceit because a dotard was capricious; or, as is yet more probable, because the good old man had found an heir more worthy of his lands.

“You who have chanced to hear how riches have fallen suddenly and unexpectedly into the lap of the indigent, have sat down in your poverty to dream, to wish, and, you dare say, to *hope* that such too may be your favoured lot; you have been disappointed, and you call Hope deceitful. Rash men! she promised you no unearned treasure, nor undertook to work a miracle in your behalf. Up, and move your sluggish limbs, exercise them in your trade, and apply your minds to the task; and then, indeed, if Hope promises you wealth, believe the tale. She asks no credence to aught which your reason cannot approve, but reason opposes not the hope which promised to repay your honest industry. Does the husbandman

who has not sowed his field expect the autumn to yield its harvest? So do not you, who live in indolence, expect the rewards of the industrious, nor imagine that Hope has ever promised their honours to you. A vain dream of the imagination may have told you some such tale; the guilt of the deception, then, lies not upon Hope, but rather on the disease of your own fevered brain. Look well, I counsel you, to these day dreams, for they carry poison in their words. Few, indeed, are there who have never felt their power; yea, the wisest and the best have yielded oftentimes to their influence, as they hasten along, leading a train of insidious delusions. Their presence is sweet; they allure the mind to far-off scenes of joy and gladness which their victim may never behold; they tell of the return of the absent till we almost think them by our side, and our ear fancies it can hear the sound of their distant voices; it speaks of peace between the friends of years whom one idle word hath parted for ever; it gives health to the cheek on which the hand of death hath plainly set his irrevocable seal; it tells the exile of a return to the home from which his crimes (it may be) or his evil fortunes have banished him for ever; it tells—oh, how many thousand well-wrought falsehoods crowd around us in our day-dreams, and we vainly deem that Hope has promised the fulfilment of our visions! Alas, weak man! it is not so. These are not her fair promises. If thou wouldst be reconciled to thy severed friend, seek to appease his wrath before thou hope for his pardon; if thou wouldst return to the home from which thy crimes have banished thee, seek to forsake the path of evil and to repair its consequences ere thou hope, to be restored to thy native land. Hope not against the laws of nature, nor expect a reversal of her decrees in thy behalf; but set before thee a worthy aim, aspire to a reasonable goal, and then hope for success to crown the efforts of unwearied and persevering exertions. Suppress the vain tumults of an excited brain, which would exhaust your energies with their own violence before you had put your hand to the work. Consider the path before you, and then hasten on your journey, but expect not to pluck fruit from off an infant tree.

“Hope, though she extends not her hand to do our work, yet lends us aid in various forms. From her, and from her alone, do we receive the precious gift of perseverance, the want of which has brought to an untimely end many a well-formed scheme, and formed, too, by men who possessed every talent needful to the accomplishment of their aim. Why, then, you justly ask, have they so miserably failed? or, rather, you say, a deceitful hope had promised them too much, and when at length they discovered the imposture, justly disheartened, they cast their work aside, and folding their arms awaited with affected indifference the varied fate which chance might bring. Dastardly men! why did your hopes fail, and how came your perseverance to be so speedily exhausted? Because you set forth on your journey ere you had considered the route or prepared your travelling equipage—you commenced your work ere you had provided yourself with your tools, or measured your strength against your labours—you found these far beyond what you had anticipated, and were unprepared with means to meet each varied emergency—you grew wearied with your task, disheartened by discouragements and repulses on which you had not calculated, and your perseverance failed you at the moment when it was most needed—you abandoned your enterprise, and, because yourself unfitted for its accomplishment, accused Hope of deceit; whereas success was promised, only upon conditions which you had failed to fulfil.

“The schemes of talent, the enterprises of genius, have failed ten thousand times, and ten thousand times their attempts may fail again; but to perseverance the victory has rarely been denied; her industry can supply the lack of talents, for what has not been given will be taken by force, where the employment of force does honour to the combatant; her penetrating eye will discover a friend, where the assisting hand of friendship is indispensable (for how are we all dependant on the bountiful offices of our fellow mortals); her inexhaustible ingenuity will continually devise some new expedient where the past have failed; her energy recruit her failing powers till she gathers fresh strength, even from defeat; she will seize opportunity where it occurs, and make it where it does not, and she will advance steadily along, unheeding the voices which invite her attention to other pursuits than those which she had set before her, if the attention lent to them might threaten to check her in her chosen career; for to her one definite end will all other things be made subservient, and that perseverance, which hope alone has supported and upheld, will at length rejoice in its well-earned triumph.

“But, alas!” and the countenance of the speaker assumed for a moment an air of sternness and severity, which however soon gave place to a benignant aspect of pity—“alas! I beheld a dark and mournful group, on whose sad faces rests a

sullen cloud, as though their darkened fate had never once been soothed or lightened by a moment's joy—are these beings men—and men too, formed to drink water from the streams of happiness, which are flowing freely around, and to sip from the cup of pleasure which is offered to the lips of all? Yea! they call themselves men, but they wear the garments of spirits from the dark regions of despair. On the countenances of some is written, by the finger of pride, a sullen gloom, which rejoices (if such beings can know even an approach to joy) in stirring up its sorrows and brooding over fancied wrongs; who seem as though, if happiness were offered for their acceptance, in stern and moody pride, they would dash away the hand which offered them the boon. 'There is no hope,' say they, 'in the world; our bitter fate is but to draw along a hard existence, whose end and monotony is only! varied by the varying form which the evil may delight itself to assume, and whose end is a dreary blank, a leap into a dark unknown future.'\* Proud men look up and around! Behold the birds of the air rejoicing in their heaven upon earth; and art thou less nobly formed than they, less capable of happiness? Even amid the gloom of winter, their music is not totally hushed, for their instinct teaches them there is a spring at hand, and in the bright hope of that coming spring they sing forth their lays of joy; but thou hast received a better gift than instinct, thou hast reason to show thee a path to happiness, while the feathered people of the air must await in patience till their spring arrives. Say not, 'Why should I, or I, or I, do thus, or thus, or thus, and so win a portion which might chance to repay my toil?' Look not at the lot of others like thyself, who loved to lie still, and like some senseless thing at fortune's feet await the issue of her caprice. But look rather at the successful ones around, and seek to emulate their deeds. Again, ye say, 'There is no hope!' Behold her at one side! She is not partial in her smiles or favours. She gives us, it is true, no more than these—these smiles, and words of sweet encouragement; but these are sufficient to nerve us for our work. She points the way and cheers us on; we love, her for we have ever found her true. Oh what is life without her? Ye, who have scorned her friendship and denied her claims, what have been your enjoyments? Your daily work is felt but as a daily task, rather than as a constant and unfailing fountain of pleasure, for the labours inspired by hope are sweetened with the nectar of heaven, distant and uncertain evils assume the form of present and existing calamities; but hope will tell you that the sorrow may not come, or if it does, assures you of the strength to meet, and it may be to reverse, its sentence. Listen, then, to the words of hope—fulfil her conditions and receive her promises.

"Alas, alas! ye who scorn her, wherefore do ye thus? What a fountain of happiness is at your hand, though ye never taste its waters! No marvel, truly, that your nerveless arm soon falls exhausted by your side, and fails to perform its daily work. Ha! I hear ye rattle your sabres, I see ye look proudly around as ye clench your hands upon your daggers' hilts, and ye would tell me of the brilliant achievements of despair. I gainsay ye not—dazzling, noble, great have been her exploits; but alas! her prowess is only the strength of the maniac, which exhausts itself with its own force, and, perishing in its work, lives not to reap the fruit of its labour. It endures but for a day, and the task which was laid down incomplete at night, it has no power to resume upon the morrow, for the frenzy of excitement has passed away, and its strength existed only in the moment of delirium.

"But the strength which the spirit of hope imparts, so far from wasting by exertion, increases while we use it. It is calm, endearing, patient, therefore it can never fail. Ha! do I see smiles struggling with the tears on the mournful countenances of some of those who have never yet been cheered by the assurances of hope. 'We would trust thy mistress,' say they, 'ah yes how gratefully! but nought is left us now for which to hope. Have not thine own words forbid to hope where reason cannot approve?' Cheer up, dark mourners; since ye are willing to be comforted, there is consolation even for you. Look yonder, and behold those sombre rocks which raise their scarped heads towards the sky; the shadow of evening has fallen upon them, but one projecting peak has caught a ray of light, which tells us that the sun is yet in the heavens.

"Have your friends forsaken you, and are you left alone upon the cold, dark earth? New friends may yet be won, with hearts as warm and souls more true than the lost ones. Has the hand of adversity wrecked your home, and swept away your wealth? The hand of industry may repair the ruin. Does your heart justly bleed beneath the stroke of its sorrows and its wrongs? The hand of time

pours balm into your aching wounds. ~~Start not nor say,~~ 'The base and ignoble' only ~~can~~ forget. Time bids not ~~that~~ you should drink the dark waters of Lethe, whose waves flow only to fill the goblets of ~~cowards~~—but he casts over your griefs a softening vail, which hides the sting of your regrets, while he leaves you to remember the past, and reap wisdom from its experience. Dry then your tears, and hope for better things; and if not for a reversal of an adverse fate, hope still for strength to suffer its decrees.

"Again a cloud dark, and heavy, is gathering over the brows of some whose lips have vainly essayed to smile; for the bitter tear of anguish forces its irresistible course from a fountain of grief which, ye say, never, never, may be staunched. They are the visible groans of a broken heart. My tear refuses not to mingle with yours. Ye weep for your dead. Woe to the frozen heart which can lay its dead within a tearless grave! Weep on; for your tears will ease your burdened hearts, which have cares and duties yet left them in the world, but which cannot well be fulfilled until the heart be lightened of its load; weep on, and let your grief exhaust itself in nature's tears; but weep not for ever. For you too there is hope." The speaker pointed upwards—the first star of evening appeared in the sky.

The tumult which had arisen was for a season quelled. Industry brightened faces hitherto darkened by discontent and gloomy forebodings. Enthusiastic daring dazzled more rarely, but perseverance daily gained fresh triumphs. The world began to wear a new aspect, the face of things was changed; and men were heard to say that time might prove the promises of hope most fully true, and that the calamities which had issued from Pandora's box for the torment of mankind might yet be forgotten.

MARCA.

## THE FALLING STAR.

An angel sent on high behest  
From heaven's eternal throne,  
Athwart the void, 'twixt heaven and space,  
With hasty wing had flown.  
(For oh, 'twere dreary lingering!  
No living shape is there,  
Nor silent thing of lifeless form,  
God's working to declare.)

Then passed amid those radiant orbs  
Where thoughtful planets glow,  
With slower passion, yet with wing  
As steady, tho' more slow.  
So journeyed; till amidst those stars  
Nighest our dazzling world,  
And still the angel's wing sped on,  
Unslackened and unfurled.

Thus, till the latest orb was passed,  
The spirit journeyed on,  
Gazing with thoughtful love on all,  
Tho' lingering near none.  
For he, who speeds on heaven's behest,  
Too lightly may not stay,  
But steadily, steadily hold his course,  
Still on, away, away.

The latest star was passed, and now  
The spirit's goal was nigh,  
When, to his cautious ear there seemed  
A brother's pain by.



'Twas like the flapping of a wing  
That gently kissed the air ;  
The spirit glanced aside to see—  
A falling star was there !

Not lightly may God's angel stay !  
Rapid, as hasty thought,  
The angel turned his wing aside,  
As tho' the task he wrought  
Had been some light and trivial thing,  
Unworthy too much heed,  
And towards yon falling planet hied  
With all a seraph's speed ;

And caught it, ere within the sphere  
So bordering on our world,  
That if 'twere touched, on, headlong on.  
And down the star were hurled ;  
Just caught it ere 'twas all too late  
Its downward course to stay,  
And bore it back to where it hung  
Upon the verge of day.

Thus done, again upon his course  
With God's command careered,  
Until, within his sight once more  
Our varied earth appeared ;  
When, lo ! there seemed his brilliant plumes  
Some hurrying thing to graze—  
That wild star rushing swiftly by  
Just caught his holy gaze.

Not lightly may God's angel stay !  
Fair mercy bade him speed  
T'o'ertake the falling star and bear  
It home—a weighty deed.—  
'Twas done—and on the watcher flew,  
With stronger, swifter flight.  
(To 'fill a work of holy deed  
Makes angel hearts more light.)

Swift was his flight—yet still delayed ;  
Yon wandering star once more,  
Upon the wings of waywardness,  
Towards our dark planet bore.  
A shade came o'er the angel's face—  
It could not be of ire,  
Nor grief, or what, we may not tell,  
Bedims his holy fire.

Solemn and swift, with wing untired.  
Did he retrace his road,  
Nor dread, for lingering *thus*, to meet  
The anger of his God.  
But more than thrice permits not God  
His messenger to stay,  
Nor linger, for his erring son,  
Upon his holy way.

Thrice had he fallen—and thrice restored—  
God's love, tho' boundless still,  
Permits not to his herald power  
Longer to slight his will.  
This *knew* the star ; and yet his eye  
Has wildly turned below,  
Tho' placed above, far, far above  
Our dark earth's darker woe.

There passed another watcher while  
 The former last delayed,  
 He spoke, in soft and warning voice,  
 "Why hast thou, brother, stayed?"  
 Spoke not the angel, but he showed  
 The wand'ring star the while;  
 And on the brother-spirit passed,  
 And passed with holy smile.

Then on, on, on, with lightning's speed,  
 The former winged his way,  
 Nor stayed to see all lovely things,  
 Around his path that lay.  
 More swift, the guilty thing of light  
 Its holy chain bereft,  
 Its home of glory, in the skies  
 On guilty errand left.

He passed before the angel's path,  
 (How swiftly crime careers!)  
 And as he falls, a demon's smile  
 Within his eye appears.  
 That smile was towards the angel turned  
 In scorn and bitter pride;  
 Unmoved, unchafed by wrath, on, on,  
 The heavenly herald hied.

Yet one soft glance 'twas not a tear  
 (For angels do not weep)—  
 Fell on the erring star, as on  
 It hurried down the steep,  
 And thought spoke deeply in his heart,  
 While to his God a prayer  
 Implored that he would guide him still  
 With the Great Father's care.

MARCA.

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## THE PRIDE OF THE BRIDGENORTHS.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE GRAHAMS OF HANOVER-SQUARE.

THE family of my brother-in-law, Graham, consisted of his wife and their two children. Mr. Graham was an East India Director, and had made a large fortune. He was also a gentleman by birth and education,—a man of the world,—and a large-hearted, generous, every way satisfactory fellow. He never disappointed your expectations; he was always equal to himself. I never knew a man to whom I was not attached in particular whom I liked so much in general. I found him good at all times; and best where "men most do congregate." He was made for society; and his house in Hanover-square was a pleasant place, especially to one who, like myself, was *l'enfant de la maison*. He had a genial, sunny presence, which shed its light and warmth over all who came within his sphere. He was my ideal of a prosperous Englishman. His health was good, his temper was good, his manners were good, his fortune was good—he himself was better than all these good things together, and he looked as good as he was.

His wife suited him well; and though she was my own sister, I

may perhaps be allowed to say that she was an admirable woman in her way. She loved her husband and never dreamed of an opposition to his will. She was a kind-hearted woman; her character was perhaps a little darkened in colour, a little hardened, by long exposure to the hot sun of the world, but it was not rotted at the core; it was fresh and sound everywhere but on the surface; the taint of worldliness was but skin deep in her case. Some readers may doubt the accuracy of this statement, believing that no woman can live much in the world without becoming worldly to a greater extent. I am inclined to think differently. When a woman's heart and imagination are filled—when she has a husband whom she loves and is proud of—and children, who are as much if not more to her than her husband—you may place her in the midst of “all the pomps and vanities,” all the distractions and temptations of fashionable society, with tolerable certainty that she will not be corrupted by them. It may, as I said before, in the case of Mrs. Graham, it may harden the character a little and give a tinge of bronze to it; but, whenever you have an opportunity of getting really below the surface of such a woman of the world, you will find the wife and the mother, the genuine woman—soft-hearted, right-minded, open-handed. But it is not safe for the woman upon whose head or heart you might write “Unfurnished Lodgings to be let”—it is not safe for such a one to run through a career of worldliness. How many there are of the one sort and how many of the other, at the present time, hurrying in and out among the booths of Vanity Fair, I leave it to the ladies themselves and Mr. Thackeray to decide.

Of my nephew, Hugh Graham, I shall not say much, as he will have ample opportunity of speaking for himself. I don't think I ever understood Hugh properly—(his mother used to say so with a tinge of bitterness)—and I confess that I never thoroughly liked him. As far as regards the outward man, little fault could be found with Cornet Graham of the Guards. He was one of the handsomest young men about town, and he knew it. He was of an indolent, pleasure-loving nature. To

“Scorn delights and live laborious days”

would not have suited Hugh's views of life at all. Even as a boy he appreciated the luxuries of his position at more than their full value; and before he was twenty he had acquired a pretty turn for expence which sometimes made the easiest of fathers feel a little uneasiness. But he generally consoled himself with the reflection that Hugh was very young yet—that it was impossible, and not exactly desirable, to put old heads upon young shoulders; that he was acquainted with an extravagant set of young fellows just now, who did not seem to have much in them, but that Hugh had great natural sense and would get tired of them all before long. And then he would remonstrate with Hugh upon the folly of spending money as he did, and end by paying the latest batch of bills which encumbered the young gentleman's toilette-table.

His sister Elizabeth was generally the mediator on these occasions. It must have been a bitter quarrel, indeed, which my niece Elizabeth could not adjust. She had sterling (I had well nigh said manly) sense, and womanly tact and delicacy. She understood her father

thoroughly, and had great influence over him, as many only daughters have over their fathers. Between Graham and Elizabeth, independently of the strong natural bond of affection, there existed a mutual respect and esteem, founded upon a knowledge of each other's character. I never saw a woman who united so much quickness of apprehension and correctness of judgment as Elizabeth. There was nothing light, flippant, or superficial about her. After continuing to be a child—a very intelligent, candid, and simple-hearted child—up to a period when other young ladies are thinking seriously of lovers and establishments, Elizabeth seemed to change almost suddenly into a woman—passing over the state of girlhood altogether. I do not know whether this will tell for or against her with my readers; I only know that it seemed to me to be so, and that there was no affectation about the thing; for never was there a human being more free from affectation than Elizabeth Graham.

As a woman, Elizabeth retained much of her childish simplicity and candour, while her intellectual faculties (and some moral qualities, particularly steadiness of will) were quickened and magnified twenty-fold. She was very well educated for a woman, and as a very young one she loved nothing better than intellectual exercise, frequently preferring to stay and listen to a conversation between her father, myself, and her grave cousin Leonard, to going with her mother and Mildred, or some other girl, to a brilliant ball. She took no credit to herself for this; saying on one occasion, when complimented on the superiority of her taste,

“There is no merit in my staying away from this ball. I lose nothing; I renounce no gratification. If I were handsome, now, and much admired, as Mildred, for example, it is likely that I should be as eager to go as other girls are. There is more pride than wisdom in my staying away, I believe.”

I always thought that Elizabeth herself, and the Grahams' acquaintances in general, underrated her personal attractions. Probably the latter mistake was a consequence of the former; for there are few worldly maxims truer than this, that you will generally be taken in society at your own valuation. If my niece had heeded this maxim, and also that notable Parisian one, which declares of women “*qu'on se FAIT jolie femme*” (which is, I believe, true enough in the main everywhere, and especially true in Paris), she might have set up for a beauty. She had a very fine bust and beautiful arms—a strikingly noble head, gracefully set on her shoulders and adorned with a profusion of black hair, or hair that on an English head is called black; her face was too broad, and her features were too irregular, to be called beautiful; but the mouth was good, and the eyes and brow were magnificent; her complexion was clear and pale, neither dark nor fair. To an artistic eye it was effective, particularly by lamp-light when its want of bloom was not perceived—it suited the serene and intellectual expression of the face. Elizabeth's only personal defect, in my eyes, was being too short;—such a head and bust required a taller figure. Still I have known women, with fewer natural advantages, exercise the *metier* of *jolie femme* very successfully. She, however, wanted that motive, to turn every advantage to the best account, which animates the efforts of so many ladies in that *metier*. She was absolutely indifferent to the admiration

of men. This stripped her at once of all the pretty *minanderies*, the insinuating *calinerie*, the timid consciousness, the thousand little airs of graces, some natural, some affected, with which women attract the attention and often gain the love of men. There was an unconsciousness—a perfect freedom, a want of pretty embarrassment and timidity in Elizabeth's manners to our sex, which we do not like in a woman. There was nothing bold, forward, or disrespectful in it; it was simply uncomplimentary to a man's desire of causing a flutter in a young girl's heart. It said as plainly as possible—"I have not the remotest idea of entertaining a fancy for you." Most men like to believe that they could make any woman they please in love with them, if they choose to try. Elizabeth's manner, quite unintentionally on her part, gave a slight wound to the vanity of almost every man she spoke to; and it is no wonder that she was not much liked or admired by young men, or these *entre les deux ages* who are still harder judges. They called her "short," "dumpy," "stout,"—"she wanted elegance," "she wanted softness,"—"her head was too large,"—"her nose was too short,"—"she looked like a woman cut in stone,"—"she was anything but pretty,"—"there was nothing taking about her,"—"she was so unimpressible,"—"she was a great deal too clever,"—"the last woman on earth a man would fall in love with."

As these opinions prevailed pretty generally among the men, the women were fair and charitable in their judgments. They could afford to speak of the beauty of those eyes which could not inspire love, and of the lips which had no charm; and they would remonstrate very seriously with their admirers, and smile at the severe and satirical observations which these remonstrances elicited. On this account, and because Elizabeth was really amiable to them, most women liked her. In my opinion (but then I confess that Elizabeth was a great favourite with me) the ladies were in the right, and my niece was much nearer being handsome than being plain; and the gentlemen would have thought so too had she bestowed upon them the sweet affectionate smiles which she has so often bestowed upon me, and others near and dear to her.

Elizabeth was certainly not of a passionate nature; but a person capable of firmer and steadier affection I have seldom known. She was not apt to like suddenly; but when she did like any one, it was not easy to efface the liking; it was the same with her dislikes. And she was at no pains to conceal either the one or the other. I use the words *like* and *dislike* advisedly; because, as she used to say, "such strong feelings as love and hatred did not agree with her constitution, except in the case of her father and mother and Hugh and Uncle Seymour. She had learned to love them before she knew the meaning of the word, and there was no difficulty about it now—custom, she supposed, had given it a property of easiness; but, really, to undertake to love twenty other people, it was more than she could conscientiously venture to do." She avoided saying such things in the presence of professed philanthropists, either because she did not like to ruffle their prejudices, or because she did not wish to listen to their arguments upon the propriety of loving all the world. To these last she would probably have replied that "she believed she loved all mankind quite as well as all mankind loved her." She exercised the



Christian virtue of charity much more largely than she professed it. Besides, she never would converse upon high topics, especially religious ones, except with persons whom she knew well. She thought these, like other affairs of the heart, would not bear chattering about indiscriminately. Though she had been at a fashionable finishing school for a year, she did not bring a single undying friendship away with her.

Had Elizabeth ever been in love? This was a question I had frequently asked within myself, without being able to give a satisfactory answer. She had had proposals of marriage, I knew, and she had declined them without any hesitation. She was now five-and-twenty and had no acknowledged suitor, and seemed to desire none. Ten years before I had fancied that her cousin, Raymond Castlefort, was in danger of falling in love with Elizabeth, and that Elizabeth was in the same predicament with regard to him; but this idea faded away; and some time afterwards it seemed to me that Leonard was a great favourite with her, as she undoubtedly was with him. I had several times thought seriously of the best means to overcome the difficulties in Leonard's way if he were really in love with his cousin. He had nothing now but his curacy in London, and looked forward to nothing greater hereafter than the living of Ferndale when his uncle Launcelot should be translated to a benefice in heaven. However, I had the good sense to make no move in the matter; and at the time when Elizabeth paid her first visit to Ferndale I became convinced that there was no love between the two, though there was much esteem and cousinly friendship. I was selfish enough to begin to hope that my niece might be reserved for single blessedness and the rule over her bachelor uncle's house.

As Elizabeth had not a dozen bosom friends, and no lover, she had ample time for cultivating her taste and talents. Science she loved a little for my sake, and literature she loved much for its own; but music she loved "abune a' thing," as the Scotch ballad has it; and to the cultivation of that art she devoted much of her time, and no little of the money which her generous father allowed her. It was her knowledge and quick perception in musical matters which led to her scheme for Grace Bridgenorth's education as a professional singer; a scheme which she, at least, never repented. Elizabeth was anything but a fine lady, and in that respect was the reverse of her mother, who was very much of one.

Mrs. Graham was a charming hostess, and contrived that her house should be agreeable to all the friends of each member of the family. Elizabeth's musical and literary friends and *proteges*, Hugh's somewhat *fast* young gentlemen, Mr. Graham's *millionaire* slow coaches and practical men of the world—political and social respectabilities of the first water—Mrs. Graham's own chosen set of fashionable friends, and my half-dozen scientific associates, were all well received in Hanover Square, and among them all the opinion prevailed that there were few houses in London so pleasant to visit at as that of the Grahams. Foreigners and artists of all descriptions felt the genial air of the establishment, and were surprised to find that the Grahams had never lived abroad, and were thoroughly English in heart and mind.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE INITIATION.

"Life is short," Elizabeth, and "Art is long." When do you mean to begin Grace Bridgenorth's education? I inquired of my niece one morning, about a fortnight after our return to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham were at Baden, Hugh was yachting in the Mediterranean, and Elizabeth and I had the house to ourselves. I was very comfortable, and seldom went home except to sleep. Elizabeth and I both liked to be in London together during the dead season, and we always managed to be particularly lively then. We had time to enjoy ourselves in unfashionable places and with unfashionable people. We had been doing this to a considerable extent in showing the town to the young Bridgenorths since our return from Ferndale. We had this morning sent them off by themselves, to walk about the streets and to admire the marvels of the shop windows, and I had determined to spend the day with my niece. We had been practising a little together, for I drew a bow tolerably in those days, and when Elizabeth had no better performer at hand my violin was in request. At the conclusion of a more than usually difficult quick movement in a trio by Beethoven, I laid down my instrument and began to pace the room as I asked the question—

"When do you mean to begin Grace Bridgenorth's education?"

"When?—I think it is fairly begun. She is learning a great deal every day. The new world in which she finds herself is better than whole colleges of instructors to Grace. Do you not find it so with her brother?"

"Yes, yes, my dear. I did not refer to the general development of the girl's faculties; of course no intelligent creature could come to London for a week and see as much of the glorious place as Grace and her brother have seen, without taking in a vast amount of new ideas. By education, I meant instruction in the art by which she desires to earn a living. Just think of the *allegro* we have been playing, and tell me how long it will be before Grace will be able to perform it."

"Perhaps never. We will ask Herr Reinhold."

"Have you settled anything about having her taught?"

"No, uncle; I could not settle that until Herr Reinhold is at home again."

"When do you expect him home?—Where is he? Not with Hugh, surely?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Poor Professor! You are cruel, uncle, even to imagine such a fate for the wise man—out in a yacht with the silliest young men London can boast of! No! He liked Hugh well enough as a pupil at Bonn"—

"Pardon me, Elizabeth; Reinhold liked your cousin Raymond—I do not think he liked Hugh, as a pupil. But where is the Professor? and when is he coming back?"

"He is at Baden. Papa and mamma persuaded him to go with them. Or rather, I should say, he *was* at Baden. He is on his way home, and will be here to-night.—Would you like to hear the letter I had from him this morning?"

"Yes, if it is not in German."

"Oh! Herr Reinhold prides himself upon writing English better than most natives. I would rather receive an epistle from him, than one from Addison or Pope."

"Ah! you are prejudiced. You expect a man to mean all the fine things he says in a letter."

"I have that weakness. However, the dear Professor always says what he means; though he does not always mean what he says in English. Listen to this characteristic effusion."

"RESPECTED AND ESTEEMED LADY,

"What for a scheme is this which you communicate to me? A peasant maiden, young and fair, with a voice as a nightingale! I might well know if you believe man hath need of nothing more but these good gifts to become a musician—a true artist! Youth, beauty, and a sweet voice! Yes, truly; more is required than these very good things. Does your maiden know to work with the whole heart; to be modest, to be patient—to kill herself—" (he means, explained my niece, with a smile, *to annihilate all selfishness.*) "Can she consent youth and beauty and the love and admiration which they bring, willingly to up-give for an art?—an art in which she will probably fail to grow great. *Ach! Geliebte Fräulein!* Bethink yourself well what is that you do. I hasten to speak with you—strong words on this subject. I say nothing to your respected parents, only that I shall return to London to-morrow. I am weary at Baden.

"I cease not to fear concerning you and your peasant maiden, which you, by your extraordinary imagination, will have to be a genius. Truly women who have more intelligence than the generality of their sex distinguish themselves by their foolish actions. I am almost angry against you. But let me once see and hear your wonderful *cantabrics*. If she *can* sing with heart and conscience, I will teach her myself, and thus you will still find helpful,

"Your old Professor and affectionate friend,

"REINHOLD C——."

"Helpful! Of course he will help you in any mad scheme you may undertake, although he can see at a glance how mad it is," I exclaimed.

Elizabeth laughed outright.

"Oh, you mean to say," I added, "that Herr Reinhold may always be sure of a companion in that folly."

"Yes; but my laugh means more than that. I think, uncle, that Herr Reinhold will cry *Ach! Hummel!* or, *Der Teufel!* when he hears of your plan for Ralph; but he will nevertheless teach Ralph all the physical sciences for you just as certainly as he will teach Grace music for me. The dear, affectionate, omniscient man! I miss him quite as much as I miss papa and mamma; and I'm sure, uncle, you must miss him."

"I confess I have not had a single satisfactory dispute with any one since he has been from home. By the way, Elizabeth, can I go up stairs to his room for half an hour to have a smoke?"

"Yes, my dear uncle; you can go this moment if you like. The room has been prepared for Herr Reinhold this morning. He may arrive before dinner."

I could not get through the morning without a cigar and so I went up stairs to Reinhold's room. It was a plain but comfortable apartment on the attic floor, combining the accommodations of a study and a sleeping-room. Well-filled bookcases covered more than half the walls, and the other half was occupied with various sorts of German pipes, pistols, swords and walking-sticks. In one corner lay his violoncello case, and close beside it was a small pianoforte of German manufacture. One window was occupied by a good-sized tele-

scope and its stand; another had the lower half darkened, and an easel stood before it. Before the third window was a writing table, and on either side of it an easy chair.

I threw myself into one of these, and lighting my cigar I began to lose all the serious thoughts which had been invading my mind; and as my eyes watched the waving of the dusty tree-tops in the square below, I called up a vision of a fair woman and offered a tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh in the form of a panegyric on tobacco. How long I remained in this half dreamy state I know not; but when my cigar was burnt out I turned from the open window to light another, and then for the first time perceived I was not alone. Some one was sitting in the other easy chair, opposite to me, smoking a long pipe with calm energy. He was a large bony man, with strongly-marked features and penetrating grey eyes. His skin, in youth, must have been very fair—now, in middle life, it was the colour of parchment; and his once fair hair was half silvered over. It fell in disorder about his shoulders, from beneath a dusty travelling cap, and his wrapping-coat was well powdered with dust. Reinhold always reminded me of the words once applied to Coleridge,

“The noticeable man with large grey eyes.”

I thought them especially suited to him at the present moment. As he sat observing me, I could not avoid a slight demonstration of surprise at his sudden appearance. He merely bent his head slowly and smoked on.

“Does anybody—does Elizabeth know you have returned?” I asked.

Again he bent his head.

“Did you have a pleasant journey?”

A movement of the eye-brows and shoulders was an emphatic answer in the negative.

“Did you leave Mr. and Mrs. Graham well?”

A wave of the hand and a motion of the head indicated clearly that they were in good health.

“You have returned home sooner than you expected in consequence of a letter from my niece?”

Again he bent his head in affirmation.

“You disapprove of her wish to educate this young girl for a professional singer?”

A frown, a rapid nod of the head and a tremendous puff of smoke spoke volumes of disapprobation.

“What do you say to my attempting a similar thing?”

“*Der Teufel!*” the words came forth from his deep chest as if from a cavern, and for a moment the pipe was moved from his lips.

I smiled. “My *protege* is the girl’s brother; Reinhold, the youth is a genius. He will become a great man.”

“It rains geniuses in your sky,” was the reply in as good English as one would wish to hear.

“Nay, you must see the youth before you decide against him.”

“I know all about him.”

“You?”

“Yes. He is a miller’s son and will not grind corn. Rather would

he break stones and dig in the earth for the hidden treasure of knowledge."

"How could you know this?"

"Does not your niece call me *All-knowing*?"

"She has told you about my scheme as well as about her own?" I inquired.

"No. She has not written to me of the young man; and I knew what she had to tell me of the maiden before I had her letter. I know more than she has told — than she can tell me, of Grace Bridgenorth."

"What do you know?" I asked with curiosity, not unmixed with dread; for Reinhold had the credit of knowing more things in heaven and earth than ordinary folk.

"What do you know of Grace Bridgenorth?" I asked.

"That she is very fair and is sixteen years old;—that she has a fine voice and a true woman's heart. That your friend the pastor of the valley loves her as his own child. That her mother will die if the girl come to dishonour."

I could not repress my curiosity now.

"You know somewhat of Mrs. Bridgenorth?" I asked eagerly.

Again he bent his head in silent affirmation and smoked on.

"What do you know?" I asked, at length.

"That she has been very much in *your* thoughts of late."

"I confess it. But how could you know that?"

He smiled grimly. Presently he removed his pipe from his lips, and said gravely—

"It is not good, my friend, to think much of a fair wife who does not love her husband—not good even for a philosopher."

I stared at him half angrily;—then I subsided into a laugh.

"Like other German necromancers you are too wise, Reinhold. I will not dispute your powers of thought-reading and clairvoyance, but you must not see in my heart what does not exist there. I never thought for a moment of being in love with Mrs. Bridgenorth."

"I did not say you *thought* about it. There is small danger when a man *thinks* about falling in love. You are not in much peril now, Seymour—thank my clairvoyance and also my *clair-parlance* for that."

There was a queer expression on his face, somewhat between a smile and a sneer, as he resumed his pipe. We both smoked on in silence for several minutes, during which time I felt enraged with my companion, yet I could not refrain from asking him another question.

"As you know every thing—even in a remote village that you have scarcely heard of—perhaps you can tell me why Mrs. Bridgenorth is so proud?"

"Because she dreads to be humbled—and because she would conceal her suffering."

"Humbled! Has she done anything which should humiliate her?"

He paused, drew a long whiff of smoke, looked at me earnestly, and then said—

"Yes. This is in confidence."

I bowed. "Can the cause of her suffering be removed?"

"Not unless you could give her a draught of the fabled Lethe.



Let us talk no more of her. Her son Ralph is a pure-minded, strong-brained youth. You feel already as a father to him. Do not make his pursuit of knowledge too easy. Let him fight and conquer his own difficulties."

"I intend to do so. But tell me—has he a spark of the sacred fire within him? And the girl—will she ever become an artist?"

Herr Reinhold had smoked out his pipe. He rose from his seat, knocked out the ashes into the grate and hung up the pipe before he seemed to notice my questions. But I knew he had heard them.

"You ask things now which I cannot answer without experiment, reason and proof. I go to make an investigation."

"You cannot tell whether my friends Ralph and Grace are destined to become great in science and art? Your clairvoyance fails you now?"

"It does. I go now to examine nature with my best attention. I have promised. Will you come with me to your niece's parlour? The young people are with her there."

During the last few words the professor had made a slight alteration in his costume.

"He is more eccentric than ever!" I thought, as we descended the stairs together. "But it is wonderful the way in which he seems to know everything. Will he frighten the Bridgenorths by his odd manners, I wonder?"

I need not have given myself any apprehensions on that score. We no sooner entered the room, where Elizabeth and the Bridgenorths were conversing together about the things they had observed in their walk, than the grave, stern-looking professor became a different man.

He gazed at the brother and sister earnestly for a minute, and I heard him murmur—"Ach Gott!—Schon—wunderlich schon!—Die arme!"

But he suppressed his emotion, and seating himself quietly beside Elizabeth he glided naturally into the conversation. His manner was so kind, so friendly, so little pretending or assuming, that both Ralph and Grace seemed to feel no restraint in his presence. They talked freely of their impressions, and he told them amusing and entertaining anecdotes. The morning passed away—we dined—and the evening was far advanced, yet Reinhold had not made any examination of our *proteges*. Both Elizabeth and I were anxious that he should do so. At length I heard him say to Ralph,—

"You wish to become a geologist, I hear."

"Yes," was the reply, uttered in a timid tone.

"Are you afraid of anything—the length of time necessary—the want of money and knowledge—and beginning late in life?"

"No, Sir." And I marked the colour on the boy's cheek, and the light in his eye. "No, Sir, now that I am in London, and can get at books, I fear nothing."

"Nothing—not even failure?"

"No, Sir. Why should I fail?"

"Right, right! Give me your hand, my son. Now let us have some music. Elizabeth, will you sing with me—a duet? Here is something of Haydn. It will suit the taste of Miss Bridgenorth. Come and stand by me, young lady."

Grace sprang gladly to his side, as he improvised a sweet prelude to the duet between Adam and Eve in the "Creation."

They sang, and I watched Grace as she listened. There was music in her face too; but she stood motionless, and I feared that the Professor could have no idea of the pleasure she felt. But it was not so.

"You love that music!" he said, gently turning towards her, at the end of the last cadence.

"Yes. It is sweet and beautiful."

"I suppose you have no hope of ever being able to sing such music," he asked, with a furtive upward glance towards her face.

"Why not?" was the unhesitating reply. "I have a voice. It is only to learn the right method of singing—and that is the greatest pleasure in life."

"Do you think you could teach yourself to sing that?"

"Yes, if I might go my own way to work."

"You shall not go your own way, my dear; I will put you in the best way to become a real musician."

Grace caught his hands for a moment, and then burst into tears.

He patted her shoulder, and whispered kindly, "Be always a good, true girl, and I will ensure your becoming a good artist. Here is your brother, too;—he will be all that he wishes, I believe. Come here, Ralph. Now listen to an old man, both of you. Life is no idle play for you two, but a grand career of beautiful development. Begin this night to prepare for it;—subdue all pride and selfishness. A great man in my country, the greatest man now alive, says, that 'With self-renunciation life begins.' Good-night! Good night! all of you. I give Miss Bridgenorth a lesson in music at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

*(To be continued.)*

## PEOPLE WHO ARE MADE TOOLS OF.

Among the varieties of the human species we constantly find two in close contact—those who make tools of others, and those who are made tools of. The first class we may try to describe at some future time, but our present business is with the other. It may be easily supposed that the tools are not very exalted sort of folk. The world does not credit them with any superabundant portion of brains. They may be men of talent or genius or anything of that sort. They may be hard workers and able to do their business well. But they have not that wisdom which the world prizes and esteems above all other. They are not sharp, or shrewd or cautious. They do not in reality work for themselves, but for others. They can get, but not keep. Their fate is depicted in the popular saying of "One man beats the bush and the other catches the bird;" and their destiny is illustrated by the fable or fact (I don't know which it is, and I suppose most of my readers are in the same position) of the cat whose paw the monkey used to take the roasted chestnuts out of the hot ashes.

Yes! people who are put upon are, in one expressive word, cats-paws; but it is only due to feline sagacity to admit that puss is more averse to be used in that way than her human prototypes. Grimalkin, if we remember rightly, did struggle and scratch and spit, when Jacko burnt her claws; but the cats-paws of our own species seem to submit to the operation with endurance at least, if not delight. For example, Smith—it is not necessary to say which out of the multitude of Smiths—Smith, who every body knows is a sharp fellow—up to everything—"awake to

every move on the board" as he is generally admitted—Smith wants a cats-paw, and he bethinks him of his old schoolfellow Brown. Smith calls on Brown, talks to Brown about the weather, chats to him about Mrs. Brown and the little Browns, gossips about their old schoolboy days when they were at Mr. Canes. They are as pleasant and as merry and as happy as though they were two urchins still—as good companions as they were that time when Brown robbed Farmer Jolter's orchard and shared the apples with Smith and took all the flogging to himself. They have just done laughing over that fact, and Smith rises to go. Just at the last moment says Smith, "Oh, I was near forgetting it in our merry chat, but by-the-bye there was something I wanted to ask you about; you know Robinson. Well Robinson has got a splendid lot of goods—just the thing for the American market. I would buy them, but the fact is I am short of cash just now. Robinson would take a bill at six months—plenty of time to realize, you know. What do you say, will you join me in a bill and share the profits? If Smith had asked Jones that—cautious Jones—the schoolboy who declined to rob that orchard of Farmer Jolter's which Robinson plundered, and if he had robbed it would, unlike Robinson, have refused Smith a share of the spoils—Jones, grown up into the prudent man—I say, if Smith had asked him that question, Jones could not have said no; but then he would not have said yes. Jones would have said that he would inquire about it, and go and look at the goods, and think about it, and give Smith an answer to-morrow or the day after. Smith, cunning Smith, knew that, and would not ask Jones. He preferred to ask the easy good-tempered Robinson, and Robinson says, "Yes, with pleasure, my dear fellow," and Smith puts down his hat and takes off his gloves and pulls out his pocket-book where he "thinks" he has a stamp: "Yes, luckily there is just one; how fortunate!" and one draws, the other accepts, "a thousand pounds, it may be a little more or less, you know," says Smith, "but either way we can make that right afterwards;" and the matter is settled there and then, and Robinson is "made a tool of." Six months afterwards, punctual as the day, the bill becomes due. The goods were bought, and they just suited the American market, and Smith just suited the American market too; for he has forgot to come back, and Robinson is called "Cats-paw Robinson" till this day.

In politics, as well as in commerce, there are "people who are made tools of." Take an instance which possibly the reader can verify for himself out of his no doubt extensive knowledge of the political world. Mr. Downey is the representative of the constituency of Keenborough; Mr. Softlaw has the honour to represent Mudfog in the House of Commons. Downey and Softlaw are old friends, very old friends, very intimate and very confidential. Downey, we have his own assurance for it, is no orator; Softlaw, we have the same disinterested evidence of the fact, is "one of the first speakers in the House." "I can see a point quickly enough," says Downey, in his own modest way; "I can see a point quickly enough, but hang me if I can make other people see it too. Softlaw's the fellow for that; 'gad, if I had only Softlaw's tongue, I'd——" and after thinking for some time what he'd do, Downey, probably on account of his want of ability to make other people "see a point," winds up comprehensively by "I'd do something." Well, Downey and Softlaw are dining together, and the bottle has passed more than once, and they have talked over the pros and cons. of the session—how Disraeli "cut up" the government, and how Lord John gave the opposition leader that "dignified answer," and how Palmerston "hit high and hit low" and made all his blows tell, and how Graham came out in his "slashing straightforward style;" but Downey thinks, "though perhaps he oughtn't to say it before Softlaw's face, that there was nothing equal to that capital speech of Softlaw's. Capital," says Downey, smacking his lips, perhaps at the speech, perhaps at the wine, "the very finest thing in its way;" a compliment which Softlaw of course receives with all due humility. "By the way, Softlaw," continues Downey, "I've often thought, by Jove, if I could speak like you, I'd bring before the House that hand-organ nuisance." Softlaw admits that it is a nuisance, he has often thought of it, but he does not exactly see what the House could do with it. "That's it," remarks Downey, "just it; of course the House has no information upon the subject; it must have information before it could act. I should suggest—that is, I would if I could do it like you—a Commission of Inquiry." "Don't you think," Softlaw suggests, "that it would not be important enough?" "Not important enough, my dear fellow?" replied Downey; "why, bless my soul, wasn't there the Earl of Whiskerville thrown from his horse at Albert Gate the other day through an organ, and Lady Dimple Ringlet, who was with him, nearly killed, too; and a hundred more such facts. Lord Imperial, the member for Hairytown, you know,

the earl's son, would be sure to support it. I'd do it, if I were you, by Jove! A man of your abilities could put the matter in its right light. If you'll do it, I'll come down and support you." And Softlaw will do it and does do it. The honourable member for Keenborough, Mr. Downey, is *not* in the House that night. "He is very sorry that he is prevented by indisposition," at least so his note says. But Lord Imperial is there, and gives the measure his warmest support. Lord Imperial thinks that "it's a horrid, atrocious, dangerous nuisance, which ought to be summarily put down;" and so do half-a-dozen other young lords who belong to the Guards as well as Lord Imperial; and so do several members whose boroughs are in the Earl of Whiskerville's county; and so does Mr. M'Carthy O'Donnell, who dines at the Earl of Whiskerville's now and then; and so do several others, for various reasons of their own. There is a thin House that night, and ministers want to get it over, and don't want to offend the Earl of Whiskerville, who, notwithstanding the fiction that peers have no influence in the Lower House, has considerable influence there; and so ministers are convinced by the eloquent speech of the honourable member for Mudfog, another of "the finest things in its way" for Downey to compliment him upon hereafter, and Softlaw has a triumph, and a commission on barrel-organs, their numbers, the country and the average age and emoluments and mode of life of the organ-players, is resolved upon. Of course the press denounces the commission as "a gross job," and it is alluded to by the honourable member for Saveall as a "wanton extravagance;" and generally Softlaw is partly suspected, partly execrated, partly despised, and partly laughed at. The Radical club at Mudfog sends up a deputation to know what Softlaw means by "adding six or seven thousand pounds to the taxes on a people already ground down to the earth by burdens, for a ridiculous commission about barrel-organs;" and, generally, Softlaw finds himself in hot water. But Mr. Sly Downey, a member of the Inner Temple, a young gentleman who does not get many briefs, but does make pecuniary demands upon his father, S. Downey, Esq., M.P., is appointed one of the commissioners—and, in short, Mr. Softlaw has been "made a tool of."

"People who are made tools of" are sometimes found in connection with the tender passion. There was young Sandie Simper, who was too bashful to avow to Miss Arabella Roseleaf, and employed Mr. Narcissus Dimple as a go-between. Poor Sandie was short, snub-nosed and red-haired; while Narcissus was a combination of Adonis, Apollo and Hercules. The result may easily be imagined. Narcissus took notes from Sandie and brought notes from Arabella, and lived at Sandie's expense, and rode his horses and borrowed his cash (for Narcissus was poor), and at last married Miss Roseleaf himself. And wasn't there Lady Jasmine Verbena, who pretended that she was going to marry Lord Daffodil, and actually waited till she had got the *trousseau*, and then run off with the groom, with whom she had an understanding all the time? And are there not thousands of other examples to show us that there are plenty of people always being "made tools of?"

The fact is that in this very naughty world it will not do to carry your heart upon your sleeve. You must not be too confiding, or too trusting, or too sympathetic. You must learn to say "No" oftener, and "Yes" seldomer. You must make the monkeys get their own chesnuts out of the fire. You must be cautious and on the look-out for the folks whose description we have promised to give another time—the folks who make tools of people—or you will be pretty sure to be made a tool of. "And a burning shame, too," says my friend Mr. Simple Blunt, to whom I have just communicated these very original and sage remarks of mine. "A burning shame that the world will not let a man be as good as he might be, without imposing upon him"—an observation in which I heartily concur; but it's not the only "burning shame" in the world, and the world reaps the harvest of them when policy says to me and to Mr. Simple Blunt and to others, "Don't be too good, old fellow, and be made a tool of."

# THE HUSBAND OF THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

(*A Thumbnail Portrait.*)

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

Of all persons who are to be pitied in this pitiable world, there is not one, perhaps, who deserves so much pity as the Husband of the Strong-minded Woman!

Poor fellow! his mental weakness is generally in proportion to the strength of mind of his wife. If she is philosophically strong, then he is pitifully weak. He is a mere French poodle of a husband, that fetches and carries whatever his wife bids him to do. Put a brass collar round his neck, with her name and address, and the canine likeness would be complete.

He has no consideration, no influence, excepting through his wife. His tradesmen even ignore him. If they want his custom, they solicit his wife for it. When she is busy he is sent out, perhaps, to pay the bills; but the thanks, the bows, the smiles, the civil compliments tradesmen deal in, are all reserved for her. They take *his* money, and that is the utmost they condescend to do.

He can scarcely be said to have a name. It is his wife's name, not his own. If inquiries are made about him in society, he is never mentioned as Mr. So-and-So, but only as "*the husband* of Mrs. So-and-So," the celebrated Strong-minded Woman.

In society he occupies no position at all, excepting it is at the bottom of the table, or outside the door, where he may be seen leaning against the post all the evening, feasting on vacancy. He is asked, because his wife has asked, or perhaps because she takes him. The poor fellow is useful. He helps on her shawl, goes out in the rain to see if the carriage has arrived—carries her music—and does a thousand little things, which no one else would trouble himself to do, for, generally speaking, the Strong-minded Woman is not much of a favourite amongst men, be they strong or weak-minded.

But, if the Strong-minded Woman is not much of a favorite herself, it is dreadful to reflect what her Husband must be!

Even at home he fares very little better. The servants are scarcely aware of his existence. Very strangely, they never hear when he speaks to them, and, still more strangely, the bell never rings when his wife has left him in the house all alone! And yet, when she is at home, their hearing is perfectly good, and they answer the bell nimbly enough the very first time it is rung. When his wife is presiding at a public meeting about "*Woman's Rights*," or displaying her tremendous powers at some suburban *Conversazione* (and Strong-minded women abound in such places, where their execution upon the bread and butter is as dreadful as that upon the Queen's English), the poor Husband rarely gets any dinner. His wife dines early on such occasions—that is to say, makes "*an early dinner*" of her luncheon—and when he comes home, tired and famished, he finds that "*Missus* has given Cook a holiday, and that there's nothing in the house." He is driven to his Club, though it is extremely doubtful if he is allowed the high indulgence of a Club, or, more probably, consoles himself in the nearest tavern with that bachelor's apology for a dinner, a chop.



When his wife goes into the country to assist at some "Progress" Festival, or to hold forth at a Bloomer meeting, his case is still more pitiable. The house is deserted—every one does as he pleases (with the exception of himself), and he has rather to wait upon his servants than his servants to wait upon him. He doesn't like to complain, for it is one of his peculiar virtues never to complain of others for fear of bringing complaints down upon himself.

It is most cheering and delightful for him, in the midst of this solitude and discomfort, to take up a newspaper and find it filled with ridicule and abuse of his wife, accompanied with an expression of wonder as to "where her husband can be to allow her to make such a fool of herself?"

His children—though it is extremely rare that the Strong-minded Woman is the mother of a family—can scarcely be called his children, for he daren't interfere with their clothing, or their manners, or education. His wife dresses them as she pleases, instructs them how to behave, and particularly directs them "not to mind what their Pa says." He has no share in the selection of what school or college they are to be sent to, and is not allowed the smallest control over the choice of their future living or destiny. The mother has them home from school as often and for as long as the maternal whim seizes her, and the poor father is afraid to raise his weak voice against the practice. All he has to do is to pay the school bills, and to content himself it is no worse.

And, though he is their father, he finds it difficult to feel much love for such children! They are so wonderfully clever, they frighten away affection. Their mamma has filled them so full of learning, that he cannot take one of them on his knee without a whole stream of it pouring out of the little thing's mouth. They positively overflow with learning: if he attempts to play with one, he is flooded with a fable; if he ventures to kiss another, who perhaps is not four years old, he is drenched with a soaking shower of Watts's Hymns, or knocked completely over with a Multiplication Table!

Supposing the Strong-minded Woman is literary—and most strong-minded women stain their fingers with ink of some sort—the position of the poor husband becomes a thousand times more pitiable! She neglects all her household duties more than ever. He has to attend to them in the best way he can, and as matter of course everything goes wrong.

The dinner (if there is any dinner) gets cold, whilst she is laying the plan for a new Poem.

He has to wait for breakfast whilst she is meditating in bed what shall be the subject of her next magazine paper.

Their two sexes become almost reversed. The Strong-minded Woman henceforth is the masculine—the Husband the feminine.

She is a Poet, a Dramatic Author, a Novelist, a Mozart, a Tom Moore, a Haynes Bayley, a Fitzball, a Balfe, a Bunn!—and he, to make the domestic balance still more unequal, has to turn house-keeper, cook, nurse, housemaid, washerwoman, charwoman—everything a man, who is any thing of a man, should not be.

Whilst he has gone out to the butcher's, or the greengrocer's, she is shut up in her "study," picking out of the piano (the keys of which are the only keys in the house her fingers ever meddle with)

an overture for the Grand Opera she is composing—and he may consider himself extremely lucky if, as a reward for his skill in shopping, he hasn't to take a Theatre in order to get the Grand Opera produced.

She is writing a 8 Vol. novel for Mr. Oldby or Newby, at the same time that he is looking out the dirty linen to send to the wash.

He goes down to consult with the cook about dinner—anywhere to get out of the way—whilst she is closeted with some mustachioed oily Chorister from the Italian Opera, taking lessons in “musical composition.”

As for a pen, the much-to-be-pitied Husband rarely takes one in hand, unless it is to write out the washing bill. His wife does all the writing, and quite enough too!

But on the other side, the Strong-minded Woman as rarely takes a needle and thread in hand, unless it is to stitch a manuscript together before sending it to the publishers.

The Husband is, of course, loaded with all the Strong-minded Woman's manuscripts. He is her literary postman, carrying her literary parcels from one publishing office to the other, and waiting in the counting-house for the answers; and worse than this, he has to run with her “proofs” to the printers, and bring back the “revises,” running backwards and forwards in that agreeable fetch-and-carry style, three and four times a day. This hard work, however, occurs but seldom. It is only when the Strong-minded Woman gets something printed!

Such a piece of good fortune does not often fall to her lot, unless her poor weak husband, out of excessive admiration, pays for the printing and publishing himself. His admiration for his wife's production is not always increased, when, a twelvemonth afterwards, he reads it again in the Bench, where it has been the cause of sending him!

But that melancholy fate is infinitely better than the same publication being successful. The husband's position, then, is most miserable. The house swarms with worshippers of his wife's talent. She is not visible to a soul during the day, but she reads out to a “few friends” (the gentlemen have long hair, and the ladies spectacles) in the evening what she has been “composing” in the morning. The husband looks after the tea, and provides wine, biscuits and sandwiches for the hungry host of unwashed geniuses, who are paying homage to his wife. These are all “European celebrities,” though he scarcely knows one of them, and scarcely one of them know him. The few, however, who do, reward his hospitality by continually dining in his ears “how very clever” his wife is. He feels how very unfavourable the comparison must be to himself, and he wishes in his heart he had only married a woman who wasn't so “very clever.” The word haunts him, and if he had his choice over again, he is simple enough to confess that he would sooner marry a stupid woman, who would mend his stockings, and try to make his home happy and comfortable, than the cleverest *bas bleu* in the whole world, whose Attic genius prevents her going down in the kitchen, and who has such a soul above buttons that he seldom finds one on any of his shirts.

In addition to his other pangs, he has an acute sense of his own insignificance—but without this, enough has been said probably to

prove the melancholy truth of our opening paragraph, viz., that "if there is one person to be pitied more than another in this pitiful world," it is—"THE HUSBAND OF THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN."

## THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PRUDENTIAL ECONOMY.

THERE is no more satisfactory and intelligible illustration of the improved morals as well as increased intelligence, for which the age in which we live may justly claim credit, than that which is afforded by the continuous development of the practical application of the principles whose object is that of securing the due reward of the virtues of providence, frugality and industry. At the commencement of the present century the mass of the community were in great measure profoundly ignorant of the results to be obtained through the medium of reproductive accumulation. A few life insurance companies existed, and were frequently found very useful in the effectuation of weighty pecuniary transactions, in guaranteeing mortgage debts, and furnishing a provision for the survivors of assured lives. But the range and application of the system were in practice restricted to a very narrow basis—whilst its operations were confined to a very limited portion of society, consisting of persons whose pecuniary means exempted them from that immediate pressure of indigence which sometimes makes it impossible to continue an annual premium conditioned for as the terms upon which a sum of money is rendered payable upon the occurrence of a given contingency.

In short, the great body of the public were practically ignorant of or excluded from the benefits derivable from co-operative association. The bitter disappointment, the ruin and desolation, so often caused by the unavoidable "forfeiture of a policy," are melancholy facts in the history of life assurance, as administered under the ancient system.

On the other hand, the industrial classes, the artisan, the mechanic, the labourer and small tradesman, deterred by the "mystery" and contingent risk involved in connection with an old-fashioned office, were led to associate themselves with a variety of combinations, of the nature of benefit clubs, burial societies, and the like, the entire history of which presents one gloomy chapter of deception, failure and mischief. The evidence of the most eminent actuaries and scientific men of the day has established the fact, that of the "benefit clubs" in which such enormous sums have been sunk by working people, the vast majority are now absolutely insolvent, in some cases to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and in one particular instance to that of *three millions sterling*, a deficit which becomes greater with the lapse of every year, and which in a few years more will not be less than ten millions. It is terrible to contemplate the effects that must be produced by the final and absolutely inevitable catastrophe of explosion; and this contemplation becomes all the more formidable when it is remembered that in consequence of the wholly inadequate rate of "interest" obtainable at the savings bank, and the absence of certainty as to capability to maintain a life policy until death, the most industrious and deserving portion of the working class are continually increasing the amount of the money cast into the hopeless gulf of misery and ruin suggested by the very name of a benefit club.

We have taken notice with unusual pleasure of a plan which has been recently adopted under the auspices of a large metropolitan assurance company, the purpose of which is to apply a remedy to this evil, and to furnish the public at large with all the benefits inherent in the assurance principle, to the exclusion of the drawbacks which have heretofore interposed to prevent the perfect development of that grand principle. The Deposit and General Life Assurance Company has introduced a system which had been for some time in prosperous operation in Scotland, and which appears to us calculated to effect the best objects of prudential economy. The office undertakes, in the first place, the performance of all the ordinary business of life assurance on liberal and equitable terms. It appropriates a portion of its profits to the relief of the policy-holders and shareholders who may happen to fall into pecuniary misfortune. But, most important of all, it provides, by the operation of the plan of "Deposit," that by no possibility—by no change of cir-

circumstances or reverse of fortune, can a policy-holder "forfeit" any portion of the benefit which he has in view when he commences the payment of premiums. The deposit of a single pound secures the reversionary payment of an amount to be fixed by the age of the assured life; the policy-holder has at all times a right to withdraw any proportion he chooses of the amount which he has deposited, receiving as a bonus a certain interest and share of profit; and he still retains his right to a reversionary sum proportioned to the amount which he has not withdrawn—or, if circumstances make it necessary to him, *he can withdraw the whole at any time*. So that whilst he has the comfort of knowing that in the event of his death his family are provided for, he enjoys the additional satisfaction comprehended in the knowledge that he has always at his command a sum of money, which thus fulfils the double object of guarding against the destitution of surviving relatives, and at the same time acting as a fund of succour to which he can have recourse on the occurrence of a "rainy day."

It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the extent of the good which may be effected by this arrangement. The fact that the inexhaustible benefits of Life Assurance are thrown open to a vast body of the community formerly excluded from them, is in itself a matter for sincere congratulation; and the circumstance that the plan precludes the possibility of losing any portion of the money invested, gives it an additional value. The system of operations carried on by the company comprehends the joint benefits of life assurance and of accumulation—of family provision and self provision; and we are not surprised at hearing of the large measure of success which has attended so wise and beneficent an enterprise.

Subjects of an economic and provident nature are now attracting more attention than at any former period of our national career. They are treated both in a practical and scientific spirit by men of eminence and experience, capable of dealing with them effectually; and one of the results of this improved manner of considering matters affecting home comfort and domestic happiness is exhibited in the existence of establishments like that to which we have alluded. Some of the prospectuses issued by the Company have been brought under our notice, and we have been so much struck by the truth and validity of the argument contained in one passage, that we think our readers will feel pleased at our printing it:—

"It is obvious that a great advantage is produced by the circumstance of the money saved with the Company being returned at death with the great increase which the principles of Assurance involves. Other benefits are afforded by the opportunity of having the Savings Bank for use during life, according to the various wants of the assured, upon terms so well calculated to induce a renewal of the saving where circumstances permit. It is scarcely necessary to invite the particular attention of all persons in the kingdom, whose duties bring them in direct connection with the welfare of the industrial classes, to the objects and benefits set forth. It falls to the duty of many to have to recommend some mode of securing or saving small sums of money acquired by labour or otherwise. It is expected that the modes of investment offered by the Company will present themselves to such persons in favourable contrast to other means of saving."

Feeling that nothing can tend more powerfully to the practical promotion of careful and industrious habits than absolute certainty that virtue shall meet its reward, we cordially wish even increased success and prosperity to an institution whose operations conduce so manifestly to these ends. It is gratifying to observe the growth of a feeling amongst the upper classes that their real interest and dignity consist in identifying themselves with objects bearing on the welfare of the people at large; and the presence, at the Directorial Board of this institution, of such men as Lord Drumlanrig (Comptroller of the Royal Household), and other gentlemen of eminent standing, proves that this wise consciousness of, and attention to, the claims of duty is gaining ground. Such co-operation cannot fail to cheer and assist the labours of the Secretary, on whose energy and judgment the success of enterprises of this nature must always be in great measure dependent.

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## THE ANTE-DILUVIAN MECHANIC.

BY WILLIAM DALTON.

As the deluge which o'erspread the earth, cleansing the hearts of primitive man, so has the flood of cheap literature, which has been passing over the social world of London during the last twenty years, done much to cleanse the intellect of the present generation from its foul state of ignorance; but, notwithstanding the continual outpourings of the sweet waters from the fountains of human improvement, a few *ante-diluvian* characters have a *post-diluvian* existence. The "Ante-diluvian Mechanic," for instance, may be termed a kind of living fossil; he still is but the very antipodes of what he ought to be; he has no more right to a place in a workshop of 1853 than a "pack-horse" has to a place on its roads. He is an item dropped by mistake from the past generation of bob-wigs and pig-tails, when watchmen existed for the convenience of burglars and the amusement of inebriated "Tom and Jerry" striplings of fashion. Like eels in rivers, the ante-diluvian mechanics swarm and slip about amid the slime and mud of society. They are to be found in great abundance in the courts and alleys of London—human burrows, with several entrances, out of which, when wanted, they have to be ferreted by their employers. They are the "ill weeds" of their "order," and, like those surreptitious auxiliaries of the vegetable world, "grow apace" and plentifully entangle among the real plants of industry. From laziness, they are what swine are among the "Hebrews," unclean animals. They form the chief buttress which supports the arguments of the "Public Bath and Wash-house" haters, and consequently have earned for the honest industrious many the witless soubriquet of "unwashed." Instinctively, or perhaps habitually, philosophers of negation, they regard as unnecessary everything that can be done without. If they wash their faces to-day, it will only be a precedent for to-morrow; ergo (to save the trouble), the "indices" of their minds must remain *in statu quo*. Their meals, which they consider as but secondary to their drink, they compromise with their instinctive indolence by a process of "tossing" them down—an operation which can only be comprehended by those who have been fortunate enough to witness it. Their ablutions are performed hebdomadally, viz., on Sunday mornings. This, perhaps, is one of the best arguments in favour of "Saturday night" payment; for that night brings them their wages, their wages procure them their gin and beer, and the latter give them a severe and stupid headache on the Sunday morning, which is only relieved by the application of cold water. So far "Saturday payments" and sanatory measures act in concert.

You may know the Ante-diluvian Mechanic by his spare emaciated habit; his staggering gait and dull, vacant eyes; his unbrushed hat of many shapes, his stringless, slipshod shoes, and coat with as many holes as a colander, alike innocent of the existence of brushes and ignorant of the use of needles and thread; his horny hands, the pride of industry, are encased in a thick layer of dirt; and his face, like a new-cut corn-field, studded with thick-growing stubble. What an important step in sanatory reform would it be if magistrates, instead of fining them five shillings for a night's orgie, were empowered to give them an introduction to the nearest pump and a month's practice with the razor. Their life may be equally divided into the three following portions—the tap-room, the workshop, and their dens—"homes" they are not. Their great passion is the tap-room; their mode of salutation when they meet, is "Stand a pint;" and when they part, "Another drain." Meet them when or where you will, they have either been "doing" or are going "to do a drain." These animals will sit for hours in a tap-room, their souls immersed within the circumference of a beer-pot, enjoying what they rapturously term a "comfortable fuddle." Their height of felicity is to indulge in what they most euphoniouly call "a big drink." "Saint Monday" they devotionally sacrifice to the tipsy god Bacchus, by making a circuit of the London gin palaces; a peregrination they periphrastically denominate "doing the round of the public." Upon this day the Ante-diluvian Mechanic may be seen prowling the streets with a short pipe in his mouth, and often his "help-meet" on his arm. His landmarks about town are the various licensed vintners. Ask him to direct you to any given place, and he will describe it as opposite the White Bear, next to the Green Dragon, or a few doors from the Red Lion. After repletion, like the bo-constrictor, he lies torpid for a season. Tuesday is the antidote to the Monday's poison. On Wednesday he will go to his neglected work, crawling in at a time when he may think his employer absent; and thus he, who has talent enough to



earn an independence, sinks the dignity of the man in the fawning of the lashed hound. It is a peculiarity of the Ante-diluvian Mechanic to earn more money in four days than his steadier shopmate in six, being generally the cleverest, quickest and most cunning artificer in "his shop." He is the swift hare racing with the slow but sure tortoise, and, as in the fable, the latter wins. If there is but little competition in his trade, his employer, in order to secure his labour, is obliged to let him "over-draw" his wages, and thus bind the "free-born Briton" in chains which he forges himself from his master's necessity, and not unfrequently gets riveted on by the Judge of the County Court. His life seems a perpetual struggle to dissolve into liquid gin or beer all upon which he can place his hands. He is an inebriate spendthrift, who, by the reducing process of his habits, liquids everything but liquidates nothing. He has the soul of a lion when descanting in a "pot-house" about the tyranny of "masters;" the whole race of whom he looks upon as "wild beasts," whose greatest delight is to devour their workmen. He asserts that "masters" are gentlemen of the privileged classes, who, instead of working themselves, indulge in the simple amusement of collecting and disposing advantageously of the labour of others. "Look at 'em," he says, "with their white hands, new coat, and clean shirt every day, and all got out of our labour. We and our wives and young-'uns have to live from 'hand to mouth'—almost starving." Yes, thus the Ante-diluvian Mechanic argues, who every day and week receives a larger share of her Majesty's silver and golden representatives than fall to the lot of most medical assistants, hard toiling clerks, subaltern officers of the army and navy, and, in many instances, with greater certainty than the growing spirit of competition ensures to his master.

Like other animals of the genus Genius, our friend has more care for the business of others than his own. He is a politician, who, like foxhunting parsons, teaches more from theory than example; he is not a "Tory," "Whig," "Radical," or "Chartist," but of that class of politicians known by the name of Pot-house; and while he is thus patriotically engaged with the affairs of the community, and spending his income *pro bono publico*, he most philosophically consigns the care of his family to a grateful public, who supply careless fathers with prisons and work-houses *ad libitum*. A favourite amusement of our ante-diluvian friend is getting the nine, *i. e.*, playing at skittles, and much have these playthings of grown-up boys to answer for; cards and champagne have often been the cause of suicide, but such an exit is luxury itself in comparison with the lingering, moral, mental and physical death entailed upon the lovers of "beer and skittles." The first "nine" that the working man brings down in the public-house yard, lays prostrate a portion of his home; wife and children all begin to totter;—we never see those ragged, haggard, little dirty children about our streets, but we think of "getting the nine."

The Ante-diluvian Mechanic has a great liking for natural history; and this he exemplifies by his various specimens of canaries, linnets, dogs, cats, rabbits, and other live stock, which he breeds in his own house. It is not uncommon to find in some of those little back streets, which seem to have been sent to a kind of Coventry by their larger and more wholesome brethren, for their dust-hole propensity of harbouring dirt, houses which contain several nests of ante-diluvian workmen ("birds of a feather"). A nest consists of one small room, in which you may see and hear birds singing, dogs barking, guinea pigs squeaking, and boys fighting at the same time, a curious conjunction of "Noah's Ark" and "Babel." The reader may tell us that we have discovered in this "Ante-diluvian" animal a more wonderful and quite as fabulous an animal as the "great sea serpent;" but "'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Legally, the Ante-diluvian Mechanic is an *honest* animal, *i. e.*, he robs no one but himself (his family in law being *non est*), and a man legally may do anything with himself but be guilty of *felo de se*. Morally, he is more than a shaving short of honest, and many, many an inch of principle or honour. For instance, if his exchequer is (which is not unfrequently) very low, he endeavours to discover a couple of friends of "house-keeping" rank, who may be willing to become securities for him to a Loan Society. This loan he will generously divide with his friends or not, as the case may be, and then, in anticipation of the second or third instalment, might immerse himself in obscurity; this he elegantly calls making a "leg," an abbreviation of legacy, and a true term for such a transaction, for 'tis the legacy left by his deceased integrity as a memento. He knows or understands but little of principle, and says he "thinks it but small sin to 'do those' who make money by wringing, till they bleed coin, the horny hands of the labouring classes." This may be a half truth.

The Ante-diluvian Mechanic smiles at the "dignity" of labour, and gives the preference to his own *otium cum dignitate* of indolence. If you tell him he must either "work or starve," he will illumine his *os frontis* with a kind of tragical grin, and force one of his eyes through that species of ocular performance which very vulgar people are insane enough to imagine gives an impression of consummate and abstract wisdom, viz., winking. When out of work he is famous for scheming, and, paradoxical as it may sound, he can earn as much out of work as the steady or "Post-diluvian" workman can in full employment; for, as he says, "he has no false pride in applying to the parish" and to ladies "pocket-charities." As for the first, they are bound to keep him, and he studies to make the binding as close as possible. For the latter, a little humbug about badness of trade, a wife in consumption, and a large family with the measles, is sure to tell with the ladies, bless their hearts; and when that is worn out, he has only to become a "reformed drunkard," go to chapel, and persuade the congregation, individually, that their example was the talisman that changed his heart, to be enabled to live at his ease. Reader, this is true, true as man's existence; and lowly hypocrite as he is, he equals not some in higher station, and who have less excuse, whose vices are hidden by the garb of rank, that garb which is as much an habiliment for the covering of vice as is the well-known "cloak" of religion.

Give the Ante-diluvian Mechanic a coat, and towards the end of the week you will see him "in his shirt sleeves." It may be that the heat of the weather renders this garment too warm, or it may be that he has lent it to his never-failing friend, or near relative, who lives at the corner of the court, and has the *insignia* of his social *status* suspended over his door in the form of three gilt orbs; but this we do know, there is some mysterious connection between this relative and the landlord of the Red Lion, for the Ante-diluvian never leaves one without calling upon the other.

The "Ante-diluvian" Mechanic can scarcely be called improvident, for he belongs to a friendly society which allows him 10s. per week when he happens to be ill, which, "poor man," is not unfrequently; as he says, "a man can better afford to be ill upon 10s. a week than upon nothing." The society, à la Napoleon, patronizes that "Malthusian abhorrence, population," by giving a premium to the journeyman for every new member of his family. He also belongs to a "burial club;" and if he unfortunately loses his wife (and these burial clubs give no premium for longevity), he is friendly with the "secretary," obtains the money for the funeral, gets it done cheap, and makes a surplus, which probably (but that is no affair of ours) he spends for the repose of his deceased wife's soul: then, dear reader, can a man be called improvident who makes provision for both illness and death? No, we think he is systematically careful.

The drama, without it be that most itinerant and legitimate of all legitimate dramas, "Punch and judy," is seldom patronized by the "Ante-diluvian" Mechanic; but he has great taste for harmony, and delights in the harmonic meeting at the "Blue Lion;" this place is to him what the "opera" is to his superiors. He is a sight-seeing animal, and never suffers an opening of Parliament, a prorogation, or a Lord Mayor's Show to pass without assisting in the procession. His Sunday mornings are frequently passed in the park; he delights in seeing the soldiers, pities the poor men, and is always indignant with officers whom he calls by the generic name of the young of the canine species. Another favourite Sunday amusement is to attend in the suburban fields, and indulge in the noble sport of bird catching, rat hunting, and cock fighting—the latter, by the way, he has but recently monopolized.

With regard to his family, the "Ante-diluvian" workman is a great admirer of that negative law which allows him to do (educationally) as he likes with his own children. Oh! how he hates that tyrannical Austrian Government, which not only provides education for the poor, but compels their parents to use it. The "Ante-diluvian" mechanic says, and existing conventionalities corroborate it, "That it is no good giving mental food, when you don't give time to eat, much more digest it." He is a short-lived animal; his death is premature, cold, cheerless, and miserable; he has probably driven every friend from his door, and sneaks out of life with the consciousness of his children's poverty and utter helplessness, yet it haunts not his dying moments. Society has not taught him vice, but is it less blameless for not having trained him to virtue? The torch of example, which he has been told burns perpetually in the higher classes, has not burned sufficiently bright to light him along the proper path of life, or thrown its rays upon the hideous holes of immorality and selfishness, that he might avoid them. No, he has heard

of the exemplary guides, but he has no faith in them, they are a hoax; he has entered the porch of life, passed through the passage, and makes his exit without having picked up even one solitary attribute of the brute species--the love of his offspring--and not having loved, he dies careless of them. As for his wife, she cares but for herself and her children; the latter are sent out as errand boys, or nurse girls; she takes in washing, and her husband is soon forgotten over the washtub and in the gin glass; for her the workhouse has no shame, she looks forward to it, nay she has sought it, as a refuge from industry; the only horror anticipatory, which can penetrate her almost invulnerable garb of poverty, is the "sting of death:" of the children, they live over the same life as the father, and are singularly fortunate if their career is less criminal.

The Ante-diluvian race of mechanics are in a transitory state, they are being forced out of existence by the propelling power of human progress, but they disappear not fast enough, they possess a tenacity of life which is difficult to move. Authorities, we exhort you to educate! Masters, encourage short hours!--take from the physical, and add to the moral. Let all, as some already do, make Friday instead of Saturday the pay-day, and they shall soon be thrust beneath the crust of history and deeply embedded in oblivion, where may they rest for ever, with the sweet waters of Lethe peacefully rolling over them.

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## EGYPTIAN VILLAGERS.

THE Nile is a remarkable river. Nor is the land through which it flows, or the people who dwell upon its banks, less worthy of remark than itself. In length the river may justly be ranked amongst the mightiest of earth. In importance it is second to none. For 1,500 miles--or half its length--its current rolls along in solitary majesty, without receiving a single tributary stream deserving of notice. It flows through a district that would be a wilderness but for its fertilising waters--a district that is thus rescued from the edge of a desert of more than 3,000 miles across.

The valley of the Nile, and therefore the land of Egypt, has an average breadth of only fifteen miles. Towards the mouth of the river, the fertile land extends to a much greater breadth; because the stream, dividing into two branches, encloses an extensive tract of country. This portion is called the Delta; and upon it nearly half the population of Egypt dwell. From time immemorial this river has annually overflowed its banks, and converted the dry and parched country into one vast lake. Just as regularly has the water subsided, and left the land covered with a stratum of rich, soft mud, which has caused this otherwise arid desert--without the aid of manure and without the rains of heaven--to become the most fertile spot on the face of the earth.

Hence the Egyptians have ever been an agricultural people, and the culture of their land has always been effected with comparatively little trouble to themselves. They have been, as it were, the favourites of heaven; and as a natural consequence have failed to learn that reliance on themselves which the inhabitants of less highly-favoured lands acquire.

This may be regarded as the chief cause of their political and social degradation. The more easily the means of subsistence can be procured by a people, the less likely is a spirit of providence to be found in them. Thus the Egyptians, as cultivators of the soil by necessity, and dependent for success in this upon the rising of their river, were thrown into prosperity or adversity according to the height of the flood. Hence we read in the sacred writings that the people of this land laid not up a store in years of plenty, and were therefore compelled to apply to Pharaoh in the season of scarcity, and barter away all they possessed for food. Transactions such as these have doubtless had at least as much to do with the present subjection of the people of Egypt as any territorial conquest can possibly have had.

The Egyptian nation is of great antiquity. It has existed throughout the whole period of authentic history, and can even be traced far back into mythic times. It was certainly a kingdom nearly 4,000 years ago. But its monarchs, like those of all the eastern nations, ruled over an indolent people with despotic power. Ages passed away. One dynasty was overthrown by another, but the conquerors ruled as their predecessors had done: the condition of the people was not improved. These great and proud rulers were all ambitious to leave behind them an imperish-

able record of their greatness; hence they each aimed at constructing works, the greatness of which should surpass everything that had been seen before. They forced their subjects to work under the lash, and the huge pyramids, temples, and other relics of ancient Egypt, remain as the lasting monuments of their own tyranny and their people's abject slavery.

The dependence of the whole country upon the overflowing of the Nile, led by degrees to the execution of works for retaining the water upon the land, and for diffusing it to the utmost extent. Enormous dykes were to be erected; lakes were to be dug; and canals to be cut, intersecting the country in every direction. Such works as these can only be performed by the exercise of despotic power, except it be in a country which has attained so high a degree of civil liberty and civil strength, that public good is largely advanced by private enterprise. But here was a nation in its infancy, necessitated to execute works for the public advantage. As a nation it had begun in despotism, and the effect of despotic power had been to prevent the rise both of private enterprise and public spirit. Hence even these great public works, which in another nation would have contributed to improve the condition and increase the prosperity of the people, served but to plunge them in yet deeper slavery and more abject wretchedness.

Many were the conquests that Egypt underwent: Babylon, Persia, Greece, in turn subdued it. After the overthrow of the Ptolemies it became a Roman province; and soon after that empire had been dismembered it was conquered by the Saracens, A.D. 641. For 800 years the Caliphs ruled this land. A vast change took place during this period in the manners and habits of the people, while the worship of Mohammed became the religion of the country. After this time it fell into the hands of the Turks, to whom it is still nominally subject, although the Viceroy of Egypt has far overgrown the might of his *souverain*.

But amidst all these revolutions the political condition of the Egyptian people has remained unchanged. The descendants of those who writhed beneath the galling chains of their early kings, have writhed beneath the chains of those who conquered them; and, like the arid wilderness that skirts their own fertile domains, they are still unreclaimed from slavery by all the revolutions that time has brought forth. If there is any change, it is that their condition is worse. They have become a still more crushed and abject race.

Whether the Fellâhs or agricultural population of Egypt have remained the same people through all the periods of history, seems doubtful; but the modern notion, that they are of Arabian origin, is, to say the least, equally so. It is scarcely possible that, during the 800 years of Muslim rule, so great a change could have taken place that the Arabs should have formed four-fifths of the population; or that the ancient Egyptian race should have been reduced to that insignificant fraction of the whole which the Copts now are.

It seems far more probable that the Copts and Fellâhs are in common the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The Copts may perhaps have sprung from those who in early times formed a ruling caste; and the Fellâhs are probably the enslaved descendants of the former enslaved population, mixed up, it may be, to some extent with the Arabs. It is far more likely that the Fellâhs, who profess the Muslim faith, should have adopted the creed of their conquerors, than that the Egyptians should have become so completely exterminated and replaced by another people, as is generally supposed. But little stress can be laid on the name "Children of the Arabs," which the Fellâhs assume, and which may have often misled travellers; while the fact that the Copts themselves are now rapidly passing over to the same faith, and becoming mixed up by marriage with the other inhabitants of Egypt, is itself a testimony to the truth of our opinion. And another testimony may be found in the remarkable resemblance of the Fellâh to the Copt, while his difference from the Arab is so striking that travellers who have considered them as one and the same have been driven to strange shifts to account for the loss of Arab peculiarities.

We read much in history respecting the high degree of civilisation attained by the early Egyptians. We know that Greece derived much of that science and art for which she was afterwards distinguished, from Egypt, and that civilised Europe has derived the same through Greece; but there are no direct records of the wretched state in which the mass of the people must have been plunged, even in the midst of so much greatness. Indirect evidence may, however, be gathered from their history, which is quite conclusive on this point. The pyramids, for instance, and other great works which abound in the land, supply us with proofs as certain as the pages of history could afford. No people in an advanced state of

civilisation could ever have been driven from their own avocations and compelled to work like slaves in rearing those gigantic monuments to perpetuate their tyrant's fame. And the distinction of caste, which is known to have prevailed amongst them from the earliest times, is another evidence of their depressed condition, for in such a constitution of society the lower orders are necessarily in a state of the lowest degradation.

Little, indeed, is yet known of the present position, social and political, of the Fellahs, who form the bulk of the Egyptian population; and much that we have heard of them seems to be founded on conjecture. We purpose, therefore, to make a few observations on the present condition of the Fellahs, with the view of exhibiting their manners and customs and their degraded political position. For our information we are chiefly indebted to the admirable work of Mr. Bayle St. John,\* a gentleman who has travelled and lived among the people he describes, and whose book contains a truthful and vivid portraiture of the Fellah population.

The great cities of Egypt are few. The Egyptians, being an agricultural people, live for the most part in villages. Of these there are between 3,000 and 4,000, and they are inhabited by the Fellah tribes. But the cities are constantly replenished from the villages, for though the Fellahs, as is natural, have an enthusiastic love for their villages, they often fly to the great cities, that they may be lost in the crowd, when their sufferings at home become unbearable. In the eyes of the present government they are considered as attached to the soil. They are not permitted to go from one village to another without a written passport. When detected in so doing they are bastinadoed severely, and sent back without ceremony to their villages; while persons suspected or found guilty of harbouring them have even been put to death.

In the great cities, however, the Fellah is a different individual from what he is in his own village. He is then mixed up with Turks, Europeans and others, and is much changed thereby. Still, however, he is subject to despotic power. The inhabitants of the cities are compelled to work at the beck of the Pasha, for pay, or for nothing, as he may will. Once, it is stated, the whole adult population of Alexandria was turned out to labour at the fortifications by his command, which they did without daring to complain. A curious story is related of the late Pasha, Mohammed Ali. He had chanced to see a new kind of shoe, of foreign workmanship, and, as it pleased his royal taste, he determined that his soldiers should be forthwith provided with them. So the mandate was issued to the shoemakers of Cairo that 40,000 pairs must be forthcoming within a month. This order was enforced by his usual laconic expression, "On your heads be it."

But if we would see Fellah in his true position, we must visit him in his own rural village. Here we shall find him, spiritless and degraded undoubtedly, but at the same time cheerful and contented, though in the midst of unparalleled poverty. He is ever ready with his greeting of peace, and to render any little kindness that his poverty will allow.

But we must now introduce you to the personal appearance of one of the Fellah race. Picture, then, to yourself a man of good figure, and rather above the middle height, whose complexion is exactly the colour of unburnt brick, and impresses you forcibly with the conviction that he has just come from the hands of his Creator, who, according to his own Muslim tradition, fashioned him originally out of the mud of the Nile. His beard short, black and curly. His features coarse and unpleasing; and though a keen eye gleams from beneath the half-closed lid, his countenance but seldom exhibiting the glow of intelligence, but rather wearing a childish or clownish aspect. His bare feet and legs are seen below his ragged dress, adding considerably to the poverty of his appearance. Imagine such a one enveloped down to the middle of the leg in a loose long-sleeved gown of blue cotton, or maybe of brown woollen stuff of the coarsest description, covered all over with patches, and yet displaying numerous rents, which let in the air of heaven and reveal at the same time the dark brown, weather-beaten, and often the tattooed skin of the wearer; and to crown the whole, a pointed cap of brown felt upon his head, surrounded by an enormous mass of dirty rags twisted up in the form of a turban. Imagine all this, and you have a portrait of the Fellah of Lower Egypt.

The women commonly wear a blue envelope similar to that of the men; but more transparent, and often but inadequately concealing the graceful form of the wearer. Over the head is thrown a mantle of the same material, or sometimes of checked linen, which serves to conceal two-thirds of the face. This mantle leaves one eye

\* "Village Life in Egypt; with Sketches of the Sâid." By Bayle St. John. 2 vols., pp. 296. —Chapman and Hall. 1863.



exposed—often the only one possessed—and they manage by the aid of their teeth to keep it in its place. The young girls are never veiled in the villages. Often indeed both they and the women may be seen stepping from house to house perfectly unclothed; so greatly does political degradation contribute to moral degradation also. Sometimes, however, only the lower part of the face is covered, and a pair of handsome and exceedingly bright eyes peer over the veil with that voluptuous expression so peculiarly Egyptian. The eyes indeed are often the only handsome feature of the face; though the hands and feet, even of those engaged in the dirtiest and lowest occupations, are exquisitely delicate.

The women are often tattooed; but this is considered sinful by the more rigid Muslims. The forehead, lips, arms and feet are thus decorated in a slight degree, and they commonly have some figure, such as a star, upon the bosom. Other ornaments are almost unknown to them, not because they are unsusceptible to display—which no native of the East ever is—but because they are so wretchedly poor, that they have not usually the means of procuring them.

In infancy the Fellah children are pretty and interesting; but in the period of childhood—unlike almost every other race of beings—they are excessively ugly and repulsive. It is a point with the parents never to wash them, lest they should attract the notice of the Evil Eye and be carried off. They thus grow up covered with dirt and sores and flies; and both sexes mingled together, crawl about and romp on the dunghills of the village. At nine or ten years of age, the girls begin to grow pretty, and also begin to put on female attire. And both boys and girls almost invariably grow up into fine-looking, and, as to their general figure, handsome young men and women. But excessive toil and suffering make them decline at a very early age. The females especially soon decay. At twenty-five they have passed their golden days, and then rapidly lose flesh, and become shrivelled up into haggard old women.

The women are always somewhat fairer than the men; but men and women are considerably darker in Upper than in Lower Egypt. The occupation of both makes them appear at all times wretchedly dirty, though the women wash their persons daily. They have not often the opportunity of performing the same operation upon their clothes, for it is seldom they possess a change.

The girls are usually married very young, the poverty of the parents inducing them to get the daughters off their hands as soon as possible, that they may obtain the trifling dowry, which is always given by the bridegroom, for after a certain age the damsel is at her own disposal. Perhaps too in a country of genial clime and proverbial for lax morality, these very early marriages may be attributed to prudential considerations on the part of the husband and wife.

Marriage among the poor Fellahs is generally a very simple affair. From the poverty of these people and their fondness for haggling, there is usually an immense amount of talk between the bridegroom and parents, concerning the price of the bride. But when this is settled there is little more ceremony. The bride, after being well scrubbed, is conveyed without bag or baggage to the house of her lord. She is muffled up, and commonly first carried round the village. After she reaches the house, her husband is allowed to see her face, which he is supposed not to know; though, as the girls are constantly unveiled, he has of course seen it a thousand times before. A boisterous entertainment occupies them till late in the night, when the friends depart and leave her in her new home.

The men are too poor to avail themselves of the Muslim privilege; hence they are commonly content with one wife. In the villages divorce is very uncommon; though of course the husband possesses the right, allowed him by the Prophet, to divorce by a word. In the cities it is usual enough for a man to divorce two or three before he can settle down to his own satisfaction. The men are generally affectionate to their wives and children, though rough, and inclined to play the master. When they lose a wife they commonly marry again; but the women consider a single marriage sufficient, and hence a state of widowhood is very common.

Rice is their chief food; meat is very rarely eaten, wheaten bread never. They cultivate millet and maize, and the river supplies them with plenty of tasteless fish. The Fellah is an early riser, and passes the greater part of his life at his work in the fields. Yet, with all his toil, he finds some enjoyment. Whenever he can, he spends his evenings in a little coffee-house, but at the smallest possible expense. He sometimes sips a little very dilute coffee in thimbles-full at a time, or takes a whiff from a pipe which is passed round to all, and paid for by each in turn. Occasionally a song is sung, and listened to with the closest attention; for these poor people exhibit a great passion for music, and doubtless it has a powerful influence in smoothing the asperities of their wretched condition.

That we may be able to form a correct estimate of the real position of the Fellah in the country, it is necessary that we glance briefly at the way in which the land is governed. The real and despotic lord of Egypt is the Viceroy or Pasha. His nominal submission to the Sultan affects not his mode of government, except it be in making him rule more despotically, by way of exhibiting his own power. There are fourteen great provinces in Egypt. These the Pasha can entrust to none but Turks. The provinces are subdivided into a large number of minor districts, which are governed by Fellahs, who are called *Nazirs*, or petty governors. Below these are the *Sheikhs*, also Fellahs, one of whom rules in every village. Attached to these, and also to the higher rulers, are many subordinates, who act as the executioners of their superior's will. Now it is but natural in a country ruled by despotism, that the subordinate officers should rule in the same manner as their master. One despot, we are told, makes many. And this is true, not merely because Jack loves to ape his master, but because, in this case, it is absolutely necessary for him to do so. The great ruler fulminates his decrees in the palace at Cairo. The ruler of the province must see that they are executed, or his head may be the forfeit. The commission goes forth from him to the Nazir, and from the Nazir to the Sheikh of the village, and the last must extort from the poor Fellah the required amount. Thus far goes the necessity of the matter. But beyond this each one strives to outdo the despot above him—each aims to do a little on his own account. The Pasha demands a certain sum from his officers; these make still greater exactions, so that by the time the poor Fellah is called upon to pay, the sum demanded has been wonderfully increased in amount.

Just as the black slave, when raised above his fellows, makes a far more imperious and cruel taskmaster than the white man; so the Fellah officer is found a more efficient extorter of money from his Fellah countrymen, than any other could be. The cruelties practised by each officer upon those below him are outrageous. It is a rule in Egypt that every villager shall bring his tax to the depot of the Sheikh; and every officer his quota to the depot of the next above him. The Sheikh sits in great state at his house, and the Fellahs appear before him. The poor people bring their money, but will not part with it if they can help it. They are too much used to excessive exactions to part with it easily. They know too well that the demands, which even now well nigh exceed the utmost limits of their physical powers to procure, would be greatly increased, if the present amount could be wrung from them with comparative ease. They even boast of the number of *nabootings* they have undergone; for they feel that they endure them in a good cause.

Hence when the day of payment arrives they go prepared to resist to the utmost. The Sheikh makes proclamation of the amount each shall pay; and appealing to Allah and his Prophet exhorts, with the most fatherly solicitude, all whom it may concern to think of their latter end. And thus in the coolest manner possible this important business is transacted.

The first is called up, and the tax demanded. He refuses; and is immediately ordered to be *nabooted* (bastinadoed). This he endures with determined constancy. At length, when the suffering overpasses his powers of endurance, the money is slowly produced; and when it is thought no more is to be extracted from him, he is dismissed to make way for another, who will inevitably meet the same fate. He departs without complaining; and rejoicing if he has been able to endure their severity, without giving up a few coins he had concealed under his tongue as a reserve, in case the punishment became too severe.

At the close of the day's business, the Sheikh himself finds cause for secret joy, if he thinks he has been able to extort something over and above what the Nazir will demand from him, as a peculation for himself. But woe be to him if he has obtained less. He is treated with the same severity as the poor Fellahs are by him. He may be bastinadoed, or sent to the galleys, i. e., to work in chains in the dockyard of Alexandria or at the forts of Aboukir. It is no uncommon thing to see a whole train of these marched through the streets of Alexandria. Some have even worked at the galleys for years, and have then regained their office upon handing over the necessary bonus to the Pasha. They are sometimes paraded in public places on donkeys, with their faces turned towards the tail; which is esteemed a great disgrace.

The Nazirs are themselves liable to similar treatment at the hands of the officers above them, or of the Pasha. A curious story is told by Mr. St. John, of the way in which Ahmet Pasha treated a Nazir. The Nazir was a respectable old gentleman, who had no reason to think he had given cause of displeasure. One day, however, he received a visit from an amiable soft-spoken personage from Cairo, armed with full powers to represent his Highness. The Nazir welcomed his guest

with politeness and hospitality—not unmixed, of course, with apprehension; and a splendid supper was provided to refresh him after his journey. When supper was over and hands were washed, the guest, as he delicately parted his well-trimmed moustache with the amber mouth-piece of his pipe, said: “Now to business. With infinite regret I inform thee, that I have come the bearer of orders to give thee 500 blows. It will be better for both parties to dispatch this unpleasant affair as quickly as possible. You will allow me, then, to issue the necessary orders.” The astounded Nazir roared for mercy, but in vain; and while the visitor coolly sat and smoked his first pipe, the operation was performed.

In Egypt nothing is done but by the aid of the stick. Many and severe are the *whippings* that must take place before a single piastre can find its way into the coffers of the Pasha. Nor are the public works performed on any other principle. The great Gairs or embankments, with which Egypt is intersected, need to be constantly repaired. The accompanying canals are continually liable to be filled up with the mud brought down by the floods. These works are performed by unpaid labour. The Fellahs are driven, almost every year, from their villages to labour at these works; and it is no unusual thing to see a gang of 500 or more thus engaged at forced labour, under the eyes of taskmasters of Fellah race, who are armed with swords and whips. Of course such works, being unwillingly done, proceed exceedingly slow; and hence the Fellahs are kept much longer than necessary from their own fields.

The greater part of the land of Egypt belongs to the Pasha and a few great proprietors. The government lands are farmed out to speculators, who undertake to pay a certain amount of rent. The allotment in these cases is, not of so many acres, but of so many villages; for the Fellahs go with the soil. The farmer of the land has a right to the labour of the Fellahs, and he may give them wages or not, at his own pleasure.

Such things as these are the cause of their wretched condition. They are kept in continual poverty. They cannot acquire wealth; for gold is to them an almost fabulous thing. They have no hope of bettering their condition in this world; for when they rise, it is but as the tool of oppression to their fellows. What wonder, then, that they are a degraded people! What wonder that they grow obstinate, and refuse all improvement! They refuse to be instructed, because instruction will but make them more useful serfs, and because they see in improvements only a new engine of oppression.

The nature of Mohammed Ali's so-called improvements is well described in the book before us. He first depopulated the land by conscriptions, and created terrible famines by his inflexible monopolies of food. He ruined agriculture by drawing away or exterminating the labourers, and then was frightened at the deserts he had created. To repair the mischief, he resolved to reclaim lands that had lain uncultivated for centuries, instead of sending the people back to their legitimate occupations. And he caused still further damage, by dragging away fresh gangs of Fellahs from the villages, to build a stupendous dam that was to aid in distributing an artificial flood; but which proved an utter failure.

Thus wretched is the state of these poor Fellahs; and yet they often show a cheerful and contented spirit. Perhaps this is owing, in part, to the climate—always light and gay—and partly to the character of their religion, which gives them abundant promises of good hereafter, and allows no gloomy forebodings concerning the future state. If we would sum up all their miseries in one word—if we would name the most likely cause of their social evils and moral degradation—it is *serfdom*. This leads them to forget the common decencies of life—the common feelings of humanity. Naturally the Fellah has a strong love for his offspring; but sometimes the force of poverty and oppression is sufficiently acute to make him forget his natural affection, and sell his children to what he knows will be worse than death.

It is not well, therefore, to despise the Fellah on account of his degraded condition. He is not to be regarded as an outcast from society, and shunned as a being unfit to be approached. He is rather to be pitied for the state he is in; and by a kindly and gentle hand, to be gradually advanced into a better. He is sunk too low to be raised at once; his elevation, to be sure, must be gradual.

## SLAVES OF THE COUNTER.

BY WILLIAM DALTON.

My father was a Jones, a yeoman of some pecuniary and much physical substance, full of ideas, but wanting both in will and words for mouth-pieces to fit them to. He wished to make of me, like the rest of his sons, a farmer, or as he used to say, "put me to a calling fit for a man;" but alas, like many other hardy men, he had a few soft particles in his composition, every atom of which my mother knew instinctively, or to use the old lady's own words, she knew every evil of the old man's heart as well as his lands—she not only knew the character of the soil, but what seeds and when to plant them, in order to produce a crop of any particular impressions she might wish to reap. A near relative of my mother had been for many years head shopman in a large retail town house.

In an unlucky hour he was invited to our home. My father hated his effeminacy, my mother admired his gentility; a battle very nearly ensued; as is usual in such contests, the old lady had the best of it, and the upshot was that I was to be sent to the great metropolis, as to another California, to pick up gold and silver. I was then sixteen, fairly educated and tolerably well read (especially in novels and travels), and could speak French; the latter, my mother's relative stated to be "*a sine qua non* in a London shopman." The thing being settled by way of novitiate, I passed six months behind the counter of a country bookseller and stationer's shop. A few months rolled over, and I looked over the brink of my destiny from the top of a stage-coach. It was an eventful day that, when I left my native place amidst showers of hopes and congratulations, with a small box-full of clothes, and a still smaller purse-full of money, not to forget a big heart cracking almost with ambitious aspirations.

If, upon my arrival at the Royal Exchange, I wondered at the huge gutter, overflowing with busy humanity which flows in a continuous stream from that building to Piccadilly, I became positively staggered at — street; then, as it is now, the handsomest and most fashionable thoroughfare in the metropolis. I thought it a very battle-field of brilliants, all contesting for the most dazzling supremacy;—there were brilliant women, brilliant men, brilliant equipages drawn by brilliant horses decorated with brilliant harnesses, brilliant shops, brilliant articles for sale, brilliant pedestrians elegantly garnished with whisker and moustache, hung in gold chains and studded with diamonds, and even brilliant shopkeepers at their doors; and all these brilliants were lustrously emblazoned by the sun, which seemed to be acting as master of the other brilliant ceremonies. My heart's flutterings were only equalled by my eye's dazzlings. Things so plentiful, thought I, must be easily obtained; and I congratulated myself upon my lucky arrival, and still more at my introduction to a shop in this identical street of brilliants. Upon arriving at the shop and pulling out a letter, with which my relative had provided me, and finding it correspond with the name over the shop front, J. Takemhein and Co., I was much pleased, and gazed admiringly upon the beautiful front and its contents—a brilliant assortment of fancy stationery. One little thing I could not quite comprehend at the time, viz. the huge placards in the window, headed *Selling Off*: the sight of these ominous words made me tremble for my anticipated appointment. I afterwards discovered that they meant nothing more than the truth—though *Waiting for Customers* would have been the most appropriate phrase—and that they were technically termed "flat traps." Having entered the shop, I was passed through a double row of counters and shopmen to a small room at the back of the shop, in which at a table sat a middle-aged corpulent man—Mr. Takemhein himself. Having delivered my letter and looked foolish, as most people do upon such occasions, the great man coughed, looked, and then spoke at me—he never spoke to any body but customers.

"Young man from the country, for the Junior Assistant's place?"

"Yea, sir."

"Where have you lived, who with, how long, what did you leave for, and have you a character?"

"Why, sir, I" —

"Nonsense, sir!" said the great man. "Why don't you answer? answer quickly, quick as lightning, sir, that's the order of the day, or you won't do for a London shopman. I always put these questions rapidly—it gives me at once a notion of a young man's intellects, and him an insight into my habits of business."

I could not but help thinking that if Mr. Takemhein's intellects were as bright

as his tongue was fast, he must be a man of business; but for all my thinking his rapidity had rendered me too nervous to answer, for I fluttered all over, like a sparrow just caught; observing which, the great man said, half apostrophising half addressing me—"Just so, just so. Mr. Billings (my mother's relation) ought to be a judge of what will and what won't suit, but at any rate we will give you a trial, Mr. What's-your-name?"

"Caractacus Jones, sir," said I.

"Kraak-take-us what, man? What the devil do you mean, sir? Were you born in St. Luke's, and baptized by the lunatics?" said the great man passionately.

I ventured to inform him (for I was proud of my name, regarding it as a resuscitated portion of British antiquity) that I was indebted for it to my father, who, being an admirer of the only book (*i.e.* profane) he ever read, *viz.*, the 'History of England,' had named me after the celebrated British prince who stood before Cæsar in chains at Rome, and my ancestor, as the old gentleman termed him, was hung over our fire-place, framed and glazed.

"Very historical, no doubt, but very stupid; it won't do for me, and so we must change it. Pretty it would look at the bottom of a bill, wouldn't it? Let it be John, James, Robert, George, anything that's short—that's settled, remember. John be it. Now we have settled that point. Another question Jones—*John* Jones, remember—Are you engaged?"

"At least you said you would do me the favour of a trial," said I, not very clearly understanding the question.

"Yes, yes, we know that; that point was settled. I said it, and that is sufficient, I should hope. To speak plainer, Jones, have you any young woman hanging after you—that is, are you thinking about getting married? It is a small point to some people, but a large one to me, Jones. I have a particular dislike to engaged shopmen, and as for a married one, I would scarcely have such a thing for a partner—for a working one, by no means. A shopman, Jones, ought to be wedded to his master and his shop—the same as a good soldier is to his queen and country—no petty domestic cares must intervene between him and his profession."

Cupid then had had no shaft to spare, or else had regarded me with a very blind eye, and so most satisfactorily I answered the old man: "No, sir, perfectly free; in fact, I hope to remain a bachelor all my life."

"Very well, Jones, so far so good. You have been used to serving, Jones—that is, you are not *quite* raw, and have a good imagination I suppose—one that will play well and flow freely?—very important point, Jones."

This appeared to me a queer question, but I felt some pride in being able to reply, as I thought, most nobly, "I think I may say I have, sir. I once wrote a short story for our village magazine."

"Bosh!" replied my interrogator. "Drop that kind of thing directly, Jones, or it will ruin you. Do nothing of that kind while you are with me, or I'll discharge you; but stop, I have an idea one thing you may do if your taste lies that way. Is your imagination solid, Jones? Can you write an advertisement? It's practical literature pays best."

"I'll try, sir."

"Very good; if you can, I will raise your salary; but remember, Jones, there must be point—point, sir. It must be short, sir, and sweet—yes, sweet as a sarcasm is stinging. It must be one that has only to be glanced at to hang upon the memory, making it long for a further taste, like the sweetmeats of children. Write such an one, Jones, and I shall regard you as chief of my baiting department, and you'll not be long ere you find that in this branch of literature, at least, talent is its own reward. Jones, I know something of phrenology; you have a good forehead—you *can* do it if you like, because you are young and susceptible of impression—Jones, you can do it. I have said it, and that, I should hope, is enough. But this is not all I mean by imagination; there is another point more important; yet solid imagination is flexible, Jones, it will stretch without breaking. Are you given to romancing? Can you do a little in the fabulous?"

"In the what, sir? Fables? I have read *Æsop*."

"Well, well, just so. Then can you, like *Æsop*, tell a clever lie with a good purpose?"

"A lie, sir!" said I, colouring.

"A lie, sir? Yes, a lie, sir. There is nothing to carp at. I hope you have no false morality, sir; no sickly sentimentality. Remember, sir, the end justifies the



means. That's a good maxim, and maxims were given us to use, I believe. A shop lie is nothing more than a small bit of sophisticated reasoning; like a comet, Jones, blazing brilliantly, with a long tail behind to support it. Some people may cavil at this kind of thing, but the chances are they haven't got their living to get. Remember, Jones, and take it from an old shopkeeper—there are but two dangerous lies, the one perjury, the other forgery; the first because it's an oath, and the latter because it's upon paper; and lastly, because they are both illegal, and consequently punishable. Avoid these two, keeping to all others (that is, in a business sense) as long as you shall live, and you will die a man of substance; wrought out of lies, it may be, but no matter." The great man finished his lecture, and after looking me steadfastly in the face for a few moments, said—"Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then now pass through to Mr. Brown, with whom you will be paired off, and let me soon gather the fruits of your lesson. One thing more, sir; your salary for the first year will be £10, board and lodging and all that sort of thing. Go, Jones, go," and he impatiently waved his hand.

I soon found Mr. Brown, a remarkably intelligent, genteel looking young man, who introduced me to the noviciating department, such as putting paper straight, winding string, and dusting the counter. About five the great Takemhein left for his villa, and at nine we closed the shop; but it was nearly ten before all the internal business, such as arranging the goods in their proper places, was complete, after which we retired to the kitchen to spend the evening, and a jovial one it was. There were some six or seven "young men" seated at the table. "Young men"—this is the generic term of a peculiar class of the inhabitants of London, viz., its shopmen. A shopkeeper knows no other term, and uses it as naturally as an Indian chief, who uses it, by the way, as another designation for brave, while the shopkeeper and the customer use it as a compromise which dignity makes when addressing a presumed inferior—a sort of intermediate verbal respect between "that man," and "that gentleman." The feminine of this term, for it has its feminine, is "young person," understood particularly by lady customers, and used when speaking of shopwomen.

After partaking of supper, which was enlivened by an account of the adventures of the "young men" on the previous Sunday, I was beckoned by Brown to a two-bedded attic, where I passed my first night in the great metropolis, and awoke very early.

"Good morning, old fellow," said Brown, awaking a short time afterwards. "By-the-bye, Jones, do you think you shall stop here long?"

"I hope so," said I.

"Oh, because, you see, some fellows don't like it. We are a cheap shop, Jones—the very head of the cheap ads, I may say. Yes, cheap, Jones; and I can tell you that word cheap has made as great a revolution in the commercial, as gunpowder did in the military world. We are blowing each other out of the market with cheapness; but it is all the go, so we must not be behind the age. Advertise an article for half the price all the world knows it costs, and that important personage flows into your shop as naturally as water down hill. 'Small profit and quick returns,' that's the motto of us cheap men; and which, I may add, is as often adhered to as are the mottoes tacked to the arms of the nobility, and no more. To sell, Jones, is the art of a complete shopman; the key to that art is the power of persuasion, and the power of persuasion consists in nothing more than rolling the commercial unities, cheapness and quality, along an oily tongue into the ears of your customer. Takemhein does this kind of thing to perfection; he has led the van of cheap ads for years; he deserves a public gratuity quite as much as others, who, having made money simply for themselves, have deserved the gift of a little crowning heap for their success. And yet he is an ignorant man, very, Jones. I can only account for his cleverness as a species of ability-abortion."

Here I ventured to interrupt Brown, by observing that if his advertisements, even, were his own productions, he could not be without education.

"Education be hanged! Bad thing in a tradesman. Money, Jones, money! it's a key which unlocks the door of popularity, as well as every other door. Why, when Takemhein was in halves——"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Brown, in what?"

"Why, we call it in halves—that is, when he and his wife had one shop between them, divided into two, the one a millinery, the other a stationery, he used to lock up the shop of a night, and attend 'The Crown' to smoke his pipe. There

he became acquainted with a clever penny-a-liner, a man with more ability than luck, and more luck than prudence. This man put him up to advertising; a relation died, left Takemhein £500, and he immediately launched into the press; and so much success has he met with, that he not only allows his press friend £200 a year, but has serious intention of buying a weekly paper, for the express purpose of having leaders upon himself. The notion's new, and I have an idea it would take."

"Bless my heart!" was my innocent expression. "Then does Mr. Penny-a-liner write those poetical advertisements?"

"Aye, that he does," said Brown. "And speaking of that, I have had some fun about those poems, and not a little by way of commission. Why, bless you, we have lots of young ladies call here nominally to buy paper, but really to look at the poet. One of these, a devilish fine girl, has mistaken me for the poet—do I look like a poet, Jones?—and comes here pretty frequently. She has a fortune, too, Jones. I keep my eyes open, and ears also."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. It was the morning call. . . . The echo of the last stroke of ten had scarcely died away, when one of the shopmen, a tall, thin young man, who was standing inside of the window, looking not unlike a stout skeleton in a glass case, made sundry grimaces at the nearest; the nearest passed it round to the next, and so on. A busy movement floated through the shop;—Takemhein's carriage stood at the door, and Takemhein himself entered the shop, taking his coat from the footman, who, by the way, with the coachman, were generally pressed into the shop-service as carter and light porter. I was attending upon a lady, my first essay, who, having asked for an article we did not keep, left the shop. The great man made a motion with his hand for me to follow him. I did, into the identical room of the day previous.

"How came you to let that woman go without purchasing, Jones?"

"We had not got in stock what she wanted, sir."

"How do you know what she wanted. If she had no wants, you should have created some wants for her—it's the great art of a shopman."

"Oh, I didn't know, sir; I'll endeavour to do so another time," said I, recklessly promising.

"Didn't know! You have been in a shop before. Did you learn at your country institution, pray, that customers, like poets, come to hand ready made? No, any booby can serve a person who really knows what they want, but that is not the case with one in a hundred who enter a shop. Why, Jones, they frequently come in for the express purpose of pulling the goods about and not buying at all; and when I have to deal with them, they go out of the shop sorry for the venture—they must buy of me if I serve them. You are to sell, and sell you must; Napoleon threw away ifs, and said and did conquer. I do the same, and will sell. You understand me, Jones. You must have as many eyes as a porcupine has quills. Watch your opportunities, edge well with words, pick up half words before they are uttered—in fact, quickness and rapidity is the grand summary."

As I was leaving the room, this field-marshal of shopkeepers called out—"Jones!"

"Yes, sir."

"Dust the right hand side of the shop from top to bottom."

"I have done it, sir."

"Do it again, sir; never be idle. Work, Jones, is the motto of my establishment—practically, if you have it to do; if not, theoretically,—but work; idleness destroys your spirits. Look at the army, Jones, that's what I call drill, and what I want copied in my establishment; the army is always ready for fighting, Jones; the less fighting the more drilling; then, I say, the less business the more dusting; it drills the muscles and improves the calculating powers, and, I may add, makes you think, which, if about your business, is a capital thing."

I left the room, pondering upon this strange lecture, but I have often thought there was a great deal of truth in the latter portion of his remarks. Dusting did make me think; but of what, he little thought. It was something about the customers; but what, space will not allow me to tell in this paper. Three months made me a good shopman, for I am naturally quick at imitation, and I modelled myself as much as possible from the solid shopkeeping qualities of my friend Brown, taking occasionally an idea from the great Takemhein, and just mixing in my composition a little polish borrowed from our fashionable customers. When I first entered, it was the height of the season, and a busy, bustling life it was; but the slack time came, and monotony with it, for then we had little to do except our

dusting drill and putting ourselves in the position of customers, buying and selling of and to ourselves by way of practice. The hunting and shooting absorbed the town season, and Takemhein with it, for he was now seldom in his business, for, in addition to his sporting occupations, he travelled the continent as Count Takemhein in his own carriage, having, during his residence at his shooting and fishing box, cultivated an exuberant moustache. My naturally fresh colour had become genteelly tinted a pale hue by the gas and close confinement, and I looked thinner than when I left home. This I understood was much to my advantage, giving me in exchange for the vulgar appearance of a raw, red countryman, the distingué air of an elegant West-end assistant—which, I beg leave to inform the reader, is very distinct from that of the City shopmen, who have to endure the vulgarity of no regular season, and who pick up their customers as they regularly go to their City offices and counting-houses, in the same way that continual dipping makes the wick into a substantial candle. These Eastern fellows have no style about them, they are dressed as gorgeously as Orientals ought to be, they reflect the fashion of Lord Mayor's Court—they are, in fact, to us West-enders, just what Moses is to Stultz. They might do for City tailors to stand at their doors in place of the customary wooden men; but we are more fit to sit for the portraits of the fashions, which, reversing the order of the sun, exhibit first in the west to set in the east. During my short sojourn with Takemhein, I made many observations, but had many more thrust upon me by Brown, who used to heap them upon me a brain-full at a time; and this generally happened of an evening, when we had retired for the night to our attic.

"I say, old fellow," said he, almost the last night we ever slept there, "don't put up the shutters. Did you see that grand old lady who came into the shop, with the tall footman with the cauliflower head and velvet breeches behind her?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you see her again, you had better look out."

"Why?"

"Oh, simply because she has the Russian complaint."

"What's that?"

"Defective memory—mistakes tuum for meum."

"Nonsense," said I, astonished; "why she is a lady, and of large fortune."

"Don't care," said Brown; "she has what in her station is called a propensity, but in low life petty larceny. I tell you what Jones, the magnetic power of that titled animal is wonderful, she never enters our shop without mesmerising something. Takemhein compares her to an Indian snake charmer. Yesterday she performed an operation upon a gold pencil case."

At the time I thought Brown was joking, and begged of him to let me go to sleep, drowsily ejaculating, "Nonsense!"

"Not at all," said he, "but it as an ill wind blows nobody good. This magnetic disease of her ladyship is as profitable to Takemhein as any other disease to a physician. He charges for it—her husband says she can't help it. Now, whether Takemhein believes it or not, he knows she can afford a can't-help-it complaint, and accordingly has her narrowly watched and charges for the stolen articles in the yearly bill, which is paid without notice being taken of the item. In fact she is one of our best customers."

"A cheat justifying itself by being cheated," said I.

"Well, which is the worse of the two—the Customer or the Seller?" said Brown.

"The customer perhaps," said I, "if we take the difference of circumstances into consideration."

"Ah! it is a bad world. Thieves all of us, more or less," said Brown moralizing, "Shopkeepers are called cheats, and they may be sometimes—nay, old Defoe almost proves they should be, but that is not all one side of the counter, I do know. Look at the awful fabrications that the fair sex verbally erect when they want to cheapen an article; but that's not cheating; oh! of course not." Brown grew rather warm at this point. "The only difference is that they are both alike—one doing it for amusement and the other for a living—a distinction without a difference, Jones. Nice work this shopkeeping, isn't it sharp work for the intellect; cheat or be cheated, that's the struggle."

"Not so straightforward as I once imagined certainly," said I.

"Straightforward! no indeed! it is as crooked as the Serpentine, almost as full of hot and cold holes, in which one may get the commercial cramp, which is only to be cured in the hot baths of Basinghall-street, and in many parts as dirty withal."

"I can't agree with looking at the ~~same~~ side of the question, Brown, indeed I can't."

"Well, then, it will not only look—but soon stare you out of countenance if you do not. The love for the genteel is the moving principle which actuates all parents in the choice of the means of getting a living for their children—they aim at more than they can compass, and like an overgrown man, strength suffers for length—the shadow is gained but the substance is lost. There are two respectables, the old and the new; the old used to put a boy in the way of earning a substantial living, the new is for a showy one. Of course your father could not put you to a trade; to be a workman is not genteel; then I say he doomed you—you are sentenced, Jones, for ten or more hours' confinement per day for the rest of your life; and when you are let out for an hour you will, like the mouse who had been confined in a box all his life, when he for the first time looked from the edge, be astonished that there is another world outside. As the evening of each day approaches, your punishment will be the greater. You will suffer from the gas. What do those delicate ladies think of our position, who shun gas in their own houses as a pestilence. Upon a cold wintry night the conflict between the gas and wind is awful; you must either be enveloped in noxious vapour or have your extremities shorn with the winds. No doubt the Indian monsoons are very bad, but they are nothing to the hot winds in a retail shop. The windows are thrown open to let the gas escape, the hot and cold airs meet, and then comes the tug of war, and the shopman gets well pummelled with rheumatism and catarrh between these belligerent elements, and the next day probably a lady customer's carriage pulls up before the door, and out you must go without your hat, and stand attendance for a quarter of an hour in the pouring rain, while she is haggling about some nonsense; she couldn't keep up her dignity without—she considers it the proper sacrifice that should be made to the shrine of wealth. I tell you, Jones, I am disgusted with this kind of life. I'll seek a colony, and try the effect of a manly existence. Strange, isn't it, that we should have to travel through hundreds of years as it were of civilization, to say nothing of the thousands of miles of salt ocean, to get back to anything like dignity of manhood, and yet it must be done soon; but however, now good-night, old fellow," and so saying, and without further notice, my strange colleague dropped off to sleep.

Mr. Takemhein was a great man, and his wife was a great woman, and of course his family were also great; like the frog in the fable they kept swelling, but more and more each day his success and profits swelled him out of size for business; and each day found him less at his shop than the one preceding. It was near stock-taking time, a dreaded horror; fortunately, or unfortunately, we were saved the trouble by a very officious gentleman, who, with a clerk, came to take an inventory, as he said, by order of the creditors. It was a sad blow to all of us; as usual, I applied to Brown for an explanation, who said—"Why now, look here, Jones. You see that Takemhein and his wife at first succeeded by a species of humbug, and the use of their success was to humbug each other out of house and home. Two seasons ago, Takemhein did so much business that he netted about three thousand pounds; thereupon he bought a hunter, a country villa and a shooting certificate, and commenced studying for a gentleman—that is, the outside—all, by the way, he wanted. The business kept up very well and money poured into the till so fast that Takemhein began to look upon his business as a landed estate, and me, his head shopman, as his steward, from whom he regularly expected his revenue. Mrs. T. must take rank with her husband; hence a new carriage, at first with one horse, and then two; she procured a good coachman, and was just getting to a footman, when business ran back a little and tipped Takemhein upon his haunches—expenses got a-head of income. Mr. T. says, all through his wife's stupid carriage vanity; Mrs. T. says it is the hunter."

"The carriage, no doubt," said I.

"Perhaps so," replied Brown, "but he could not put it down. Recollect there is not half so much pleasure in the enjoyment of a luxury as horror in throwing it up; besides, he had become the envied of all his fellow-shopkeepers, and could not afford to be laughed at—it would have been to proclaim poverty, and do a serious injury to his credit. Mrs. T. took a very lively view of the matter, for she exchanged her coachman, who used to do duty as porter, for a fashionable remnant, who had lived with a peer, and who had as efficiently driven his master into the labyrinths of Basinghall-street as he did his mistress to the opera. Not in one or two particulars does ideas swell, but once commenced, a general expansion takes place. The girls are being well baited with accomplishments, in order that they

may catch a barrister at least; the boys are being educated at a public school, with a distant notion of the church and you have the cause, my friend. I am prepared to leave." "To leave!" said I.

"Yes; and perhaps to marry," he replied.

As for myself I left the next week, and am now wandering about, picking up observations and impressions, as well as my livelihood, as a town-traveller. Poor Takemheim found it more difficult to get out of the Bankruptcy court than get in—he has not got his certificate yet. His eldest daughter, Dorothea, having made suitable arrangements with her digestion, has at last managed to swallow her pride, and has taken to her heart my friend Brown, with whom she is about starting for New Zealand.

## EVENTS OF THE MONTH:

The first duty of loyalty is to commemorate one of those "happy occurrences" with which we are so plentifully favoured—namely, the birth of another scion of Old England's Royal House. All the country will hail, with as much satisfaction as we do, this new accession to the strength of the princely line, this new guarantee against our political institutions being involved in even the remotest possibility of disturbance through any want of descendants from our gracious Queen. The universal feeling of satisfaction is not diminished by the reflection that the birth of every prince subjects the country to a considerable additional pecuniary burthen in the shape of permanent provision, by way of pension and otherwise, for the illustrious stranger, though it would no doubt be productive of even increased congratulation if provision could be made out of the enormous revenues enjoyed by the Royal Family, or by cutting down the expenditure involved in sundry pompous paraphernalia which might very well be dispensed with. The regiments of Guards, for instance, who pass their lives in unfruitful indolence, are a source of great expense, have little save nominal duties to perform; and at least three-fourths of them might be usefully employed in active service, instead of lounging about the palaces in debauchery and idleness. Reforms like these are worthy the attention of truly honest and courageous ministers. Any statesman undertaking them would have the rare advantage of a cause about the justice of which there could be no dispute. We know nothing which would tend more to elevate the tone of social morality than the relinquishment of the gaudy frippery which is so eminently contemptible; but which the barbarism of past ages identified with "magnificence." Simplicity at Court would soon effectually put down such absurd, mischievous, ludicrous and disgusting imitations of pomp, as those which are peculiarly typified by the City Corporation. Nothing was ever more fulsome and repugnant from good sense than the cant and parade of a Lord Mayor's dinner.

*Apud* of these matters, some of the newspapers have been expressing regret that the advisers of the Queen have not represented to her Majesty the propriety of relinquishing, in favour of the suffering relatives of the deceased, the large fortune which, it will be remembered, was some time since bequeathed to the Queen by a miser named Neeld, to the exclusion of all who had natural claims on the wretched creature. It has also been regretted that their Royal Highnesses the Prince Consort and the Duke of Cambridge have not been induced to retire from the Guard Colonels, into which, as we intimated last month, they had been pitchforked through the sycophancy of Lord Derby's Government, without having the shadow of just title to such appointments. These matters, affecting the popularity of the Royal Family, we deem it right to refer to, because nothing, in our opinion, is in these days more important, even as regards the interest of the august personages themselves, than to strengthen political duty by the feeling of personal attachment; and we are especially grieved when anything transpires which may (however unreasonably) tend to create in the mind of the people at large the unjust suspicion that sordid cupidity influences those to whom honour and deference are due.

Every sensible person in the kingdom will be glad to hear that there seems at length a fair chance of something tangible being done towards cleansing the Augean stable of corporate abuses in London. But will the measure be an effectual one?



Will it be such as to bring that pre-eminently "peculiar institution" into accordance with the requirements of the age? Sincerely we wish that such may be the case.

Since Parliament met on the 4th of April some interesting subjects have been discussed. Lord John Russell has brought forward his education scheme, the details of which are much too lengthy to be here enumerated. We may, however, observe that the measure is founded neither on the purely secular nor the purely scriptural principle, but includes a sprinkling of each, and that his lordship rejects the compulsory system, leaving it to the option of parents whether their children are to be educated or not.

Preliminary to the Budget, extensive projects of change in what may be termed the "framework" of the National Debt had been brought forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had excited an immense amount of discussion not merely in Parliament but in every circle which pretends to know anything about a most intricate subject—to wit, the subject of monetary affairs in connection with the interests of the public creditor. Like Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone loves to have "one of three courses" to choose from, and he gives the same privilege to the fundholders, allowing them a large amount of nominal capital at a smaller rate of interest, or a smaller amount of capital at a large rate of interest, and so on.

But the great domestic feature of the month has been the introduction of the Budget, one of the most remarkable schemes of the kind ever produced. The expectations of the whole country had been aroused upon this subject, Mr. Gladstone's plan with respect to the Income Tax occupying perhaps the most prominent position in public attention. Mr. Gladstone adheres to his crotchet as to the impossibility of making distinctions between incomes accruing from real property and those derived from trade and personal exertion. Yet he declares (with what reason we cannot perceive) that "he proceeds on the sentiment that the tax bears too heavily on intelligence and industry, and not hard enough on property." Nevertheless, pending the continuance of the tax, he proposes to draw equal sums from the *owner* of a certain, and the *earner* of an uncertain income, and he further proposes to bring all incomes, down to £100 a year, within its operation! This is what a third-rate joker would term a "Hibernian" mode of carrying out the "sentiment" that the tax bears inequitably. The right hon. gentleman likewise "proposes to proceed on the principle" that the tax is to be a terminable one. For two years from the present time the rate is to continue at 7d. in the pound; for two years more at 6d. in the pound; and finally, for three years from 1857 to 1860, at 5d., at which latter period, Mr. Gladstone tells us, it is to cease. *Nous verrons*. We were told, in nearly the same words, eleven years ago, when the Income Tax was first imposed, that it was to be very temporary, but it has proved unpleasantly permanent; and he must be more than a wise man who can foresee whether the Finance Minister of 1860 will endorse the present minister's assurance that the tax will not be required after that year. It is to be extended to Ireland, which is fair, though not in its full unconditional stringency, which would also be fair. One hundred a year in Ireland will produce more of the comforts of life than in England.

The duty on tea is to be reduced; that on soap to be abolished. Good measures both. Real property, as well as personal property, is to be made subject to probate duty—a step which will merely put an end to a system of legalized plunder. The duties on a number of articles of ordinary consumption are to be reduced, whilst no less than 133 minor ones are struck out of the tariff altogether. Considerable reductions are to be made in certain stamp duties. The tax on advertisements is to be reduced from 1s. 6d. to 6d., and the stamp-duty of 1d. and  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on supplements to newspapers to be wholly abolished. Mr. Gladstone would have done much better if he had adopted the straightforward proposition for the entire removal of the first-named tax, as was declared for in the previous resolution of the House of Commons. A really tangible boon would thus have been conferred on the humbler classes of traders and others, to whom legitimate publicity is so important. As to the removal of the supplement stamp, it can serve no object of public utility whatever; it will merely aggrandize the proprietors of one particular paper; and many will apprehend that this portion of the scheme emanated from an unworthy disposition, on the part of Government, to truckle to the well-known influence of the paper in question. Take it in all its parts, however, the measure is a large and ingenious one, dealing with many difficult points, and settling some of them in a satisfactory manner—a measure, peradventure, which no statesman of our day, save Mr. Gladstone himself, could have produced. If he do impose a new or additional duty, it is on the articles best fitted to bear it, such as whisky, though we are at a loss to understand what title the distilling gentlemen have to

the advantage of drawback, or exemption from duty, on such portions of their manufacture as they choose to consider "waste." Favours of this kind, we imagine, could be more worthily bestowed elsewhere. In fine, we may observe that the adoption of Mr. Gladstone's Budget, taken in companionship with his resolutions on the Funded Debt, will be tantamount to the effectuation of a radical change in the financial system of the empire.

The Jewish Emancipation Bill has passed its final stage in the House of Commons, of course by a large majority, a circumstance which, however, does not necessarily augur its success with their lordships. No very strong feeling appears to prevail with respect to this measure, and in the absence of actual pressure the Peers are seldom disposed to make fundamental changes—least, especially, in matters relating to the alteration of the representative system.

It is impossible to talk of the representative system without alluding once again to that unsavoury topic—the disgusting disclosures made day by day of the foul practices carried on by all parties at what are called Parliamentary "elections" in England. Scarcely is one enormity detected when it is followed by a new revelation of intensified turpitude. The present system is essentially rotten, fraudulent, destructive of morality, and disgraceful to our name as a nation. The sooner it is changed for almost anything the better.

Amongst the matters which have occasioned a multiplicity of newspaper controversy has been the City deputation which waited on the French Emperor with an address containing assurances of good will, &c., on the part of the signers. We confess our inability to distinguish any sufficient cause for the charges of sycophancy, stock-jobbing, &c., alleged against the gentlemen who took a prominent part in this proceeding. No question that there were persons amongst them very deeply interested in keeping up the credit of "French shares," and preventing the occurrence of anything like panic with respect to that description of property. Probably, too, Mr. Masterman and some of his colleagues may have been very much influenced by merely personal considerations. But it is not less true that the deputation included men long and honourably known as advocates of international friendliness, as deprecators of all unnecessary wars or quarrels; and seeing the insane lengths to which some of the English papers carried their trade of abuse against the French Emperor, and in some measure against the French people, it would surely be most unjust to tell these gentlemen that they must hold aloof from a mission which merely embodies a portion of the principle they have always supported, and which only affirms that which every honest and sensible man knows to be true—that war between England and France would be a great calamity, and that the English people in general feel that it would be so.

Another exciting moot-point was the seizure, by the police, of a house in Rotherhithe, containing a quantity of "warlike munitions," which house, the *Times* proclaimed, was in the occupation of M. Kossuth. The influential journal accompanied this announcement by a loud cry for the punishment of every one—especially the leader—implicated in the "plot,"—a plot which, it is further intimated, was directed against the peace of a "friendly" power. M. Kossuth immediately disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction, and on the same evening, in the House of Commons, some questions were put, which, if answered in a candid and dignified tone, as Lord John Russell would have answered them, would have placed the matter on the right footing. But Lord Palmerston's wretched propensity for buffoonery and quibbling unfortunately enshrouded the whole affair in mystification. The *Times*, it must be confessed, did not come very triumphantly out of the business; for by raising direct charges, a portion of which, at least, turned out to be unfounded, it placed itself in the wrong, and deprived of much of their force those solid and convincing arguments in which it has from time to time shown how improper and impossible it is to tolerate, in this country, a system of continuous plotting against the peace of foreign countries—against the stability of foreign governments with which we are at least nominally on terms of friendship, and certainly on terms of peace.

No Parliamentary measure will give more general satisfaction than that which promises a reform of the infamous abuses of which the Ecclesiastical Courts in England have for ages been the seat; no measure, we say, will give more general satisfaction, provided only that it be sufficiently extensive—really and truly "sweeping;" for it is our sincere conviction that no dealing can be effectual with these foul sinks of iniquity, unless it be inexorably unsparing of trunk as well as of branches, if the trunk be found as rotten as the branches.

At length a popular victory has been gained, upon a question which has for some

time engrossed much attention, and in which the cause of progressive civilisation and enlightenment is involved. On different occasions motions have been made in the House of Commons, with the view of obtaining the repeal of the tax on advertisements, the tax on paper, and the penny stamp-tax on newspapers—three imposts which it is admitted press heavily against the diffusion of knowledge and education. Hitherto these motions had been invariably opposed and defeated—“purely on financial grounds.” Once more, on this last occasion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer objected his “pure financial grounds,” notwithstanding which, one step has been gained in the right direction. The resolution for the repeal of the advertisement duty was carried by a considerable majority, and though the other portion of the motion—viz., the resolutions relating to the stamp and paper duties—was negatived, the mere fact that “the small end of the wedge has been got in,” is an unexpected victory, leading to strong hopes that complete success will, before long, be the final issue. All these duties are doomed; they are manifestly opposed to the genius of the age, which is addressed to mental and intellectual, in preference to gross sensual pleasures; and when such propositions as those for the repeal of the tobacco and malt duties, producing enormous revenues, have been seriously entertained, it seems impossible that statesmen—that even Chancellors of the Exchequer—can long maintain a paltry impost which operates directly, demonstrably and avowedly, as a check upon the spread of intelligence amongst the general community. Already, it will be perceived, the Chancellor of the Exchequer signifies his intention to reduce the advertisement duty to sixpence. Very little exertion is requisite to ensure its total repeal.

A subject of painful interest is the final adjudication of lunacy upon an unfortunate gentleman whose name was long familiar to the public in connection with extreme Democratic agitation. For a long time it had become evident to the friends of Mr. O'Connor that his mind was utterly gone, and previous to his confinement at Dr. Tuke's asylum he had committed a succession of absurd acts which are in every one's recollection. For his own sake—in order to the preservation of the trifling remnant of his property—the formal proceeding in lunacy had become necessary. The medical authorities tell us that no hope whatever of his recovery exists.

It has become almost a matter of tiresome reiteration to state that the “take” of gold in California and Australia continues unabated, the comparatively orderly state of our own colony presenting a favourable contrast to the condition of absolute anarchy which exists in many districts of the rival territory. In California organised bands of robbers prowl about in every direction, fighting pitched battles with the military and police, attacking and plundering “camps” containing hundreds of diggers, and completely defying law. In Australia, too, there is much disorder, much theft, and, unhappily, not unfrequently a murder; but these crimes are matters of exception, and are usually perpetrated by stealth. In California society itself—whole municipalities and communities—are affrighted by violent overt crimes, against which the Government authority can furnish scarcely the shadow of protection; and in remote districts the armed bands of plunderers take their measures with nearly as much precision as if they were the detachments of an invading army. Meanwhile emigration, from Great Britain to Australia, from Ireland to the United States, proceeds apace; and a new wonder arises:—Labour and labourers—human bone and sinew, for ages a “drug” in Ireland, are actually becoming the absorbing objects of respectful search; and people are already beginning to talk of Irish farmers sending over to us for our labourers, instead of Irish labourers periodically deluging our towns, villages, and road sides.—*Credat Judæus!* In connection with emigration a new specimen of the efficacy of Government superintendence has been afforded. The Hercules, an old eighty-gun ship, was “fitted up” nearly twelve months back, “under the superintendence of her Majesty's Commissioners,” &c.; she took on board the extravagant number of 800 unhappy human beings from the Highlands of Scotland. Of course putrid disease broke out, as it almost invariably does on board these vessels; and after a delay of some six months at one port, after being furbished up, after the decimation of her passengers, the old hulk has again crept to sea with the remnant of her cargo. This is a quick method of clearing the population—a process at which Highland landlords have acquired proverbial proficiency. But deep and deadly crime is at the root of the treatment which the most helpless class of emigrants are continually receiving; and we vehemently protest that it lies at the door of Government to institute searching, *bona fide* inquiry, with the view of distinctly ascertaining where rests the responsibility; of punishing the guilty if the guilty can be detected; and of taking such

efficient measures as, for all time to come, shall preclude the possibility that either through corrupt avarice, or not less corrupt and culpable negligence, the lives of thousands of people should be trifled with, their health destroyed, and their prospects blasted.

There is, on the whole, a continuance of briskness and prosperity in most branches of trade. It being definitively ascertained that the crop of cotton in the United States is larger than usual, the prospect of an abundant supply of that important staple has given an impulse to business in some of the great northern towns, where, as stated in our last number, a temporary depression had occurred. The wages of working people still exhibit an upward tendency—a circumstance not to be regretted, inasmuch as the abundance of money, and the easy rates at which it is to be procured, indicate a state of things in which a moderate rise of wages may take place without pressing unduly upon profits. As to the general aspect of the money-market, sufficient evidence is afforded by the funds having been above par during great part of the month; by the proposed operations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and by the fact of its being certain that the measure introduced by him could produce only very little, if any, immediate depressing effect upon the price of public securities. The peculiarity of the weather during the winter and spring will have produced the effect of diminishing the quantity of wheat put in ground; but the abundant supplies of all kinds which can be procured from abroad remove any apprehension of the price of provisions becoming so high as to cause suffering to the humbler classes. Indeed, the course of affairs during the last few years ought to convince intelligent farmers how imprudent it is to go on depending exclusively on wheat crops, when there are so many other kinds of produce to which, in very numerous instances, their land is better adapted, and to which they could profitably turn their attention. Old prejudices must be abandoned; productiveness, more than mere extent of acreage, should be the object of the husbandman's ambition; and with industry, energy, and economy, the "British Farmer" will hold up his head, independent of the childish swaddling clothes which false friends persuaded him were guardians and supporters, but which in reality only served to cripple his faculties and destroy his self-respect.

The arrival of Mrs. Stowe, the world-famed authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has served as the occasion for gratifying demonstrations of British hatred of slavery; and concomitantly with these demonstrations come some touching representations to the "Women of England," respecting the fearful system of *white* slavery existing in London itself, and nourished by the whims of fashion. True enough it is, that whilst we vehemently abhor the "involuntary servitude" referred to so complacently by Mr. President Pierce, it behoves us to look at home, and give the slave-owner and human flesh dealer no pretext for alleging that we are hypocrites—painted sepulchres—preachers but not practisers of charity and humanity. No one in the world can reasonably doubt the kind motives which dictated the celebrated "Stafford House" appeal; and it is earnestly to be hoped, now that an appeal equally cogent has been made to the active benevolence of the amiable promoters and signers of that appeal, that they will give ample proof of the sincerity which we here know to be their actuating motive, but which foreigners may discredit, if, seeing grievous misery, grievous oppressions endured by the humble sisters of these ladies, and which could be put an end to by the mere exercise of a little self-denial—a little command over the promptings of petty vanity and the like—the misery and oppression still go on *ad infinitum*, by reason of the forgetfulness of those who took the lead in the affair of the American address.

Speaking of America, the wife of ex-President Fillmore has just died, and great testimonials of regret and respect have been received by the bereaved widower. Meanwhile the President himself continues pestered by applicants for office, and there is talk of a misunderstanding already existing in the cabinet in consequence of the perplexity caused by the competing importunities of place-hunters. But rumours of this kind are apt to magnify as they circulate. It is, however, a well known fact that General Pierce himself is hunted out of his wits by candidates for any kind of employment which it is in the power of the executive to confer. From the unfortunate "republic" which adjoins the United States at the south, we learn that they have once more sent for Santa Anna to help them out of their troubles, and that their mutilated champion—well nigh "used-up" though he be—has consented to return and resume the Presidency—or Dictatorship as the case may be—after energetically protesting against the ingratitude of which he considers himself to have been the victim, and announcing that one portion of his plans is to prevent his native country from being engulfed in the all-absorbing maw of the northern



colossus. Our opinion has always been that, though marked by numerous foibles, the returning exile is a sincere well-wisher to Mexico, as he is beyond all question the ablest of her sons. If he succeed in accomplishing the chief avowed object of his return—if he succeed in permanently arresting the progress of encroachments from the north, he will approve himself indeed the "Napoleon of the New World," as his admirers were wont to term him. It is hard to avoid wishing him success if he be really sincere in his present professions, though certainly any change, whether through subjugation or otherwise, would be better for Mexico than the succession of domestic anarchies with which she has been afflicted ever since her "glorious revolution."

From the seat of the deplorable Burmese war there are accounts of the appearance of some possibility of an "arrangement" taking place; the prospect being increased by the native revolution which has broken out. Meanwhile disaster follows disaster. Nearly one hundred British troops and sailors have been sacrificed in an unsuccessful attempt to "suppress" a celebrated robber chief, and some distinguished officers have perished in this miserable affair. The marauder had fortified himself on the bank of a "staked" river, from which he kept up a murderous fire upon our boats, which were compelled to withdraw in utter discomfiture. Such failures do not tend to strengthen that "empire of opinion" upon which, a great politician has observed, our predominance in India is dependant. Much angry controversy is going on in one of the Presidencies, in consequence of penal measures adopted towards two of the judges by the governor, Lord Falkland; and from a thousand quarters circumstances daily come to light which show how totally opposed to the wants, interests and dispositions of the community is the system of "government" which we have adopted towards India—how irreconcilable with the dictates of justice and the spirit and teachings of Christianity. Truly never was change—deep, searching, fundamental—more necessary,—never was there greater need of wise, courageous, comprehensive legislation. Lord Aberdeen's administration has undertaken the task, and profound is the responsibility involved in its conduct upon this great subject.

In this brief summary it is unnecessary to put on record any thing not of grave importance or peculiar interest in relation to foreign affairs. We need, therefore, say but little about the condition of matters in Continental Europe, where, upon the whole view of circumstances, and taking slight note of the *bruits* raised by mere alarmists, things remain nearly as we left them last month. The advance made towards a settlement of the tiresome and heartless "Turkish question" forms the only exception. An impression seems to prevail that this odious and miserable mockery of an empire will be patched up and kept together for a while longer, and once more we would represent to statesmen of large and far-seeing policy, that now is the time to take measures for preventing that calamity of "war in Europe" which will no doubt occur, on the final dismemberment of Turkey, if, in the mean time, we treat her as if that dismemberment were never to take place, or as if she had any title to be recognised as a great independent power, capable of maintaining herself by her own strength, energy and resources. The catastrophe of her utter dissolution it is impossible long to avert, and if it were possible, it would be undesirable, to do so. Why treat a putrid fungus as if it were a healthy, vigorous plant? The complete downfall of the political power of the Osmanli in Europe may be converted into a source of incalculable advantage to all the best interests of mankind, if the great powers—if England more especially—will only look at the subject in a practical light, prepare for forthcoming contingencies, and form definite plans as to the course to be pursued when the inevitable event takes place.

The newspaper gossip which eternally re-appears, respecting diplomatic intrigues, interchanges of hostile notes, &c., is so inconsequent, so untrustworthy, and ends usually in such mere smoke, that we decline to occupy our space with even a notice of it. If some of the gentlemen who figure under the imposing title of "our own correspondent" were to be credited, about one hundred "general wars," springing from one hundred wholly dissimilar causes, would be "impending" every day in the year. Passing by these trivialities, we content ourselves with observing that the politics of the world, as between nation and nation, between principle and principle, are doubtless in a complicated position at present, and that a virtuous resolution to do no wrong, and to surrender no right, will be the most effectual guardian of our dignity and safety in any contingency which the future may bring forth.



## Literary Notices.

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*Count Arensberg ; or, the Days of Martin Luther.* By JOSEPH SORTAIN, A.B.,  
Trinity College, Dublin.—LONGMAN and Co.

THE title of this book was happily chosen, in so far as relates to the object of inducing people to send to the library for the purpose of obtaining a copy for perusal. Over and over again the men, the events, the causes, consequences and necessity of the great religious movement of the sixteenth century have been chronicled, discussed and investigated by writers of all ranges of ability, by writers of every shade of theological opinion and prejudice, from the fiercest ultra-Montane Romanist to the equally narrow-minded bigot who rails at all faith and proclaims nothing to be true save that which reviles all and denies all. In song, in romance, in ponderous historical and controversial folio, the character and motives of

"The solitary monk who shook the world,"

have been canvassed and celebrated. Still the subject, whensoever renewed, always possesses fresh interest. It is one which never can be exhausted, though scribes and sages should excogitate till the "crack of doom." It is one for all time, and which will affect the weal of men after time ceases to be. It is the subject of subjects, next after the ineffable mystery of the Divine Dispensation itself, which concerns the whole human race, and to which men will return as to the great elucidator of the Truth, until such time as polemical contention be finally extinguished.

It was therefore with much expectation of a favourable kind that we opened these volumes. The pretentious tone of the preface excited some suspicion, but we still imagined that we were about to peruse a book calculated to suggest some new and instructive thought—calculated possibly to throw light on some obscure transaction, and tending really to illustrate some of the great events of a most memorable era. Very great is our disappointment, and we are sorry to have to declare our impression that, if Joseph Sortain, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin, impersonate a specimen of the literary capacity of the members of the University whose name he so ostentatiously obtrudes in his title-page, that well-known academic seat is not likely to increase the renown which she has acquired by the ability of several of her alumni. The story is in truth of the poorest and weakest kind, whether in plot or in purpose. Such of the incidents as are fictitious seem to have "welled up" from the forgotten waste-paper archives of the Minerva press; whilst the personages and incidents which are real are so awkwardly, pointlessly and inartistically handled, that not a single "character" creates a scintilla of interest, and even the great Doctor himself, with all his strong and prominent idiosyncracies, which afford such admirable materials in the hands of good taste and ability, becomes common-place and tedious. Every thing is exaggerated—every figure in the book, Pope, cardinal, doctor, soldier, noble, or burgher, grimacing, capering, growing red or pale, rushing to and fro, trembling, shouting, frantic with fright, or virtue, or passion, "tearing the passion to tatters" for the slightest cause, or for no cause or reason at all, with a mouthing extravagance not exceeded by the most "horror-breathing" models of the Waterloo-road melodrama. If there were coherence, meaning, or consistency in these scenes of (intended) excitement, there would, *quoad* the excitement, be something which might make the book likely to be read. But there is not. In no place—not for a single passage—does the author succeed in enlisting the reader's feelings, or carrying them into a realisation of the dull, absurd and tedious scenes and conversations presented. Never was perpetrated a production, by a gentleman making such pretensions to erudition and authorcraft, which it was more dismally difficult to *read*. And, speaking of erudition, it would be wrong to omit mention of the offensive impertinence with which this gentleman refers, in a lengthy array of notes, *quasi* the fruits of profound research, to a set of school-boy-book facts which every lad in his teens has by rote. This piece of flippant bad taste and vanity would almost make us doubt Mr. Sortain's title to the Baccalaureate of "Trinity College, Dublin." We may add that the coincidences in this "remarkable" book occur in such number, and in such instantaneous conveniency to the appropriateness of the occasion, as are not to be met with in the works of Bulwer, Scott, *et hoc genus omne*; the sudden entrances of unlooked-for visitors occur in like mysterious non-association of cause and effect; whilst the conversations which ensue on these strange interviews look

as if expressly designed to show how many articulate sounds can be ejaculated without anything to the purpose being said. It is not pleasant to us to have to make these remarks upon a book which we presume is that of a scholar and a gentleman; but we really feel that we have a duty to perform in exposing mere intrusive pretences, when we find so much promised with introduction of sound and trumpet, and all this flourish followed by such sterile performance. Moreover, when we find such men as Luther and Melancthon miserably caricatured in a weak attempt at life-like representation, we think no gentle rebuke befitting the vanity which prompts that attempt. The character of such men belongs to the whole world, and it is insufferable that Philip Melancthon should be placed before young people as an effeminate imbecile. The author no doubt only means to depicture him as a good and gentle scholar, but his want of skill or want of ability causes a deplorable failure. The importunate, though indirect appeal for favourable criticism, conveyed by the intimation that the author has been "materially assisted by his wife," is in our eyes no reason for withholding any particle of the truth in reference to the worthlessness of the book as a whole. We feel persuaded that whatever assistance female good taste may have rendered in removing absurdities and mitigating crudities, the lady did not "assist" in that "characteristic" sketch of the most revolting monster in English history which describes him as "the merry, though bluff, Henry VIII.!" It is of course quite out of the question that we should waste our space in pursuing the "plot" of a book like this, weak, trashy and incongruous as it is in all respects; and we should not have alluded to it at all—we should have permitted it to sink at once to that quiet, if not very glorious oblivion, which is the natural and proper lot of such lucubrations, were it not for the specific purpose of entering a pathetic protest against the hardship of our own time and the time of the reading public being taken up, even though for only a few moments, in the vexatious task of finding out that when solid entertainment is expected, total disappointment and an annoying sensation of having been "imposed on" by specious titles and introductions, are the result. In fine, we allude to it for another object—that of recommending gentlemen who *will* write, to pause, in mercy to the world and themselves, ere they *print*, and to be studiously candid and earnest in the self-inquiry whether it may not be possible that they can employ their time more usefully than in writing novels.

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*Poems.* By the late EDWARD QUILLINAN. With a Memoir by WILLIAM JOHNSTON.—E. MOXON.

THE most interesting portion of this work is unquestionably the "Memoir," written by a gentleman who has long occupied a distinguished place amongst the contributors to the highest class of British periodical literature; and of the Memoir the most valuable part is not that which tells us of the personal traits of the deceased (an amiable man enough in his way, but somewhat of the most diluted caste as a poet), but that which introduces us to the home life of the true poets of the "Lake" school. Mr. Quillinan was in early life connected with the military profession. He married a daughter of the late well known Sir Egerton Brydges, a circumstance which no doubt contributed to confirm him in those literary tastes which appear to have been natural to him. Leaving the army, and losing his wife, he entered with assiduity upon literature, which he cultivated, with just respectable success, in the pleasant neighbourhood of the Wordsworths and the Southey's. His second wife was Wordsworth's only daughter, and this, together with the strong ties of friendship which had previously existed, almost identified him with the great Lake poet's history during the latter years of his life. Without disrespect towards the memory, or disparagement of the ability, of Mr. Quillinan, we must plainly confess our impression that the volume would have been more valuable, and more likely to be read twenty years hence, if it had contained fewer of his "poems," and more of the editorial "Memoir," which latter is, considering Mr. Johnston's knowledge and capacity, much too scant for our taste. It has the singular defect of being almost spoiled by its extreme brevity.

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*White Slavery in the Barbary States.* By CHARLES SUMNER.—London: S. Low and Sons.

AMERICAN literature and politics have been up to this time so little known in England (though we are fast shaking off our semi-barbarous apathy in this respect) that it is quite possible that only a few of our readers are acquainted with more

than the name of the eminent man who has made this touching contribution to the cause of humanity. Yet the name of the Honourable Charles Sumner is one of note amongst his compatriots, a name which, if not loved by the great majority of the citizens, stands high in the affectionate esteem of that increasing portion of them who hold slavery to be the curse and opprobrium of their glorious country. Looking at the geographical condition of the states of Barbary, where the slavery of Christian captives was formerly the source of such horrors, and looking then to the western side of the Atlantic, he finds the principal slave states of the American Union, and the ancient Christian slave states of Africa, occupying nearly the same parallels of latitude at opposite sides of the ocean. He then compares the climate and natural productions of the two regions; observing that "there are no two spaces on the face of the globe, of equal extent, which present so many distinctive features of resemblance;" and he appeals to all the better feelings of his fellow-countrymen whether they will continue to recognise the "peculiar institution" of the Moors and Moorish Turks, viz., that of Christian slavery, as the "peculiar institution" of a great, enlightened, religious, philanthropic, justice-loving community like that of the United States. Mr. Sumner argues the principle, and elaborates the comparison, with great zeal and eloquence—with a zeal, indeed, which will perhaps be considered, by the less enthusiastic class of abolitionists, rather to exceed the legitimate limits of strenuous advocacy of a good cause.

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*Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Vols. III. and IV.—LONGMAN and Co.

ON the appearance of the first portion of this magnificent monument to the memory of a great poet, we took occasion to express our high sense of the value and interest of the work, and of the able manner in which Lord John Russell had acquitted himself of the somewhat limited amount of literary labour which he appeared to consider adequate to the fulfilment of the editorial duties he had undertaken. The present volumes contain a large quantity of the Diary, and little besides; for the noble editor has become yet more sparing of his exertions, whether in the way of classification or annotation. Anything written by Moore possesses an interest *per se*, so racy, pointed, and illustrative were all his thoughts and words. But it is exceedingly to be regretted that in a work of this grave nature—a work designed to endure, and to be read by future generations—Lord John Russell could only find time for a few brief and unimportant notes, and a single tolerably long one. This circumstance detracts from the value of that which, notwithstanding, is in itself very entertaining, and very likely to last after (possibly) even "Don Carlos" may be laid on the shelf. The society of which Moore was the idol was so pre-eminently of that caste which is conventionally termed "the best," and the persons he visits, dines with and describes are in general of such mark, that it would be difficult to open a page in which something inviting to perusal is not to be found. But the prominent point in the two volumes before us relates to the negotiations, misconceptions and mystifications connected with the suppression and destruction of Lord Byron's celebrated Autobiography—a subject which has excited, and will perhaps continue to excite, no little discussion in literary circles. In the concluding volumes we hope to hear more from Lord John. With sincere appreciation of his exalted position as a statesman, we would beg respectfully to assure him that the discharge of the duties involved in editing such a work, relative to such a man, would be a task not unworthy of that high position.

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*The Comets: A Descriptive Treatise upon these Bodies; with a Condensed Account of Discoveries.* By J. R. HIND.—J. W. PARKER and SON.

THE Comets! What a subject of precipitate terror to the worthy housewives and venerable philosophers of old—of sublime contemplation to the inquisitive, knowledge-seeking speculators of later ages! How often has our poor little planet been threatened with approximate destruction by a whisk from the tail of one of these mighty wanderers through space—wanderers, however, not *ad libitum* or by chance-work, but, probably, according to laws as fixed as those which govern the revolutions of the solar planetary system—no, not quite so fixed as these, for M. Arago terrifies us with the calculation that the probability as to our being consigned to "everlasting smash" by one of these formidable visitants is only as 250,000,000 to one in our favour; and we are likewise informed that "the earth has had one or

two narrow escapes within the last two centuries." In fact, several of the huge bodies in question have approached unpleasantly close to the earth ere they have thought proper once more "to wheel about" and retrace their journey through illimitable space. Mr. Hind, whose astronomical eminence is well known to all the world, has produced one of the best practical treatises which have yet appeared on the subject—a treatise which comprehends the largest body of facts and of definite theory, intelligible to general readers, who have neither time nor qualification for abstruse study. As a specimen of the happy perspicuity of his style, as well as of the incredibly extensive bases on which astronomical calculations are founded, we take the liberty of extracting one short passage:—

"The tails of comets in some cases extend only a few hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, while in others they are projected to the astonishing distance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty millions of miles, or even more. The train of the first comet of 1847 was 5,000,000 miles in length; of the beautiful comet of 1744, 19,000,000; of the comet of 1769, about 40,000,000. The third of 1618 had a tail more than 50,000,000 miles in length, when it crossed the plane of the earth's orbit about the 25th of November; and it was subsequently of greater extent. The great comets of 1680 and 1811 had trains considerably more than 100,000,000 miles long; and the second of the latter year was accompanied by a tail 130,000,000 in length. Even these comets, however, were surpassed by the grand one which attracted so much attention in 1843, and which exhibited a brilliant train that on different dates was found to attain the enormous distances of 150, 180, and 200 millions of miles from the head. If such a comet had been in the plane of the ecliptic, and close to the sun, the train would have extended far beyond the orbits of the Earth and Mars, terminating amongst those of the minor planets. Yet this wonderful appendage was formed in less than three weeks."

So that the fate of the world has been more than once almost decided by the power of "a tail." It used to be said, some years back, by Tory politicians, that England stood alone in that particular; but it now turns out that we only share the predicament in company with all our co-planetaryans. Mr. Hind's book is essentially valuable—"popular" in the high and true sense of the term, and must tend to spread still further a reputation already great and extensive.

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*Personal Incidents of the First Burmese War.* By T. R. CAMPBELL, late of the Bengal Civil Service.—R. BENTLEY.

No work relating to Burmah can fail to attract some degree of attention just now, when the "progress" (as it is termed) of the present unnecessary, unprofitable, and, in some respects, unjust war, causes so much discussion amongst the numerous persons who pretend to be well acquainted with the intricate "ins and outs" of the Oriental question generally. Indeed, the Burmese entanglement forms an essential portion, and is just at this moment one of the most pregnant illustrations, of the great controversy which embraces the entire scope and compass of our Indian policy. It is impossible to doubt that the policy of annexing foreign territory is as favourite a speculation with some well-meaning gentlemen amongst our Anglo-Indian brethren, as it is with Mr. President Pierce and the majority of our transatlantic cousins. There are men brought up in a "certain school"—men of good sense in many ways—possessed, too, of prolonged experience, and of integrity and honest principle in all matters where their prejudices are not involved, who consider that our mission in Asia will not have been accomplished until we have appropriated the whole coast as far to the north-east as the Yellow Sea.

Whilst the destinies of 100,000,000 of human beings are awaiting the fiat of a virtually irresponsible body of officials residing 10,000 miles off, and scarcely one of whom has ever been farther south than the latitude of the Straits, we hail with pleasure the appearance of every book which, in a candid and intelligent spirit, touches, however cursorily, the high considerations of morality and duty involved in our dealing with the enormous population over which we rule in Asia. Mr. Robertson, when he alludes to this subject, usually does so with fairness and perspicuity, but it is to be regretted that he does not enter into the matter with the analytical precision which his knowledge and experience would enable him to apply to it. He might have occupied his pages much more usefully than in the relation of maudlin anecdotes concerning that most untrustworthy of all counterfeit heroes—Mr. Rajah Brooke—a person on whom such fulsome adulation was lavished some years since, when he "visited" England for the purpose of promoting his own selfish interests, but with whose practices and deservings we have been made pretty

well acquainted, thanks to the courageous truthfulness of three or four members of Parliament. Full of interest and instruction are the reminiscences of the political antecedents and consequences of the first Burmese war—full of hints usefully suggestive as to our future proceedings in that quarter.

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*Narrative of a Journey Round the World, with a Visit to the Gold Regions, &c.* By F. GERSTAECKER.—HURST and BLACKETT.

A BOOK of wild and interesting adventure. M. Gerstaecker is an enterprising German, who, leaving home at an early age, found himself in the United States without any resources save those comprehended by a stout heart and elastic temperament. That his constitution was somewhat restless will be inferred from the fact that in the course of no long period he embarked in some dozen different callings. But his true disposition was that of travelling "to see the world," and this disposition he appears to have gratified, at no matter what amount of sacrifice of pecuniary considerations. The narrative of his journey across the continent of South America—including a winter passage across the Andes—is of the most exciting of its kind. Then we have accounts of the gold regions both in Australia and California, of a voyage amongst the South Sea Islands, and sundry other matters, comprising altogether a book eminently calculated to be read, if not quite so certain of being credited in every one of its particulars. Our traveller is positively a man of fertile fancy as well as of minute memory; and there are numerous passages which must be admitted to emulate anything "recorded" by the renowned Monsieur Violet himself. Nevertheless there is a considerable amount of really reliable information that may be profitably read by persons desirous to increase their store of facts with respect to what they may expect to gain, and what they must make up their mind to endure, in parts of the world which are at present attracting an unprecedented degree of attention. The verbal style is usually terse and lucid; and it is only fair to say that whilst, with regard to things not passing under his immediate observation, courteous credulity is now and then extensively taxed, there is much appearance of a regard for accuracy where the traveller gives us facts on his own direct authority.

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*Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa.* By B. CRUICKSHANK. 2 Vols. HURST and BLACKETT.

MR. CRUICKSHANK'S mind is evidently of that stamp which can convert the most unfavourable circumstances, and the most prostrating influences of climate and situation, into materials from which useful and improving knowledge may be derived. It was no small triumph over danger and difficulty to have passed eighteen years amid the horrors of such a climate as that of the Gold Coast—a triumph such as few men have had the fortune to accomplish and live to tell the story of their formidable experience. The amount of information—new, strange and startling, but bearing unmistakable indications of authenticity—which Mr. Cruickshank has been enabled to accumulate, proves him to be a man of observant and accurately critical genius; and it is moderate to affirm that no other writer has furnished the world with anything distantly approaching to the same amount of practical and valuable knowledge in connection with the country itself, and with the not unamiable tribes of savages who inhabit it. The evidently heartfelt earnestness with which, devoid of all pretentious ostentation, the author devotes himself to the advocacy of the interests of the aborigines, speaks abundantly of the sincere benevolence which actuates his pleadings on their behalf. On the plan which he propounds for the extinction of the slave trade, we do not feel our own knowledge of the subject sufficiently familiar to justify us in pronouncing a positive opinion; but we at once perceive him to be a writer whose integrity is entitled to implicit confidence, and whose every suggestion must command respectful attention. There are some profoundly interesting passages relative to the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Maclean (the gifted and lamented "L. E. L."). All our readers will remember the sensation created in every literary, and indeed in every intelligent circle in Great Britain, when the news of that distressing event reached home, and the rumours circulated far and wide in relation to the alleged causes of the occurrence. The entire tone of Mr. Cruickshank's allusion to the subject is of the most generous kind.



## USED-UP CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS.

A GREAT many of our daily and weekly writers are what is called classical scholars. They have been at public schools and universities, and their heads are crammed full with Grecian and Roman history and mythology—fuller, perhaps, than of the records of Europe in general and their own country in particular. They are fuller of Homer and Ovid and Tacitus and Livy than of Domesday Book and the venerable Bede, the Saxon Chronicler, and Geoffrey of Monmouth. The chances are ten to one that they know more of the contest of the Greeks and the Trojans than of the wars of the Roses, and they can tell you more of the Metamorphoses of Ovid than of the changes in the constitution and the condition of England. There may be some doubts in a few minds as to which sort of knowledge is the more useful; but as to the general opinion there cannot be any doubt. Classical knowledge is “respectable,” and a little over. It shows, if not rank, at all events the breeding which belongs to rank; and he who can fish up a respectable comparison between the invasion of Britain by the Romans, or between Cæsar’s Commentaries and the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, is likely to be looked on as a much more creditable authority than he who cannot draw analogies from the same source. A great many weeklywriters, it is true, are not “classical,” but the estimation to which we have alluded ensures that they shall follow in the wake of those who are more fortunate. If they cannot draw upon their own erudition for a stock of analogies, they can at least imitate those who can. If they have not been at “the feast of learning” themselves, they have at all events stood behind the table and “stolen the scraps;” and so it happens that we can scarcely take up a paper, or a magazine, without tumbling over some fragment of ancient lore, twisted fancifully to illustrate some event of modern times.

We are not at all learned ourselves, heaven knows. We picked up our education somehow and another in stray particles (not Greek particles). Voracious we are, indeed, after mental food of any kind; but there is just the same difference between us and a thorough-bred university scholar, as there is between the pig which pokes cabbage-stumps out of the gutter, in a miscellaneous and precarious fashion, and the porker which is regularly fed in its own proper sty. We feel our own inferiority deeply. We have quite as much reverence for the man who can tell us in the language of old Rome how the geese saved the Capitol, as we have for the geese who performed that important office; and he who can read in the words the ancient Greeks used how the Athenian mob ostracised Aristides the Just, takes almost as high a place in our thoughts as the ostracizers themselves. We bow down before such superior minds with all the timidity which so well becomes our own weakness. We are sensible, that destitute of their advantages, we can never hope to rival them. We dare scarcely venture to express a judgment as to either the matter or the manner of their lucubrations; but still, as connoisseurs who never handled a brush venture deeply into the mystery of light and shade and perspective, and are bold enough to criticise such great masters as Raffaele and Titian, perhaps such tyros as we are in literature—the minnows of the ocean of thought—may be excused by the Tritons of the ocean aforesaid if we venture upon an opinion about the classical allusions they make use of.

We do not know how it is—in our ignorance how should we indeed—whether it is that ancient history is deficient in available instances, or the acquaintance of those who refer to it is more limited than we dare to suppose; but it certainly does seem to us that a good many of these comparisons are growing wondrous stale. We have heard somewhere of a man of limited memory but keen appreciation of wit, who, when he heard a funny story, would laugh heartily at it first and then observe that he thought he had heard it before. We are constantly in the position of that man, when we perceive the efforts of the classical writers. We are always falling over something we have heard before. It has happened so often that now we decline to fall over them again. When we see one of the old stock-phrases in a column of print we have a knack of skipping it and passing on with a conviction that we know all about it. If familiarity does not breed contempt, it at all events kills curiosity. We have not much more liking for a threadbare thought than for a threadbare coat; and, however we may be forced into unwilling companionship with the last, we can at all events avoid the first. There is, for example, our old acquaintance Marcus Curtius, who every body knows jumped into the gulf to

save Rome. We have positively a dread of that old friend. We have seen him so often that every feature seems present to our memory. We know him better than Brown or Jones whom we can see any day. It is all a mistake to suppose that Marcus Curtius disappeared for ever down that pit, that opened and could not be closed except upon very hard conditions. If his body did, and left not "a wrack behind," as Shakspeare has it; his spirit abides restlessly upon earth and is ever and anon evoked by one of our journalists to furnish forth a simile more or less apt. He is called up, as it seems to us, without due regard to the greatness of memory, indifferently alike upon small or great occasions. If a politician gives up place in order to conciliate two jarring parties, at once Marcus Curtius is brought into use to afford a parallel for the deed, and we have an article beginning, "When the abyss which threatened to destroy Rome yawned before the affrighted citizens—there was but one man who dared to sacrifice himself for his country's safety—Marcus Curtius," &c., &c. Poor Marcus Curtius! Why cannot they let him alone? It was a great deed of magnanimity to give his life for the salvation of his country; but the feat would have been greatly enhanced if he could have known that he was devoting his memory to such uses. We fear that Marcus Curtius, brave as he was, would have shrunk from becoming a stock comparison for modern hands. We think he is disgracefully ill-used and shamefully hacked about, and we entreat those who have so often routed him out of his grave to let him repose for a little while, in pity—if not for him, at all events for us. We are heartily tired of Marcus Curtius, or at all events of the use that is made of him, and we shall be glad to see him decently interred for a generation at least—after that period he may perhaps rise again like a giant refreshed, and give new strength to the writings of the year 2001.

When we get rid of Marcus Curtius, we hope to leave off passing the Rubicon. We are always passing the Rubicon, or being called upon to see somebody else pass it. Considering how often it has been passed, the Rubicon ought to be as well bridged as the Thames. Since Cæsar performed that feat, heaven alone knows how often his daring has been imitated. Looking back a few years, we find that that heaven-born minister, Pitt, crossed the Rubicon time after time; and while he was crossing it, Buonaparte was constantly crossing it also. Later, our Wellington crossed the Rubicon when he marched against the French in the Peninsula. Subsequently Peel crossed it in the course of a great many of his political acts. O'Connell was always going across the Rubicon, and back again. Lord John Russell has more than once ventured on the passage, and Cobden and Disraeli have followed the ancient example; and there is scarcely a man, who, if the journalists may be trusted, has not at some time or other waded through its waters. There positively seems no end to the wading; people in much lower spheres perform the same act. Johnson can't get married without somebody saying he has crossed the Rubicon; and Jackson cannot enter into business without some classically disposed friend making the same remark. If we might be so presumptuous as to risk a suggestion, it would be that the Rubicon has been crossed quite often enough. It ought to be let alone for a time. Its waters must be getting quite muddy with being so disturbed, and its bottom so thoroughly stopped up that gentlemen can hardly hope to get through it without muddy boots. That might be a small matter to the sandalled, bare-legged Romans, but in these days of trousers and patent leathers, it is a more serious consideration. We hope, for everybody's sake, that for a little while somebody may be allowed to do something without the passage of the Rubicon being called in question.

We should very much like to know why "the Ides of March" must always be supposed to be coming as a retributive era? Would not the critical division of the session do as well as "the Ides of March" for Ministers to dread—or the next election for representatives who have abused their trust—or quarter-day for the truant who has not got his rent ready—or the last of the three days of grace for the man who has been putting his name to a bill? All of these times may happen upon the Ides of March, but the chances are vastly against the contingency, and therefore we ask why the Ides of March always, and never any other time? We should prefer a new period for the good as the bad time coming, if allegory must be used, just for a change, if we may not have a more liberal and comprehensible mode of expression. We should be glad to be informed as well, why foes must always meet "at Philippi?" We question if half of them know where Philippi is or was. We should think Battersea Fields, now that the perennial fair which used to flourish there is cleared away—or Wimbledon Common, or Wormwood Scrubs—much more appropriate and business-like if their notions are warlike; or the Courts of Queen's

Bench, or Chancery, if they are on peaceful strife intent. They are much more to the purpose than Philippi, which is a very out-of-the-way sort of locality. We decidedly object, once for all, to these Philippi appointments, which can well be dispensed with.

Our opinions are pretty much the same with respect to the Nemesis, or, rather, the dozen of Nemesises which have made their appearance of late years in the papers, and are constantly hunting up everybody. Nobody can do anything at all incorrect, without his being threatened with a Nemesis. That is sure, so it is said, to dog his footsteps. A statesman does not do his duty by his party, or his party by him—well, you will be sure to hear, in a day or two, that there is an avenging Nemesis ready. So there is if a man does not pay his debts, or beats his wife, or infringes any of the ten commandments. There is a prophetic announcement that Nemesis is coming. It sounds very fine, we dare say, and gives you a high impression of the herald; but it is really very degrading to Nemesis. The myth, we believe, is a lady, and common gallantry leads us to say that it is very derogatory to invoke her when a police-constable or a bum-bailiff would answer the purpose just as well. We wonder people are not afraid to do it, for fear of drawing down the rage of offended dignity. We warn them that, if they are not more cautious, they will have a Nemesis after them.

- Why, we beg to know, cannot an emigrant ship be suffered to leave the shore without our being pelted with the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece and the golden apples of the Hesperides, and all that sort of thing? Why cannot a scheme be dropped without somebody conjuring up Charon to ferry it across the Styx to the abode of the Shades? Why cannot we be allowed to forget anything without being dipped into "the waters of Lethe?" a sort of baptism which there does not seem any paramount necessity for. Why, when a plan is found to be, as all plans are, imperfect in some point or other, must we be constantly reminded of Achilles, who was vulnerable only in the heel? a heel which has survived, it seems, to kick posterity metaphorically through all succeeding ages. Why, when a cause is ruined, is the cry always raised—"Carthago delenda est"—Carthage is fallen—when we all know how long ago Carthage fell, and how unlike any modern tumble is to that great break-down of antiquity? Finally, we should be happy to be satisfied why every struggle where the parties are unequally matched must be a Thermopylæ? Surely the heroic three hundred deserved a better fate than to be eternally compared to every section of crotchet-mongers who obstinately defend their post, and threaten to "die on the floor of the House" rather than fly?

We hope we have already sufficiently expressed our reverence for classical lore, and our admiration of those who possess it. We trust that we have explicitly enough acknowledged our own ignorance and humility. We will not venture to suggest to people who must know so much better than we do what they *should* write. We are not learned enough to assert that ancient history will not furnish an inexhaustible stock of composition. We are not bold enough to assume that classical writers are not thoroughly familiar with them all—competent to apply them properly—to make them "point a moral and adorn a tale" with such a degree of sharpness and amount of ornament as we can never hope to bestow on our own productions. We only prefer to them our petition—the petition of the unlearned—that they will let old friends who have done their share of work, and have been worried and badgered and twisted and tortured so long and so often, take the repose which is due to them, and sometimes at least gratify us with allusions and metaphors which, to the dignity of being classical, shall add the merit of being new, and the usefulness of being really illustrative and explanatory of the subject in hand.

## COVERDALE MARRIED.

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

WE must follow Mr. Cuff for a little while, as the story just now winds round him. As he sat in the cart nibbling his straw, it struck him that the driver was not one of those he had seen at the hall, and Mr. Cuff "never forgot nobody." Here was a fresh piece of material to work upon, and he never lost a chance; so he set to work to extract from the man what he knew. Little enough that was, but out came the fact about the letter.

"And you posted it?" inquired Mr. Cuff.

"Yes; at least, what's all the same, the gentleman as was a driving did, for I see him."

Mr. Cuff did not think that was exactly "all the same," but he made no remark on that. "Who was the genlman?"

"Mr. Delmin," answered the man.

Mr. Cuff pursed up his mouth as though to whistle, but he speedily suppressed that evidence of emotion, caused by his recollection that Mr. D'Almayne had denied any knowledge of any correspondence.

"Who was the letter directed to?"

The man did not know—he could not read. That was all the man knew: so, as they were at Hogswell, Mr. Cuff made his farewell after taking down the servant's name and address, over a glass of ale at the Blue Lion (lions on signs being of all sorts of impossible colours), where he had put up.

Mr. Cuff, though he was not quick, did not let the grass grow under his feet. He soon sought out the constable who had charge of the box and its wrappers. The constable, "this one," as Mr. Cuff contemptuously remarked, "like most country hofficers," being about the biggest fool in the parish. Mr. Cuff examined the box very accurately—comparing it carefully with the sketch drawn by D'Almayne, which he found very accurate; examined the wrappers—even the blank ones—as though they knew something about it; made a copy of the direction on the outer one—scrutinized the wax, and cut off a bit of the string for the pocket-book magazine.

"Can you make out anything, mate?" inquired the official.

"Them chains is furrin," said Mr. Cuff, touching the chain on the inside of the box.

"Oh! it is, is it?" said the countryman; and he wondered how Mr. Cuff knew they were "furrin," but he wouldn't show his ignorance by asking.

Mr. Cuff's next step was the post-office, which was also the receptacle for parcels for the neighbourhood. Mrs. Cummins was very willing to tell him all she knew; and so, that she might do so at full length, invited him to the back parlour behind the shop, and produced a suspicious-looking bottle from a corner cupboard. But Mrs. Cummins did not know much. With that wonderful sort of memory which people often have after extraordinary events, she did indeed recollect a heap of little things. She recollected for example a dream

she had the night before, of somebody having shot her magpie. She recollected, too, particularly noticing that parcel when it came in at night, and thinking there was something strange about it. What that something was she could not give any very clear account of, except that "it was a sort of ideer she had." She also recollected telling the boy from the park to be very careful of it. All this, as Mr. Cuff observed afterwards, was not much in his way, but he sat chewing his straw and hearing it all. When the widow's flow of talk had ended, Mr. Cuff quietly asked—

"You aint seen no strangers about here—or furriners, have yer?" This did bring something to Mrs. Cummins' mind. She always—so she averred in after life—"know'd there was something in it;" so she "up and told all about it." Mrs. Cummins' "up" was not, as that expression often is, metaphorical; for she was so full of her story that she did get "up" bodily off her chair, and told Mr. Cuff how "she was looking out of the window quite permiscusly, when she see a chay stop—Mrs. Coverdale's chay, but not Mr. Coverdale's servant as was driving—and the man gave a letter to a gentleman as got out, a furrin gentleman, a very handsome gentleman; leastways he would be but for his mustashers, which she considered hugly, and wondered how anybody could make such a fright of hisself. Well, and as she was a sayin, the gentleman came right up to the box with the letter, and pretended to put it in, but didn't, and then muffled his hands in his cloak and went back and drove off, and she allies know'd there was something in it."

When she came to that part where the gentleman did not put in the letter, Mr. Cuff so nearly whistled, that his straw dropped out of his mouth; that brought him back to himself, and when Mrs. Cummins asked him what he thought of it, he said he didn't think much on it, greatly to that lady's disappointment; but it was clear that he did think something of it, for when he left the shop he looked over the door where was inscribed "Sarah Cummins, licensed to sell, &c.," and directly he turned the corner made a careful note of surname and Christian name in his book.

Mr. Cuff walked to the train that afternoon with the air of a man who thinks he has done a good day's work, and is perfectly content with himself. Those who knew Cuff said they could always tell how he was by his straw. When things went wrong, he always bit away at that piece of provender furiously. When all was right, he used it gently. Cuff evidently thought it all right as he walked to the train, and rode by the train, for the straw was as still as a weathercock in a calm. Arrived in town he dived into a public-house, some distance from the station, where it was plain he was well known, and called for a sheet of paper, pen, and ink. Composition is generally a laborious task to gentlemen of Mr. Cuff's turn of mind, and the straw was violently agitated for half-an-hour. At length Mr. Cuff got throught his task, and passing the bar on his way out, where he took a glass of "something short" to refresh himself after his literary labours, he said to the landlord, "Burley, if anybody calls here for A. B. to-morrow, I'm A. B., mind you. I shall be here at three."

"Stop a bit," answered Burley—"can't remember heverythink, you know;" and Burley took a piece of chalk, and shutting the door of the bar-parlour, chalked on it "A. B.—3," and intimated his at-



tention to anybody who wanted A. B., by remarking that it was "as right as a trivet."

That done, Mr. Cuff took his way to the *Times* office, in Printing-house-square, tendered the paper as an advertisement, which must be put in a good place—a point he emphatically impressed on the clerk—paid for it, and went home to bed to be ready for what might turn up next, this being one of Mr. Cuff's maxims, "It's allus advisable to sleep when you arn't wanted, you see, for you never knows what may happen, or when it may be convenient to take another snooze." Mr. Cuff seemed to think that men could store up sleep as camels can water, and that whether in the desert of sand, or the wilderness of sin, it was right to have a reserve handy.

That advertisement of Mr. Cuff's was a bold stroke, as will be seen from the following, copied from the mysterious third column of the *Times* of the next morning, where (thanks to the literary assistance of the compositor and reader) it appeared in the following form:

"If the person who sold an old-fashioned inlaid ebony cabinet to a gentleman, having the appearance of a foreigner, but speaking good English, on the 4th or 5th of November, will call on A. B., at the Raff's Head, Drury Lane, he will hear of something to his advantage. Gentleman about five feet eight, slim, good figure, handsome face, good teeth, black eyes, hair, and moustaches; speaks with a very soft voice."

It was a bold stroke, because Cuff had ventured on a very exact police portrait of our friend Horace D'Almayne; but Cuff said he seldom did a thing "without hobjick," and "werry seldom, werry seldom," got beyond his tether.

The news of Miss Crofton's death hurried home Harry Coverdale. He had not the patience to wait any longer, and as Snawley was getting well, he did not see any danger. The local authorities were not likely to take any steps in the matter, and other authorities, he dared say, neither knew nor cared anything about it. Tom Rattleworth came with him. If ever any two men were sick of *La belle France*, they were. Tom was all impatient to get the hounds in order, and Harry had learned to care more for his wife than the dogs. As soon as he came home, the Cranes left the park, and Harry was heartily glad to get rid of them. Not that he was inhospitable—far from it. Not that he disliked Kate, though she had behaved badly to Arthur Hazlehurst. But that stupid old Crane was a perfect bore; and as to that puppy D'Almayne, he was so disgusted with his airs that he could hardly keep his fingers off him. Besides, he wanted to be alone with Alice.

Alice was really very ill; what was worse was that she felt she was ill herself, and when women who are naturally patient and uncomplaining feel so, there is something to be dreaded. On Harry this had its effect. There had been no reference made to the past; that seemed to sink by common consent; and Harry grew more tender, partly from the effects of past thought, partly from the fear (fear is a great softener) that there was danger of Alice's life. Somewhat to the disgust of Tom Rattleworth, who naturally felt a claim on Harry, the latter, though he subscribed liberally to the hounds, thought he should not hunt that season—at all events not much. The filly which had died with the staggers was not replaced by another horse "fit to go;" and when Dr. M'Intyre, who was in

attendance, brought Snawley with him once, and Harry and Snawley shook hands, and joked over a glass of wine as though they had never stood "in mortal combat," and possibly understood and liked one another all the better for what had happened,—when Dr. M'Intyre advised Italy as the best remedy, Harry eagerly advocated the proposal. He knew enough of himself by this time to be aware that his good resolutions were the least likely to be shaken where there was the least temptation. They would go to Florence, and spend the winter there. And Alice, always glad to consent to what Harry proposed, and more especially happy to get him away from the dangers of hunting and the companionship of huntsmen, and to have him all to herself, was quite ready to go. So it was settled, and they began to get ready; but before they went, something else occurred, which made them all the more anxious to leave England for a time.

Mr. Cuff's advertisement—greatly to that gentleman's disappointment—brought no one to inquire for A. B. Still, though disappointed, that persevering functionary was not to be disheartened. He was sure he was on the right scent, and equally sure that if he kept on it long enough, something would turn up. So he tried the advertisement again and again with divers headings, such as "To Brokers," "To Furniture Dealers," "To Curiosity Dealers," "To Pawnbrokers," and with various other alterations. Burley, of the *Raff's Head*, got tired of chalking up "A.B. 3" behind his bar-door, and expressed his opinion that it was "no go." "Never you mind," Mr. Cuff would observe, "I'm slow, but I'm sure. Most men loses things by not holding on. You're not so old as I am." Burley was ten years older if he was a day, but Mr. Cuff used the word figuratively; and, in the sense of "being up to things," perhaps Mr. Burley was not so "old."

At last a man did walk up to the bar and inquire for A. B. Mr. Burley, after consulting his wooden memorandum book, said A. B. would be there in ten minutes; and with a due regard to Mr. Cuff's interest, instead of leaving the inquirer to run at large in the parlour or taproom, invited him into the bar-parlour and shut the door—"pounded him," as Mr. Burley, with a sagacious wink, remarked to his helpmate.

"Any-body to day?" asked Cuff, punctual to his time.

"Well, you *are* in luck to-day," said Burley; "he's in here;" and Cuff walked into the bar-parlour.

Cuff and the visitor were no strangers to each other. "Hollo, Mr. Smith," was Cuff's greeting, "how are you?" Mr. Smith did not seem very well pleased, however well in health he might be, at meeting Mr. Cuff. In fact Smith, who kept a shop for "all sorts and everything else," as he described it himself, somewhere off St. Martin's Lane, had not long before narrowly escaped a conviction on evidence got up by Cuff for buying stolen goods, for which Smith held the officer in no great favour. Cuff knew he should have a tough job to get anything out of Smith, and removed the straw from his mouth. Mr. Cuff was sensible of his own weakness in the matter of straws. He confessed that with a man as knowed his ways, the straw was as good as a tallygraph; and Smith did know his ways, for they were very old acquaintances.

"I should ha' thought of a good many coves afore I thought you was A. B.," said Smith.

"Well, Mr. Smith, why not A. B. as well as any other two letters of the alphabet. But it's dry talking—what'll you drink?"

"Business first—pleasure afterwards," said Smith. "I don't trust myself with no drink till I've got through this here." Superior to many greater men, Smith knew his failings; and if he had one weakness more than another, it was for brandy and water—at anybodyelse's expense. "What is it you want with me?"

"Well, you've seen the advertisement?"

"Yes; but since you're A. B., I don't see, mind you, as it's to my advantage—praps it's a trap."

"Honour bright!" said Cuff, with a great aspect of sincerity. "But did you sell that cabinet? and should you know it again? and should you know the gent who bought it?"

"Maybe I should—maybe I shouldn't—I must know more about this ere business afore I commits myself."

"Look here, Mr. Smith—you're a man of the world, you are—you know what life is. I shouldn't try to gammon you. If I takes you it's acause it's my duty—if you try to put me off, it's acause it's yourn—and business is business, and I don't bear malice—no more do you, I know. Now this isn't in your way at all. It aint robbery—it's murder—that's what it is."

This elaborate speech produced its effect on Smith. "Well, if it's murder, I don't care; but nothin' for nothin' you know. What am I to get by it?"

"Why, Smith, its a link; this is only a link, mind you, and praps we might do without it. I think we might. It's no great matter, and it won't take much trouble. Just a ride, say fifty or sixty miles; the air 'll do you good, and dentify this case and the man—say five."

"Ten," said Smith.

"It's only a link, you know," Cuff repeated; but seeing that had no effect on Smith, he went on, "Well, I like to do right and be fair and square, and so do you, I know, though p'raps you can't always—few on us can—say ten."

"Down," said the avaricious Smith, holding out his hand.

Cuff effected great indignation. "Right is right," he remarked, but that aint right anyhow. Here am I in this line twenty-seven years man and boy, come Lady-day, and nobody can ever say as I havn't always kept my word. If I've told a chap as I'd nab him, I have nabbed him always; if I've told a chap as I'd pay him, I have paid always likewise. Right is right; you dentify this ere cabinet and this ere man, and there's your money."

"Well, agreed," said Smith. The bargain was struck, and brandy and water ratified the compact.

The next day Smith, having duly identified the cabinet, Cuff and his witness presented themselves at the park. Wilkins, who knew the officer, again introduced them to Harry.

"Have you any clue?" asked Harry, after Mr. Cuff had repeated his old apology for intruding.

"Well, sir, it's hard to say. There is a clue, but it's a clue as wants following up; but that's neither here nor there. I want to see Mr. Delmin, sir, as he's the most likely gentleman to give me the information I'am arter."

Mr. D'Almayne is not here, he was only visiting here for a short time. He's at Mr. Crane's—about fourteen miles from this—I'll put you in the road to it."

"Is it in this county, sir?" asked Cuff in a tone which set Harry thinking.

"Yes, it is in this county; but what has that to do with it?"

"Nothin', sir, nothin'; it's a way I've got of being particular about counties. I'm used to ask about counties, and I often do it when there's no need on it."

Harry put the officer in the right road, thinking as he did so there was something wrong; but it can't be, he thought—D'Almayne can't have had any hand in that. I'm afraid he's a scoundrel, and I never liked him. I wonder Kate lets him hang on there; but he can't be so bad as that comes to. But Harry did not at all satisfy himself with that conclusion, and he determined to hurry on the departure so as to get Alice away before anything else happened.

Something happened too soon, however, Tom Hazlehurst, who was home for a week or two, burst into the house the next day so full of news that he had hardly time to shake hands with Harry or to kiss Alice before the intelligence ran over.

"Here's a pretty go," said Tom; "that D'Almayne—always thought he was a bad un—is run to earth at last; fairly run down. I was over at Crane's yesterday, to cut a terrier's ears for him, when up came two chaps in a cart. D'Almayne was talking to me in the yard. 'This Mr. Crane's?' said the stoutest chap, Cuff his name is, a police officer. 'Yes,' I says. 'Mr. Delmin here?' 'Yes,' I says again, 'here he is.' They jumped out of the cart and came up. D'Almayne turned as pale as death, he did, when he saw them. 'Oh, Mr. Delmin,' says Cuff (that's the officer), 'I want a little information.' D'Almayne at that brightened up a little. 'Do you know this man?' 'No,' said D'Almayne, looking at the little scrubby fellow Cuff had with him; but he began to tremble more, D'Almayne did. 'Do you know this gentleman?' says Cuff to the man. 'To be sure I do,' the man says; 'that's him as I sold the cabinet to. I should twig him among a thousand. I'll take fifty oaths to him.' 'Then,' says Cuff, as politely as ever, perhaps a little more so, 'I'm very sorry, sir, but it's my duty to arrest you for the wilful murder of Arabella Crofton. You're my prisoner.' I didn't think D'Almayne had it in him, but he flew at Cuff like a lion and nearly upset him. Cuff was too much for him, though; he got him down and clapped on the handcuffs in no time; and then went up stairs and searched D'Almayne's trunks, and took out of them some tools and some screws and some pieces of chain that he said matched the chains in the cabinet, and marched off D'Almayne to the Golden Fleece. He didn't keep him long, though, for what do you think?—I went to the Fleece, and there was a crowd round the door, and people said D'Almayne had poisoned himself; and it was true, too, he had so. Handcuffed and all, he got a little bottle of prussic acid out of his pocket—prussic acid in a smelling-bottle that I've seen him take out of his pocket a dozen times—mind to make sure work of it, wasn't he?—and drank it off; and there he was dead, sure enough. They say he gave just one scream and it was all over, and Cuff was in a way, as surly as a bear, and Kate is out of one fit of

hysterics into another, and old Crane is half mad—but, I say, hallo, what's the matter with Ally?"

Tom had rattled on with his story, and Harry had been so engrossed with it that they had paid no attention to Alice, and did not know that she had fainted. Acting on a weakened frame and an enfeebled nervous system, the shock of Tom's precipitate disclosure had been too much. For some days she did not leave her bed, and, when she did, Dr. M'Intyre said Italy was not only advisable but absolutely necessary, and a few weeks saw Harry and Alice located in the milder atmosphere of the South.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE END.

ALL things must come to an end. The world, we are told, will have its finale, rung out on a trumpet-peal. Life, we know, must have its termination, and every story its conclusion. We all dread ending, and yet we all seek for it, push on towards, as though we desired it. And so we do in some degree desire it, notwithstanding our dread. "Finis coronat opus" is one of the maxims sagedom has handed down. The end crowns the work. It does so, sometimes with a Crown of Glory, sometimes with a Crown of Thorns—a crown of some sort at all events, and we all of us trust to gain the first and to avoid the last. Whatever may be in store for us we begin the end.

Years enough, since the facts set down in the preceding chapters happened, have passed and leave their mark upon Harry Coverdale. He has grown stouter and less disposed to violent exertion. He hunts very little now, and thinks he shall give it up altogether. Perhaps it is time—not so much because winter has begun to be busy amid his hair, leaving here and there a white streak, as because another Harry is in the field—a boy just shooting out of boyhood, with Harry's frame and Alice's face—has just been asking whether he may not have the grey to ride next season. And Alice—yes, that comely matron with whom time has dealt so lightly—no grey in her hair yet, nor wrinkles in her forehead or crow's-feet under her eyes—no trace of disease (thanks to Italy) in her frame—that is Alice. She says that she is afraid of Harry hunting—"it is so dangerous." She is saying just the same of Harry the second now as she used to do to Harry the first—"in our young days." And a pair of soft eyes peep out over a doll's head from a soft little face—a face like that of Alice, and yet like somebody else too—like Kate Marsden that was, we think—and a sweet girl's voice says, "Oh Harry, you naughty boy, you want to break your neck." And then a veteran-looking little grey man, with a crutch stick, who answers to the name of Captain Snawley, and who happens to be over at the Park that morning, puts in, that "boys must be taught to be brave and hardy, and for that purpose there is no sport so good as hunting, which is next to war." A very veteran-like opinion, at which Alice frowns, and Harry the first laughs, and Harry the second draws himself up proudly, as much as to say—"Well, war or hunting—he's ready for anything"—and the soft eyes peep out again, and repeat "naughty



boy," which leads to a game of romps, in which the doll comes to rough usage. It is settled, though, that Harry shall have the grey, and Mr. Coverdale does not think he shall buy another horse for himself "just yet, at all events." In fact, Harry *has* got another horse—a hobby horse—which Alice pets from a conviction of her husband's great talents. He has received a request to stand for the county, and it is probable that after the next election any one who sends him a letter will have to add to the direction "M.P."

Old Mrs. and Mr. Hazlehurst are both dead. Time has not spared them, and the same tombstone, after the manner of tombstones, records some virtues they had and some they had not, and none of their errors. Old Crane died before them, and Kate, who is almost as beautiful as ever—(hers is a style of beauty which does not wither quickly)—lives on in a proud unwilling widowhood—a widowhood she would gladly have changed, but Arthur Hazlehurst could not marry a woman who had "sold herself." Kate is more reserved than ever, seldom throwing off her melancholy, except when her god-daughter Alice calls forth a smile by a laugh, which reminds Kate of old times. Arthur Hazlehurst has changed more than any of the rest. It is said that he has an immense amount of law *in* his head; it is quite certain he has a vast number of wrinkles outside it. He is bent and thin, but he has got a silk gown and a large practice; and it is whispered that when a "certain party" goes out, and another "certain party" comes in, the solicitor-generalship will be placed at his acceptance. Arthur, we dare say, has forgotten all about love by this time, and become a confirmed old bachelor; but when he goes down to the Park (he never goes when Kate is there) and Kate's name is mentioned, then comes a look on the broad withered face of the lawyer, which tells you that memory will rise up sometimes.

Tom Hazlehurst, that fast youth, is in India, where he is gathering laurels, and possibly getting up a liver complaint at the same time. He has killed more tigers than any man in the service; he can drink ale and smoke cheroots in unlimited quantities; he has been mentioned several times in despatches as "a very meritorious officer," as "an officer of distinguished promise;" more than one commander has testified his "great obligations to Captain Hazlehurst." He led that dashing charge at the sanguinary battle of Garraboorrowah, when every second officer of his regiment was killed, as well as most of the privates; and if he survives all tigers and professional dangers, he will most likely be a general. Tom Rattleworth still hunts the county; but, as he is getting into that fruity and pulpy condition, the natural consequence of fox-hunting, good living, and port wine, in which we remember Mr. Bloomfield, when Tom took the hounds off his hands—it is likely Tom will soon give them up in his turn; eighteen stone, and a good deal of it stomach, being a bad thing both for man and horse across country.

There is only one other old friend we intend to recall. The other day, as Mr. Coverdale was walking round the Park, he met a very fat old man, with a very grey head, very sharp eyes, very red face, and a straw in his mouth. The old man pulled up and took a look at Mr. Coverdale, and used the opportunity to wipe his head with a red handkerchief which he took from his hat. "Master Coverdale, Sir, I think," said the old man. "Don't recollect me, p'raps?"

Harry avowed his name, and confessed his want of memory.

"Never forget anybody as I see once," said the old man. "My name's Cuff. I was down here in 18—, about that job."

Harry recollected him. Mr. Cuff was "out of business" now, and "pretty comfortable," and was taking "a look round at the old places afore he died!" Mr. Cuff had good cheer at the park that day, and was accommodated with the chaise-cart to Hogswell in the evening, where he probably repeated his visit to the back parlour of Mrs. Cummins, who still lives under the shadow of the Royal Arms there, and still keeps a black bottle in the corner cupboard, and still tells her gossips of the "furrin gentleman," and how she "know'd there was somethin' in it," and how she "up and told the hofficer all about it."

There, our work is done. All the characters who have not "shuffled off the stage" are before the reader. We will not, though we are tempted to do it, just to put off the end for a while, write a word by way of epilogue. We leave everybody to moralise for themselves. Married people may look at Alice and Harry, and learn not to quarrel about trifles. Young ladies, who desire "good matches," may turn to Kate and see how happy such matches are. D'Almayne will point a darker warning for the clever and unscrupulous. So we drop the curtain upon "Coverdale Married," leaving Harry cured and Alice happy, and a new Harry and a new Alice too, let us hope, to be cured and happy in their turn.

## THE LEADS OF ST. MARK.

"HUSH! What is that?" said Giovanna Carmentelli to her partner, Count Farini, as she paused suddenly in the dance. "Did you not hear a strange noise?"

"I hear nothing," replied the Count, "save the sounds of festivity and mirth which fill the palace to-night. Let us proceed with the dance; yet you look pale, Marchesa. What has thus alarmed you?" he added, as he felt the trembling of the hand which rested upon his arm. "I fear you are ill."

"No," replied the lady, "not ill; but I cannot dance again to-night. Seek another partner, Count, and let me not interrupt your enjoyment."

"Not so, Marchesa Giovanna," he interrupted, with gallantry: "if you are indisposed to dance, permit me, nevertheless, to pass this hour in conversation with you? Shall I lead you to a seat? It is cooler in the corridor without, and a fresher air will recruit your spirits."

All eyes turned on the beautiful Giovanna Carmentelli, as she suddenly withdrew from the dance; nor did it fail to excite the curiosity of a few, to see her conducted away by the Count Farini. Had she retired with a younger or gayer companion, the circumstance would have attracted but little attention; but that the young, the beautiful, the fascinating heiress of the Marquis di Carmentelli should choose such a companion, in preference to the young and gay gallants who would have been but too happy to lend her any service, could not fail to excite surprise. The Count, though beyond sixty years of age, still mingled, it is true, in all the gaieties in which the court of Venice, in the proudest days of its splendour, so freely revelled; yet not, as it seemed, from a mind formed to participate with pleasure in such light enjoyments. He mingled with the crowd, while he despised its follies. Stern, cold and repulsive by nature, though many fawned on the man whose influence in the state was so great, none loved him, and the Count would proudly boast that he had never had a friend. Yet though he thus boasted himself, the world

seemed to think it otherwise, and that there was at least one exception, in favour of the Marquis di Carmentelli, to whom he appeared devoted.

For some moments after he had entered the corridor with his young companion, he remained silent, till he at length inquired, in a careless tone, if she felt benefited by the cooler air?

"Yes," she replied, "I am well; but I cannot forget that horrid shriek. Oh, it is still ringing in my years! You must think me foolish, Count; yet I am certain I heard the sound of a voice in pain or in distress. But whence could it have come in such a place as this?"

"You must be mistaken, Signorina," replied the Count, "the very noise of the music would have deafened every other sound."

"At the moment there was a pause in the music. There seemed a shriek, a groan, and a distant but very heavy fall just above us," and again her frame trembled violently.

"The leads, the leads!" muttered her companion, abstractedly. "It could but be some mischief among the prisoners in the leads!"

"Oh yes," said Giovanna, "I see it now—it must have been some calamity among the prisoners above us. How strange that I have never thought of these prisoners until this moment! How horrible, how revolting to every feeling, does it seem to have prisons in such a place as this. I shall never more take pleasure in the festivals of St. Mark, for I shall never forget how many unfortunates suffer beneath this roof."

"You are young and gay, Signorina," replied the Count, with a sarcastic smile, "and the gay and happy have oftentimes treacherous meanings."

"God forbid I should ever forget the wretched!" she exclaimed, with fervour. "But who, Count, are the prisoners at present confined above?"

"Who?" he repeated; "why, perhaps some hundreds of felons, charged with various crimes; but none of any note, unless it be the Capitano Zantuccio, who was incarcerated three days since."

"The Capitano Zantuccio!" said Giovanna; "I have surely heard the name."

"Doubtless the name has been but too often heard, and for some months past threatened to become formidable."

"He was—" said the Marchesa.

"The celebrated pirate of the Adriatic," interrupted Farini, "the most rapacious, desperate—but perhaps you take an interest in his fate? He is said to be young and handsome."

"If he is unfortunate, I can feel for him," said the lady, without deigning to notice the insulting insinuation of her companion. "How many are driven to crime only by their adversities? How many sons of high and noble families, pursued by an unjust or capricious fortune, have been hurried into actions, in a moment of desperation, for which the miseries of their after-life may surely best atone; and while we condemn the crime, why should we not pity the criminal? Even this Zantuccio may be the outcast son of a noble house."

"Your imagination is warm to-night, fair Marchesa," said Farini; "or is it merely as being a desperado that he has excited your sympathy? 'Tis said that the brigand is ever loved by the fair, and, by my patron saint, methinks the assertion may be somewhat true."

"Even though blackened by crime, I must pity the unfortunate. But yet this pirate may not be as guilty as he seems. He, like many another crime-stained man, may have powerful reasons to urge in extenuation of his guilt. Should he have been noble and unfortunate, might—"

"Your unbounded charity," interrupted Farini, "will elevate this wretch into a disinterested prince; but as his fortunes interest you, I can partly satisfy your curiosity. This much of his former life is known. He is a fugitive servant, who narrowly escaped with his life, five years since, after robbing his master, since which time he has pursued the same career in bolder fashion on the high seas. This may chance to dispel your bright visions of the high origin of Il Capitano."

"I said not that he *was* high born," replied Giovanna; "but alas!" she paused and seemed absorbed in some painful reverie. The Count fixed his dark, piercing, penetrating eye inquiringly on her for a moment, as though he would read every thought that was passing in her mind. "Methinks, lady," he at length said, "that such thoughts befit not the heiress of Carmentelli."

"I am unconscious of a thought which dishonours my noble father," she replied, proudly. "But know you not, Count Farini, that I had a brother—nay *have*, for I am sure he still lives—but whose fate is unknown to our house; and never do I hear of a great unfortunate but I think—"

"Your brother cannot live," interrupted Farini, "and better for you that he does not. Know you not that if he lived and were restored to his house, you must lose the consequence which attaches to the future Marchesa di Carmentelli, and sink into the common rank of the crowd of beauties around. It is no light thing, lady, to be heiress to the third man in Venice."

"Were it to the first, it would be purchased at too dear a rate by detaining another from his just rights. And how much more so when that other is a brother?"

"Justice is but another dream of the imagination," said the Count, who seemed willing to turn from the subject. "In the world each lives for himself—each individual pursues his own interests. You will live, lady, to find that power and influence are sweet, even though dearly purchased."

"Holy mother forbid!" exclaimed Giovanna, with emotion, while her thoughts were evidently still directed to the same subject; yet observing that it occasioned the Count some uneasiness, she spoke of it no more. He too, she knew, had no son to whom his rank and fortunes might descend; a circumstance which was known to occasion much pain to his proud spirit; and the more so as they could not descend to his only daughter, but would on his death be inherited by a distant relation, whom he hated to intolerance. Thus for some time each continued silently absorbed by their own reflections; those of Giovanna, to judge by the expression of her features, though perhaps solemn and earnest, were not acutely painful; while the countenance of Farini, to one versed in the study of physiognomy, betrayed all the workings of dark and opposing passions, mingled, it may be, with some torturing sentiments of remorse; but this was at a moment when he knew himself to be unobserved, for he dreaded no scrutiny from the unsuspecting girl beside him, from one whom he had known from a child, and whom he still considered as such. Had he been among persons whose observation he might have attracted, he would not, even for this short moment, have suffered his features to betray the workings of his mind. Cold, proud and distant, he moved amongst the crowd, courteous, it is true, though formally so from very pride; for never did one act of grace or polish flow from the dictates of a kindly heart or a feeling of sympathy with his kind. Yet two alone, amidst the world in which he mingled, looked beyond the exterior of the man. These were the Marquis di Carmentelli and his daughter. From the latter, indeed, it could not be expected; and the Marquis, noble, open and generous, unconscious of a single action which he would wish concealed from the world, was incapable of suspicion towards the man who seemed to have singled him out as his only, or at least his chosen friend.

Giovanna was the first to arouse from her reverie, and was about to ask the Count to conduct her back to the saloon, when she observed one of the ladies of the court, who seemed to be seeking them.

"Here is Theresa, Count!" exclaimed she, "who has doubtless come in search of us;" and Giovanna hastened to meet her friend.

"Whither flown, Bella Carmentelli," said Theresa, in a gay and careless tone; "know you not how many live but in your presence, fair one? and yet you deny the crowd this boon. The very spirit of mirth and gaiety fled from us when La Bella Marchesa vanished—nay, gainsay me not—in very truth it is so—the spirits of the whole company have flagged, the very musicians played carelessly and without expression—the Doge sent, but just now, to command their utmost efforts and gayest airs—this sudden gloom is most displeasing to his Highness. If our Prince commands us to be happy, should we not obey the gracious behest?" she continued with a bitter smile, too, like that which sometimes played upon the lips of the Count. "Will you not, Giovanna, return to the grand saloon, and restore the banished mirth of the assemblée?"

"I was about to do so at the moment you appeared," replied the Marchesa, "though not with the idea of working so potent a charm. You alone can mould all spirits to your will. Is it not so, Count?"

The Count looked coldly on his daughter, while he replied, "She hath ever been a wayward child."

Theresa spoke not; but her air of reckless gaiety vanished in a moment; her colour darkened; and two lines, deep and marked, for one so young, showed strangely upon the brow that had looked so calm a moment before.

"You do not know Theresa," interposed her friend. "Few know, as I do, the worth, the goodness of her heart. She is but too proud to show her merits, as though the world might suppose she sought its praise; nor would she display her goodness lest it should throw others too far into the shade."

"silence, pray, carissima," interrupted Theresa; "think not that I care for injustice; but our presence, or yours at least, is needed within."

The Count offered an arm to each of the ladies, as they re-entered the principal of the saloons which had been thrown open for the night's festivities; where they were not long in observing a marked dulness in the air and demeanour of the guests, so different from the almost intoxicating gaiety which had prevailed but an hour before. It was like the gloom which hangs over a city when a national calamity has befallen, and which sheds a sadness even into the minds of those who know but little of its extent, or are actually ignorant of its existence—a gloom which is imparted from one to another, like a contagious sickness, we know not how, or from a collision with some passenger in the street; but who or where, it were vain for us to inquire. Here and there groups of young persons strove to maintain a forced gaiety, while the gallants rallied their fair partners on the seriousness of their deportment. A dull and spiritless dance was, with difficulty, maintained to indifferent music; while even the quick ear of the Italians observed not the want of time and harmony among the performers. Various parties of older and more serious persons, in one of which the Marquis di Carmentelli was the principal, engaged in deep and grave conversation on some affair of state or event of public importance; but everywhere the same depression of spirit prevailed. Amidst all this vast assembly, Theresa alone seemed unchanged, and exhibited her wonted, wild, reckless gaiety, which nothing but her stern father's frown seemed to possess power to subdue. It was a little beyond midnight; the hour when the spirit of mirth and revelry runs highest, yet already some few guests had retired. One after another followed their example, and two hours, ere the usual time of separation, all were gone, to circulate through the city, on the morrow, what tales each chose to imagine from the events of the night.

We must now retrace, for the information of the reader, the history of the few persons whom our narrative has introduced to his notice.

The Marquis di Carmentelli, the only man in Venice who seemed to be honoured with the friendship of the Count Farini, had been his early companion, and in the school and college career, which they had for the most part pursued together, the Marquis alone could, in any degree, keep pace with Farini, who far outstripped all his competitors in the list of learning; and even Carmentelli rarely prosecuted his studies with such success as to excite much dread of his eclipsing the talented Farini. But this slight approach to equality was more than sufficient to kindle ill-feeling in the breast replete with jealousy, and to rouse a spirit, whose intolerant pride could not brook the idea of an equal. The Marquis, in rank and fortune, was already his superior; this was, as yet, irredeemable, and to this he must submit with what grace he could; but to be surpassed in aught else was what he resolved should never be, while he had power to forward his own career or check that of his rival. It is needless to relate what means, unworthy of a noble or generous mind he resorted to, to carry out his aim; the spirit, a prey to hatred and jealousy, will rarely pause to think of the justice of the means it may employ to satiate its malignity. It is unnecessary to follow them through their whole early career. Suffice it to say, that the conduct begun in boyhood was pursued through life; a show of friendship was maintained by Farini towards the man whom he most thoroughly hated, and in a thousand ways did he cross the path and mar the prospects of his unsuspecting victim. The career at court much resembled that at college. Through his high and varied talents, the Count soon found means to make himself indispensable to the government; as did Carmentelli's excellent abilities and unimpeachable integrity, in due time, conduct him, though unsought, to those offices and employments for which he was so eminently qualified.

To further his aspiring views, the ambitious Count had formed an interested alliance with a lady some years his senior, the only issue of which marriage was the Signorina Theresa, whom we have already introduced to the acquaintance of the reader; while Carmentelli, though deprived by death of most of his offspring, was yet happy in the possession of an heir, in the person of his youngest son, who had been spared by the destroyer, and whose blooming health seemed to promise well for the future. The beautiful and high-spirited boy, though little more than an infant, was the envy of many a parent, and not least so of Farini. It was insufferable to think that the honours of his rival should descend to his own son, while his death would but serve to confer rank and wealth on a relation who was odious to him. To Carmentelli nothing of this was shown, while the whole weight of his malevolence fell upon the innocent little Theresa and her unhappy mother,



whom, even in the first days of his union, he had never loved. It served but little to soften his deportment towards them, that on the festival which was held to celebrate the fourth birth-day of the young Marquis, the child and his nurse mysteriously disappeared. He may have felt his own jealousy soothed when he beheld the distraction of the bereaved family, but this certainly had not given him an heir; and years, as they passed on, only served to increase his estrangement from his own unfortunate wife and child. His ambition prompted, and his interest enabled him, to procure an important place for the latter, at the age of seventeen, among the female suite of the Dogressa; and as death had a few months before deprived Theresa of her mother, she was only too happy to leave a home where she rarely passed one unclouded day. A heart naturally warm and loving, but whose feelings had ever been held under a forced restraint, together with a keen and quick perception of character, which enabled her, unfortunately for herself, to penetrate the mask of friendship or courtesy—where these were but a mask—such, we need hardly say, was not calculated to form a demeanour likely to inspire general regard. She had, indeed, learned to judge of the world too much as she had seen it beneath the parental roof, and thus had judged it too severely. Yet she would often say, that she did believe there were warm, generous hearts in the world, though her fortunes had allowed her to know but few. Besides, all the buoyancy of her young mind had been crushed, and her heart well nigh broken, by constant suffering. Such were her character and circumstances, when she made her *debut* at the brilliant court of Venice, and thus it was not very likely that the dull-spirited and haughty Theresa should readily procure many friends. If friendship was offered, she was more than ready to receive it, with all that gratitude which they only feel who have but rarely enjoyed its influence; but her spirit was too proud to seek it from any. Such advances, on her part, had been in childhood too often repelled for her now to subject herself to the possibility of such a humiliation. The exterior of the heartless and the selfish may well show coldly to the world; but colder still is the demeanour and address, when the heart, intensely warm and loving, has forcibly extinguished, or at least suppressed, its native fire. The weary and shivering traveller, who looks upon the ashes of the flame which, a few hours before, had cheered another sufferer, finds the blood run more chilly through his veins; the hearth, whose fire has just been extinguished, looks colder than that where the faggot has not been fired. And thus was it with Theresa, during the first period of her abode among the Princes of the mighty Venice. Shut up in her overpowering sorrows, she gave little heed to what was passing around, beyond what the light duties of her office required; and those hours which she could command as her own, were devoted to bitter tears or gloomy musings. But such a course, with Theresa, was not to last. Rarely had she breathed a complaint to a human ear, save to that of her Confessor. Yet twice, when a recent blow caused old half-soothed wounds to bleed afresh, and the weight of grief became too much to be borne in silence, and she involuntarily uttered a complaint, she received, not merely a cold and indifferent reply, but a rebuke for her repining, as though one like her, young, rich and noble, could have no real cause for grief.

This was enough to rouse her from her painful, and, we must confess, unwholesome reflections; she did rouse all the pride and strength of her young haughty spirit to the struggle against her untoward fortunes. As she had learned by necessity to stifle the expression of her better feelings, so now she resolved to confront every expression of grief; and how well she succeeded let the tale declare: so well, indeed, that many, whose weightiest afflictions were only the petty and transient annoyances of every-day life, as they observed the reckless gaiety of Theresa Farini, would envy the happy lot of the almost broken-hearted girl.

This, however, was only as she showed herself to the gay world in which she moved. In what might be called her private life, she appeared in another character; no longer, indeed, that of hopeless repining under evils she could not amend; her grief was calm, subdued, patient; expressed (for the inward heart must in some way find expression) only in those two strange lines which showed, at times, across her young brow. For better feelings, too, a door of exit was soon found, in acts of kindness towards her servants and inferiors, towards whom she was ever affable, condescending, and kind. Yet this field was too confined for her mind to have full exercise; and through the influence of bribes to some of the principal goalers, and with the assistance of her Confessor, who was also chaplain to the prisons of St. Mark, she discovered various means of mitigating the sufferings of the thousands who, during the five years of her sojourn in the Palace of the Doges,

languished under the same roof with herself. She would, as much as possible, acquaint herself with the state and condition of the prisoners, as well as the causes of their confinement; and many an unfortunate has found some little comfort added, or severity relaxed, though he never knew the hand by which the boon had been procured. More than one visit has been paid, in some extreme case of sickness or distress, to the cells of misery and crime; not, like the damsels of romance, to soothe or break the chain of some captive lover, whose gratitude and love were to repay his fair deliverer for an exploit, in which there may be merit, yet, if motives be weighed, whose merit may become at least questionable, but where the object of her compassion possessed not an attraction to allure, save that of suffering, but everything, it may be, to excite revulsion in a young girl reared amidst the luxuries and refinements of a court.

Yet, by a strange caprice, when again amidst the gay, she would talk lightly and carelessly, it may be, of the very distress which she had but yesterday alleviated. Of all her young companions the future Marchesa di Carmentelli alone knew much of the true character of Theresa. They had been friends from infancy, before the latter had learned to restrain the outpouring of her feelings; and an attachment once formed by Theresa, could only be forgotten when its object became unworthy of her regard. Yet even the Marchesa knew her but in part. Her deeds of benevolence were as carefully concealed, as with others their deeds of darkness were hidden from the light; not, perhaps, from the principle which bids us give our alms in secret, it was merely another strange caprice, which made her almost desirous of appearing unamiable. We contend not for the justice or merits of this feeling—nay, we must rather condemn it, when carried, as by Theresa, too far; and if the unhappy girl numbered but few friends, we must not condemn the world's injustice alone for this; no, much, too much of the fault must be charged against her own proud spirit, which made her despise the opinion of the world, and covet the esteem of only a chosen few; but—thus much in excuse—circumstances, more than her natural disposition, had moulded her thus. But we must return to our tale.

The day previous to that on which it commenced, Theresa had received an early visit from Padre Arasto, to solicit her assistance for a criminal who had been recently carried to the leads. "He will doubtless be shortly executed," continued the pious old man, "and his mind, alas! is in no state to receive the last sacraments of the church. Maria sanctissima, look upon the unhappy man! He is in solitary confinement in one of the cells to the south-west, where the scorching heat, together with his own distracting feelings, have produced madness, or at least delirium. I spoke to Ugo to have him removed to a lower story, but he shook his head and declared it impossible."

"Impossible!" repeated Theresa, "few things are impossible. If the medical attendant orders his removal—"

"Still a delay of some days must occur before it could pass through all the authorities, and be effected; there is not, alas! an hour to lose."

"It might be possible to move the Doge," said Theresa, more to herself than to her companion. "What has been his offence? Real crime, or is he the mere victim of a calumny or political jealousy?"

"Saint Benedict have mercy on him! He is stained with crimes of the deepest dye."

"Yet may grace be procured for him more readily than for many an oppressed and innocent man."

"Heaven grant it so!" ejaculated the priest. "His has been a long career of crime. He has been some time famous for his piracies on the Adriatic—but Count Farini can acquaint you more intimately with his history than I am able to do."

"My father!" exclaimed the Signorina. "How can he be conversant with the history of this man? Nevertheless I would prefer hearing what you can tell me of the Capitano Zantuccio, for I suppose it is he?"

"The same," replied Arasto. "Your father visited him yesterday, within two hours after his being brought hither, and in accordance with his express commands Ugo has subjected him to the most rigid severity of prison discipline. Some suspicions which he had before entertained have been confirmed, and Zantuccio proves to be the son of an old and faithful servant of Baron von Sturty, an ancient friend of the Count's (Theresa bit her lip at the mention of a friend of her father's), who some years since absconded, after committing a robbery of an immense extent, in money and jewels, while the family were passing the summer at a country residence on the coast of Croatia."

"A servant of Baron von Sturty," repeated Theresa thoughtfully. "Yes, it does

seem that my father took some strange interest in the fate of a boy in his service; though he rarely spoke of the youth, and then unwillingly, or with some constraint. His father, I believe, was a Genoese, who had been for some years a retainer of our family, and who was transferred as an obligation to that of the German Baron. This much I have heard my mother speak of, when she accidentally heard of this boy, and the interest my father took in his fate, for it was unlike his custom. Yet how can this Zantuccio be the same? His name, it is true, I have forgotten, if it ever was known to me; but Zantuccio seems certainly unfamiliar, except as the name of a marauder on the seas."

"If the suspicions of the Count are just," said Arasto, "he probably changed his name, after absconding from his master."

"How, then, should my father, under a fictitious name, have discovered him to be this fugitive servant?"

"If he was, from any motive, interested in the boy, he might have found means to watch his course, and keep an eye on his career; and from the intimacy which he formerly maintained with Baron von Sturty, he may have frequently seen him on his visits to his friend."

"It may be so," said Theresa, thoughtfully. "I doubt not that there was some strange mystery connected with the Genoese boy—though what, I cannot even remotely guess—or, if I do—" She paused suddenly, the lines on her brow showed deeply marked, and her countenance betrayed signs of intensely painful thought.

"If you do, Signorina," said the priest, "it might serve his cause were you to—"

"It was only a wild, foolish thought, which flashed for one moment across my mind," said Theresa, interrupting him and speaking hurriedly. "A thought too base to be entertained for a second."

"Your penetration has shown you some object on which suspicion might rest," said the Benedictine. "Were you to explain yourself openly, it might lead to some good result."

"Mere suspicion never should be breathed," replied she, proudly; "it is only the base inhabitant of one mind, which should never corrupt another."

"I am your spiritual counsellor, your Confessor, Signorina," said the priest, in a tone of ghostly authority.

"Yes," replied the girl calmly, "and to whom I am bound to confess my own errors with all truth, as though to God himself; but, Father Arasto, *only my own*;" and she pronounced the last words with a firmness which the Benedictine well knew it were vain to attempt to move.

"I, too, lady, have my thoughts about this unhappy man," said Arasto, "and God alone knows if they do not meet with thine. I meant, or mean, no evil to any, but would fain restore a—would fain bring happiness to the best and noblest man in Venice, and save—it may be a guilty man, but one whose enemies have hurried him on to such guilt. I would strive to save him from the dire penalty of the law." A slight shudder passed through Theresa's frame as she heard these words. She felt that the thoughts of her mind met those of her Confessor, but they were thoughts she durst not breathe.

"Forgive me, Father," she said, "if I seemed to attribute an unworthy motive to your inquiries—but no more of this. If it is in my power to serve the Capitano Zantuccio, it shall be done. I may at least succeed in procuring him a better lodging. It is yet too early for me to ask an audience of the Doge; but meantime I must see this prisoner. Father, you must conduct me to his cell."

"I fear this cannot be," replied Arasto; "you have never yet witnessed a sight such as this would be."

"I am inured to grief," said Theresa, calmly, "and must not shrink from soothing it in another, because my eyes must meet an object calculated to give me pain."

"Yet you have little idea, Signorina; Zantuccio has been severely, if not dangerously wounded, in the action in which he was captured. He is not merely delirious from fever, but a raving madman, and you have never been in the cells for prisoners subject to the *carcere durissimo*?"

"No," replied Theresa, "but I can endure all this—I must see this Zantuccio. His father was an old servant of our house, therefore the son must ever have a claim on our benevolence."

"Noble girl!" exclaimed the old man; "may God reward thee, and even upon earth afford thee yet a happier lot. I see it is vain to oppose thee."

In one of the most remote angles of the beautiful palace of St. Mark, is a range of prisons, dimly lighted by small windows in the very top of the wall—so high, indeed, from the floor, that the unfortunate inhabitants of these cells cannot (unless the scanty furniture of their apartment be such as admits of being moved and placed beneath them) even enjoy the luxury of gazing down upon the world from which their crimes or misfortunes have excluded them, or behold the surpassing beauty of the landscape which is extended beneath. Two stories of the building are devoted to the reception of prisoners—but alas! for those who must inhabit the upper flat, immediately under the leaden roof! Here the cold of the winter, in the unaired apartments, is often intolerable, particularly when the wind sweeps up or across the Adriatic. Yet these sufferings are soon forgotten by such as live to experience a summer in the leads, where the insufferable heat often drives the prisoners to madness, perhaps incurable. Save when the prisons are over-stocked, few, except the worst criminals, are placed in this flat; yet, at the time of which we speak, both were usually too fully occupied.

In the remotest of these upper cells, exposed at two sides to the full strength of a midsummer sun, was confined a young man about twenty-five years of age, whose weather-beaten yet strikingly handsome countenance exhibited all the marks of a desperado of the fiercest class. The first impression on beholding him was revulsion, or almost dread, for familiarity with vice was betrayed in the lines of every feature; yet, with that power which beauty invariably exerts over almost every human mind, after the feeling of the first shock had subsided, a milder sentiment assumed its place, which, in his present circumstances, speedily became that of compassion. His whole air and appearance bespoke one born to command; and if circumstances or accident had ever required him to serve a master, it was not difficult to discern how galling servitude must have been to so proud a spirit. A slight wound on one shoulder, and a more serious one above the left knee, seemed to have been carelessly bandaged by some unskilful hand, for drops of blood were oozing from both. The prisoner, who appeared exhausted by some violent exertion, lay upon the wooden planks which serve as a bed for the sufferers of the *carcere durissimo*, on which the gaoler, Ugo, had compassionately thrown a few handfuls of straw, after the visit of the Benedictine, Father Arasto. An iron ring, rivetted round his ankle, was attached by a heavy chain to another in the wall. As was evident, from the convulsive twitches of his limbs, he was suffering from acute bodily pain, which was increased by the intolerable heat of the place; but the bleeding from his wounds, which every moment increased, served in some degree to allay the fever which it was evident, from the wild, melancholy glare of his eyes, was still raging in his brain, though bodily exhaustion prevented any expression of its excitement beyond an occasional half-muttered imprecation, or some faintly-uttered murmur of regret or impatience when an involuntary motion of his shackled limbs, as it irritated his gaping wounds, extorted a groan of agony. Yet from these sufferings he seemed likely, ere long, to experience a temporary relief, from the stupor which was evidently approaching to soothe a mind whose wild distraction was too great to allow the unfortunate man the more refreshing repose of sleep.

He had lain in this way upwards of an hour: thought, memory, and even the sensibility to pain, were all fast yielding to the influence of extreme exhaustion. The heavy tramp of a gaoler or turnkey as he approached, the jingling of his ponderous keys, the dull echo as the bolt of the neighbouring cell was turned, the surly groan of the heavy door as it was slowly opened and again hastily shut, as though the former had been done through mistake; all this, while it sounded on the ear of the prisoner, aroused him not from his languishing. The sullen step came nearer, and at length the keys rattled against his own door as it groaned with its weight, while it opened and admitted a faint stream of light into the obscure apartment. Still he moved not, till the visitor addressed the fallen man with insulting rudeness.

"Ha! Fellow Zantuccio, there! Up, to receive another visitation from the holy Benedictine. Il Padre is much concerned for the good of thy soul. Up, dog, and mutter thy paternosters." The unhappy man moved not, nor exhibited any signs of motion, save by slowly opening his half-closed eyes and looking around with a fixed, vacant stare. "Ha, ha, knave," continued the turnkey, "thou art somewhat tamed at length—thou canst offer a more courteous reception to thy holy visitor. Up, I say, beast!" and he shook the wounded man rudely, till the gashes gaped and bled afresh. A deep and prolonged groan was his only reply. "Come, come, brave Capitano," he resumed, with insulting irony, "it becomes not thy

far-famed valour to sink thus beneath a couple of scratches. Up, I say, fellow!" and he spoke fiercely, while he again shook him more violently than before.

"Leave me, leave me," at length groaned the pirate in agony.

"Not yet, brave Capitano," he replied, "thou art coming to life, I must complete thy resuscitation;" and he again seized his shoulder, when the young man suddenly made a convulsive effort to escape, as he exclaimed, with a fierce imprecation, "Unhand me, coward—were I free and unwounded, wouldst thou *dare* to point a finger at Il Capitano Zantuccio. Prouder and prouder men than thou have knelt at my feet for mercy, but I scorned them for their very prayers—and thou—Oh, it is brave to be free! but I will yet reign on La Sirena's deck; and then, insult me who dare!"

The turnkey had indeed succeeded in arousing the young man from his stupor, and another wild paroxysm of his malady seemed about to approach, unless exhaustion should disable him from an outbreak. Steps were again heard advancing; and Ugo, who entered unperceived by the turnkey, without uttering a word, coolly dragged him from his unfortunate victim, and pointed towards the door, with a look of command, which the other well knew he durst not disobey, as with a cringing, servile step, he retired in silence. "Bastane hath been at his old tricks, oh Capitano!" said Ugo; "that knave costs me more trouble than all the prisoners in St. Mark's, and yet I cannot dispense with him. How art thou now, Capitano? The priest is returning with an angel from heaven to succour thee; pray thee, give them a courteous greeting." Zantuccio only groaned in silence.

"Thou wilt never afford a spectacle to the *Furfante* of Venice, methinks; thou wilt never show thyself on the scaffold to the populace," said Ugo, in a suppressed tone, as he observed the pale cheek and glazed eye of the sufferer. "Hark, Capitano," he resumed, after a short pause; "thou art somewhat calmed now—canst listen? Heaven has some rare blessing in store for thee, for it has sent one to visit thee, whose presence, in such scenes as these, has ever been the forerunner of good; rouse thee from thy slumber, for (and he spoke in a lower tone as he approached nearer to the captive) the fairest and noblest maiden in Venice, and, by all the saints, the best, is at the door, as an angel of consolation."

The young man gave some signs of comprehension, as he faintly asked, What would she have? he wanted no angel's aid: "Let me die in peace!" and he uttered a deep groan, as he tried to move his shackled limb.

At this moment, Arasto entered the cell, conducting the Signorina Farini, who, plainly habited and closely veiled, leaned upon his arm. Her eye rested for a moment on the object of her visit, and the next turned involuntarily towards that of the priest, and again fell upon the face of Zantuccio, the ferocity of whose features had become much softened by weakness and loss of blood. She looked for the first time on a stranger, and yet he seemed not altogether unknown. The high, splendidly formed features—the large, dark eyes, now languishing and melancholy, and, above all, the deep dimple in the short and rounded chin, from which the beard had been shaven—seemed all familiar. An agonising thought passed through her mind. "This is horrible!" she exclaimed, after a moment's silence. "Ugo," and she turned towards the officer, "his sufferings must be extreme. Does your discipline admit of no mitigation of this severity?"

"None, Signorina," he replied, "even the handful of straw, on which he is lying, has been a breach of order; the Count Farini was most imperative in his commands." Theresa's colour darkened: "He is too dangerous a character to be suffered to enjoy much indulgence."

"Dangerous?" repeated Theresa; "what evil can he do further?" She turned towards the captive, and approaching his bedside (if the planks on which he lay deserved the name) inquired if he was ill. He returned no answer.

"Capitano," she repeated, "art thou wounded?" There was something, to him, so unwonted in the address and appearance of the girl who accosted the rude pirate, that it seemed to arouse him by its very singularity.

"Wounds!" he repeated, as if awaking from a dream, "Am I wounded? Aye, there is blood, and," he uttered a fierce imprecation, "it is my own." Theresa shuddered.

"They are inflamed by the excessive heat; would it afford thee relief to be conveyed to a cooler lodging?"

"Oh yes, yes; let me have air, let me but breathe freely again, and heaven bless thee for the deed."

"If it is in my power, thou shalt be removed to a better abode ere night; but hast thou no friends whose interest might avail to save thee from the hand of the law, or at least to procure a mitigation of its severity?"



"Friends," replied Zantuccio, rudely, and with a feint at a bitter laugh. "Friends! Aye, have I, were I once more lord of the Adriatic; in my days of power I had friends, or at least slaves enough; aye, many who would, even to day, draw their swords in my defence: but where are they now? They treat me as a dog because I am in their power; but it is ever the fate of the vanquished;" and while he spoke, he clenched his hands from time to time, while all the marks of a ferocious and revengeful spirit, whose passions are suppressed from mere inability to indulge them, became again depicted on his countenance.

"No, Capitano," replied Theresa, "it is not so; even for the fallen there are friends; and even for the guilty may mercy be procured."

"Mercy! mercy to *me*!" replied Zantuccio. "*I* have never craved for mercy! Oh no, I have not yet sunk so low. Zantuccio cringe to man! May the curse of heaven light upon me if I ever kneel for mercy."

"Yet thou hast doubtless friends and kindred among whom thy life might still pass happily," said the girl, trying to awaken the young man to better feelings.

"None," he replied. "Oh, no! they tried to deceive me with a well-framed lie; but it failed. Aye," he continued, as if forgetful of the presence of those around, "but I discerned the falsehood though I might never reach the truth."

"What falsehood?" inquired Theresa, anxious for, yet fearing the reply.

"Only the base tale that *I* was the son of a slave, and that Zantuccio was born to serve. But I have proved it false, for I have reigned on the Adriatic."

"And thou mayst yet live in freedom in thy native land. Unfortunate man, couldst thou tame this proud spirit, a happy and honourable career might yet await thee. There is one in Venice powerful enough to save even thee."

"Is it thee, fair maiden?" asked the pirate, madly seizing the hand of his young visitor.

"No, not I," she replied, withdrawing her hand, "but the first noble in Venice."

"Aye, Count Farini," said Zantuccio, with a wild sarcastic laugh.

"Not he, not he," replied Theresa, hastily, and with ill-suppressed emotion. "The Marquis di Carmentelli. He ever befriends the unfortunate."

"I know it," replied the corsair, in a milder tone than he had yet used, "I know it; but he would hold me as guilty; the noble Carmentelli would suppose he outraged justice should he espouse my cause; and yet there was but one noble in the Republic whom the Corsair did not hate, and he was Carmentelli. It was weak, in truth; yet all men love the Marquis," he continued, as though half ashamed of a feeling which softened the rancour which the lawless conceive they must ever entertain towards the rulers of their country.

"And well is he worthy of the love of all," replied Theresa. Then turning towards the Benedictine, "Father," she said, while each knew that a horrible suspicion was half confirmed, "Father, give me your counsel; he *must* be saved."

"Alas!" said the old man, in a low voice, "Heaven have mercy upon his soul, his days are numbered."

Theresa started, while the colour mounted hastily to her cheek, as she indignantly said, in a suppressed tone, "There has been yet no trial; he cannot be brought so hurriedly to the scaffold. And never, never shall *he* be carried there. Oh, no!" she added to herself, "*their* grief has been more than sufficient; they must never be thus disgraced."

"I meant not thus," said the priest; "the hand of death is already on him, heaven show him mercy. My son," he continued, as he approached the dying man, "thou hast broken the laws of God and man, but the mercy of heaven is great, and our mother the church offers thee her last consolations. Prepare for the confession of a penitent son, and thy crimes shall be forgiven. The abstraction of the Holy Catholic Church shall free thee from all guilt, and so mayst thou depart from a troubled life with a calm mind and an appeased conscience."

"My conscience is quiet as thine own, Signior Priest, or it may be more so," replied the pirate, rudely; "and if I must die, whether on the scaffold or in this foul den, I have faced death too often to need to fear it now; but I shall not die thus," he proceeded wildly, as the delirium was returning. "Oh, no! Zantuccio shall never die like a dog among his enemies. They are preparing for my rescue. *La Sirena* is armed and manned, the wind is fair, and she is driving onward under full sail. She sails right bravely; aye, the wind is fresh and fair—more sail, more sail, boys—crowd on all your canvas—I shall not die here to-night—said you not so, bella Signorina? Carmentelli has armed and manned *La Sirena*. The Marquis is a brave noble. Oh, how they fought her! Ursulo, all hands on deck, they are

bearing down on us ; but we will board them and carry the day. Ha ! they have fired—throw a broadside into them ! To the guns, to the guns ! Here, priest : didst come to conduct me to the judge or the scaffold ? Ha, ha, ha ! *La Sirena* is manned, and I am safe. To-morrow, fair maiden, I will bring thee my thanks and half our spoil ;” and thus wildly did he rave, blending together the past, the present and the future in one disturbed dream.

Arasto saw that spiritual aid was vainly offered in such an hour, and Theresa felt that she had no further errand there ; she had ascertained the state of the prisoner, and her only course now was to awaken the sympathy of the Doge, and obtain an order for his removal to a more wholesome atmosphere, and perhaps procure permission for the use of a few of those comforts which his condition so loudly demanded. She slipped into the hand of the attendant officer of the prison a coin of some value, and again taking the arm of the priest, retired, reaching her own apartments by stairs and passage known only to a few of the most confidential officials of the place.

The Signorina Farini could not well have chosen a worse opportunity to propitiate the Sovereign in favour of the subject ; but she was not one to stay for opportunity in an *ordinary* case ; and this was one whose circumstances admitted not of delay ; and yet much caution was necessary that she might not implicate those who, though she felt they well deserved disgrace, she knew it was not her duty to subject to such a trial.

A conversation with the Benedictine explained to her certain mysteries, and discovered secrets, which, though long suspected, the events of the day were needed to confirm ; she was thus fully prepared for the discharge of the mission she had taken upon herself, as she saw all its difficulties, and was persuaded of its necessity. We have said that she was not a favourite among the crowds of the gay who formed the court of Venice ; neither was she with the high persons themselves, in whose suite she was retained ; but like her father, when she thought fit to exercise it, she possessed, almost unknown to herself, a commanding influence upon those around her ; yet, except when urgent circumstances required it, she never appeared otherwise to the world, than as a gay and reckless votary of fashion. Through this assumed mask of levity, however, the Doge seemed to have at least partly penetrated, for never did the mind of the fiery and suspicious Faliero appear more at ease concerning his young and beautiful wife than when he knew her to be attended by Theresa Farini.

Various circumstances were, at the time, crowding together to excite the ever irritable mind of the Prince. Ambassadors had arrived from Genoa making unwelcome requirements ; the disagreement between himself and nobles, many of whom were as high-born and illustriously descended as himself, were daily increasing ; and the idea of the conspiracy which finally cost the life of its author, though not yet fully ripened in the capacious mind of Faliero, had frequently occurred to him, and occupied his thoughts in seasons of retirement. The festival which should be held this night, and with which the tale opens, was devised to occupy the busy minds of the people, while their chief projected the means for his grand stroke of policy. It was while agitated with all these various concerns that Michel Steno, the reputed lover of the Dogressa, though the real but unaccepted admirer of Theresa, demanded an immediate audience of the Doge.

The chief of the *Tre Capi* had urgent affairs of the Republic to transact with his Highness ; but this is not a tale of history, therefore we shall pass them by ; words ran high between the fiery duke and the proud patrician, when the latter, pressing nearer to his Sovereign, “Your Highness,” said he, “wishes the overthrow of Farini—let justice have its course, and he shall be a fallen and dishonoured man.”

The Doge started at this sudden exposure of his inmost thoughts by another, as he hastily replied, “And who has instructed thee of my wishes ? When Marino Faliero desires to give expression to his thoughts, if words should fail, he knows how to resort to deeds, as methinks has been plainly testified ere now.”

“Yet a time *may* come, when even the great must call in the aid of others, even of such as Michel Steno. Yet if your Highness desires to uphold the illustrious Count in his power—which, mark me ! approaches too nearly to that of the Doge—I presume not to oppose. Yet, Sire, when Venice called her ambassador from Rome to assume the dual purple, she believed not alone in the talents and military glory of Faliero, but also in his justice ; and justice to-day makes great demands against the Count Farini.”

Steno, whose private enmity towards the Count was only held in check by the

hopes of obtaining the hand of his daughter, and who well knew how obnoxious he was to the Doge himself, had struck the right chord when he approached the fame of Faliero; for how few of us are insensible to such appeals? Every passion in his breast prompted him to what Steno had urged, and aversion to Steno himself alone withheld him from rushing with his wonted impetuosity to crush his too powerful subject. This latter feeling, therefore, tempered his reply, while he inquired how a noble, held in such high repute, might have violated the laws of his country.

"By an act the basest that man could perpetrate," replied Steno, his soul kindling with a just disdain against the crime, even surpassing his hatred of the criminal—"by a deed in which an unjust fortune has but too well aided him. Know then, your Highness, that the son of Carmentelli lies a prisoner in the Leads, awaiting his trial for crimes for which he must perhaps atone on the scaffold; and this is Farini's work. Nay, doubt it not! it is Farini's work!"

"The son of Carmentelli?" replied the Doge in surprise. "The Marquis has no child save the Marchesa Giovanna."

"How! has your Highness never heard the old tale, which is known through Venice?" inquired Steno. "Yet it may have occurred when you served your country in foreign wars. The Marquis had a son who disappeared with his nurse, while yet an infant, on the occasion of the family festival, when the doors of his palace were thrown open to a motley assembly. His fate has been since unknown to his family, and to all save the few who have joined in a foul conspiracy, originating in unprovoked jealousy of an unoffending man. A wretch, who died but lately in the Benedictine monastery, has confessed a tale which has already been whispered beyond the bounds of the convent. It is more than twenty years since, while engaged as a confidential servant in the family of Farini, he was employed by the Count to bribe the nurse, to whose care the young heir of Carmentelli was intrusted, to betray her charge to him; which was accordingly done on the occasion I have stated. The servant was hastily hurried beyond the Italian borders, carrying the nurse and boy as his wife and child, in the suite of a German noble, to whom, as a personal favour, Farini professed to transfer his too convenient domestic."

"Farini has done this?" interrupted the Doge. "I knew the man a villain, but never dreamed of aught like this. Take good heed that thy tale be true. 'Twere dangerous to calumniate the Count. His favour is a dubious advantage; what, then, were his anger?"

"The better portion of the twain, so please your Highness," said Steno, coolly; "it ever suits my honour to sport rather with a lion than a serpent."

"But if the lion have an adder's sting?"

"Strike him to the heart, and thou art safe, and strike boldly or"—

"When the blow must be death, methinks Faliero knoweth where to strike and how; but soft—some one approaches. To-morrow shalt thou finish thy tale."

"To-morrow!" muttered Steno, impatiently, as a page entered to say that the Signorina Farini craved a short audience of his Highness, and prayed that it might be immediate.

Steno made a motion to retire, as the Doge signified his assent to the lady's request.

"Stay, Steno," said the Doge, "thou needst not hence. 'Tis doubtless but some light request on the part of to-night's festival. We must show favour to the house of Farini to-day."

"The principal door of entrance into the cabinet was thrown open, and Theresa appeared, accompanied by an elderly female attendant. "Thou canst wait without, Andra," she whispered, as she motioned the attendant to retire.

"To what urgent affair am I indebted for thy visit, Signorina?" inquired the Prince, with gallantry.

Theresa hesitated for a moment. "I crave your Highness's pardon," she at length said, "for having thus intruded on your private hour. It is but a trifle I would ask."

"Some errand from our beloved spouse, doubtless."

"I have not waited on the Dogressa to-day. She required not my services. It is another matter," she continued rapidly, as she observed the Doge about to interrupt her to make inquiries respecting her mistress; "I have come to crave mercy of your Highness in favour of an unfortunate prisoner, who, I have learned, notwithstanding severe illness, from wounds and otherwise, is subject to all the rigours of the *carcere durissimo*."

"And how, fair Theresa, hath it so happened that his case moves thee?" inquired Faliero. "Knowest thou not that such severities must needs be, if we would preserve the peace of the community, and protect the innocent from the machinations of the lawless and unruly?"

"I know this well, your Highness—I know it must be so. Yet justice doth at times bow to the prayers of mercy; and be it so even now. I will deceive you with no tale of unmerited oppression, or persecuted innocence; for he, for whom I pray your Highness's grace, has outraged the laws of his country, and must abide the sentence of her lawgivers; it is but a temporary alleviation of sufferings which would speedily place him beyond the reach of human laws, that I crave to-day. Powerful friends may yet arise to make larger demands upon the clemency of our Prince, and let him live till they appear. But if relief comes not soon"——

"And wherefore, most compassionate maiden, since there are such potent friends at hand to aid, do they not intercede themselves," inquired the Doge.

"I said not that he *had* such allies, Prince—I said but that such *might* arise," replied Theresa.

"And meantime, who is this? and what wouldst thou have?" said Faliero, impatiently. "Time presses, maiden—to the point!"

"I would but pray your Grace to order him a change of lodging till his health be restored. 'Tis said he languishes in the upper Leads; command that it be otherwise."

"Truly maiden, methinks thou wouldst have the Doge become the gaoler of St. Mark's. Meet officers are chosen to direct such concerns. I interfere not with their charge."

"Others have interfered for evil," replied Theresa firmly, "and Faliero hath sworn to be the Father of the people who called him to their head; let him interfere for good."

"Go, go, child," said the Doge, "bethink thee of thy toilet for to-night's festival, it befits thee better than such concerns as these."

"My boon, my boon! Good Prince," she cried, with somewhat of her assumed levity, "my boon then! and the Dogressa, ever the fairest lady in Venice, shall be, to-night, the brightest and the gayest. I shall crave to preside at her toilet, and your Highness shall applaud my skill."

"Thou art a strange, foolish child," said the Doge, with somewhat of kindness in his tone. "Go, then, and Ugo shall be bade care for the welfare of ——. But thou hast not told for whom thou wouldst have our word of grace?"

"Frown not, noble Doge, and recall not the word your Highness hath given me," replied Theresa, with intense earnestness. "I plead for the pirate Zantuccio."

"It is the same of whom I spoke to your Highness but now," exclaimed, with some surprise, Steno, who had retired to the deep recess of a window, that he might not obtrude his presence upon Theresa.

"The son of ——" interrupted Faliero.

"Stay, your Highness—no more at present," interposed Steno.

"I had thought," said Theresa, proudly, "that my interview was private. Your Highness apprised me not of the presence of a third."

"It is but Michel Steno, fair Theresa," said Faliero. "Go now, thou shalt have thy suit. The name of this Corsair hath been long familiar to our ear; and, in truth, it pities me to see the brave thus fallen. The Doge of Venice must subdue the disturber of her peace, but Marino Faliero must love a fellow warrior and pity the sufferings of the man. Speak not, Signorina, of thy coming hither; let it not be known that thou hast spoken with us—if even this trifle *can* be unknown—for, maiden, there is no privacy for the head of a state; the luxury of repose, some snatches of solitude, may be enjoyed by all mankind, save only by the chosen few who must bear the burden of the mass; and yet the crowd envies us the honours it bestows—how little does it know at what price we buy them! Aye, my steps are closely watched—but it may not be always thus. Go, child! I know thou canst keep counsel, and breathe not a word of aught which may have passed. Don thy wonted gaiety to-night, for our revels must be prolonged. Venice hath looked sick of late, but the festivities of St. Mark's shall work her cure. Steno, conduct the Signorina to her apartments, and return forthwith."

"It needs not, Signor," said Theresa, coldly declining the offered arm of Steno. "My servant attends without. Thanks, your Highness, for this grace; 'twill make your Lady shine most brilliantly to-night."

"She is a strange, capricious damsel," exclaimed the Doge, as the door closed upon Theresa. "There are hours when I would swear she was the lightest trifle in Venice, and moments when she might seem meet to rule the state."

"She is, in sooth, most strange," replied Steno, who willingly listened to the praise of his mistress; "yet capricious though all other women be, she is not so; no, she is ever the same; this levity is but the mask which hides a wounded heart, whose pride forbids the exhibition of its griefs. She is Farini's daughter; and they who know the Count as I have learned to know him, need not marvel that his child should be unhappy; if else, then might we wonder. Were she mine"—

"That will not be," interrupted the Doge. "Knowest thou not the tale of him who wooed, and won, and slighted her affections? Never, were he again a suppliant at her feet, would she give her hand to him, and never will she to another—but let us turn to other themes. Steno, this is no time for love!" And, reader, this is not a tale of love.

Some hours later in the day, Ugo, in compliance with secret orders from the Doge himself, prepared to remove the captive pirate from the cell he at the time occupied, to the largest and most commodious which the prison afforded, where he was to receive medical advice, and be provided with attendance, or whatever other care the state of his health required. Ugo was further directed to maintain the utmost secrecy concerning him, and to entrust him only to some officer on whose discretion he could rely, as the prisoner was supposed to be a person of importance.

"This seems somewhat strange," muttered Ugo, on receiving these orders, "but it is my duty to obey, and villain though he be, it grieved me to see him thus miserably treated. Ho, Bastane!" and he summoned the turnkey of our former acquaintance. "The fellow is a surly dog, yet I can ever trust him, and since this affair must needs be secret, none can keep better counsel." Thus soliloquised Ugo, who, notwithstanding his profession, which had long familiarized him to scenes of vice and suffering, still possessed the heart and feelings of a man towards his kind; and ever did he more readily obey a charge to mitigate than to increase the sufferings of the numbers whom crimes or misfortunes continually subjected to his rule.

A few hours of broken slumber had hardly served to soothe the mind, though perhaps a little to relieve the bodily sufferings, of Il Capitano; and when Ugo and his attendant repaired after sunset to his cell, though the wild melancholy roll of his eye still showed tokens of mental derangement, it appeared not to be of such a nature as to give cause for apprehension of any sudden or violent outbreak. Bastane, as he entered, growled an invective, while he sullenly expressed his discontent at an unexpected call and additional labour. Ugo, on the contrary, addressed him in a tone of encouragement—

"Cheer up, Capitano," said he, approaching him. "Canst rise and follow me to where thou wilt be better cared for?"

The unfortunate man replied not, save by instinctively moving his shackled limb as he looked vacantly at his inquirer. Ugo motioned Bastane to apply his tools to the rivet which secured the chain to the iron ring which enclosed his ankle, while, with a half-comprehensive gaze, the captive seemed to look in gratitude upon the unprepossessing countenance of Ugo. "Thou must rise and follow me," continued he; "zounds, man! thou hast life enough left for a longer journey than thou shalt make to-night. Thou shalt have flock for thy lair instead of this handful of straw, and Bastane's good company whiles thou mayest need it." Zantuccio moved his dry, clammy lips, which had not been moistened since noon, in a vain effort to speak. Ugo held the small flagon of water, which, with a piece of coarse bread, had been provided for the evening meal of the criminal, to the lips of the sufferer. A few mouthfuls were eagerly swallowed, and he put the vessel aside, while he again attempted to speak: "Wine, wine!" he gasped, as he tried to raise himself in obedience to his visitor.

"He may be gratified," said Ugo. "Go, Bastane, and fetch hither, with thy best speed, a cup of wine." The turnkey obeyed, and quickly returned with the cordial, which Ugo held to the lips of the almost fainting man, who drank with excited eagerness.

"Art thou better, Signior Capitano?" inquired Ugo, with mingled respect and kindness.

"Better!" repeated his prisoner, in a somewhat stronger voice; "what mean you by better? Leave me to die in peace. What avails life here—what has a captive to do with life?"

"Calm thee, valiant Capitano!" said Ugo; "care thou for thy life, friends are



appearing to care for thy liberty." Zantuccio gave a look of half comprehension, as he groaned again with pain.

With some difficulty Ugo and Bastane at length succeeded in arousing him from his lethargy, and, after another draught of wine, he seemed so far strengthened as to be able, with their support, to accompany them through the winding passages and narrow stairways which conducted to his future lodging. A chamber of moderate dimensions, and furnished with a homely though comfortable bed, a small table and a chair, contrasted a little with the dismal cell from which he had been carried, and being two stories removed from the roof of the building, while the evening air played through the open casement, proved a refreshing change from the heat which was experienced in his former apartment. The confused mind of the prisoner appeared partly to comprehend and appreciate the advantageous change which had been made in his lodging, and again he made a sign for a draught of wine. The copious drink, in which he had just before indulged, had already begun to take effect upon his fevered brain; a bright crimson flush overspread his cheek, which a quarter of an hour before had looked ghastly pale, yet Bastane held the wine cup to his lips.

"Avaunt thee—knave!" exclaimed Zantuccio, while with frenzied violence, with one hand he snatched the cup from the turnkey, and with the other dealt a blow which staggered, and well nigh overthrew the unguarded attendant; who, already irritated and impatient, quickly regaining his balance, paid him back with no gentle hand. Mad and intoxicated, it needed less than this to rouse the scarce-slumbering passions of the prisoner, and blow followed upon blow with still increasing violence. In vain did Ugo endeavour to separate the combatants, while he taunted Bastane as a coward for resenting the insults of a madman; his fierce and malignant mind was irritated to the utmost, and it seemed as though he would revenge upon the victim who had thus thrown himself into his hands the countless indignities which he was often compelled to endure from the unhappy tenants of the prisons of St. Mark's. It needed not much discernment to foresee that Bastane, though naturally less strong and vigorous than his opponent, might soon expect the wounded man, whose power was only that of temporary excitement, to fall beneath his hand. Yet the strength of Zantuccio seemed supernatural, as, unconscious that each re-opened wound was bleeding afresh, he rushed upon his adversary, and holding him to his very bosom in his maddened grasp, dealt blow after blow upon his unprotected head. Again did Ugo interpose for the rescue of his officer, and scarce had he released the latter from the fierce embrace of his antagonist, ere bursting from the hand of Ugo, who strove to force him from the apartment, with redoubled strength and fury he pounced like the vulture on his prey—upon the already exhausted pirate—and with one blow upon his breast laid him powerless at his feet.

"Now, knave, methinks I have found thee a couch!" he exclaimed, insultingly, as he kicked the body of the dying man, who made some faint attempt to raise himself from the ground. Zantuccio clenched his hand convulsively, and replied by a fiery glance of powerless rage to his conqueror's malicious grin of triumph.

"Thou wilt pay for this," he muttered, almost inaudibly, as Bastane again laid his foot upon the body of his fallen foe.

"Dastard! slave!" exclaimed Ugo, "thou hast finished thy work but too well; thou hast slain a better man than thyself, corsair though he was, and thou must reckon with the high powers for the deed."

"With whom, forsooth?" interrupted Bastane. "Who concerns himself for the death of a prisoner in St. Mark's?"

"Not many, and they not often," replied the official; "but, living or dead, yon man must be accounted for, and to the Doge himself."

"The craven turnkey turned pale, and looked imploringly at his superior, and then inquiringly at the yet breathing body of his victim. "Ha, the fellow lives," he stammered out; "thou wouldst but frighten me, Signior Ugo. If he dies from his wounds, who can charge his death on me? Help me, good Signior, to lay him on his pallet," he continued, as he approached Il Capitano and endeavoured to raise his head.

The dying man made a faint and ineffectual effort to elude his murderer, towards whom he raised his eyes with a look of unutterable hate, while he spent his fast ebbing breath in the almost unintelligible curses which he invoked upon his head.

"Leave him, fellow!" interrupted Ugo, with an authoritative voice, "and embitter not his last moments with thy cursed presence. He is dying fast, and thy care, forsooth, cannot prolong his moments. Stand from before his sight," he repeated,

seeing Bastane still remain beside his prey ; " but stay within my cell, lest I should need thy aid."

With the sullen and cringing step of an over-awed coward, Bastane at length obeyed, and removed to a corner of the apartment where he was concealed from Zantuccio.

" Can I in aught lighten this moment ?" said Ugo, addressing the latter. " Hast thou any wishes or commands that thou wouldst trust a stranger to fulfil ?"

" None that thou canst," he murmured with difficulty.

" Thou art dying fast, Capitano ; wouldst see a priest ? One shall be here ere St. Mark's tolls midnight. Father Arasto's apartments are but beyond the court, and the Saints themselves could do thee no better ministry !"

The young man groaned a negative. " Oh ! a curse upon my pain ; why can I not die at once !" burst from him in his anguish.

" Thou wilt die soon enough, Capitano," replied Ugo. " Bear thy torment as Zantuccio should."

" Well said ! aye, and it hath been well merited," he half articulated, as a sudden faintness suspended his further utterance, and the damp moisture of death overspread his handsome features, now pale as marble. The blood gurgled in his throat at each choking effort to draw breath. Ugo moistened his clammy lips, while he supported his head upon his breast, to lighten the labour of respiration. It was kindly done to soften the pangs of a dying man, but it availed no further. Another attempt to speak was ineffectual ; the effort to press the hand of Ugo in token of his thanks was hardly more successful, but his intention was interpreted, ere he rolled heavily over from the arms of his supporter, and fell a ghastly corpse at the feet of his murderer.

Thus fell, in the flower of his age, one who, as short-sighted men supposed, was born only to inherit the rank and fortunes of the Marquis di Carmentelli. But they judged amiss. Another and a harder fate awaited him. St. Mark's clock tolled midnight ; and while the father and sister mingled in the festival of Princes, the son and the brother expired in the prison above. And he—the destroyer—where was he ? He, too, was a guest in his Prince's hall, while the victim of his treachery perished beneath a hand, not indeed bribed by his gold, yet which too well fulfilled the desires of his guilty mind. Ere morning dawned Zantuccio was hurried to a felon's grave ; and after a few years crept past, Farini was borne in state to repose among the princely tombs of his noble ancestors. Strange and inscrutable Providence ! Or was all this the doing of capricious chance ? We, in our prudence, regulate not our affairs by chance—does, then, the Ruler of Worlds commit the reins of his government to no surer hand ?

The destroyer succeeded beyond, far beyond his first intention, but he and his unconscious victim *must have* a reckoning before a Great Tribunal, where all the affairs of each shall be most duly and most justly weighed. Yet we never think of this. Here we see crime triumphant ; there we behold the wretched guilty hurried on in their course of iniquity by temptations from which we are happily exempt—yonder we see wanton, unwarrantable cruelty go on unheeded ; at our side the hand of opulence which never, never felt the craving calls of want, puts forth its hand to seize dishonest gains, looking the world fairly in the face, and pass out of life unbranded and unpunished : and again, we look around and see virtue, it may be, unnoticed and unknown ; noble, self-sacrificing generosity unrequited or repaid by ingratitude ; honour and integrity perchance foully maligned ; and the good pass from the world out-worn with affliction and bowed down by sorrow. True the picture may sometimes be reversed, but the tale is too often true—and what of this ? What lesson does it teach ? Let the ancient Monarch, who knew the heart of man right thoroughly, reply, " Because sentence upon an evil work is not executed speedily, the heart of man is fully set in time to do mischief." Seems it not a plainer inference to draw, that because sentence upon an evil work is not executed speedily, because the reckoning and sentence are delayed beyond this present scene of things, that another must be awaiting till this is past ; another scene of things, where triumphant wickedness shall be brought low, unrequited virtue raised up, and moral order restored.

The fate of his son never reached the ears of the noble Carmentelli, and the virtuous Marquis was mercifully spared a bitter, crushing pang. The tale was whispered to Farini, who paid that the secret might be kept quiet, and to the Doge, who, about to plunge into the intricacies of a bold conspiracy, had little leisure to do justice on the murderers of a prisoner in the leads of St. Mark ; and the few beside who knew the story, marvelled, blamed, pitied and forgot.

To you, kind reader, who has followed to the end of the tale I perhaps owe an apology, and certain I owe my thanks. I have, it may be, raised expectations which the sequel has not fulfilled. Is it so? You expected to see Zantuccio restored to the honours of his family, and Carmentelli and his daughter rejoicing in the recovery of a long-lost son and brother. In the every-day round of the world such things do happen; but the event is rare, as too many, who deplore the uncertain fate of some beloved object on whom rested many hopes, can testify. You expected that Farini should reap on earth the harvest of his crimes; daily experience shows us that such is not invariably the case. And you, young votary of romance, did not you expect that Zantuccio and Theresa should each find a lover in the other? Nay did you not imagine some such sentiment dictated the interest in the fate of an outlawed man? But there are in the world hearts teeming with disinterested generosity, who only seek for objects on which to expend the gift, and never dream of a reward: but you expected their history to disclose a tale of love, and to end, as such are wont to do, in bridal wreaths, a broken heart, or an untimely grave. Has it been so? and have I failed to fulfil your expectations? I must only then implore your clemency, and ask for your forbearance.

MARCA.

## RACHEL SOMERS; OR, THE LOST LACE.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

"You are quite confident, my dear," said Mrs. Valentine Freeman to her only daughter, Julia, "*quite* confident."

Mrs. Freeman had lost two yards and three quarters of Brussels lace. Some one *must* have stolen it, and there was only one person upon whom suspicion could reasonably fall.

"That girl," said Miss Julia, "will do anything for finery—a stuck-up thing! Servants now-a-days, indeed!"

Mr. Freeman—an oilman in a large way of business—made his appearance at this juncture, and to him the ladies immediately confided their loss and their suspicions.

"I always said," he remarked, after patiently listening to the story, "that that girl was an imposture."

"I am sure her caps were anything but fit for a girl in her situation," said his daughter, who, it may be remarked, by the way, never went to the parish church without taking a mental inventory of every striking article of dress appertaining to a wealthier worshipper.

"I thought what her reading would come to," observed the elder lady. "This is what her books has brought her to."

"Reading," said Mr. Freeman sententiously; "is the root of all evil."

Application, meanwhile, had been made to the bell, and, summoned from the under-ground kitchen, the suspected culprit made her appearance. She was very pale; a circumstance charitably interpreted into evidence of her guilt. The fact was that she was carefully summing up all the little faults of omission or commission that by any possibility could be laid to her charge, during the last three months. The blue-and-white pie-dish broken the week before recurred to her recollection with fearful emphasis.

She had scarcely closed the door behind her, and was timidly advancing into the room, when the elder lady charged her with the theft. "Rachel, you've stolen something."

The girl clasped her hands; she gasped for breath, and trembled in every limb: stupefied and bewildered, she fell upon her knees. So help her God, she was not a thief—she had never done a dishonest act, or thought a dishonest thought.

A look of incredulity and of indignant horror was the only reply vouchsafed.

"Have you sent for the policeman, my dear?" said Mrs. Valentine Freeman, in the softest and blindest tone imaginable.

A flush of indignation passed momentarily over the face of the defenceless girl. She shrieked for mercy.

Mr. Freeman whistled.

There was a tap at the door; and, after an encouraging exhortation to "come in," a very long policeman gradually and cautiously insinuated himself through the half-open door. With instinctive sagacity he detected the culprit, and comprehended the nature of the charge. Having interchanged a nod with the master of the house, he laid his hand roughly on the girl's shoulder, and scrutinized her face with professional curiosity. The poor girl shrank from his touch, and shuddered in every limb. She looked vacantly around: help or hope there was none: she was too much accustomed to submission even to proclaim her innocence.

"Now then, young woman," said the policeman, "where is it"—having about as much idea of the nature of the article stolen as the culprit herself,— "where is it, I say—no nonsense—come—come."

"Oh, you ungrateful hussey—you deceitful wretch," said the lady of the house, who was hesitating upon hysterics, "see what a disgraceful situation you've brought yourself to, and what trouble you've given us. Don't speak," she continued—"hold your tongue," as poor Rachel was about feebly to protest her innocence: "this is my return for my kindness, is it? Oh, you minx!"

In the meantime the policeman had been called aside, and the particulars of the imputed theft communicated to him. "Well, sir," he exclaimed aloud, "if she won't say where it is we must search them boxes."

A ray of hope lighted up the culprit's pallid face. It was a vague suspicion—she had stolen nothing: why should she fear? her innocence might yet be proved.

"Now then, young woman, give us that key: I needn't tell you *which*," said the policeman, with a significant wink.

"The key," said Rachel, "Oh yes." She felt in her pocket: it was not there. Confusion! she had lost it. Poor girl! the colour started in her cheek. "I must have given it the child," she exclaimed, at last, "to play with."

"I dare say," retorted the policeman, "of course; but if you don't like to give it up, why"—here he interchanged a nod with the lady of the house, then a whisper, and they left the room together; Mr. Freeman having voluntarily taken on himself the custody of Rachel, during their absence.

The box was at length brought down and broken open. The policeman thrust his hand among the clothes, and turned them over again and again. Nothing there. Another search—he had something in his hand: it was a prayer-book, with a leaf or two turned down at particular Collects—a present from a brother who had enlisted for a soldier, and died somewhere in a foreign land. Poor Rachel wept to see how roughly they handled it. Mrs. Freeman was now beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. Another search was made, the clothes were again turned over, and in one corner of the box—as if purposely concealed—there was the missing lace!

The policeman took it in his hand with a business-like air, and a glance of ineffable triumph at the astonished culprit.

The poor girl turned pale as death. She was stunned and stupefied. Where had she been? What had she been doing? Facts were against her. How could she prove—how assert her innocence? The policeman seized her arm and led her to the door; a mob of boys had collected outside; with her face buried in her hands she was led through them, and rudely hurried she knew not whither.

The scene we have described had but just taken place, and the street-door had hardly closed on the unhappy Rachel, when a bright-eyed, laughing little girl of eight years old bounded into the room.

"Where's Rachel?" were the first words she uttered.

Mrs. Freeman gave her a glance of unutterable severity.

The child looked down directly. She was not a favorite, and she knew it. For three years she had been a burthen on the oilman's family, under rather melancholy circumstances. It is sufficient to state that she was the only child of an elder son, who had married early and improvidently, failed in business, buried his wife (who had been a milliner's apprentice, and of course looked down on by all his family), and finally, after taking, it was said, to dissolute courses, had sunk into an early grave. His child was left to the tender mercies of the world, and his father the oilman. The latter took her home, and, as Mrs. Freeman's nerves were very delicate, she was almost immediately sent to a neighbouring day-school to be kept out of the way. When she came home nobody spoke to her, nobody cared for her but Rachel, who really loved the child. She would call her her little sister, tell her stories about home—Rachel's home—the green-fields and her father's cottage—till the child wept again.

"Where is Rachel, please?" she asked again, looking timidly round.

"Speak of her again, Miss, if you dare," said Miss Julia; "do—and Ma will whip you."

"Rachel is lost," said the elder lady, in explanation, "gone,—and never let me hear you ask for her again."

The child looked puzzled and perplexed, but dared not speak.

Rachel passed that night in the station-house. And what a night it was! Ruined and disgraced for ever, she had but one reflection, beside that of innocence, to console her. Her old parents were ignorant of all. They would never know—at least so she hoped—never know that their darling child had been accused of theft, and punished as a felon. Hope of proving her innocence she had none. It seemed like a conspiracy. But who was her enemy? Whom had she injured or offended—what could she have done to provoke such terrible vengeance? At length she sobbed herself to sleep.

The magistrate before whom Rachel was brought in the morning, was too much used to such cases to take a particular interest in the charge. One thing was very clear at the outset: the prosecutors were highly respectable people; the prisoner was a poor helpless servant of all work. The case was regularly called on, and the policeman entered the box. He deposed to the facts we have mentioned, and several more. Not only was the missing article found upon her, but drawing his conclusions, perhaps from the obvious nature of the facts, he went on to state that she had actually confessed her guilt.

The prosecutor also gave his evidence. He was sorry to believe that this was not the first offence. Since the poor girl's apprehension, in fact, everything lost or missed in the oilman's family, during the last twelvemonth, had, by a charitable presumption, been traced to her. He could speak positively of a silver spoon, and nearly so of an extinguisher, besides a washing-tub, and a jar of pickles.

The magistrate said it was an aggravated case, and he should not hesitate to send it for trial. He was afraid the prisoner, young as she was, had fallen into evil habits and mixed with wicked associates. In her state of terror and stupefaction, poor Rachel heard little of all this, or of what was alleged against her. The prison-van was waiting at the door, and as soon as the magistrate had ceased speaking she was hurried through the office and thrust into it. A policeman mounted the box, and the gloomy vehicle rolled along the crowded streets, with its load of wretchedness and crime.

We dare not follow Rachel to her cell. Spirit-broken and forsaken, she scarcely dared to believe in her own innocence. The interval between her commitment and trial was short, but oh! what days of torment and nights of agony it embraced. Sometimes she seemed to hear her father's voice, or his footstep outside her cell; sometimes she would wake with throbbing temples, and for a moment fancy that her mother's hand was resting on her fevered forehead. And remembrances of home—her humble, happy home—would recur to her by night and day. The walk to church, her old companions, the pleasant lanes, the green fields—the unforgotten pleasures of childhood and of youth:—in that fortnight's dreary solitude she lived over half her life again.

The scene of the trial was something like that of the justice-room. When Rachel was confronted with the jury, and submitted to the gaze of a crowded court, her maidenly modesty brought the colour to her cheek; and her deep blue eyes were turned for a moment timidly and imploringly on the accusing faces round her, and then bent on the ground. A sense of her utter friendlessness and desolation, for the moment entirely overcame her: she sobbed aloud, and for the first time for days wept like a little child. This was all interpreted—naturally enough, it may be said—into additional evidence of her guilt. She was asked to plead, and not knowing what they meant she remained silent, whilst a busy official, having first interchanged a nod with the policeman who arrested her, answered for her—"Guilty, my Lord."

"No, no," gasped the unhappy girl; but the words she was about to utter died in her throat. The cold formalities of justice chilled and terrified her; and finding she could not speak she wept the louder.

Meanwhile the judge had been looking over the depositions; the governor of the county gaol had scrutinised her features, not being quite sure whether he had or had not seen her before; and the policeman, in a deferential tone, had given his opinion that she was "an ardened hofferder."

In a tone of severe displeasure, not unmixed, however, with compassion, the judge proceeded to pass sentence.



"Rachel Somers," he said, "you have been convicted on the most satisfactory evidence—that of your own confession—of an offence to which the law has annexed a severe penalty. Your guilt is aggravated by the circumstances in which you were placed. You were the trusted servant of an indulgent master, whose kindness you have repaid with systematic ingratitude. For the sake of warning and example to others it is my duty to see that an adequate punishment is awarded you. From what I have heard, I am led to believe that this is not your first offence; and that, young as you are, you have already formed evil associations. It would perhaps be a charity to separate you from them by banishing you from your native land; but I am disposed to look on your case as leniently as I can, and I trust the ends of justice will be answered by a lighter sentence. May it prove to you and others a salutary warning. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for twelve calendar months."

"Stand down, young woman," said the turnkey—and that was all.

Some eighteen months after the event we have just recorded, a decent farm-labourer and his wife found themselves for the first time in a railway carriage on their way to London. It was the father and mother of Rachel Somers, who had taken heart at last to commence this tedious journey to recover or to gain some tidings of their absent child. She had promised to write to them often—very often—(once a month at least)—and at first she had kept her word. Latterly, however, they had heard nothing of her, and month after month had waited in vain for the promised letter. Their hearts misgave them; tormented by a thousand doubts and fears they resolved to satisfy themselves respecting the cause of her silence; if possible by seeing her, or by learning the worst, if anything had happened. After many difficulties and mistakes they found themselves at the oilman's door, and contrived to tell their errand to a shopman, who conducted them into the presence of Mrs. Valentine Freeman herself.

"The father and mother of Rachel Somers! one wonders at some people's impudence," said the lady; and with many amplifications she proceeded to narrate the story of Rachel's alleged misdeeds. The old couple were stunned by the blow.

"It can't be true," said the woman, "so as we loved her, and so good and dutiful a child as she always was. Please God she had died!"

"She never told a lie in her life," said the father; "she was brought up so from her cradle."

"Pretty broughtings up, I dare say," retorted the lady. "There's a few things—clothes—belonging to your daughter, good woman," she added, with magnanimity; "just take them, if you please, and go about your business."

The box was brought down from a lumber room, where it had been lying since Rachel's departure; and the sight of it brought tears into the old people's eyes.

"You needn't open it," said the lady, "the things are just as she left them. There's no key—for the cunning hussey hid it, and we could never find it."

"But I can," exclaimed the child whom we have spoken of before, and who had just stolen into the room, and was gazing with great interest at the old people; "but I can, and I'll fetch it;" and quick as lightning she darted out of the room.

"What does the child mean?" said Mrs. Freeman, a little disconcerted.

In a moment the little girl bounded back, holding up the lost key in an ecstasy of triumph. "I thought I'd keep it till Rachel came back," she said,—“for I hoped to see her some day, but—” and she looked down, abashed and terrified.

The lady snatched the key from the child, and threw it impatiently on the table. "Here's the box, you see," and, opening it as she spoke, "here—under these clothes, we found the lace, as my husband can tell you."

"Where I hid it," said the child. "Oh, I recollect—more than a year ago—I saw it on Aunt's table, and Rachel told me not to touch it. So I thought I'd tease her by putting it in her box."

It was the fact. The good-natured girl had been in the habit of playing with the child, and had thoughtlessly given her the key of her clothes-box. For mischief sake the child had hidden the lace; the key she had kept from day to day, hoping that Rachel would return, and not daring to ask a question about her. At last she began to regard it as a memento of her old playmate. Months rolled on, but the key was carefully treasured; child-like she fancied that some day, as she went to school, she might meet with Rachel in the streets and give it her.

The *dénouement* of the scene we cannot paint, but must leave it, with all its circumstances, to the reader's imagination.

For three years after this, nothing was heard of Rachel. One cold, wet day in

autumn, however, a poor girl was admitted into the union workhouse of ———. She had been passed down to her parish, and gave the name of "Rachel Somers." Enquiries were made respecting her parentage, and, after some delay, her father was sent for. The poor old man hardly knew his child; two years of an outcast's life had altered every feature, and sown in her delicate frame the seeds of death. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes sunken, her voice thick and hollow—she seemed but the shadow of her former self.

But in regaining possession of his long-lost child the father remembered only the gross injustice she had suffered. He took her home. Once more her mother was her tender nurse; anticipating all her wants, and watching her by night and day. Though too weak to rise—almost too weak to speak—she was conscious of that mother's care, and thankful for every slight attention that alleviated her poignant suffering and smoothed her passage to the grave. She knew she could not recover; but though her life had been one of darkness and of trouble, heaven in its mercy cast a gleam of sunshine upon its close.

The bright spring days came round, and Rachel was able to leave her bed, and be led into the cottage garden, where her nephew, a laughing little boy, would gather her an early violet and hold it to her face. And once she had walked to the village church, leaning on her father's arm, and holding her mother's hand; and neighbours who had known her from a child met her with glad but homely greeting, kissed her pale cheek, and bade her cheer up, for she was getting well, they said, and looked so much—oh! so much better. And when Rachel had reached the church, and knelt down within its walls, and heard and repeated the very words she had listened to in her days of purity and peace, she felt a calm assurance that her troubled race was run, and that sinless spirits were waiting to receive her into their everlasting homes.

## I TOLD YOU SO.

It is a dreadful calumny to say that this world is a foolish, or an ignorant, or an unthinking one. The slander ought to be discountenanced, and utterly abolished once for all. We are sure it is only envious people, or disappointed people, or cynical people, who say so; and what does it matter what such people as they are say. It is of no consequence to you or to us, what nonsense they talk. Sensible people, and we, of course, are included in that description, agree that the world was never so wise as it is now,—never had so much knowledge, or forethought, or true wisdom; and that it is difficult to conceive how it is ever to attain, in those respects, to a higher pitch of perfection. That is undoubtedly the right view to take of the matter, and nobody, with more brains than a maggot, will dream of taking any other. We may think ourselves fortunate that we are privileged to live in such an age. We can turn up our noses with contempt at the age of brass and the age of iron, and look without envy at the age of gold; for this is the age of wisdom—true, veritable wisdom—and we, happy folk, are some of the intellectual atoms of which it is composed.

If we were asked for proof of all this, not that we suppose anybody worth attending to will be so stupid as to ask us for proof of what is so well known and self-evident, and flattering to everybody into the bargain, we could pile up a mountain of them. We would not take common examples either, such as every literary eulogist who sings the praises of the time uses. We would not fall back on the electric wires, or the submarine telegraph, or any of the more

material improvements of the day. They have been instanced often enough, and are in danger of being worn out and hacked to death as illustrations by the frequency with which they are appealed to. We would take higher grounds to prove our position, and we find it in the "I told you so"—which you are sure to hear when anything happens.

It is quite clear that the mantle of prophecy has fallen upon the world. It has supernatural gifts in these latter days of rapping spirits and magnetic tables, as it is most natural that it should have. Prevision is one of its attributes. It does not speak ambiguously, as the Delphic oracles did; or allegorically, as the old soothsayers used to do; or mystically and uncertain, like the sybils and augurs of times gone; but plainly, promptly, and decisively, as a real prophetic spirit should do. It does not plume itself on the paltry insight of Clairvoyants, who can tell you what o'clock it is—information of very little use in these sharp times, when everybody knows what's o'clock; or pride itself upon being able to see into envelopes, or peep into buttoned-up pockets. It takes a wider range and deeper look than that. It glances into the future in earnest, and takes cognizance of any event, however great, or any accident, however little. It always tells you, directly they have happened, "I told you so"—"I knew it"—"I was sure of it"—"I was certain that would come to pass."

You don't believe that, perhaps. You are of an incredulous disposition. You are as bad, or worse, perhaps, than a Jew or a Turk, or a heathen, or any of those folks who are traditionally supposed to be the representatives of unbelief. Now we put it to you plainly whether you can disbelieve what all the world says. You know the old saying—"What everybody says *must* be true," and if you have not any reverence for old sayings, we pity you—you ought to have. But, suppose you have not; suppose, though we shrink from the thought, that you are so far gone in infidelity as that,—suppose, for argument's sake, that, like a few unhappy people we know, you think old sayings "all stuff," why then we appeal to your experience for confirmation of what we are telling you. You must live somewhere; you must know somebody; something, at some time or another, must have happened to you; and we put it to you now, whether somebody you know, when something has happened, has not asserted that he or she "told you so!" Do you mean to pretend that your wife, if you have a wife, when that fellow Sly cheated you, did not inform you that she never liked that fellow Sly,—that she was sure, from the first, he was a bad one; that there was something about the man she never did like,—that she was as certain he would play you some trick in the end as that she was alive, and she could not well be more certain than that, and that she "told you so?" Did your sister, if you are blessed with a sister, when that match between Mr. Fickle and Miss Victim was broken off so mysteriously—did your sister not assure you that she was quite sure of it all along? That she had noticed *something* from the very beginning; that it was quite plain to her, from the commencement of the affair, that Fickle never meant anything; that, in fact, she "told you so?" Will you pretend, when the last ministry went out of office, that old Partyman—you know Partyman of course—

did not astonish you by saying that he knew it must be so; that he was well aware that Budget would break down, or those Irish members would coalesce with the opposition, or that Education scheme would alienate friends, or that something or another would take place, and that the Cabinet must go out; and did not Partymen triumphantly add—"Didn't I tell you so?" Did you ever back a horse—a horse that lost, of course, for whenever a horse is backed to win a race it seems a pretty natural consequence that he should lose, and can you say, upon your conscience, that when you were bewailing your luck to Tom Outaway, Tom did not say—of course he was sure to lose; he did not care what information you had, you might have had the best "tips," still he does not care, he snaps his fingers at "tips;" you might have had "the office" direct from the stable, still he does not care, the stable is as often wrong as right, you had no business to back the horse, it was not to be expected that he would win; he knew all about it—it came off just as he thought, and, in fact, he "told you so," and if you had taken his advice you would have been right! To be sure you think it strange when you find afterwards that Tom backed the very horse as well as you; but that is a little inconsistency you must let pass, as Tom will when somebody else, to whom Tom in his turn bemoans his own misfortune, says to him—"Well, I told you so."

When Flash failed—Flash, who used to go along at such a pace—Flash, who had such fine horses, and gave such splendid "feeds"—we mean, of course, not to his horses, but to his friends;—Flash, who went so fast till he got into the Bankruptcy Court, and then went so slow that he never got his certificate. When that took place confess that the next time you met Toady, who used almost to live on Flash, you were surprised to hear Toady say, that he always knew it must come to that; that he was always aware no fortune could support Flash's extravagance. That it was quite plain to him from the first there must be a smash. That he always expected it, and only wonders it did not happen before. That he told Flash so, but Flash never would take advice, but, on the contrary, would go his own way to the Bankruptcy Court. You never gave Toady credit for half that wisdom. You thought him a simple sort of fellow. But there is no knowing what sense lurks behind a simple face in these days of prophecy, and simpler fellows than Toady will assure you that they could have "told you so."

In fact, nothing has happened lately, or is likely to happen for a long time to come, from an elopement up to a revolution,—from an improvement in the art of shipbuilding down to a patent for children's shoes, on a new principle, without somebody being ready to ejaculate, "I told you so!" It may, indeed, strike you that you were not told so till after it happened, but that, we submit, does not make the least difference. You cannot suppose that everybody who gives you the assurance, "I told you so," is given to mendacious fabrications. At that rate you would doubt the truthfulness of half the world, and a good slice of the other half besides. If you think that you had better turn misanthrope at once, take to keeping a turnpike gate, or shut yourself up somewhere. It would be absolutely painful to be destitute of reliance upon everybody who says, "I told you so." Why, if you do not say it yourself now and then, which we very much

doubt, do not your nearest and dearest friends deal in the assertion? Does not the "wife of your bosom," as sentimental people call your "better half?" Does not your most intimate friend? Do not people, of whom you say that "their words are as good as their bonds," and whom you would "trust with untold gold?" Have you not heard these words from almost every mouth, and can you be so sceptical as not to recognise their truth? If you can, we give you up. We wash our hands of you! We have done with you! If you cannot believe on those terms, you would not believe though a guinea medium were to introduce you to the spirit of your grandmother, and the old lady, at the request of said medium, "knock'd" your life out for you.

It is true you may think to escape from the conclusion we would lead you to, as to the exalted spiritual condition of everybody, by remembering that these prophecies have been *ex post facto*; that, in plain English, they have happened after the fact took place. It may be so, but what of that? Surely a prophecy is a prophecy, whenever it is uttered. Do not the prophets always tell you, either that they *did* tell you so before, or that they could have told you? For shame! Don't indulge in such quibbles as that. Besides, don't you know, as well as we do, that wise men are prudent as well as wise? and that it is not prudent to prophecy in the orthodox fashion, because, in that case, the prophet would be without honour in his own country. We might urge, too, that true wisdom is often modest. It does not like to dogmatise, or to pretend to exclusive foresight, and that is another reason why the prophets should preserve a silence, till you know, as well as they do, and not seem to arrogate a superiority over you. In addition to this, you should consider that these prophecies, whether before or after the fact, generally relate to unpleasant events, the foreknowledge of which would only make you uncomfortable; and, instead of cavilling at the seers, you ought to be much obliged to them for the sympathy they show in not making you miserable before your time. If you are "born to be hanged," you would not regard the man with any good feelings who foreshadowed your doom. But if that be your destiny, depend upon it there are plenty of your acquaintances who "know it," are "certain of it," have "always expected it," who have reserved their opinions merely out of regard for you, and who will not make it known till the time comes when it cannot do you any harm. It really is too bad, when such wisdom and goodness are united, for you to doubt, and sneer, and suspect whenever you hear "I told you so."

We certainly ought to think it a high privilege to live in a prophetic age. It ought to afford us intense gratification. It is true enough that the insight we have into the future does not enable us to remedy or prevent many evils; but, as what is written in the Book of Fate must be accomplished, whether we know it or not, that is not to be expected. At least, however, we may learn to bear what happens by being prepared for its coming; and so this age ought to be the age of resignation, as well as of prophecy. "It is not," you say. "There is as much grumbling as ever when anything goes wrong." Perhaps there is; because the light dawns on us at last, and shows us that each man knows what is in store for somebody else, but is profoundly ignorant of what is coming to himself, and is



so occupied in telling your fortune, that he has no leisure to tell his own. People are like the fortune-teller, who told a girl where a lost ring was to be found, having hidden it herself first, but could not tell that she would be sent to gaol for the imposition. That's how it is, we suppose. There is always something wrong. The lights we carry, like lanterns in the dark, are more visible to anybody than those who hold them, and when a prophet has a fall, his own experience should lead him to expect that some one will say—"I knew it!" "I always expected it!" "I was sure it would come to that!" "I told you so!"

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### A SOUTH-AMERICAN MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

The surf is beating on the bar,  
The hidden rocks resound  
With the loud billow's angry war,  
And waves that foam around.

Sweeps on the shore, the curling swell,  
The wind's tumultuous rave;  
And wilt thou bid the shore farewell,  
And dare to stem that wave?

Why wilt thou try the maddened sea?  
Has then that rocky isle  
Allurements sweeter yet for thee  
Than thy loved maiden's smile?

I fear for thee, my lover true,  
I fear yon angry tide—  
Launch not to-day thy light canoe,  
Nor leave thy maiden's side.

E. W.

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### GIUDETТА—A ROMAN TALE.

ONE of my young friends, a talented artist, had become inspired with a profound sentiment of attachment to a young peasant girl of Albano, named Giudetta, who came sometimes to Rome to offer her classic head as a model to the pencils of our most skilful painters. The ingenuous grace of this child of the mountains, the beautiful and candid expression of her features, had rendered her the object of a species of worship among our artists, which the admirable reserve of her conduct in her station in life wholly justified.

From the very day that my friend A —— appeared to take a pleasure in seeing her, Giudetta left Rome no more; Albano, its fine lake, its delightful scenes, were exchanged for a small and obscure chamber which she occupied in the Trastevere with the wife of a poor artisan, whose children she took care of.

Pretexts were never wanting for her to make frequent visits to the studio of her *bello Inglese*. One day I found her there, A — was seated gravely before his easel, pencil and palette in hand; Giudetta, crouched at his feet like a spaniel at those of his master, watched his every look with intensity of interest, now listening with suspended breath to his every word, then rising with a bound to place herself opposite to him, contemplated him with delight, and threw herself on his neck in fits of convulsive laughter, wholly lost to all reflection of disguising from me her mad affection.

To show thus to me her happiness—to me—I who had loved as madly, who saw myself in Giudetta, and to whom the sight made my fatal isolation more cruelly felt! “Alone, alone! I again said to myself, as when in St. Peter’s, alone in the world, without a heart to respond to mine!” My eyes became dim, I felt the muscles of my chest begin to swell—I hurried out. Who would have told me then, that there is such a thing as justice!

For several months the happiness of the young Albanese was without a cloud; but jealousy, that bane to human felicity, came at length to blight it. Doubts, cruel doubts were awakened in the mind of A—— upon the fidelity of Giudetta; from that moment he closed his door upon her and obstinately refused to see her. Giudetta, struck with a mortal blow by this sudden rupture, gave herself up to the most abject despair. In the hope of meeting A——, she would sometimes wait for him on the promenade of Zancia, from rise to set of sun; she refused all consolation, and became in her manner and language more gloomy and abrupt. I had already uselessly endeavoured to soothe her mind; whenever I met her, her mournful countenance, heretofore so radiant with love and beauty, bowed down and bathed in tears, filled me with grief, and I could only turn away my eyes and retire, with a sigh of compassion. One day, however, I met her walking with extraordinary agitation near the banks of the Tiber, on an elevated precipice called Poussin’s Walk.

“Well, Giudetta! where are you going?” No answer was returned. “You will not answer me?” Still she replied not. “As I live you shall go no further, I foresee you are about some act of rashness.”

“Ah! do you not know that he will see me no more—that he no longer loves me—that he believes I deceive him? Can I live after that? No, I go to drown myself!”

Upon this she uttered the most heart-rending cries. I saw her cast herself upon the earth, writhing with anguish, and uttering imprecations against the vile authors of her misfortunes, till, when worn out with suffering, I besought her, on my knees, to promise me that she would subdue her agony, and become tranquil until the next day, engaging myself solemnly to make a last attempt on her behalf with the inflexible A——.

“Listen, then, my poor Giudetta, I will see him this night; I will tell him all that your unfortunate passion and the pity which it inspires me with can suggest to obtain his forgiveness. Come, Giudetta, to-morrow morning to my lodgings, I will then let you know the result of my endeavours, and what it is necessary you should do to regain his final confidence. Should I not succeed, as

there will then be effectually nothing better for you to do—the Tiber is still there.”

“Oh! Signor, you are kind, I will do what you require;” and a ray of hope, illumined like the lightning’s flash her mournful face—in that moment I would have given worlds to have restored happiness to her writhing heart, to have been the object of an affection deep, o’erwhelming as I had felt and understood so painfully, such as alone could suffice to me, such as I might never meet, to give again as wildly back.

That evening in effect, I took A—— aside; I related to him the agonizing scene I had witnessed, entreating him to grant the unfortunate creature an interview which alone could save her. “Seek,” said I, “some more efficient and correct information; I will wager my right hand, my existence, you are now making her the victim either of error or designing villany. Besides, if all my arguments are unavailing,” and I looked at him sarcastically, “as an artist, I can assure you that her despair is the most admirable effect you ever beheld and one of the most dramatic things imaginable; take a sketch of her, if only as an object of art.”

“Come, come, you plead so well,” he replied, with a warmth that he never evinced but when the interest of his art was concerned, “that I yield—I will see in two hours hence some one who can throw the clearest light upon this ridiculous affair. If the key is not in my door, it will be a sign that my suspicions are well-grounded, then, I beg you never more to mention the matter. Now let us speak of something else; how do you like my new studio?”

“Incomparably better than the old one, but the view is not so fine from the window; in your place, I should have kept the garret, were it only to see the Cross of St Peter’s and the Tomb of Adrian.”

“Oh! there you are again in the clouds; by-the-bye, talking of clouds, let me light my cigar. Well, now I’m off to make those inquiries. Good evening; tell your protegee,” said he, with a look of searching and peculiar cast, “of my final resolution. I am curious to see who is the dupe.” The next morning Giudetta came very early to my lodgings: I was yet asleep; she was at first afraid to interrupt my repose; but, boiling with impatience, she seized a guitar, and struck three chords which awoke me. On turning round in my bed, I perceived her standing near my pillow, overcome with emotion. Heavens! How beautiful she looked! Hope beamed upon her ravishing face, through the brown tinge of her complexion I saw her impassioned blush; she trembled in every limb.

“Well, Giudetta, I think and hope he will receive you; if the key is in his door, it is a token that he forgives you; if he is worthy of such love he will, and—”

The poor girl interrupted me with a cry of joy, threw herself upon my hand, kissed it with transport, sighed deeply, sobbed, and precipitated herself out of my room, bestowing upon me, by way of thanks, a smile so exquisitely sweet in its expression that it seemed to illumine my very being with its enchantment. Some hours after I had risen A—— entered my room, and in a cold, grave tone of voice, said to me “You are right, I have discovered my error; but why is she not come then? I awaited her.”

“What, not come? Why, she left here this morning, half and

with the hope I had given her. She must have been at your place five minutes' afterwards."

"I have not seen her; and, nevertheless, I left the key in my door."

"Good God! I forgot to tell her that you had changed your studio. She must have gone to your rooms on the fourth story, not knowing that you were on the first. Away! let us run!"

We rushed to the upper story of A——'s house. The door of the room was locked; in the panel was deeply fixed the silver *spada* which Giudetta wore in her hair, and which A—— recognised with horror; it was the one he had presented to her. We ran to the Trastevere—she was not there; to her own lodging—neither was she there; to the Tiber; to Poussin's Walk; we inquired of every person whom we met—no one had seen her. At length we heard voices in violent altercation. . . . We reached the spot whence the noise proceeded. . . . Two herdsmen were fighting for the white *fazzoletto* of Giudetta, which the unhappy Albanese had torn from her head and cast on the ground before precipitating herself into the rolling Tiber.

## PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN A WORLD OF THEIR OWN.

It is a pretty general notion that there is only one world. People who write about life, speak of "the great world." There has been a novel published lately, called "The Wide Wide World." That idea of the oneness of the world may be all very well in a scientific point of view, and so far as the materials of nature are concerned. In that sense we suppose it is an *universe*, though even philosophers chop the unit up into bits, and christen the fragments "the mineral world," "the vegetable world," and "the animal world," as though there were not one world, but three or more worlds. But, however that may be, we are certain that the unitarian hypothesis in the world of mind is a mistake. There are plenty of worlds—more than we should like to take the trouble to count, probably as many as there are men. As to their being "Wide Wide Worlds," that is a perfect delusion,—most of them there is not room enough to swing a cat in. They are just wide enough for the minds that live in them, and those who know how large the minds of most of their friends are, will be able to tell how wide that is. It is very lucky for most folks that the worlds are not wider than they are, for if they were, some people we know would lose their way, and never find it again. Those who cannot see the length of their noses, don't want a wide world to live in. It would be a positive nuisance, if not an actual danger, to them. They would go poking about all their lives, without finding anything. They would realise all the horror of that desolate place, which the Ross Matildas of the Minerva press school have made so exclusively their own, about being "cast upon the wide world." Dreadful fate, that. We don't want any wide worlds to be cast upon. Depend upon it, for most of us, it is better

that the world we live in, whichever it is, should be narrow ; say as narrow as a coffin.

Perhaps you may dissent from this ; or, at least, be slow to believe it. Well, that is only to be expected. We must make some allowance for the power of education and the force of prejudices. You have been, no doubt, told that *the* world was *all* before you ; and have read about the Ocean of Life, and have not formed any very correct ideas of mental geography. We must open your eyes a little—give you a compass to steer by, and furnish you with enough information to mark your own place upon the chart of life. By-and-bye, you will begin to see more clearly, and to the end that you may, let us introduce you to a few of the worlds in which others live. Take first, the Fashionable World. Of course we have not any very clear notion of what your conception of the world is ; but, if you will allow us, we will assume that you do not belong to the fashionable world. In that respect, then, the Honourable Miss Satinette, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Fitz Velvet, who has just come out, differs from you. She is in the very centre of it, and what do you think makes up her picture of the world. It is made up of the court, the opera, Almacks', evening parties, Hyde-park and Kensington-gardens—with a sketch of Paris—a glimpse at Rome, and a glance of Baden-Baden, somewhere a little in the back ground. A fine world hers is, you may take our word for it ; a very brilliant world, indeed ! There are plenty of damasks and tissues, and tapestries, and gold, and jewels, and splendid carriages and prancing horses, and big-calved footmen, and delightful faces in it ; but I suppose it does not quite come up to your impression of *the* world, does it ? It is not exactly the "Wide Wide World." It does not take in *us*, you know, and surely we count for something in the world. It is the world of high names and fine things. Its "leading journal" is the Court Circular, in which you and I don't figure. Its centre is Belgravia. Its denizens know nothing of Hackney, or Homerton, or Holloway, or any such outlandish places. They may know something about Patagonia, or Terra del Fuego, but that is quite another affair, a matter of geography, as you are aware ; but the "holes" *we* live in, they are utterly ignorant of ; or, at least, have only a notion of them, as dim, out-of-the-way, far-off oriental localities. But the Honourable Miss Satinette's world is a world for all that, and a rather important world, too ; and the little share you have in it, as she has in yours, ought to convince you that there are more worlds than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

"Extremes meet" is an old saying, and we have sufficient respect for it to make it true on the present occasion. We will take a peep at another world, at the very furthest extremity of space. There, you see, rumbling along, is a small vehicle, half cart, half truck ; with, if that be possible, a small touch of the hand-barrow. There is a donkey between the shafts, drawing a miscellaneous heap of contributions from the vegetable world. There is a specimen of the animal world walking alongside it, called a costermonger. He has a fustian jacket, corduroy trowsers, and a hat of no particular fashion or material, so far as you can see, and a short pipe. Now, suppose you were to tell Bill Stumps, who lives in Duck-lane, of the world in which the Honourable Miss Satinette moves ; do you think he would



recognize it as *his* world? He knows "Covin Garding," which probably Miss Satinette knows too; for she may send or go there for *bouquets*, but Bill Stumps does not go for *bouquets*. He does not know anything about them—"leastways, not by sich a name"—as he will tell you if you ask him. He knows about "taters and greens," which Miss Satinette is profoundly ignorant of, except in their culinary state, and he can tell you that "carrots is riz," and that "turnips is not worth carrying," but as to *bouquets*, ask Bill Stumps' donkey, for one knows just as much as the other. If you were to go down to Duck-lane—of which, perhaps, you know as little as Miss Satinette does of Hackney, proving that Bill Stumps' world is no more yours than it is hers, for that matter—and ask Mrs. Stumps what she thinks about the world, you will find some more room for thought. She thinks Bill's truck is a carriage—"leastwise as much of a carriage as she wants. They go down to the forrist on it on a Sunday sometimes." She has not any better notion of the opera than the concert at the Costermonger's Arms. She pricks up her ears when you mention Almacks', because "her Bill" calls gin "max," and Mrs. Stump, likes a drop of that herself; but when it is explained to her, her powers of comparison go no higher than a threepenny "hop" there is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Duck-lane, and her patronage of the drama is bounded by the "penny gaff" which the parish authorities are trying to "put down." That is *the* world of Bill Stumps; the antipodes of the Fashionable world. It is the vulgar world, and "not a bad sort of world in its way, nayther," Bill remarks, whatever you may think to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Middle courses are best," so the sages assure us. So let us take a middle course; not so high as the fashionable world on the one hand, or so low as the vulgar world on the other. Suppose we try the Commercial World. There is Mr. Stock, he is an eminent member of it; what does he say of *the* world. His world is the exchange. His events a rise and fall in the funds, or the prices of shares. His *beau ideal* of goodness, a man who always comes to the scratch on settling day. His conception of the devil somehow intertwined with a "lame duck," a fellow who does not "cash up" when the time comes. His felicity, a large balance at the bankers. If you speak to Mr. Stock he can tell you how the Three per Cents. are; he is on intimate terms with the Three per Cents. So he is with Bank Stock, and East India Stock, and South Sea and Consolidated Annuities. They are his landmarks, his bosom friends; the creatures of his dreams; the realities of his waking hours. In that world—*his* world—Mr. Stock is wise, profoundly wise. Out of that world, if you can get him out of it, he is nobody. He does not know—perhaps he may tell you—who invented the steam-engine, and what is more he doesn't care. It doesn't matter whether bipolarity is any more true of metals than of the Polar bear. He thinks Lord Byron did write poetry—Paradise Lost, he believes, but he does not bother his head about such matters. What he wants to know is, whether it will be wise to Bull or Bear the market. If you can tell him anything about that, he will have a real respect for you. If you can't, why he would sooner talk to Rothschild than Faraday; and as for Tennyson—why Tennyson may be all very well, but the City

article is reading enough for him, or any other sensible man, he should think. Still you must not turn up your nose at Mr. Stock's world. It is a *large* world as worlds go, and a *respectable* world too, and it may be you and I would have as much difficulty in getting into it as into the Fashionable World we were talking about awhile ago. If we have not the keys of money or birth, the doors of those two worlds are locked against us. As for Bill Stumps' world, that is always open. We suppose because it is not worth locking up.

It is quite another world that that tall old gentleman with a blue frock coat and a black stock, and a silver-headed bamboo cane, with leather tassels, lives in—Captain Stirrup, who was in one of the heavy Dragoon regiments in the Peninsula. He lives in the World of Memory, but that we are afraid is rather an indefinite term, for memory, if we judge rightly, must have a good many worlds all to itself. Whatever subject you speak to the Captain upon, he will be certain to tack off into that world of memory of his. "Gad sir!" the veteran will say—drawing up his spare figure and sticking out his breast, padded till he looks like a pouter pigeon—"Gad sir—that puts me in mind of what Picton said at Badajoz;" or, "'Pon my honour I never heard such a thing, except once, when we were at Torres Vedras;" or, "That's just what Broadsword of ours told me the morning of Quatre Bras." No matter what you talk about to Captain Stirrup, it brings to his mind something that was said or done nearly half a century ago. Something that took place in *his* world, and surely the brave old fellow has as much a right to a world of his own as you or I have. I would rather hear him fight his battles over again, and so would Bill Stumps, too, I'll bet a wager, than I would hear Stock's discourses on the fluctuations of the market, or read the account which the Honourable Miss Satinette sent to her "dearest friend," Miss Angelina Cactus, of the last flower show—no, we beg pardon, horticultural fete, we believe that is the proper term—at Chiswick.

We called the other day in the Middle Temple, at the chambers of our old schoolfellow Wigsby. Jack Wigsby, at school, was as fine a fellow as most boys. Jack's world then was the school-boy world, and he cut a tolerable figure in it. A fine fellow was Jack—ready to fight any boy of his size, or to do anything he was likely to get a thrashing for. Well, how the world changes. Jack is a lawyer now, and expects a silk gown before long. We don't think Jack can be much older than we are, but heavens! what a scarecrow he is. His thin face puts us in mind of a dirty sheet of brown paper, where that old miscreant, Time, has been scrawling his records in wrinkles, and his pepper-and-salt head looks as though the law-stationer had been emptying his pounce-box over it. But people grow old very soon in Jack's world, particularly when they live so entirely in it as Jack does. There is certainly nothing like the professional world for ageing a man soon; and it is just as difficult to get Jack out of his world as Stocks or Stirrup out of theirs. Has Jack seen the paper? Yes, Jack says he has seen it, and he thinks that a very strange decision of the Chief Baron's, in the Exchequer, and he hopes it will not become a precedent. Jack's notion of the paper is of that part headed "Courts of Law." Has Jack seen the last new book? Yes, Jack has. In fact he was

reading it when we went in, and he produces a calf-bound volume by that learned lawyer, Tenure, on "Outstanding Estates." Has Jack heard the news? Yes, he has heard the news, and he thinks it is shameful—positively shameful. "If they make Quirk Solicitor-General," says Jack, "it will disgust the whole profession." You may draw a badger if you only know how and your taste lies that way; or you may draw a track if you are strong enough, and feel the necessity of getting a living in that fashion; or a portrait, if you have any artistic ability, and can get a man to sit still for a sufficient time; but you can't draw Jack out of his world, or rather, bit of a world—that piece of the professional world, to wit, called "the legal world." As well try to draw Mr. Lancet out of his bit of the professional world, called "The Medical World;" or, and the impossibility is about equal, draw a cheque which will be honoured, on a banker who has none of your assets.

Let us take a peep at the Political World, and see how far that reaches. There is Tapewax, for example. Tapewax, who was in the Treasury before you and I were born. Tapewax, who is a man of ability—"undoubted ability"—as heaven knows how many lords of the Treasury have from time to time admitted. Tapewax, my dear sir, had seen a great deal of life before those venerable and respectable looking gold spectacles he wears became necessary to him, and has by their aid seen a great deal more of it since. If Tapewax does not know the world, who does? Tapewax thinks he ought to know it by this time, and, in fact, he *does* know it—that is, his world. Tapewax is a sort of political memorandum book and chronological record for half a century. He can tell you who came in in such a year and who went out, and why they came in and why they went out, and what combinations were made and what failed, and what measures were prepared, and which were lost, and how it was they were lost, and what Lord Plenipotentiary said about it. Know the world, indeed—Tapewax pushes up the gold rims and the Brazilian pebbles off the top of his nose on to his forehead, and looks at you out of his naked eyes as he tells you that he does know it. If you want to know anything about the world, go to Tapewax. Past or present, it's all the same to him, and the future he can make a tolerable guess at. If he don't know the world, after occupying a responsible and confidential position in it for half a century, he ought. But take Tapewax out of his world into yours or mine, and the well-informed man of his world becomes the schoolboy of ours. It is of no use talking to him about history, except the history of parties. The only reference he will appreciate to art is to the art of diplomacy. His literary tendencies are bounded by returns, despatches and blue books. If you laugh at Tapewax's position you will be in error. It is, we dare say, a great deal more powerful and influential than yours, and if your world is wider than his, you have more room for thought to range in than a good many of your neighbours. When you can add Tapewax's world to yours, and get a clause into an Act of Parliament, as well as make out an invoice, you may be able to laugh at Tapewax, and say that the world he lives in is a little world. Till then you will be just as well occupied trying to enlarge your own boundaries.

Only one world, indeed! Why, they are so plentiful, that we

really must skip through them in order to keep our ideas within the space which will suit the Magazine World. We can only mention the Manufacturing World, where Mr. Bales lives, and calculates cost and prices, and speculates upon the stocks of markets from one year's end to another. Or the Racing World, where Mr. Turfleg pitches his tent, and thinks no wisdom in the world equal to a knowledge of what will win the next year's Derby, and no occupation so glorious and useful as taking or giving the odds. Or the Literary World, where the inhabitants live upon ideas either grave or gay, slow or fast, ponderous as a broad-wheel waggon, or light as a lunatic's head. We live in that world, of course, but we *can* get out of it now and then, which is more than we can say for our friend little Moonbeam, who hardly ever speculates upon anything but the probable effect of his Poetic Whispers—and very faint whispers they are, we may tell you in confidence—upon posterity. Then there is the Geological World, which is a stratified world, where old Quartz wanders about with a hammer, breaking off little chips from igneous and metamorphic and other rocks; and the Archæological World, where Dryasdust resides in the midst of Roman camps, and tessellated pavements, and ante-diluvian pottery; and the Entomological World, where you may meet with Flyblow any day, studying the Ephemeridæ with as much interest as though they were his fellow creatures, and a hundred other worlds enough to compose a legion.

We hope by this time you are convinced it is a great mistake to suppose that there is only one world. Such a supposition is only fit for Bedlam. There are worlds piled upon worlds, and worlds within worlds, and worlds hidden by other worlds. In fact, quite a chaos of worlds. When a man tells you he is "a man of the world," you see it is necessary to ask him *which* world, and if you would be on good terms with him, you must consider his world as *the* world, or else he will look upon you as "not of the world." You must make acquaintance not with all the world, but with all the worlds. It is that sort of knowledge which makes what is called "a man of general information," a person who lives in many worlds a little, but not exclusively in any one of them. The only way to "get along" comfortably in society, which is only an aggregation of people who live in different worlds of their own, and who are inaccessible to all who cannot pass their boundaries. There, we think that is wisdom enough for one lesson in mental geography; and, having performed our promise so far, by giving you a few landmarks, we must leave you to make your own discoveries of other worlds which people live in, and map out space for yourself.

## NAMES OF LONDON STREETS AND BUILDINGS.

**ADLE STREET.** This street is, in old records, called King Adle Street, from King Adelstan, the Saxon.

**ALBEMARLE STREET** is named from the Duke of Albemarle, who bought the Earl of Clarendon's house, which stood there.

**ALD GATE, i.e. OLD GATE,** was one of the four original gates of the

City, being mentioned in King Edgar's reign, in 967. The late gate was built in 1609.

**ALDERMANBURY** was so called from the mayor and aldermen holding their berry, or court, in a hall which formerly stood on the east side of that street, till the New Berry Court, or Guildhall that now is, was finished.

**AVE-MARIA-LANE** was so called, in the Roman Catholic times, from text-writers and bead-makers who dwelt there.

**BARBICAN** took its name from a watch-tower which stood there, and was destroyed by Henry III., in 1267.

**BENNET STREET**, Westminster, so called from Bennet College, Cambridge, to whom it belongs.

**BERMONDSEY STREET** took its name from a priory, or abbey of St. Saviour, called Bermond's-eye, founded in 1081, and suppressed in 1539.

**BIRCHIN LANE** was anciently called Birchover's Lane, from its builder.

**BISHOPSGATE** is supposed to have been built by some bishop, about the year 1200. It was rebuilt in 1479 and 1735.

**BLACKWELL HALL**, corruptly so called, properly Bakewell Hall, formerly belonged to the ancient family of the Basings, and from thence was called Basing's Hall, from whom also that ward takes its name, as Coleman Street from Coleman, and Farringdon Ward from William and Nicholas Farringdon, the principal owners of those places. The hall was called Bakewell Hall from Thomas Bakewell, who dwelt in this house in the thirty-sixth Edward III. Being burnt in 1666, it was rebuilt in 1672, by Christ's Hospital, to whom the City gave the profits, which were about eleven hundred pounds a year.

**CANONBURY HOUSE** formerly belonged to the prior and canons of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield.

**CHANGE, OLD**, was so called from the King's Exchange kept there for the coinage of bullion, sixth Henry III.

**CHARING CROSS** was so called from a cross set up by Edward the First, in memory of his queen, Eleanor, on the spot where King Charles's statue now stands. Charing was then a village.

**CHARTER HOUSE**, or more properly **CHATREUX**, (so called from the monastery which stood there, and was dissolved by Henry VIII.) was founded and endowed at the sole cost of Thomas Sutton, Esq., who purchased the house of the Earl of Suffolk for £13,000. It was opened October, 1614. The estate is now above £6,000 per annum.

**CHEAPSIDE** derives its name from there being formerly a market held there, which, in Saxon, is a cheap.

**CLERKENWELL**, or Clerk's Well, took its name from the parish clerks of London, who, of old, used to assemble there every year, to play some large history of the Holy Scripture.

**CLIFFORD'S INN** was a house granted by Edward the Second to the family of the Cliffords, and afterwards leased, and then sold to the students of the law.

**COVENT, i.e., CONVENT GARDEN**, was formerly a garden belonging to the abbot and convent of Westminster. It was granted, in 1552, to John, Earl of Bedford.



**CRIPPLEGATE** was built before the Conquest, and took its name from the cripples who used to beg there. It was repaired in 1688.

**ELY HOUSE** was given by William de Luda, Bishop of Ely, to his successors, in 1297.

**EXETER CHANGE** was so called from the house of the Earls of Exeter, which stood near it.

**FENCHURCH STREET** took its name from a fenny, or meorish ground, so made by a stream (called Langbeurn) that formerly passed through it.

**FINSBURY** was formerly called Fensbury for the same reason.

**FLEET DYKE**, or ditch, was formerly called the River, or Fleet, being navigable as far as Holborn Bridge.

**GERARD'S HALL**, properly called Gissor's Hall, took its name from John Gisors, mayor of London, who in 1245 was owner of it, and in whose family it continued till 1386.

**GOODMAN'S FIELDS** were, in Stow's time, the field and farm of one Goodman.

**GRACECHURCH STREET**, formerly Grass Church Street, was so called from grass or herbs sold there.

**GRAY'S INN** was a house belonging to the Grays of Wilton, who resided there from 1315 till the reign of Edward III., when they demised it to the students of the law.

**HOLBORN** was formerly a village, called Old Born, or Hill Born, from a stream which broke out near the place where the bars now stand, and ran down the street to Old Bourn Bridge, and so into the river of Fleet, now Fleet Ditch. This was long ago stopped up at the head, and in other places. Holborn was first paved in 1535.

**HOUND'S DITCH** was formerly the City Ditch, and, when open, was frequently filled with filth, as dead dogs, &c.; whence its name derives.

**LANGBOURN** (or Long Stream) was a great stream, breaking out of the ground in Fenchurch Street, which ran swiftly west, across Grass Church Street, and down Lombard Street, to the west end of St. Mary Woolnoth's Church, and then turning south, down Shareborn Lane (so styled from sharing or dividing), ran in several rills to the Thames. It has been long stepped up at the head, and the rest of it filled up and paved over.

**LINCOLN'S INN** was so called from being the Inn, or town house of Henry Lacey, Earl of Lincoln, Constable of Chester, &c., who died there in 1310.

**LOMBARD STREET** took its name from the Lombards and other foreign merchants, who assembled there twice every day, before the building of the Royal Exchange.

**LONG ACRE**, in 1552, was a field, and went by the name of the Seven Acres.

**MARK LANE** was originally Mart Lane, being a public mart.

**NEW INN**, was so called to distinguish it from the Old Inn, belonging to the society in Sea Coal Lane, near Fleet Street.

**PATER NOSTER ROW** was so called from the Stationers, or text writers, who dwelt there, and wrote and sold all sort of books then in use, viz:—A. B. C., with the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c. There dwelt also turners of beads, and they were called Pater Noster makers.

PICCADILLY was so called from Piccadillos, *i.e.* the stiff collars, or bands, formerly worn, by which a tailor got an estate, and built the first house there.

PRIVY GARDENS, was so called, because it was appropriated to the King's private use while he resided at Whitehall.

ROOD LANE was so called from a rood placed there in St. Mary's Churchyard, while the Old Church was rebuilding, during which time the oblations made to this rood were employed towards building the Church.

SCOTLAND YARD, was so called from the buildings there being erected for the reception of the Kings of Scotland when they came to the English Parliament.

SHORE DITCH derives its name, not, as has been supposed, from Jane Shore's dying there, but from Sir John Shore, or Shoreditch, its Lord of the Manor, in the reign of Edward III.

SMITHFIELD, *i.e.* Smith or Smooth Ground, was used as a market in Fitz-Stephen's time—550 years. In 1310 it was given by Edward III. to the Knights of John of Jerusalem, and they soon after leased it to the students of the law, in whose possession it has continued ever since.

THAVIES INN was formerly the house of Mr. John Thavy, in the reign of Edward III., who let it as an Inn to the students of the law.

TOWER (WHITE) was founded by William the Conqueror in 1078, and in 1190 it was encompassed with a wall and ditch. It was almost new built in 1637–8. Wild beasts were first kept there in 1285, three leopards being then sent by the Emperor to Henry III. Gold was first coined there in 1344; and criminals were first executed on Tower Hill in 1406.

WHITEHALL was so named by Henry VIII., on its being forfeited to him by Cardinal Wolsey's attainder. It was before called York Place, and was the Palace of the Archbishop of York. It was the residence of the King till 1697, when it was burnt down.

## SONNET.

I had high hopes in Youth!—Time was when o'er me  
 The gorgeous visions which young Fancy rears  
 Would hold unshar'd dominion, when long years  
 Of far-appearing Fame would flit before me  
 In proud succession never-ending.—Yes!  
 I had a world within me—and whate'er  
 The world material might be—foul or fair—  
*Mine* had a sheen all bright and shadowless!  
 Then, thro' the glad hours of the livelong day  
 I had one changeless vision—a fond hope  
 That there was that within me which Decay  
 Could never wholly conquer—but might cope  
 With Time's corruption, and for ever stand  
 Not all unworthy of our Fatherland!

## THE SWISS WRESTLER.

[From the German.]

THE good rector received me with great kindness and friendship. It was the middle of August, and yet we found the stove necessary to our comfort. From this place I commenced my romantic excursions. But a trifling adventure interested me more than all the charming and sublime scenery on these vast mountains. Even yet, when I think on it, it fills my whole heart with emotion. Good Heavens! deep in the cleft, amongst the most awful inaccessible rocks, there have Love and Nature taken refuge!

Nay, my friend, imagine not that my pen has added as much as a line to the story which I am about to relate to you. Far from it;—would to heaven that I could relate it to you as it happened; it would be a most interesting tale of love! I wandered about, without any fixed plan, still expecting our friend B——. In one of these, my wanderings, I came to a valley not far from L——, and found the young people of the parish met together. They were dancing, laughing, and wrestling, and I sat down on an eminence to look at this people of nature, envying their mirth. I walked away from them, and descended the mountain, intending to ascend it again from the other side. As I turned round a bush, I saw, just before me, a young girl sitting on the trunk of a tree. Her elbow was supported on her knee, one hand covered her eyes, the other lay carelessly in her lap; her whole appearance bespoke deep grief.

I remained for some minutes gazing on her. Good God! can sorrow have found its way even into these secluded valleys? On hearing me she looked up; her face was pale and sorrowful, her lips colourless, and round her soft eyes were the most touching traces of silent grief. She looked at me for an instant, then altered her position, in the vain endeavour to conceal her sorrow. I drew nearer, and asked some unimportant question. She answered in a tone from which it seemed manifest that she would rather weep than converse. I asked her why she took no part in the amusements of the young people? She half smiled, then hesitatingly answered a few unconnected words, and, rising slowly from her seat, went away in the direction of the merry party I had just quitted. I saw an old man not far off, and, approaching him, asked about the girl. He told me what I shall now relate to you.

The girl loves, and is beloved by a young man. From their earliest years they have been together. Their childish games, habit, nature, little services, his looks, the pressure of his hand—and, lastly, his express declaration of love, won for the young man, in return, friendly looks, like pressures of the hand, and a half confession that he too was beloved. The young man is enraptured. From that moment he is everywhere with her; he follows her like her shadow, her companion in all her sports, her partner in the dance. Still, the young girl has made him no promise, but he reads in her tender looks that the next public wrestling day will make him happy. This day at length arrives. The whole parish assembles on the green in the valley. The young men stand in a row, and scan each other with jealous looks till the contest commences. Lautern, my hero, is

among them, but pale and weary. His eager desires, his hopes, his love, the emotions of his heart, have allowed him, the entire night, not one moment's refreshing sleep. He wrestles—three times he is thrown—thrown by the weakest man in the parish. One peal of laughter is succeeded by another, and all the girls deriding him, determine not to dance that day with the weak Lautern. Marie's heart is full, tears stream from her eyes, the glowing colour suffuses her face, her cheek burns, she looks on the ground that she may not see Lautern, *her* lover, the sport of the mocking crowd. Each peal of laughter seems to cut through her heart. She looks up, she sees him standing apart from the others, behind them, disgraced, and to-day she is to bestow on him her hand, her heart? Impossible! The dance begins. Lautern, shy and full of shame, approaches. With stammering voice he beseeches her to dance one dance with him. Her breast heaves with compassion! the tear sparkles in her eye! she is about to raise her hand to lay it in his!—at that instant some one calls out, laughing, "Lautern must do that!" Marie's eyes turn instantly in the direction whence the voice came. "What is Lautern to do?" asks one of the other girls. "Serve the refreshments," is the reply, "he is too weak to dance!" Marie draws back her hand, and says, with a knitted brow, "I do not dance with you!" Lautern steps back, gnashing his teeth, and springing towards him who had just spoken, takes hold of him;—they struggle, and Lautern, with as much ease as he would have thrown a child, throws him, the strongest of all the young men, to the ground. Instantly he rushes out of the valley, and is followed by the laughter and astonished looks of all. Marie looks after him with secret joy. With eyes eagerly directed to the entrance of the valley she hopes for his return. The dance is irksome to her;—to her the sun appears to delay above the mountains;—a load is removed from her heart, when, at length, the dance breaks up.

She conducts some girls to their home, because, in her way, she must pass before Lautern's cottage. The old man, his father, is sitting at the door; she ventures not to ask—Where is your son? She looks anxiously at the old man; her heart forebodes her fate;—she hastens home to give free vent to her grief in tears. Till midnight did the poor girl remain at the window weeping. For the first time for many years Lautern was not there; he had always come to whisper his wish that the dear girl might enjoy sweet repose. Before the sun had tinged the summit of the snow-covered mountains with his golden rays, Marie was again at the window, looking down the pine avenue for Lautern; and he, whom every morning she had seen wandering through the pines, who used to wait patiently, sometimes for hours, looking towards her window, whenever she wished playfully to vex him, and not open it;—he was this morning not there. With the dawn of day Marie walked past Lautern's cottage; she saw no one. She went back; she came again, and sang a merry song with a trembling voice—no one appeared. She waited till the old man came out;—she asked him some trifling favour, and then tremblingly inquiring for his son, learned that he had not been at home that night.

That day Lautern came not, the next day he still came not. His father became uneasy, Marie passed entire nights weeping. At last,

after the end of a month, contradictory reports of his fate reached them. Some said they had seen him at Berne, some that they had met him on his road to Germany, to enlist as a soldier; finally, it was rumoured that he had been overwhelmed by an avalanche, and that his body, having been found, was buried.

Poor Marie! This last rumour almost deprived her of reason. She sank from one swoon into another; pale as death, worn to a shadow, she wandered about; her grief excited the compassion of the entire parish.

When the young people, when the other girls entreated Marie to accompany them to the festival, the tears rushed to her eyes. She shook her head, wiped away the tears with her apron, and murmured, "No, I have killed him." Thus passed ten months. One day was heard a loud shout from the young men of the village; it grew each moment louder; it approached; Marie could distinguish her own name and that of Lautern. She sprang to the window, and beheld—oh, what rapture! There was Lautern, on the way to his cottage, accompanied in triumph by all the young men. Once only did he look towards Marie's window, but almost instantly looked down again. Marie, speechless, trembling, her countenance glowing with joy and unexpected delight, leant far out of the window. She tried to call out to Lautern, but her oppressed heart could give utterance to sighs only. She made an effort to go down to him, but her limbs trembled so much she was obliged to hold by the window-frame to keep herself from falling. She can only pray and thank God.

Lautern is indeed again there; but not the former Lautern. He deigns no answer to the many questions of the young men; silent, wrapt in his own thoughts, he walks on beside them. "And poor Marie has almost died with grief for you! the poor girl is like a shadow!" So says one of them to him. On hearing this, Lautern looks up, fixes his eyes on the speaker, but makes no answer. Marie now, with all that longing of first hope succeeding suffering awaits him, but he comes not to her; once more she attends the festivals, but he attends them not. Already many times has she gone tremblingly past his cottage, in the hope of speaking to him, and, with a breaking heart, asking him, "Lautern, what have I done to you?" Alas! Lautern is never at the door, never at the window, and, with each unsuccessful attempt, she loses more and more the courage to address him, even if she should at length see him.

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## THE AWAKENER IN THE DESERT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF F. FREILIGRATH.]

Far 'mid the desert's arid sands  
The Desert King, the lion, stands—  
Brown as the dust his foot beneath,  
Fierce as the burning simoom's breath.  
His mane is flowing, full and free,  
Fit mantle of his royalty;  
His lip and brow are ray'd with hairs,  
Which as a diadem he wears.



He roar'd in thunder to the blast,  
 And on the wind the echoes pass'd ;  
 The silence of the sands they break—  
 They roll o'er Mœris' sluggish lake.

The panther started from the fell,  
 Affrighted flew the slim gazelle—  
 That voice, beside the flowing Nile,  
 The camel heard, and crocodile.

Where wondrous piles their shadows fling,  
 Roll'd thy stern voice, thou Desert King!  
 And woke the royal mummy, hid  
 In the centre of the Pyramid.

He rose within his narrow bed—  
 "For thy loud summons, thanks"—he said—  
 "Three thousand years in sleep I've pass'd,  
 Till waken'd by thy voice at last.

Where are ye! in my dreams alone,  
 My years of pomp and glory gone?  
 When conquest's banners round me flew,  
 When lions, yok'd, my chariot drew!

My car of splendour onward roll'd,  
 All richly wrought and all of gold;  
 The hundred-gated city poured  
 Its millions forth to meet their Lord!

This wither'd foot scarce touch'd the sod.  
 But on the necks of men it trod;  
 The Moor and Indian knelt to me,  
 The Arab bow'd submissively.

For then this hand the sceptre sway'd  
 That all the peopled world obey'd;  
 All in these graven symbols shown  
 That hand hath done, this heart hath known.

The tomb whose vaults above me close,  
 At my command its vastness rose;  
 Enthroned, I watch'd my soldiers urge  
 The toiling slaves with sword and scourge.

The Nile, my vassal, bore me then,  
 The King of it as King of men—  
 The wave that kiss'd my galley's prow,  
 As then it roll'd it rolleth now—

While I, its Lord"—he said no more—  
 Ceas'd has the Desert-wakener's roar,  
 And sank again the royal head  
 Down to the silence of the dead.

## A TRUE STORY.

It is a beautiful day: the dense fog which has shrouded everything for the last two or three days, which has not merely kept you within doors, but has pursued you even to your own fireside, has thrown its blasting breath even across your own glowing hearth and ruddy fire. This bitter foe has passed away, and though it is cold—piercingly cold—still, in your warm cloak and furs, you can take no harm. No, not the least. And the sun shines brilliantly, in the clear blue sky, and the hard glittering snow crackles under your feet—mind your footsteps, or you will certainly tread on a robin—and the farmer-boys whistle merrily as they pass along the lane, and how cheerful and happy everything looks. A summer day can't be brighter, and certainly it is not half so exhilarating; you hardly feel your feet, you are so light. Ah! a sudden avalanche. Never mind; brush the snow lightly off your muff and come on—it is only the sparrows having a battle-royal in that tree, which shook the branch and caused the snow to fall. And look at the withered twig, bared from snow; a leaf or two remaining even now, orange and scarlet, and the sun's bright ray just on them, and a trickling wreath of snow left, like a glittering gossamer! How beautiful!

We have reached the brow of the hill now, and *should* return; but it is too beautiful, we cannot. Ah! and there is a little smoke from Sally Miller's cottage, half way down (how beautifully it curls in the thin air). We may as well go just that far, and see how her child is, poor little thing. She did not send for any arrowroot yesterday, as usual.

We opened the door;—Mrs. Miller was at her washtub. Our buoyant spirits communicated their own tone to our voice, as we began "Well Sally, how is—"

But we stopped. Sally turned round, looking so sad, so pale; her lip quivering, her eye moist with tears. We knew it all in a moment.

She swept the soapsuds off her arms, dried them in her apron, and coming forward respectfully, placed a chair for us by the fire.

"Sally, I'm sorry—"

"Yes, Ma'am, I was sure you'd be sorry when you heerd. Its hard for me, Ma'am, but its the Lord's will, and *she's* happy anyhow."

I did not speak; what could I say? The poor sufferer had herself suggested the best topics of consolation. I was thinking, too, at the moment, of the months I had seen this poor widow watching the sick pillow of her last surviving child, more anxiously—aye, far, far more, than ever did miser his last hoarded guinea; and now she had lost her last, her all, and could look only to a toilsome and lonely pilgrimage, uncheered by the smiles of even one of the numerous offspring whom she had borne with a mother's pain, and nurtured with a mother's love. The death of this last, too, had been attended with aggravated circumstances of discomfort, for after a long period of doubt and anxiety, she had been led to hope. She wept, but not vociferously; she had already schooled herself to patience.

"And yet, Sally, we thought she was better."

"Oh! she was better, Ma'am. The doctor said she was getting well, and I'm sure she was, too. It was the fog as killed her."

"The fog?"

"Oh! yes, Ma'am. The doctor said it would go hard with her if we did not keep it out; but this little, ill-built place, Ma'am, how could I? We barred the shutters, and kept the door as close as we could; but the neighbours would be in and out, of course, and I watched her breath come harder and harder from the first it came on, and when the third day came, and the fog thicker than ever, the doctor said there was no chance; and now to-day, when she's gone, it's all clear. But you'll look at little Mary afore you go, Ma'am."

"Certainly I will, if you wish it."

"Oh! Ma'am, I shall be quite hurt if you don't. She looks very nice—very pretty. And there's poor Hester Markham's little one, poor thing."

"Hester Markham's! Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh! Ma'am, didn't you know? I told old Thomas, the tinker, he was passing your way, to tell you all about my Mary, and poor Hester's mishap. I thought you'd come o' purpose."

"I have heard nothing—know nothing about it."

"It hurts me sadly," said Sally, crying again, "to think about it. Old Thomas had been telling of something that would make the spirit pass easier, and Hester said she'd go to the doctor's for it. Oh, Ma'am I know it was not fit for her to go out, but Mary was dying on my knees, and I couldn't, I couldn't say don't go; so she went; and you know she's always short breathed, and when she came back, what with the hurry, and the fog, she had a dreadful fit of coughing, and it brought on labour."

"And her baby?"

"Oh, Ma'am, it hardly lived a minute: and she had so counted on it, and on her husband being so pleased with it when he comes back in the spring. I shall never, never forgive myself for letting her go out."

"Do not say that, Sally, for you could not foresee the result; and you would have done the same for her in like circumstances."

"I hope I would, Ma'am, but I'm sadly hurt."

I crept upstairs into the one small room, which was without fireplace, and looked dingy, not from dirt, for it was cleanliness itself, but from the little window in the roof being half buried in snow. There, on the one small bed which was usually occupied by the widow and her present lodger, lay Hester Markham, and by her side, on the coverlet, was the dead child, her first-born babe. And on the other side, on two chairs, lay the corpse of the poor little girl who had been the innocent cause of her misfortune.

And thus surrounded, and with no more cheerful company than her own melancholy thoughts, had the poor invalid lain for many hours, and thus must she still lie, till the hard working widow below, having got through her accumulation of labours, can afford her an hour in the evening, when they will mingle their tears together.

I am not ashamed too wñ that on some subsequent occasions, when my own disappointments or privations have pressed heavily upon me, the recollection of this poor young woman—laid, as *I had seen her*, suffering but resigned, between two dead children—has caused me to hush my own repinings with a feeling of self reproach.

This fog, too, this mysterious agent of a higher power—I had presumed to grumble at this, though I had a luxurious home, abundant comforts, a glowing hearth, and no call to stir from it unless I pleased. I felt rebuked, as I stepped from the widow's cottage; but I had more to learn; the lesson of that memorable morning was not yet complete.

Almost unconscious of what I did, and heedless now of snow or sunshine, I continued my course to the bottom of the hill, and turned up a little glen to the left. I got to the wretched lane or street in which James Barbrough's cellar was situated, almost without being aware, and mechanically descended the miserable steps, unconscious, in the pre-occupation of my thoughts, of the warning "Ou's dee-ad; ou's dee-ad," which the half-brutish occupants of the gutter were dinning on my ears as I passed. I knocked at the door, but received no answer, and I opened it. I had scarce done so when a gruff and surly voice, which I well knew, called out,

"Come in, mistress; come along; she's *there*;" and he pointed with his black and brawny arm to something behind the door.

It was too late for retreat; and as I thought that, in the midst of his brutality, I could discern symptoms of feeling and regret even in him, I could not refuse him the tribute, so strangely and earnestly sought by his class, of looking on the face of their dead.

His wife had been removed from the only bed the cellar contained, to a shutter behind the door, and as he drew the sheet from her face he said,

"Th' doctor says as th' fog killed her; but I say as it was th' doctor: he's well paid for attendin' th' poor, but poor folks get little good out o' him as I see."

Poor Mary! I need not have feared to look on thee: the faces of the infants I had just seen, smiling in death, were not more calm, more peaceful, more beautiful than thine! Hard has been thy lot in life, but it is over now, and thou art happy—thou lookest so.

I turned to the husband; even his lip was quivering, yes, even his; and his hand trembled as he replaced the cloth. He was touched at last, but the unwonted feeling did not continue.

"Where's your baby, James?"

"Ou, its at th' workhouse: what could I do we' a wailin' babby no' a week old."

"And yourself and these children?"

"Ou, we're a' gang to th' workhouse together after th' funeral."

There was nothing more to be said or done there. When half-a-dozen young children are deprived of their mother, and have a profligate father, the workhouse seems the only resource.

Poor Mary Barbrough was one of those instances which are to be met with occasionally in every rank of life, of persons who seemed to be marked out for peculiar suffering, and who bear it with unrepining and exemplary patience. In the lower walks of life, too, such examples are more remarkable and more praiseworthy, as the poor sufferer is deprived of alleviations which are often within the reach of those more prosperously situated.

Mary was a very pretty girl, the admiration of her neighbours; but, what was better, she was, as they all said, "as good as she was pretty." She was modest, good tempered, and industrious, and a

pattern of willing obedience to her harsh-tempered father. Joseph Henley was never a favourite amongst his acquaintance, even in his best days ; but since the death of his wife he had taken to drinking, and of course his naturally bad propensities were exaggerated by this gross and fearful habit. His daughter Mary suffered, but did not complain ; she was still gentle and obedient, still tried the efficacy of soft answers, and still hoped all things.

But Henley brought home a second wife, not more amiable than himself, and now poor Mary's home was bitter indeed ; and at length, worn to the dust by a task-mistress whom she found it impossible to please, stung by the unmerited taunts and reproaches of her father, who was now seldom sober, and who was irritated against her by her step-mother—harassed by the presence of evils from which she saw no escape—poor Mary committed the one imprudent act of her life, and married James Barbrough. The neighbours shook their heads, and feared it would not turn out well, for he was but a wild tyke ; but others hoped better things ; he was young enough to learn good ways, he had not a bad heart at the bottom, and Mary would bring him round.

Poor Mary soon found she had made a mistake—had exchanged temporary evils for enduring ones. She had never seen James Barbrough in his worst colours, and she had fondly thought her friends had misrepresented him. She found full soon that they had not. Still she loved him, and she hoped the best ; moreover, she knew her duty, and she never complained.

For some time things went on pretty well. Mary rather feared he was idle than found he was so ; she rather understood he was surly than felt it. Moreover, his new home, his new comforts, his sweet wife, had for a while a softening and beneficial influence on him. But with novelty this wore away, and he gradually resumed his old habits ; habits of which poor Mary, in her hurried marriage, had not thought to enquire. She felt sorry the first time he refused to accompany her to church, but fancied it was an accidental whim, and said nothing about it ; but the following Sunday he did not even put on the best clothes which she had laid ready for him, and all too soon she was quite accustomed to go to church alone, while he spent the day with disreputable companions. By-and-bye the cock fights and other degrading occupations which had been reserved for Sundays, began to take up part of the week days as well, and then work was neglected, and wages necessarily reduced ; and it was on Mary's recovery from her first confinement, that she missed a favourite article of furniture, which had been taken away during her illness, and with dismay and horror learnt that her husband had pawned it. She remonstrated with him, and he stormed ; she persisted, and he struck her. This quelled, at once and for ever, whatever spirit the poor woman possessed. She bore patiently and suffered long ; but she never again ventured on a remonstrance.

She could not, of course, be exempted from other and usual trials ; her first baby died in teething ; her husband had no work, and she had no money, and with an almost breaking heart she searched out some of her little household treasures for the pawnbroker, to provide for the funeral of her babe. But her husband was kind to her, he evidently felt for her now, and that soothed her much.



But their course down hill was rapid, for though he worked at times, he did not work regularly or habitually; and though she did all a woman could do, and had a loom in their little home at which every leisure moment was spent, still her exertions were ineffectual to keep them from want. Long before this (for now several years were past, and she was the mother of five living children) they had quitted their neat little cottage; every article of furniture and of household comfort, which her own little fortune, inherited from her mother, had purchased, and in which she took such a natural and becoming pride, every article, one by one, had disappeared, and they were now reduced to the direst poverty. Though this had been brought on entirely and totally by the man's dissolute and idle habits, still, with the perverse injustice which often accompanies intemperance and wrong, he perpetually threw the blame on her and her children; and in addition to other heavy sorrows she had to bear the weight of his now unvarying bad temper. In the last spring they had made their last, worst move, and now in the middle of an inclement winter, in a damp cellar, with scarce the barest necessities of existence around, she was awaiting her confinement.

Her hour came, and another living baby was placed in her arms; but whether it were the effect of long previous sorrow, or of present want of comfort, ere many hours had elapsed, unfavourable symptoms appeared. The wise woman (or howdie) of the village was summoned, and the gossips of the neighbourhood gathered around, but all their skill was of no effect, and the doctor's name began to be whispered about. The husband, whose affection and whose energy seemed to return in his wife's hour of danger, hastened to the parish doctor, who lived about four miles off.

He was not at home, but his *locum tenens* promised he should come in the morning. The morning came and passed, but no doctor. Poor Mary was very ill, and it was evident that inflammation had supervened, yet all simple remedies had been tried, and no one durst take the responsibility of doing more. Again the anxious husband sought the doctor and saw him, and he promised to come; but he did not.

The next day he came, and did what he could, but Mary was then past aid. The fog was intense, and direful to all invalids; and it might have been fatal to her, or *it might not*—but she died.

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### A STRANGER'S TEAR.

I HAPPENED in the autumn of 18— to pass through a populous manufacturing town in the North of England. I was in the hey-day of youth, proceeding upon a visit of pleasure, and enjoying from the top of the mail the sight of those peculiar and local novelties which presented themselves, on all sides, to eyes which had been long accustomed to the less bustling ways and habits of the denizens of the northern metropolis, when my attention was arrested by the passing of a sedan chair, in which was seated a solitary female, whose dress indicated that she was recently a widow, while upon her knee she held the coffin of an infant, borne, it was evident from the

funereal trappings, to the place appointed for all living—and as appeared most probable, from the absence of any other mourner, containing the last of that widow's earthly ties.

It is unusual in Scotland for females under any circumstances to attend upon such solemn occasions, and the doubly unusual circumstance of a female being the sole attendant, was calculated still more strongly to engage my youthful attention, and give rise to a train of emotions of a melancholy nature in a breast as yet easy accessible to the influence of pity, and which had not, as it afterwards came to be, been tried in the furnace of adversity, nor seared by the searching hand of affliction. Musing, then, upon what might once have been the prospects, and what now were the feelings of that widow, I gave to her misfortunes the tribute of—

## A STRANGER'S TEAR.

She went alone—there was no throng  
Of seeming mourners there,  
The grief that rent her heart she wished  
No other breast to share.

He, whom she loved, had but of late,  
Rejoiced in manhood's pride;  
And now she went in weeds to lay  
Their first-born by his side.

She shed no tear, the well was dry  
Whence tears were wont to flow,  
Her bosom heaved no sigh—regret,  
And tears were useless now.

But yesterday, and she did seem,  
As some fresh opened flower;  
And now she was as one had lost  
Its freshness in a hour.

The bloom had vanished from a cheek,  
Might with the rose compare,  
And darkened was the brow than which  
The lily was less fair.

The eyes were dimmed whose glance of love  
Was oft on others shed,  
But with the idols of that love,  
Was all their lustre fled.

Her cup of grief was full—her race  
Of happiness was run,  
Her spring was gone and winter come,  
Ere summer had begun.

While others hied where pleasure reigned,  
And youth and beauty met,  
And those who had known sorrow might,  
Awhile their griefs forget;

'Twas hers to know the lamp of joy  
Would burn for her no more;  
'Twas hers in youth to bear such woe,  
As age might well deplore.

'Twas hers to seek the haunts of death,  
 And seek those haunts alone ;  
 She once had shared her joys, but now  
 Her griefs were all her own !

She once amid the joyous throng  
 Was light as any there,  
 But now those joys were fled, and she  
 Was left a prey to care.

Farewell ! lone mourner, though thou hast  
 Nor friend nor lover near,  
 Thou hast—and it is all that I  
 May give--A Stranger's Tear !

## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

The most important, as well as the most pleasing incident of the past month, at least as far as this country is concerned, is, without question, the termination of the Kafir war. We have had many false rumours respecting this long wished-for event during the last eighteen months, but the intelligence upon the present occasion places the matter beyond all doubt. The most famous of the Kafir chiefs, the Abd-el-Kader of Southern Africa, has submitted to the British General. Sandilli has laid down his arms and consented to the terms proposed by General Cathcart. The mountainous region of the Amatolas which, on the present occasion has been the principal scene of conflict between the contending parties, has been finally evacuated by our barbarous enemy, and it is now, we presume, intended to be transformed into an effective barrier against them in all time coming. We fear that these necessary measures of precaution will entail considerable expense. The Kafirs are a bold, restless, thieving race, and the farther they are driven back into the wilderness the more reckless are they likely to become. We fear, therefore, that for some time to come we shall be obliged to keep a large military force at the Cape. In the meantime we trust that no time may be lost in organising upon an effective and permanent footing the old colonial militia, which in times past proved a sufficient safeguard of the settlers, without the presence of a regular force upon the frontier. The old Dutch system of defence was admirably adapted to the peculiar exigencies of the colony, and so long as it existed we heard nothing of Kafir wars, with their attendant bloodshed and enormous cost. For these, during the last twenty years, our colonial authorities at home, and our orators at Exeter Hall, are jointly responsible. We trust, however, that our dearly-purchased experience will teach us in future to eschew the precepts alike of red tapists and pseudo humanitarians. We have squandered many millions, and thrown away thousands of valuable lives, in obedience to their theories. We must take experience for our guide if we would avoid such deplorable results in future.

The intelligence from the seat of war in Burmah is less satisfactory. Our progress still continues slow, and our losses in proportion to that progress have been large. The only positive result of our contest in that quarter has been the annexation of Pegu to our Eastern Empire. This fact was announced ten days ago, by the President of the Board of Control, in the House of Commons, in reply to a question from Mr. Cobden. Of the policy of this important step, it would be premature as yet to pronounce any opinion, but we may observe that these periodical accessions of territory to our dominions in the East, seem to be the result less of choice than of necessity. We cannot stop now if we would, in our career of conquest.

Looking still further to the eastward, we may find ample food for speculation in the progress of the great rebellion which now threatens to upset the Tartar dynasty at Peking, and perhaps restore the ancient race of sovereigns to the celestial empire. According to the latest intelligence, the future fate of China appears to hang on the issue of the next battle which takes place between the rebel forces and

the main army of the Emperor, which was advancing to meet them. In any case, Lord John Russell tells us we are to remain neutral in the contest. We hope we may, but we do not believe we shall, despite the emphatic declaration of his lordship. At all events we always have had a remarkable tendency to embroil ourselves in other people's quarrels, and we fear we always will, in spite of Lord John's philosophy, and the tracts of the Peace Society. Meanwhile, fears begin to be entertained regarding our future supplies of tea, in consequence of the distracted state of the Chinese empire, and it is feared that the consumer may not derive all the advantage which was anticipated from the reduction of duty which formed one of the most popular features of Mr. Gladstone's budget. These, however, are mere matters of conjecture. The intelligence which we possess, both as to the progress of the rebellion, and its results upon the industry and commerce of our celestial allies, is far too vague and scanty to enable us to come to any practical conclusion on these interesting subjects.

In Europe the interest of politicians is at present fixed upon Constantinople. A crisis is evidently at hand, and the fate of Turkey may depend upon the issue. That matters are not going on quite smoothly, we may guess from the fact that two men-of-war were suddenly ordered off from Spithead, on the 20th of last month, to strengthen the Mediterranean fleet. The language of the Russian ambassador at the Porte, is said to have been of an unprecedentedly menacing description, and this circumstance, coupled with the alleged warlike preparations on the shores of the Black Sea, have given rise to various alarming rumours. It is, indeed, very evident that the Ottoman power in Europe is waning fast, and that it is a hopeless expedient to attempt to uphold it for any time by means of external aid. Our operations in Syria, twelve years ago, had the effect of checking the progress of the rebellious Pasha of Egypt, who, at that time, threatened to subvert the throne of his sovereign; but the independence of the Porte is now threatened by a far more formidable adversary, and it will soon become a matter of most serious debate, whether we ought again to interfere, by force of arms, to prop up the tottering throne of the Sultan. A few weeks will probably decide this knotty question. In the meantime it is satisfactory to learn that the diplomatists of England and France are acting in concert, and if they continue to do so, we believe we may anticipate a satisfactory solution of the Eastern difficulty.

The protracted visit of the King of Belgium and his son to Germany, and their cordial reception both at Berlin and Vienna, have given rise to various warlike surmises, and the French funds have in consequence undergone considerable fluctuations during the past month. The proposed revival of the punishment of death for political offences has probably contributed to this result. We cannot but remember that on two memorable occasions the present ruler of France owed his life to the circumstance that the law of treason existing in France during the monarchy was not put in force against him. The unpopularity with which the project has been received, need not, therefore, surprise us. Indeed, since the confiscation of the Orleans property, nothing has tended so much to injure Louis Napoleon in public estimation. It is, moreover, a confession of weakness, the display of which, to say the least of it, is highly impolitic.

While we write, it is intimated that the *ultimatum* of the Russian ambassador has been rejected by the Sultan, and grave apprehensions are entertained of the results. According to one rumour, Prince Menschikoff had quitted Constantinople, and the French fleet was preparing to enter the Black Sea. We trust that both of these rumours will prove unfounded, and that, through the joint efforts of the representatives of England and France, peace may still be preserved.

During the month the business of Parliament has made but little progress. Although the budget, "as a whole," is reckoned safe, it has still to run the gauntlet of a host of amendments. Both the opposition and the ultra-liberal party are dissatisfied with the non-discriminating principle which Mr. Gladstone refuses to infringe in the slightest degree. This obstinacy on the part of the Finance Minister may lead to unpleasant consequences. It certainly has occasioned an amount of delay in the progress of the measure which would not otherwise have occurred, and it is quite possible that it may lead to Ministerial defeats. Only one of those awkward occurrences, however, has taken place during the present month, on the question of the inspection of nunneries. Although not upon a vital question, it was a defeat, nevertheless, and such incidents must necessarily weaken any administration, whatever amount of ability may be possessed by its individual members.

After the income-tax is settled, the Legacy Duty Bill remains to be discussed, and this will necessarily raise the whole question as to the alleged unequal pre-

sure of taxation on the land. During the long controversy which preceded the abolition of the Corn Laws, it was strenuously contended by their advocates, that the land was fairly entitled to protection on account of its peculiar burthens. The land, according to these authorities, paid the tithe, the poor rates, the highway rates, the county rates, and the church rates; and, until the rest of the community chose to share these burthens with the owners and occupiers of the soil, the latter had a fair claim to compensation in some shape or other. So said the advocates of the Corn Laws, and, after the lapse of seven years, we shall hear the same arguments repeated in reply to the projected extension of the legacy duty to real estate. We can only say that, if the landholders can establish a good case, they will be entitled to the exemption which they claim; but we strongly doubt their ability to do so.

In the meantime it is unfortunate for the prestige of the coalition cabinet, that its financial measures have hitherto proved singularly unsuccessful. The period for the issuing of Mr. Gladstone's new Exchequer Bonds has expired, and the plan may be said to have fallen still-born on the money market. The daily return was not throughout nearly the whole period allotted for the negotiation of these new securities. The conversion of the South Sea stock has hitherto proceeded at an equally slow rate, and as the period for effecting the proposed exchange will very shortly expire, we may assume that this part of the financial scheme has also entirely failed. We fear that these untoward circumstances will be turned relentlessly against the Chancellor of the Exchequer by his accomplished predecessor—the leader of the opposition.

Much curiosity has been evinced to ascertain the nature of the forthcoming India Bill. Meetings, influentially attended, have been held in London, Manchester, and Bristol, for the purpose of effecting a complete reform of the Indian government. Nothing less will satisfy these reformers than the complete and final abolition of the Court of Directors, and the transference of the whole administration of Indian affairs to a minister and council directly amenable to Parliament. It is just seventy years ago since Fox proposed a similar measure, as the colleague of Lord North; but the attempt was fatal to the coalition ministry of that day. We draw no augury from this circumstance as to the fate either of Lord Aberdeen's cabinet, or of their plan for the future government of India. But it is possible that it may experience a much more formidable opposition than the Budget has encountered. A union between the Derbyites and the Radicals would of course prove fatal to the measure, and probably to its authors.

The opening of the Dublin exhibition has attracted many visitors to the Irish capital, and the progress of the experiment has hitherto proved highly successful. A novelty of a different kind will prove the chief point of interest on this side of the channel during the present season. The camp now in process of formation on Bagshot Heath, and which is destined for the accommodation of ten thousand troops, will no doubt be visited by myriads who have never before had an opportunity of witnessing a display of this exciting kind. A succession of fashionable fetes is spoken of in connection with this martial gathering, which will doubtless prove the distinguishing feature of the season of 1853.

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## Literary Notices.

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*The History and Manufacture of Boots and Shoes.* By J. SPARKES HALL.—T. DAY.

It was well remarked by an ingenious German, just about a century since, when the "art" of shoemaking, whether as regarded shape, workmanship, or material, had reached a profound bathos of clumsiness and barbarism, that there was something inconsistent in the extent to which scientific experiment had been expended in obtaining the best means for protecting the feet of horses, mules and oxen, whilst the human foot was left to "take its chance," the victim of that obstinacy which, amongst certain classes of tradespeople, was usually found to exist in proportion to ignorance. "What should be defences to our feet," observed Camper, "serve only to deform our toes from infancy, to generate corns, and to lame us for life. We compassionate, with reason, the fate of the Chinese women, whose feet are dislocated by adherence to barbarous custom, yet we cheerfully adopt, from age to age, a confinement not less cruel." Amongst the mechanical improvements,



conducting to ease, health, and comfort, for which the last quarter of a century has been distinguished, not the least important are those whereby our feet have been, in some measure, relieved from the cruel and mutilating imprisonment which was formerly regarded as "treatment good enough for them," and been treated by the rules of reason and good sense. Of these improvements a concise and interesting description is given in the little work before us, which contains the substance of one of the lectures delivered by the author at the request of the Council of the Society of Arts. Mr. Hall himself has acquired much eminence and celebrity by the signal success of his plans for imparting gracefulness and healthfulness to pedestrian exercise—for invigorating the lower limbs, and banishing the plague of corns, weak ancles, crippled toes, awry nails, and similar inconveniences. His lecture is not a mere recapitulation of technical details; it is a well written piece of history—an epitome of everything interesting in connection with the subject, and carrying its inquiries from the very earliest period through the infinite varieties of fashion and modulation which have followed each other in the lapse of ages. An admirable series of engravings explain and illustrate the letter-press.

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*The Young Wife's Guide during Pregnancy and Child-birth, and in the Management of her Infant.* By HENRY DAVIES, M.D.—H. G. BOHN.

THE subject embraced by this work touches some of the most important matters relating to the health and welfare of families. Self-management, during the most critical period of her life, is merely that species of information which every woman ought to possess, but from which one of the absurd and mischievous superstitions of false delicacy has hitherto virtually excluded her. Not less desirable is it that, independent of constant recourse to "the doctor," she should have some trustworthy guide in the daily and hourly cares which young children require. Amongst all the books which have come under our notice, we do not remember one which so completely fulfils this purpose as Dr. Davies's. It is, in the first place, free, as it ought to be, from those abstruse technicalities by the accumulation of which some learned gentlemen imagine that they display a very redoubtable amount of erudition, but which, unfortunately, serve for the most part merely to mystify and thoroughly disgust the unprofessional reader, and to deprive their productions of all value as text-books for general reference, or for consultation in sudden emergencies. And while such cumbrous intricacies are judiciously eschewed, the author, it appears to us, has omitted no single point of real utility. We can scarcely conceive any set of circumstances peculiar to the condition of a young wife and mother, in which this work will not be found a comforter, a supporter, and a faithful adviser. It combines the qualities of scientific precision and popular perspicuity, and rejecting everything superfluous, or merely ostentatious, condenses into a small compass an amount of sterling information for which the fair sex in general have reason to feel grateful to him. This is essentially a woman's book, which no mother, or expectant mother, should be without.

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*Nelly Armstrong.* A Novel. 3 Vols.—BENTLEY.

THE apparent design of this tale is beyond question good and laudable. A young girl, reared up in the rigid seclusion of a Puritan family, is brought by certain circumstances into contact with the gay scenes of the world, to her great tribulation and misfortune. We dare say the author intends her example as a warning to young women to avoid the beginnings of temptation. Very good. But it may be a question whether the reaction caused by the sudden (and sometimes unavoidable) transition from rigour to its reverse may not involve danger as trying as any that can beset those who by mixing a little (under careful superintendence) amongst the publicans and sinners who, alas! form the infinite majority of mankind, acquire at least a slight preliminary knowledge of the nature of some of the perils which beset youth and inexperience. Extreme ignorance is undoubtedly the worst possible guardian of innocence; yet some people appear to think that these two very distinct and different predicates are identical. The book is vigorously and nervously written.

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*The Book of the Garden.* By CHARLES M'INTOSH.—BLACKWOOD and SONS.

THE great experience and information of Mr. M'Intosh enable him to do the most ample justice to his subject. The style is concise and simple, while the illustrations are so admirably executed that any lady or gentlemen may easily obtain a sufficient amount of information to be able to form landscape designs. When

the *Encyclopædia of Gardening* was published by Loudon, some thirty years ago, a great improvement was apparent throughout the country, and we have no doubt that equally beneficial results will follow the appearance of this highly finished class book, which, when completed, we have no doubt will form a national exhibition of industry and skill. The author, as will be inferred from his name, is a native of Scotland, where every branch of Horticulture is prosecuted with energy and success. For nearly thirty years the author has been in charge of the gardens of the King of the Belgians at Brussels, and latterly of the Duke of Buccleuch. In modern times the people among whom gardening has most flourished are the Dutch, the French, and the English. The styles of the two former very much resemble each other, and are both characterised by a highly-artificial symmetry and by an abundance of minute decoration. The English, or natural style, cannot be said to have been completely established even in this country until about the commencement of the last century. It has since found many admirers in every civilised nation, and among ourselves no one has, in recent times at least, ventured to express a doubt of the correctness of the principles on which it is founded. In largely conforming to nature, it is very far from excluding the resources of an elaborate art, or the inevitable accompaniment of a vast pecuniary outlay. On the contrary, it can only be adopted with full effect when spread over a wide extent of surface, and carried out with an amount of skill and care which a princely fortune can alone command. The gardens and parks which surround the great mansions of England may be regarded as forming one combined system of cultivation, which must, on the one hand, supply, by means of its more artificial operations, all the deficiencies of our stinted sunshine and fickle skies; and must on the other hand, open with a lavish magnificence the undulating and richly-wooded earth to the play of the wild free winds.

The present volume comprises only the "structural" portion of Mr. M'Intosh's book, or, in other words, it treats merely of the "formation and arrangement" of gardens of every kind. The second volume, which will form the "practical" division of the work, will be devoted to the culture and management of the gardens which we are here taught to construct.

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*An Abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries, intended for the use of Young Persons, in a Series of Letters from a Father to his Daughter.* By the late Sir J. EARDLEY WILMER, Bart., &c. &c. A new edition, corrected, &c., by his Son, Sir J. EARDLEY WILMER, Bart., Recorder of Warwick.—London: LONGMAN and Co., 1853.

An attempt is here made to convey a clear and defined notion of the leading principles of the laws of England, not only to the minds of general readers, but also to those of young persons. Such a work, if well executed, must be highly prized, and should be in the hands of every one who desires a general acquaintance with this very important subject, without intending to study the subject professionally. Both the author and the present editor have executed their task in the most commendable manner; and while the work is one of real value for the knowledge it affords, it is wholly free from those technicalities which might deter many from entering on the subject of it. It is moreover written in an elegant style, and the various recent alterations effected in the different departments of our legal code are carefully and accurately noted. None can peruse this little work without profit, and to the majority of readers it will also prove highly interesting.

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*The Fall of the Roman Republic.* By C. MERIVALE, B.D.—LONGMANS. MR. MERIVALE has conferred a great boon, not only upon younger students, but also upon the general class of readers, by this little volume. The introduction to the author's larger work on the History of the Roman Empire, contains in detail the annals of the period preceding the battle of Actium, the present work gives a condensed history of one of the most interesting centuries of Roman history, namely, that in which liberty perished and the Republic crumbled away. The reader will trace in these pages how Roman ambition and lust of conquest became gradually more unscrupulous; how the corruption of private and public morality kept pace with one another; how the deadly and fatal disease spread through the constitution, and at length tyranny was established on the ruins of liberty just at the moment when Rome became totally unfit for the enjoyment of freedom. We are glad to see that Mr. Merivale has consulted in this work the striking and spirited lectures and studies of the French historians, Darny and Prosper Mérimée.

*Cyrella.* By the BARONESS TANTPHOSUS. London: BENTLEY.

*CYRELLA* will be welcomed by all who appreciated the minute fidelity of passion painting exhibited in the "Initials." Its truthfulness to German life will strike every one to whom German life is known, whilst the progress of good and evil passions is depicted with almost painful minuteness, until the whole work reminds us of a model elaborated in mosaic, or a drawing worked out by a thousand imperceptible lines and touches. It is the country life of Germany which we have before us—that life in which the real feelings of a nation develop themselves, and where the peculiarities of race, custom and habits, are not toned down by fashion, but allowed free space for action without fear of the censor of fashionable life. The leading characters in the tale are drawn with force and the incidents natural. The conclusion of the sad story makes the reader acquainted with the peculiarities of Bavarian criminal law, and reads like a new chapter from Fenerbach's valuable work. It is of the nature of such a work to be almost incapable of being illustrated, with any prospect of doing justice to its merits, by extracts. It must be read as a whole and studied as an entire subject to be appreciated.

**PAMPHLETS.** We have received the following Pamphlets, of which we proceed to give brief notice—*The Chemistry of Gold* is a good shilling's worth of information respecting the natural history and geological distribution of that precious metal, it is intended especially for those who are going to the diggings, and will form an useful addition to an emigrant's library. To this category of works belong also an abstract of the Passengers' Act of 1852, by J. T. Judge, and a short account of the four colonies of Australia, in the sixpenny series, entitled the New Library of Useful Knowledge.—*Elements of Taxation* is a useful compendium of statistical documents, including an abstract of the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee on the Property and Income Tax, and an analysis of the financial accounts of the United Kingdom during the year 1851.—*Judgment before Trial* is a remonstrance addressed to the committee appointed to inquire into the abuses in Life Assurance; we do not think that it will deter the committee from the fearless discharge of its important duties.—*The Bridges of London* proves a point which few people doubt—namely, that in the present state of the traffic and the population more bridges are desirable.—*A Letter to Lord Cranworth on the Ecclesiastical Courts* is out of the pale of criticism, because it is printed only for private circulation, but it is well worthy of the learned author, Archibald J. Stephens.—*The Sabbath made for Man*, by J. R. Butlin, is a defence of the Crystal Palace with which it is impossible for us to agree.—*American and English Oppression* is a defence of America on the trite question of slavery, partly based on the existence of such outrageous cases of oppression in England as taxes on omnibuses and quack medicines.—*A Lecture on Paper*, by R. Herring, is a plain and interesting account of the invention and manufacture of this useful article, delivered before the Islington Literary and Scientific Institute.—*Strictures on the New Government Measure of Education*, by E. Baines, is an enumeration of grievances objected to by sects of individuals, which must be submitted to for the good of the community.—*The Life and Adventures of Sir J. Brooke* will be read with interest even by those who disapprove of his policy.—*The West India Colonies, by a Land-owner*, is a benevolent endeavour to enlist the energies of the philanthropist in the improvement of the emancipated population, by giving an impartial statement of their position.—*The History and Manufacture of Boots and Shoes*, by J. Sparkes Hall, is a curious and interesting lecture delivered on the subject, at the request of the Council of the Society of Arts.

**CHEAP LITERATURE.**—The contributions to the shilling and eighteenpenny literature of the day are very numerous. The 94th and 96th numbers of *The Parlour Library* contains a tale of olden times in England, from the prolific pen of Mr. G. P. R. James, entitled *Arrah Neil*, and *Time the Avenger*, by the author of "Emilia Wyndham."—N. P. Willis gives us *A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean*. The subject is trite, and the ground has been very often traversed before. Nevertheless, there is sufficient novelty and freshness to render the volume readable, and it would have been still more agreeable were it not for occasional examples of conceit and affectation.—Captain Bourne's account of his captivity amongst the gigantic population of Patagonia, introduces the reader to these savages in a manner which, so far as we know, has never been attempted before. It is full of wild adventure, and concludes with the sad tale of the devoted Captain Gardener's ill-fated mission.—*Lord Campbell's Life of Lord Bacon*, in Murray's "Railway Reading," is too well known, and too highly appreciated to need any recommendation.

from us.—Miss Catherine Sinclair gives us one of her instructive and amusing boy's books in *Frank Vansittart, or the Model Schoolboys*; and Numbers 40 and 41 of Longman's "Traveller's Library" contains Macaulay's *Essays on Lord Byron, and on the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, and a Life of Marshal Turenne*, by Rev. T. S. Cockayne, one of the Masters of King's College School, who is well known as the writer of some useful little works, and also as a contributor to the Transactions of the Philosophical Society. The former is a brilliant piece of literary criticism, the latter is the biography of one whose exploits shed a lustre over one of the most interesting periods of European History.—Count Kasinski has reprinted an article which appeared in the British and Foreign Review, entitled *Montenegro, or the Slavonians of Turkey*. The struggles which have lately taken place between the Montenegrins and the Porte, will naturally give a new interest to the subject, and so little is known to general readers respecting the Slavonic populations of the Ottoman Empire, although they constitute the great majority of the inhabitants of European Turkey, that we believe this little work will prove very acceptable and well-timed.—*Mazzini, judged by Himself and by his Countrymen*, is a translation from a French work by Jules de Bréval. It proves, notwithstanding the noise which this so called patriot, or social reformer, has made in the world, his writings are nothing better than wordy trash, his whole career an attempt to sacrifice his country to his own mad and selfish ambition, and himself deserving to be called the scourge of Italy.—*The Law of Duty* is one of the numerous brief biographical sketches of the Duke of Wellington which have been delivered in the form of Lectures at different Literary Societies. The present one, as its title implies, proposes to itself the task of illustrating, by the example of so great a man, a specific moral law. It was delivered on three several occasions by the author, the Rev. C. E. Kennaway, M.A., and is published at the request of the inhabitants of Romney. The profits of the work are to be devoted to the Wellington Testimonial. It is evidently the work of a scholar and an eloquent writer.—*Osbert of Aldgate* is one of a shilling series, entitled "London City Tales," and is written by Miss E. M. Stewart. The hero is a young goldsmith, of course, as all ladies heroes must be, "a perfect type of the most perfect form of manly beauty." His dress most exquisitely becoming; and the heroine has a transparent skin, tranquil azure eyes, bright golden hair, a fair throat, a spiritual expression, and is attired in a manner fit for a Lady Mayoress's state ball. We have no doubt the tale will be pronounced a "perfect darling" by the young ladies of the City of London.—*Money* is a shrewd vulgar book, which seems to assume that getting rich is the most honourable of all occupations, and "calculating" the end and object of man's existence. It is little more than a reprint of an American book, almost entirely relating to the state of commercial affairs, and we cannot see of what practical utility it can possibly be to Englishmen. Sad is the picture which it presents of human nature, and still sadder that of the recklessness and unprincipled dishonesty of American commerce. It is stated that in Cincinnati, out of 400 business men, only five remained after twenty years, the rest had either failed or died of intemperance, delirium tremens, or suicide. In Philadelphia ninety-nine out of 100 merchants fail in twenty-five years. Out of 1,000 accounts opened with the Massachusetts' bank, only six remained after forty years, the rest all failed or died destitute. The average of dividends paid on bankrupts' estates in Michigan and Iowa was  $\frac{1}{4}$  cents. in 100 dollars, or 1—40,000 per cent.; in East Virginia, South Alabama, Washington, and amongst the drab men of Pennsylvania, absolutely nothing!!!—*The Domestic Medical and Surgical Guide*, by Jabez Hogg, is written at the request of Mrs. Chisholm. It seems carelessly and hastily put together, is ill-arranged, and sadly wants an index. It contains, however, information which will be useful to emigrants, for whom it is principally intended.—The people's edition of *Sir A. Alison's History of Europe* is indeed a boon. The first number contains 112 pages, closely but clearly printed in columns, for one shilling. This valuable work, therefore, may now be procured for a gradual outlay of £2 4s.—We were never admirers of the earlier novels of Sir E. L. Bulwer, notwithstanding their talent and ability; nor do we think that any good will be done, either morally or intellectually, by their publication, although they will doubtless prove a successful bookseller's speculation. The present number contains *Calderon, the Courtier*; and *Leila, or the Siege of Granada*. There is nothing objectionable in these, but they are written in a strain of high-flown romance, almost as absurd as that of "Zanoni." At any rate the public will be able to contrast them with the sound sense and accurate knowledge of human nature which distinguishes the two last works of the author—namely, *The Caxton's*, and *My Novel*.

THE  
BRITISH JOURNAL:

A  
HOME, COLONIAL, AND GENERAL  
MAGAZINE.

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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1853.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:  
JOHN MORTIMER, PUBLISHER, 141, STRAND.

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## SOCIAL OUTCASTS.

### No. I.

THE progress of society would afford little ground for exultation if it did not include the progress of humanity. The spectacle of a people advancing in the physical arts and comforts of life, yet regarding with apathetic indifference the condition of its most unfortunate classes, would be far from pleasing. Our responsibilities extend with our opportunities of good, and hence we of this nineteenth century are under deeper obligations to redress, as we best may, social wrongs, and to cure social ills, than the people of any preceding age.

In the preface to Mr. Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," he notices a speech made on capital punishments in the House of Commons in 1777. The speaker instanced the case of a poor woman, who was reduced to great distress by her husband being carried off to sea by a press-gang. In the extremity of want, she endeavoured to take some trifling article from the counter of a shopkeeper on Ludgate-hill. When apprehended, she pleaded distress as her excuse, but under the severe law then existing, she was sentenced to be hung, and was carried to the gallows in a state of distraction, with an infant sucking at her breast.

No one, at the present day, can read this simple statement without a feeling of the strongest pity for the woman,—of the strongest indignation against the system which murdered her,—yet probably the Commons' House of 1777, listened to the detail with a cold ear, and thought that the law which adjudged death to shoplifting, was as just as that which decreed that men should be torn from their families (left destitute by their deprivation) for the service of the State. Perhaps they were not far wrong.

Let us not fall into the error of judging one age by the standard of another. That quaint old philosopher, Mr. Hobbes, has somewhere a saying, that we can see ourselves in other people's faces better than in our own, meaning, we suppose, that Mr. Smith can very plainly perceive a mote in the eye of Mr. Brown, though quite ignorant that there happens to be a beam in the eye of himself, Mr. Smith. How barbarous were those laws which sent Mary

Jones to the gallows ! Very true ; but are there no barbarous laws remaining ? We have scoured one side of the platter ; shall we suffer the other to remain with its incrustated filth ?

Could we really believe that we were all one flesh and blood,—subject to the same temptations and the same frailties,—surely we should be less harsh in our judgment of backsliding and even of crime. It was only under the guise of Lear's madness, that Shakespeare ventured to proclaim some great human truths :—

“ Take physic pomp.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Thou rascal beadle hold thy bloody hand.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear,  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.”

My Lord Ophir, lapped in luxury from his cradle, marvels at the depravity of the thief who picks his pocket, without ever reflecting that, placed in the thief's circumstances, reared in the same school, surrounded by the same associates, pressed by the same necessities, he might have committed the same act. In truth, we become so habituated to things as they are—so accustomed to regard them as natural and right—that when laws condemn wretches to death for stealing a ribbon from a counter, or plucking a bunch of hops from a plantation, it requires a great effort to convince us that such laws are radically vicious ; and the reformer must expect to encounter all manner of objections from the respectable plausibility which maintains that

“ Whatever is, is right.”

Hence the difficulties that stand in the way of all reformatory discipline. It is easier to hang a thief, or whip him, than to counteract his bad propensities, develop what is good in him, and send him forth an improved member of society : so let him be hanged or whipped. The hanging has some obvious advantages, for then the thief can give us no further trouble. The only expense after his conviction is for a rope. But the public will no longer tolerate this summary mode of disposing of him. We cannot, like our forefathers, think petty larceny justly punishable with death. We imprison the rogue instead of hanging him. We have made some progress in humane legislation, but have we gone far enough ?

It is not sufficient to brand the commission of crime with shame—this is freely admitted—we must stamp it with terror. We must oppose what penal influences we can to temptation, and restrain by fear the criminality which can be restrained no otherwise. But in our zeal for punishment we must not lose sight of mercy. If the safety of society and the deterring from wrong are to be the only considerations, why not restore the code of Draco ? Theft, to take the com-



monest class of crime, is rarely committed for the mere pleasure of thieving. It cannot be followed as an agreeable pursuit. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we can distinctly trace the offence to the vicious propensities of the culprit, commonly arising from lack of moral training, or to the circumstances in which he is placed almost forcing him to steal as a means of subsistence. Shall we then mercilessly punish him for his propensities or his position? Either way he is unfortunate, and more worthy of pity than of vengeance. It is not easy to say how he should be dealt with, but this is the way we deal with him:—

Sam Prig never knew a father. His wretched mother lived in a cellar in one of the poorest streets of Manchester, just managing to escape starvation by selling pipeclay. Sam was a lively child, and, turned into the streets to shift for himself, naturally formed acquaintance with a horde of young pickpockets—weeds, like himself, growing up in rank abundance amid the uncared-for ignorance and squalid misery of great cities. Being a bold, spirited boy, he showed the superiority of his natural gifts by beginning to thief almost as soon as he could run. Learning his alphabet of larceny in the streets, his education progressed rapidly in bad lodging-houses and jerry-shops. He graduated in gaol, where he was sent as a reward for the first displays of his proficiency. In that university of crime he found very ancient and experienced professors to complete his training, and, after regularly keeping his prison terms, he was turned out a most accomplished thief.

When eight or nine years old he was well known to the police, and, the magistrates thinking him a dangerous character, resolved to show him, by severe flogging, hard work, and low diet, that he must not exercise the profession to which he had been reared. At the end of each imprisonment he was regularly taken by the shoulders, like other juvenile delinquents, and thrust from the prison door; it being expected, we suppose, that he would find no sort of difficulty in gaining an honest subsistence, and that nothing but an innate tendency for thieving—which ought to be flogged and bread-and-watered out of him—could ever bring him into the hands of justice again. But what, in reality, was this little gaol-bird to do? Hunger is harder to bear than even stripes. “It will pierce” says the proverb, “through stone walls.” What wonder, then, that it will break panes of glass, or finds its way into tills, or penetrates the recesses of coat-pockets? Who would give him a morsel of bread, except his old associates, and, once more with them, what could he do but join them in plundering the society from which he was an outcast? When he had attained the ripe age of twelve years he had been committed eight times to the Manchester Old Bailay, and, when next brought up, was sentenced to the Borough Gaol. Here the hardened, often-imprisoned, much-flogged, little culprit

was visited by the gaol chaplain. Some kind words—the first he had ever heard—touched his heart, for it seemed he had a heart, the sullen expression of his features changed, and, when asked whether, if a place was procured for him he would endeavour to do better and strive to get an honest living, he burst into tears, and, with convulsive sobs, assured the chaplain he should never have cause to repent his kindness. This good man tried to get him into an institution for destitute children, but a large sum—£20—was required, and so much could not be raised. At the end of his term Sam was taken, as before, to the prison door and thrust into the street. Two days afterwards he was once more lodged in gaol, charged with a fresh offence. “What, Prig,” said the chaplain, “you here again?” And what, after all his sufferings, was the hardened little villain’s answer?

“He hung down his head as though unwilling to meet my eye, and, after a few moments of silence, he suddenly raised it, and looking at me *with an appealing and hopeless expression of anguish I never can forget*, he said, with an almost passionate emphasis, ‘Sir, what *could* I do?’ and then told me his tale thus:—On leaving the gaol he went directly to look for his mother in the cellar where he had left her. She was not there—gone the neighbours said, into the workhouse. Penniless and houseless, he wandered about all day and all night in the streets, and the next day, driven by hunger, he stole some bread, and was committed for the offence. He said he knew not what to do, and anything was better than his condition outside. Shortly afterwards an officer looked into his cell, one Sunday afternoon, and found him lying on his bed, which he had unrolled, contrary to orders, reading his Bible. The officer reproved him, and desired him to roll it up till the proper hour. To his surprise, the boy rose immediately, and, without a word or a look of anger or defiance—his usual answer on such occasions—quietly obeyed the order. The same officer, passing the cell not long after, looked in again, and found the unhappy boy suspended by a hammock-girth to the gas-pipe—and dead!”

Dead! He saved the police and magistrates the trouble of further committals, and the rate-payers the expense of future prosecutions. He magnanimously hung himself, gratis. In the days of poor Mary Jones he would scarcely have fared worse.

This little history may sound like fiction, but it is literally true. The main facts are on the authority of the chaplain of the Liverpool gaol, and his statement may be read at full in the admirable volume on “Juvenile Delinquents,” by Miss Carpenter. To the able and benevolent labours of this excellent lady we are chiefly indebted for the information of our article.

Let us suppose for a moment that we lived in an age when a different system prevailed; that friendless, benighted children, when

convicted of crime, were treated, not as noxious vermin—born only to be caged and scourged—but as creatures made in the likeness of God; that they were sent to reformatory institutions where, under good discipline, a new world dawned on their mind; where, instructed in their duties to God and man, and made sensible of the part they ought to play in life, they were trained to a course of humble, decent industry. Should we not, then, look back with horror to such histories as that of Sam Prig; and should we not exclaim loudly against the stupid cruelty of a time which cast children out of gaol after whipping and imprisonment, with a certain knowledge that they must surely return to be whipped and imprisoned again?

But why *must* they return? Because, some will say, they have not been punished enough. From a Mansion House police report, we gather that a boy of thirteen was charged with stealing a pair of boots. The officer was at his elbow to bear witness against him: "He has been summarily convicted three times of theft. He has been twice whipped, and once tried at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to be imprisoned for three months." This would seem to show that whipping and imprisonment did no good, and so thought Alderman Lawrence. "Neither whipping nor imprisonment seems to have any effect upon you; but," adds the worthy (though illogical) Alderman, "*I must try them both again. You must go to Bridewell for twenty-one days, and be there soundly whipped.\**" So, because a certain course of procedure has been repeatedly shown to be unavailing, we must try it again. Do we act thus in our private concerns? Do we persist in failure? Would the good alderman have dealt thus with one of his debtors? After three several insolvencies of the same man, by which each time he lost a larger and larger sum, would he calmly say, "I must try him again," and give him credit for double the sum he had ever trusted him with before?

Statistics are above plausibilities, and they give the lie to all conclusions drawn from the supposed efficacy of flogging and ironing. The chaplain of the Liverpool gaol took the names of sixty juvenile delinquents who figured on the prison register thirteen years ago, and of those sixty, not purposely selected, but taken in order of their admission, how many escaped recommittal? How many did punishment prevent from continuance in their criminal courses? Just eleven. The other forty-nine became confirmed culprits. Twelve offended so often and so desperately that they received sentence of transportation. Twelve more, after thirteen years of crime, only interrupted by floggings and imprisonment, were in gaol at that hour; and the other twenty-five had been re-

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\* "Juvenile Delinquents," p. 185.

committed, several of them frequently, and were known to be still living in criminal habits. "Now," says the chaplain, sagaciously, making his appeal to the pockets of his Mr. Mayor and Messrs. Town Council; "now, leaving out of account the cost of apprehension, and that of carrying out the sentence of transportation, when awarded, the expense of prosecution and maintenance of these in gaol, on the nearest computation I can arrive at, cannot be less than £1,123 16s. 9d." If to this sum be added the loss to society from pilferings, the total for rearing these poor wretches in a course of crime, and for continually watching, caging, and whipping them, it would amount to a very much larger sum than would have sufficed to train them as honest and accountable human beings.

In this same report there is one more fact decisive as to the inefficacy of the existing system. In the gaol were eighty adults who had commenced their criminal career as juveniles. Only four of them exceeded twenty-one years of age, yet they had in the aggregate been in custody of the police 678 times, and had been committed to gaol 539 times, being an average of seven committals for each person, and this before the age of civil responsibility had been attained. The cost of maintaining these malefactors in prison (again the good chaplain was right not to lose sight of the pocket question) had been £1,877, and in a few weeks most of these outcasts would be thrust forth to prey on society again.

These are indisputable facts; and, taken in connection with a multitude of others of a like kind, they conclusively prove that our penal system not only does not deter juvenile criminals, but does positively encourage and foster their vicious propensities; that it confirms them year by year in their evil courses, and makes it matter of certainty that the child who is once committed to prison will be recommitted, and re-recommitted, until transportation or death puts a period to his career.

How long, then, is this training for perdition to continue? The question is pressed on us just now with increasing force, as Australia refuses to be longer replenished from our gaols, and we shall soon have to deal with our criminals within our own borders. Let us continue to treat juvenile delinquency as we have done, and we shall have to build new prisons till the land is overrun with them. It is time that we should endeavour to check crime in its bud, instead of taking sure means to mature it. The results of whipping and imprisonment are before us. Unlike the worthy Alderman Lawrence, we have no mind to "try both again." Difficulties may attend the adoption of a milder, a more humane, and, looking to the circumstances of the great mass of juvenile criminals, we will venture to say a *juster* system. But we are not without beacon lights to direct our course, and what that system should be, we hope to consider in a future article.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF A SINGULAR PEOPLE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

THERE are nations in Europe about whom we English know little more than we do of the tribes of Negroland. One of these nations is the Szekely or Szeklers; and, until their name turned up, in the late Hungarian revolution, it was only an odd man, here and there, who had ever heard of their existence. And yet this is a people worthy of being known, especially at the present time, as in the event of a war between Turkey and Russia, or between the former power and Austria, this people, small though their numbers, and but little known as they are, would form an important element in the contest. If such a war do take place, it is not unlikely that in the valour and spirit of the Szekler nation the Turks may find their firmest *point d'appui*.

Szeklerland is but a small spot upon the great map of the world—a “corner” among the Carpathian mountains. Four *comitats*, about as big as the average size of English counties, constitute the country of the Szeklers. These *comitats* are in Transylvania—at its eastern end. The main range of the Crapak (Carpathians) divides Szeklerland from the province of Moldavia. A few difficult passes alone enable you to enter it from that side. Spurs of the same mountains traverse the four counties, and one of them is completely mountain-locked, forming a sort of natural amphitheatre. Several peaks, like great watch-towers, look over the land. Some of these lead the eye thousands of feet up into the heavens; and for three parts of the year carry snow. In June and July the sun often glances upon their snow-covered summits, although the latitude is only 46°—47°.

The country of the Szeklers is, therefore, a mountain-land, though far from being barren. Extensive tracts of “foot-hills” (*pied-mont*), lie along the foots of the mountain ranges, and broad valleys skirt the streams that, rising in the Carpathians, take their course to the yellow Theiss and the Danube. These foot-hills and river valleys are fertile. The maize plant flourishes, and the smaller *cerealia*—wheat, barley, and oats—yield in abundance.—Melons are cultivated—the common potato, and the tobacco-plant, with hemp and flax. The finest timber is produced—the oak upon the hills, and the *coniferae*—pines, firs, and larches—upon the sides of the mountains. The domestic animals thrive well. The horses, both native and imported breeds, are celebrated throughout Eastern Europe. Sheep are numerous; and the beautiful black variety known as “Wallachians” is found upon the pastures of Szekler-



land. The wild boar ranges through the hills, the great brown bear makes his lair in the wooded mountains, and the Alpine chamois bounds along their high cliffs. The region is rich in minerals. Copper and iron mines are extensively worked. Gold and silver are crushed from the quartzose rocks of the Carpathians. Mineral springs of many kinds abound; and the salt is quarried in huge cubic masses from the solid rock. Such is the *Szeklerland*.

Upon this land dwell the Szekler people, in all 500,000 souls. They are the ancient *Siculi* beyond a doubt—that is, their descendants. They call themselves *Szekely*, the Romans called them *Siculi*. The orthoepy is almost the same, the orthography only is different. They speak the Magyar language, their philologists say, purer than the Magyars themselves, but there is not much difference in the dialects. Both people are from the same stock; but whence came both? Their history does not clearly tell us. It states that they are Tartars, of the race of Atilla and his Huns, and that they came from the East—from Asia. The Magyars came last, and found the Szekely already settled in their present home in Transylvania. This part of their history is but *tradition*, and among themselves does not obtain universal credit. It is still a “question” of the ethnologist. It may yet be settled in a satisfactory manner. A singular man has arisen among the Szekely. They have, in proportion to their numbers, produced many singular men—great men, with but a limited sphere for the display of greatness. Berzenczy, a Szekler gentleman, a distinguished member of the Transylvanian Parliament, and later a Colonel in the patriot army, has devoted many years of his life to the study of ethnology, with a view to the solution of this very question. Inheriting a fortune, he has spared neither pains nor expense in the prosecution of his interesting study. His researches were interrupted by the late revolution; and, among others, he became a refugee, his estates being confiscated. This has not damped his ardour in the pursuit of his favourite idea. As a homeless refugee he has continued it, and the importance of his object may be gleaned from the fact that the United States Government, by the advice of the late Daniel Webster, gave him a *carte blanche* to travel in its ships around the world. Since then he has been to India and China, and has collected many facts, that when brought to light will upset many of the *traditions* of early history. He will one day give them to the world, but not until he can support them with ample proofs.

He can prove the Szekelys to be the descendants of the ancient *Siculi*. Even in their old forms of legal administration they are so named. The “Theiss” is the “yellow Tanais” of Virgil and the Romans. The Szekely did not come from the East, but are *indigenous* in Transylvania. They are not colonists’ conquerors, or

*émigrés* in Europe, but an original race, older in history than either Slave or Saxon. Berzenczy does not believe in migrations from the East ; but on the contrary, that the current of migration was *eastward*. Indeed there is the colour of far greater probability in this view. That countless hordes of people could originate upon half desert plains, and thence pour themselves in conquering hosts over the neighbouring world, is contrary to common sense. Such a phenomenon does not exist in the present day. It is not found either on the steppes of Asia, the prairies of North America, nor the llanos and pampas of the South. The very opposite is the modern law of procreation and conquest.

But our Szekler ethnologist has collected proofs, that so far from his countrymen being a branch of the Tartar stock, they are in reality its originals ; that the east of Europe is not a circumference of Tartar migration, but its centre.

These are truths that will be of high interest to the learned. But Mr. Berzenczy has discovered other facts, that, when made known and substantiated, will no doubt prove of startling interest to the world of Christianity. The men who are now striving to overthrow the effete and wretched despotism of the Chinese empire *are Christians—are Protestants !* They are of the Magyar, or Szekler race, and originally migrated from Europe. He can prove, moreover, that the Bhuddist religion is in reality the Christian, in one of its purest and most Protestant forms, divested of those absurd ceremonies which have been introduced into it by the ambitious hierarchy of Western Europe. Further, that the Bhuddist religion originated in the west, and that even now the nomenclature of its simple ceremonies is in reality the same, or synonymous with, that of our own faith. These are striking truths, if they be truths. It is to be hoped Mr. Berzenczy will ere long establish them as such.

The Szeklers are a dark-haired race, the hair oftener dark brown than black. The whisker, however, is pure black. Their eyes are usually bluish-grey, sometimes with that obliquity that distinguishes the Tartar race. Their features are finely cut, and regular ; and their forms are medium size, well knit and capable of great action. The women are beautiful and virtuous, distinguished by those traits that characterize the faithful wife and the fond mother. The men are handsome beyond what is common. Their figures are fine, and their faces full of expression. They resemble the Magyars so much that you cannot distinguish them from each other. Like the latter, all, both rich and poor, wear the moustache. Vanity, which in other countries prompts many persons to the cultivation of this appendage, has nothing to do with the fashion among the Szeklers ; it is simply a habit to which both they and the Magyars have always been accustomed. That it is

not a vanity on the part of the Szeklers is evident from their mode of dressing. In this they observe the greatest simplicity ; a dandy is a rarity among them. They are even ultra-careless in dress, and on this account are often subjected to raillery by the more elegant Magyars of the great cities. They are, altogether, a people of simple tastes and habits—in other words, an *uncorrupted* race. They are far from being perfect, of course, but I hold them to be as near perfection, both physically and morally, as any other people upon the face of the earth. Perhaps this eulogy is not high enough ; perhaps they are a *finer* race than any now existing.

The Szeklers exhibit in their minds and persons the effects of freedom. As far as their history extends back they have been a democratic people, even more so than the Magyars—for the latter had among them an aristocracy of magnates, a second class of lesser nobles, and a peasant people. On the contrary, the Szeklers were all equal, both in law and reality.

In all countries yet known the ideas “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity” have been more a boast than a real existence. They have no place in the boasted freedom of western Europe, nor even in America, with its three millions of negro bondsmen. In one little corner of the earth alone has true liberty resisted the encroachments of despotism—in the land of the Szeklers. I make bold to affirm that, up to a late period, when the Austrian Government filched from it its constitution, there existed in that little State a greater amount of political liberty and equality than in any country on the face of the globe. In later times the House of Hapsburgh, by every vile means, made encroachments upon their free constitution, and, to stay the progress of these, was the cause of the late Magyar-Szekler war. Alas ! its liberty is now crushed ; its constitution is torn ; its rights are trodden beneath the iron heel of the Austrian trooper !

The Szeklers have never been a warlike people ; I mean, a people desirous of war, or ambitious of its red glories. They have always been the advocates of peace, and the assiduous cultivators of its arts. Their well-tilled fields and well-built houses—the splendid roads that in all directions cross their country—the signs of intelligent industry and respectable prosperity that greet the traveller at every turn, prove the correctness of this assertion. Yet are these same Szeklers a most warlike people when war is no longer to be avoided. They gave ample proofs of this in their late struggle for liberty. During that period they fought fights that, for intelligence, strategy, and wild valour on their part, have but few parallels in the history of war. The details have yet to be written. When that is done, the story of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans will lose half of its interest.

Gal Sandor, one of their bravest men, became their chief leader.

This young general, at the beginning of the war, was commissioned by the Hungarian Government to organise the Szekler army, aided by Berzenczy. He summoned the people to an assembly on the day following. Thirty thousand men came to the ground, and so enthusiastic were these hitherto pacific people for the defence of their liberties, that the whole mass, with scarcely an exception, not only enrolled themselves as volunteers upon the spot, but *actually took the field without returning to their homes!* Nine-tenths of them were without arms, other than their peaceful implements of agriculture, the pitchfork and the scythe, yet did not their brave leader despair. With unparalleled energy and courage he led them against an enemy twice their numbers and well appointed, and after a short campaign succeeded in driving this enemy beyond the frontier. The enemy reinforced returned again, and was repeatedly beaten by the unarmed but heroic Szeklers, led by their brave chief. The history of the Transylvanian war is not yet written. Although sufficiently grand and sanguinary in its character, it has been overshadowed by the still more extensive operations in Hungary. When its details become known to the world, the name of Gal Sandor will take rank with the most illustrious military leaders.

Bem was Commander-in-Chief in Transylvania, and it was by co-operating with the Szekler army that he accomplished the grand feats of his campaign. But Bem was lavish of the Szekler's blood. The Pole was a brave leader in the field, and the best artillery officer in Europe. His friends, and I am one, can say no more in his favour. He was a rash strategist, a headlong swordsman. Three times, under his guidance, was the Szekler army cut to pieces; and three times did Gal Sandor, by his prudence, save its remnants; and by his enthusiastic energy, restore and recruit it from the Szekler land. In the last days of the struggle, when surrounded by Russians, Austrians, Wallacks, and Saxons, that numbered ten to his one, this heroic chief would not surrender, but led the remains of his gallant army by a most remarkable retreat through the mountain passes, down into the plains of Hungary, and delivered it safely into the hands of his superior chief, General Kasinczy. Kasinczy, following the example of Görgey, proposed surrendering to the Russians. Gal Sandor would not listen to the proposal. Kasinczy surrendered, and for his pains was shot at Arad a few days after. Gal Sandor took with him 2,000 of his faithful followers, who, scattering themselves among the mountains, continued to elude the pursuit of the enemy. After ten months of perilous adventures, the Szekler hero, Gal Sandor, escaped by Hamburg to London, having saved the military honour of himself and his brave countrymen.

## N A P O L E O N   I I I.

BY NICOLO PICENNA.

No. I.

To give a correct idea of the character and position of the present Emperor of the French, I cannot do better than jot down a few anecdotes derived from authentic sources, and some observations of my own personal experience ; and I shall do so as they occur to me, without attempting his biography.

The Emperor, from his earliest infancy, proved the truth of the poet's axiom, "the child is father of the man." One day, when he was quite a child, it was proposed to get up a family *fête* in honour of his mother, the Queen Hortense ; and, to take her by surprise, it was resolved by the concocters that nothing should be said to her about it. The young Prince was entrusted with a share in the preparation of it. Secrecy must be observed in a conspiracy, even for a *fête* ; but the attempt to preserve secrecy in a family attracts attention. Queen Hortense "remarked something extraordinary in the movements of her child, and was anxious to know what it meant. She interrogated him, coaxed him, ordered him, menaced him ; but, notwithstanding his extreme youth, he did not betray the secret. She resolved to punish him, he cried, but spoke not. The *fete* took place, and the Queen then understood the mystery he had observed. Her Majesty was pained at having punished him, and it was from that day that she commenced to call him by the name which has since become famous—"her dear, obstinate fellow."

Charity, in a ripe age, and in an exalted position, may be a matter of calculation. But, when it is born in the heart, there is nothing which resembles calculation in it. The Prince Louis early revealed this noble quality. In his infancy there was only one sort of punishment which he really dreaded, and that was the privation of the money and the presents which he was accustomed to give away. His playthings never remained long in his possession ; they were bestowed on his companions. One day he was missed in a walk in the country, and when he was found, he was without jacket, cap, or shoes—he had given them to some passing beggars. And yet to this desire to give everything, he united one which seemed the contradiction of it—that of possessing everything. Whilst he was scarce out of his nurse's arms, his bad humour used to be instantly appeased, by his being shown the objects that surrounded him and being told that they were all his. We leave to those who have reflected on the mysteries of the human heart the task of explaining how extreme generosity can be reconciled with the desire of universal acquisition. But let us not forget that nature is often wonderfully wise in her apparent contradictions.



Everybody knows the following anecdote of the Prince. In the month of May, 1815, the Emperor, Napoleon I., after his return from the Isle of Elba, was preparing for the desperate expedition, which was destined to end, at its very commencement, in the field of Waterloo. Seated one day in his cabinet, irritated and full of anxiety, he heard a noise near his chair; and turning round he perceived the Prince Louis, who was weeping. The child who was then only seven years of age, had heard that the Emperor was going to the wars, and he entreated him, with a gravity and firmness beyond his years, to take him with him. Marshal Soult entered at the moment, and Napoleon, who was much moved, said: "Marshal, embrace this child—he will, perhaps, be some day the honour of my race!"

After the battle of Waterloo, the Queen Hortense, being about to receive a visit from the Emperor Alexander of Russia, told her two children that they must be on their best behaviour, as their fate depended on the visitor. This recommendation produced a contrary effect on the two young princes. The elder, the Prince Napoleon Louis, who died in 1831, went slyly up to Alexander, and without speaking, stared earnestly at him, and then slipped a ring into his hand, after which he took to flight. The younger, the Prince Charles Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor, remained close to his mother in spite of all that was said to him, and in his bearing manifested sorrow and anger rather than submission and fear.

A circumstance, of which the signification cannot fail to be remarked, is, that the present Emperor of the French has preserved the affection of all the persons, without exception, who have approached him in any of the varied and stormy adventures of his career. When he was a prisoner at Ham, after the expedition to Boulogne, it was necessary to change the garrison of the fortress, so attached to him did all the soldiers become. At that time, more than one offered, at the peril of his life, to aid him in escaping. If the Prince was informed that in the neighbouring villages a sick person was in want of relief, a poor woman in childbed, or a family in distress, he charged one of the men of the garrison to be the messenger of his charity. At times he was forbidden to communicate with his keepers; and then he was accustomed to throw pieces of money over the wall to the soldiers, and they knew what particular case they were desired to relieve. It has even happened that, being without money, he has thrown an article of dress, or some other object which could be readily sold, to the soldiers; and they always carried the proceeds to distressed persons. It is such facts as these, joined to constant and unchangeable affability, that have won so many hearts to the Prince.

The government of Louis Philippe placed a special commissary of police in the fortress of Ham; and he was carefully chosen

from amongst the surest and most devoted functionaries of that class. But he had not been long in his post, before the Prince Louis counted him amongst his most faithful and zealous agents. It was this commissary, who has since been removed to Paris, that was charged, in the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, with the perilous and difficult mission of arresting General Changarnier.

It is well known that the Prince Louis, amidst all his bad fortune, never ceased to manifest the most imperturbable confidence in his destiny. When he was abroad, he followed day by day the events of France; and he noted down the names of the persons to whom he intended to grant recompenses. In the fortress of Ham he spoke constantly of what he would do, when he should be in the Palace of the Tuileries. In this respect his confidence was so complete, that he communicated it to those who surrounded him; and amongst them it was no rare thing to say, "Monseigneur, when you are at the Tuileries, will you allow me to address Your Highness as I do now?" Amongst the present dignitaries of the Church of France is a prelate who at that time was *curé* of Ham, and to whom he declared on a thousand occasions "that everything was preparing the restoration of the Empire and that his accession to the throne was infallible."

In the prison of Ham, the Prince received the visit of an agent of the State of Nicaragua, who in the name of that State proposed to him the presidency of the Republic. The Prince rejected the offer, as he had rejected propositions of a similar kind relative to Poland and Portugal—saying that "he owed himself entirely to the people and the destinies of France."

Nothing is so strange as the blindness which the statesmen of France displayed from the 2nd December, 1848, the day of Louis Napoleon's election to the Presidency of the Republic, up to the 2nd December, 1851, the day of the *coup d'état*. All these men seemed to have come to a resolution to deceive themselves as to the intelligence, force of character, and profound ability of the Prince. It was in vain that he had composed works, all of which displayed deep study and lofty talent; in vain that he had inspired men with extraordinary and fanatical devotedness; they obstinately persisted in seeing in him only the thick-brained Numa of a very cunning and very deceitful Egeria—nay, a mere puppet of which some clever man pulled the strings. The illusion went so far as this:—After the election of the 10th December, 1848, a message of the new President to the Assembly was considered necessary, and the Ministry prepared to draw it up. But at the next Cabinet Council the Prince President pulled out a short message entirely of his own composition. The Ministers were annoyed, and displayed their displeasure in their looks; but entertaining the insulting doubt that

he was not really the author of it, they resolved to put the doubt to the proof. They accordingly proposed in one of the paragraphs a material alteration; but the Prince President took a pen, and without any difficulty brought it in with great literary art, so as to agree with the rest of the performance. The fact was talked about with astonishment, and grave statesmen wondered greatly that the Prince should compose his own works.

Notwithstanding this discovery, the great men of France still persisted in seeing in the Prince President only a sort of moral phenomenon, whose life was an intellectual slumber, here and there interrupted by inexplicable acts. The Prince, however, has proved that, if he slept, he at least knew how to awaken in time to surprise his adversaries.

Those who are opposed to the present *régime*, and in the middle classes the number is great, pretend that the Emperor of the French takes no account either of the merits, the virtues, or the vices of men; that he only sees in them the instruments of his ambition. But it is to be observed that the Emperor, in the course of his stormy life, has had the saddest experience of men. He has met with some faithful companions, but has never encountered a statesman who could divine him, or could even believe in the possibility of a return to the Imperial *régime*. Louis Napoleon has never had in the press of France a single organ which he has not purchased with ready money; never had in the middle class an offer or an assurance of support which he has not paid for by immediate sacrifices, and by promises for the future. One single class has alone been to him enthusiastic and confiding; and that class is the peasantry. Who does not know that in France, where revolutions so often make men the playthings of events—there is at least in official regions no certain principle, no fixed ideas, no assured morality, no firm and independent character? But after all, the Emperor's power does not lie in those whom he makes his instruments; it is entirely in the immense mass of the peasantry, who know nothing of what takes place, who are unchangeable, who care not for liberty, who desire order—that is to say, judicial and administrative regularity; and who have no other occupation for their leisure than to talk of military glory. The deep, devoted, passionate attachment of the peasants to the Emperor may be judged of by this fact:—After the grand election which confirmed the *coup d'état*, a peasant, marching to the voting place at the head of all his village, with an immense flag, on which was inscribed “Oui! Vive Napoleon!” was asked, “Why he liked Louis Napoleon? What the Prince had done for him?” and he answered, “Know, sir, that I had nine uncles; and that all of them, as well as my father, died for the Emperor!”

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\* The author is a Frenchman.—[ED.]

The Emperor, in private, is not much of a talker. He questions, listens, seems to take everything into consideration, and leaves every person he speaks to under the conviction of having been particularly approved of by him. This is a great piece of tact in France, where everybody only talks to make himself admired. The old kings of France used to make *bon mots*; and they had in their pay clever fellows to manufacture them for them. But the Emperor has always abstained from that species of vanity. When he wishes to say what he thinks, it is in public and on solemn occasions; and then he seeks less for pretty expressions and witty terms than for grandeur, warmth and force. As an eminent writer, the Emperor has all the characteristics of the literary man. He likes to seek himself for the quotations of which he may have need; he collects and classifies them. He draws up his own speeches, copies them with his own hand, and confides to no one the task of correcting the proofs. When he is engaged in composition, he observes the most impenetrable secrecy. He is religiously disposed; but next to his worship of God is that of his uncle Napoleon I. and his mother. At home, he lives with the greatest regularity. He rises at six o'clock in the morning in summer, and at eight in winter. He first reads all the important letters addressed to him—they are indicated by a stamp or a mark agreed on between him and the persons who are most in his confidence. All other letters are opened by secretaries, and are reported on by them. All the letters which come from England, however, used to be, and I believe are still, opened by him alone. The King Louis Philippe never read the French newspapers, but had an account of their principal contents communicated to him; he, however, always carefully perused the English journals. The Emperor does exactly the same; he attaches an extreme importance to all that is written in the papers of England. Generally speaking, the Emperor, in all his private habits, is like an English gentleman. And this Anglomania, which was made a reproach against Louis Philippe, is in no respect objected to in Louis Napoleon, although it is more strongly marked in him. A Council of Ministers is generally held about twelve o'clock daily, and by that time the Emperor has read his letters, his English newspapers, given his orders to his household, breakfasted, taken a walk, and prepared the business to be deliberated on. In Council, according to his custom, he speaks little, and listens much; but sometimes he sums up the discussions, and does so with great ability and clearness. He allows no one to exercise influence over him. Since his accession to the Empire he rarely accords private audiences. He defends himself with tact against being bored with demands; and amidst his multitudinous occupations, reserves every day a certain portion of time for solitary meditation.

## PEVENSEY COURT:

A LIFE STORY.

BY WILLIAM DALTON.

## PRELUDE.

## THE STRANGER.—THE OLD HOUSE.

To me the first bright month in autumn is an important epoch in the year—its chief one. It is the annual running time, from the busy, bustling metropolitan mart—the city of the sellers and the sold, the buyers and the bought—from the huge incorporated £ s. d. to the salubrious atmosphere of a favourite marine village. This place is by no means “fashionable.” It is to be hoped it never may be, except for those who seek it alone for health and quiet.

My favourite walk, tide permitting, is along the sands, a distance of about two miles, where there is a series of steps cut out of the solid rock, probably made for the convenience of the Coast Guard. By ascending this briny staircase, and turning a little to the right, the pedestrian is brought *vis-à-vis* with a quaint little building, half inn, half farm-house, whose front looks upon the main road. At its back is a long garden, at the end of which there is a long outhouse, consisting of one room, built originally for the convenience of the neighbouring boatmen, but which now serves the double purpose of club-room and halting place for visitors from the neighbouring village. This window, is celebrated for the fine view it affords of passing vessels.

Some years since, upon a fine autumn evening, I stood at that window, meditatively gazing on the last pale rays of a deeply golden sun, which seemed to be dipping the surface of the spreading ocean before me. It was a sight that, at the time, I could compare to nothing but a huge brimming vessel of molten copper ore. Lighting a cigar, to me a certain provocative of reflection, I soon became lost to everything but that glorious sun-view and the delicious sense of freshness around. At length, however, I was aroused by the entrance of the hostess with refreshment, and then it was that I discovered myself not to be the only tenant of the room. A gentleman was seated at a side window, intently gazing in the direction of a neighbouring mansion, which was built so near as to almost overhang the cliffs. In stature he was above the usual average of even tall men, in age somewhat past the middle period of life, and of robust frame; his head was nearly bald, a deep



fringe of iron-grey hair was set on either side of a large but irregularly-shaped forehead; his features were regular and handsomely formed, but deeply bronzed as if from long residence in a warmer climate than our own; his eyes were blue, large, and well shaped, but nervously restless.

Of a communicative, nay, perhaps an inquisitive disposition, it was not long ere we became warmly engaged in conversation. The sad tones of his voice, and the deep melancholy which overshadowed his countenance, seemed typical of some hidden sin. Nay, had it been possible to forget the present, and to throw one's self into the fourteenth instead of the nineteenth century, I could have sworn him to be some penitent knight returning from the Holy Sepulchre, and on his way to a convent, or worse, a hermitage for the remainder of his life. My regret at parting with this interesting person was somewhat modified by the prospective pleasure of our next meeting, which was named for the next evening.

All the information respecting him that I could obtain from the hostess was, that he had arrived in that neighbourhood a day or two before from some foreign country; and, pointing to her own forehead, she remarked, "that, for her part, she thought him a little queer here," because each day he would seat himself and gaze for hours together upon a neighbouring mansion—the one, indeed, I had seen him looking so intently upon. The building in question, Pevensey Court, was a large, old-fashioned structure, of mixed architecture; it had a long green lawn spreading before it down to the very verge of the cliff, along the edge of which ran a long iron railing. This house had been tenanted by many generations of the Pevensey family, the last of whom, my hostess said, had died abroad. For some years the house had remained untenanted; in fact, had been but recently rescued from the cumbrous honour of old house-age (namely, being haunted), by the arrival of a new family, the head of whom some affirmed to be a retired tobacconist.

So my new acquaintance haunted this old mansion. Well, having a penchant for romance, I felt more pleased than surprised at the information; for his manner foretold his character, and he haunted my very sleep, and all the hours intervening between our leave-taking and re-meeting. Again we met at the same spot, and conversed as we strolled along the coast; but not one word of his mystery—for I had made up my mind that he had one—could I elicit, nor, perhaps, ever should, had it not been for the following circumstance.

We had been acquainted some weeks, and had many a stroll and talk together, when one evening, as we passed Pevensey

Court, I expressed a desire to obtain a better view of the house and grounds. My companion led the way through a narrow but long path, the embouchure of which was so hidden with foliage and underwood, that a stranger might have passed a thousand times without observing it. We had passed about half way up the path, when we stopped to look through an opening in the hedge. Through this aperture we had a full view of the east or front side, of the mansion. This portion of the building was different in style, and apparently of greater antiquity than the other portions, being more purely in the Gothic style. An old porch stood out from the centre, upon either side of which was a dwarf wall, surmounted with a stone figure of a griffin *couchant*. A mass of carved stone, doubtlessly intended for armorial bearings, was above the porch, but so abraded by time, and perhaps violence at some early period, as considerably to mystify the quarterings. In front of this entrance was a green sward, bounded by the hedge through which we were gazing. Some children were busily engaged on the grass plot at trap and ball. The evening was fast drawing in : a servant stood near the children, endeavouring to force them from their play. Deeply interested in their game, they were supplicating for a "little longer." At length the "little longer" came, and passed, with many a wistful look at the spot the children joined the servant.

"A joyous sight that, sir," I said, with little other purpose than that of drawing him into conversation ; for I observed tears steal into his eyes as he watched the youthful party at play.

"For some, young sir, for some ; not for all, not for me ; merriment—young, fresh, artless merriment—saddens, nay, at times, almost maddens me. It seems a something, a point in life made so much of by most ; but by me missed, or passed unheeded. "Sir," said he, grasping me by the arm, "I never knew a childhood. But you think me mad. I *am* sometimes, even but now, when I saw those children merry, happy, and upon *that* spot, the sight 'reopened half-closed wounds.'" Then, as if wishing to turn the conversation, he added, "Those children are none the less merry for playing beside that haunted chamber."

"Haunted ?"

"Aye, sir, haunted—with memories. But you think it strange that I, an apparent stranger to this country, should be so familiar with that terrible old place. Oh, had that stern-looking old masonry the power of speech, what revelations it could make. Could that old house write, what terrible real-life dramas it could give the world—or rather the outer world—for it is a world in itself. Births, marriages, deaths, christenings, nay, all life's frivolities and passions have been enacted there for many

generations past. "Look," he continued emphatically, and as he spoke a cloud passed over, a gust of wind rushed through the foliage of the tall old trees and made them bend their lofty heads; "will you not indeed think me mad, when I tell you that to my disturbed fancy the very place itself seems to recognise me, and that most frowningly too, after many years of absence?"

We passed onwards, intending to reach the sea front; for a time my strange companion, partially aroused from his abstraction, conversed freely about the neighbourhood, and at last admitted that he had passed many years of his life in that very house.

There was one path near the cliff that he seemed most anxious to avoid, even shuddering when he spoke of it. The new tenant having had the roads turned in a new direction, the alteration considerably disconcerted my guide, yet we continued to walk onwards, until reaching an opening we unexpectedly found ourselves upon a large rocky platform overhanging the sea, yet evidently a portion of the grounds appertaining to the mansion. In my surprise at the sudden change of our position, I turned to examine our exact whereabouts; but scarcely had I moved when I felt my arm grasped as if in a vice; in another moment my friend tottered and leaned heavily against me for support, his eyes exhibiting a glassy brightness, a pallor stood upon his features, his lips were livid as death.

"One moment, one moment," he uttered in thick guttural tones, "and I shall be well." Then, as if apostrophizing himself, he continued, "that cursed spot again." His sudden indisposition, however, caused us to retrace our steps, but not without a regret on my part that our intended visit should have met with a stumbling block.

"Stumbling block," he replied, laying much emphasis upon the phrase, "true, sir, that cursed spot was the stumbling block of my whole life." Then with something approaching to a smile upon his countenance, he added, "but you will indeed think me demented if I do not explain away this mystery, however it will be a life story and must be told in fragments."

True to his promise, the stranger told me his tale, but at different periods. I have endeavoured to connect the fragments in one harmonious whole.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE STRANGER'S STORY.

It was towards the close of a bright sunny day, many years ago, in the middle of June, that Pevensey Court was, perhaps, for the hundredth time again made the scene of a great act in the drama of

life. The windows were all open, and the sun shone through and about the place as if in special honour of the performance. The park gates stood wide apart, and the usually secluded and quiet lawn was crowded with country people. Near the gates was a line of carriages, the owners of which were participating in the *fete*. One in particular, a light blue travelling chariot, of the then newest and most fashionable make, with servants in new liveries and adorned with wedding favours, stood within the lawn, near the portico of the mansion. The birds were carolling and the village bells ringing a merry peal. There is a sudden movement of company beneath the portico, the steps of the carriage are let down; a young and beautiful woman is seen giving a farewell salute to a lady and gentleman of advanced years. A noble looking young man leads the lady to the carriage, happy and joyous; a very heaven of love seems to sit upon her brow, as leaning upon her husband's arm she smiles in his face. That happy smile would have been cheaply purchased by the venture of his life. As she hurries, blushing and smiling, into the vehicle, her rich satin dress rustles; it has caught in something. There is a rent; the careless footman is at fault; the husband re-adjusts the trifling accident and looks with pleasure in his wife's beautiful face. But why does he shudder as he gazes on her, so bright, so beautiful, and his own? Had that bright face been suddenly transformed into a Medusa's head he could not have started more suddenly. He had seen at least a snaky shadow in the angry flashing of her beautiful eyes at the servant's mishap. However, like lightning, the flash of anger was but instantaneous—it passed over, leaving all bright and fair as ever. How foolish the husband thought himself as he took his seat by his wife's side and endeavoured to chase the thought away. The wheels turn and the happy couple are whirled through the portico of the honeymoon into the world of matrimony. A dash of bitterness had fallen, but only upon the extreme edge of the cup. It was nothing and forgotten—at least for a time.

"It isn't *all* gold that glitters," sapiently remarked one of the bystanders to a neighbour.

"No; nor every garb of satin that encircles an angel," replied the person addressed.

The carriage of the newly-wedded pair was fast rolling out of sight; indeed it had become lost to the view of all but a lady and gentleman, both of mature age, who from an upper window were silently and thoughtfully watching the departing vehicle. The watchers were Mr. and Miss Pevensey, the then proprietors of the place, and near relatives of the bride. At last, turning the base of a hill, the carriage was lost to view. •

"May they be happy," said the lady, first breaking silence.

"My earnest prayer though great fear ; did you not observe her petulance to the footman ?" replied Mr. Pevensey.

"Pooh, pooh ! a mere trifle, brother ; the dear child was excited and annoyed—a trifle, nothing more."

"A trifle, probably, sister ; but the smallest atom of metal upon the surface is frequently the clue to the richest and deepest vein of ore beneath. However, may she indeed be happy, and we shall have the less to answer for."

"What mean you, brother. Has she not from childhood been our very idol ?"

"It is that, Maria, which I now fear may have caused our dear child to perjure at the altar's foot. She has promised to 'love, honour, and obey ;' and although he is the husband of her own choice, how can she obey who has been taught but to command ? Again, I repeat, Maria, I fear we have cultured a fiend in her bosom that may sap her whole happiness, aye, and more, destroy that of generations to come. One bad passion may spoil a race," said the old gentleman sadly.

"Pooh, pooh, brother ! Why you would hang a cloud of misery before the very porch of happiness she is now entering. We have all a something bad in us, and she is a dear passionate little thing, but no harm—no harm, brother—a little constitutional defect."

"Constitutional," echoed Mr. Pevensey, we have moulded her moral and mental constitution, sister, and we ought to have kept the dross from the pure clay."

"Well, brother, do not despond, we shall see."

"We *shall*, indeed, I fear," was the reply.

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While carrying a new love with her upon her wedding tour, the old one broke out at Pevensey Court. Symptoms appeared in every part and portion of the building in the shape of new decorations, furniture, and the numerous little presents that awaited her return. Wants she had never thought of, wishes that she had never uttered were anticipated by her fond relatives during her absence. In less than two months Captain and Mrs. Deltry took possession of their very large portion of the old mansion. For a lengthened period after their return the newly married pair appeared supremely happy. Not one material, that is popularly conceived to create happiness, did Mrs. Deltry want. In addition to mere material wealth and comfort, she was idolized by her family. The very summit of her wishes had been crowned by her marriage with a kind, affectionate, and handsome husband. Then we must suppose she had realized happiness—at least, she might have done.

Well and soundly educated, even in the accomplishments of ladies of her time, she had even forgone the practise of *mere* accomplishments



for the more solid and abstruse departments of learning and which she pursued with all the energy of a powerful and determined will. Without the taint of pedantry and ostentation that gives the true "blue" to the *pseudo* learned woman, she was brilliant and talented. Of *self-control*, the one little attribute that plays so important a part in the perfection of the human character, she knew nothing—indeed, how should she—she, whose every wish it had been almost the only object of her guardians' life to fulfil. Dignified without hauteur, learned without pedantry, and brilliant without ostentation, she seemed formed to gain the love of all around her. Active, nay restless, she had ever sought excitement—not the mad whirl of fashionable amusements, truly—but still excitement. Her engagement to Captain Deltry had caused her to set aside, at least for a time, her cherished studies, but time soon wore down the temporary excitement of new love and she again sought them. These were of a nature to be distasteful to her husband, and she wisely resolved to try the pleasures and employments of a newly married country matron. Months rolled onwards; the inaction, the tedium of her new life became insupportable, a reaction took place, a slight tinge of restlessness—dissatisfaction clouded her beautiful features. The very devotion of her husband seemed almost wearisome. The latter was the very counterpart of his wife, brave in the field, and active in his military duties, he yet loved ease at home; unambitious, nothing could ruffle his placid temper, not the slightest antagonism could Mrs. Deltry excite in him, no, not even that pleasant opposition that naturally springs out of argument on domestic affairs. The nearest approach to antagonism on his part arose out of his opinion of women's capabilities and duties in general. He but little appreciated talent, and abhorred genius in women. The sex had no business to be clever (except, of course, in household affairs). If pretty and pleasing it was all he required. They had not been long united before the wife had sounded the whole depth of his character. The consequence was she esteemed him a *little* the less; it was the first germ of sap in her love—the blight upon the plant of happy wedded life; had they been fated to live long together, the plant must have withered—died. But it was not so. The Captain's regiment was ordered to India and he joined; Mrs. Deltry's health not permitting her accompanying him, she remained at home, and the second letter she received brought sad news—he fell in the first action after his arrival at the seat of war.

This, her first real trouble, did much towards increasing the natural irritability of her temperament. Upon the most trivial occasions she would become seized with fits of the most violent passion. Servants came and left with every week; even the soothing attempts of her kind relatives seemed but to add fuel to the

flame of passion now constantly burning. Ever self-ungovernable she now forgot her womanly dignity, and when much provoked, would strike her own maid ; however, whether fortunately or not, English maid-servants hold their offices by a tenure far different from that of their darker sisters in the southern States of America, and if of country birth, sometimes prove restive beneath blows ; and so it chanced with one of Mrs. Deltry's maids. In her calmer moods Mrs. Deltry would be conscious of her fault, and by every means in her power, such as gifts and indulgences of various kinds, endeavour to make amends for her violence ; however, she happened at last to meet with one who was foolish enough to consider gifts as no equivalents for blows. This girl was the daughter of a respectable yeoman ; on one occasion she had committed some trifling fault, the mistress reprimanding her, received in reply an impudent answer, the indignant lady raised her hand—the girl, smarting from the blow, returned it. The astonishment, the horror and indignation at the positive profanity of such an act, literally convulsed Mrs. Deltry with rage—her state of health at the time being such that medical attendance was immediately sought—a severe illness followed—her life was despaired of—and . . . . Pevensey Deltry first saw the light.

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## CHAPTER II.

### PASSION STORMS.—THE SPOILT BOY.

THERE is no better antidote for the stormy temperament than a bed of sickness ; not mere local pain, for that, perhaps, adds but fuel to the fire, but utter prostration of the whole physical powers. It is then, and then only, that the storm of passion is subduable. In such a state did Mrs. Deltry lay for three months ; however, at length she exhibited signs of convalescence, and to the surprise of her friends, her first request was to be told the whereabouts of Mary, the servant, who had been, at least, the secondary cause of her severe illness. This girl, upon discovering the real danger of her mistress's position, had shown such signs of repentance, and had begged so hard to be retained in the house, that Mr. and Miss Pevensey granted her request conditionally, that she would keep from Mrs. Deltry's presence during her illness. Delighted at her mistress's request, the poor girl soon sought the sick chamber, when, to her astonishment, she was there and then reinstated in greater favour than ever. It was long before the invalid became perfectly restored to health, and Mary, during the period of recovery, had ample opportunity of practising her promised repentance ; but,

unfortunately for Mary, the nearer her mistress approached to convalescence the worse became her temper, and then the girl's resolution gave way, and a continual bickering was kept up between mistress and maid; though now neither went beyond what seemed to be a tacitly understood point. Mrs. Deltry began to admit that Mary was the best servant she had ever possessed; and Mary could not but allow, that though a little queer at times, as everybody was, her "missus" was no worse than other "missusses." Each day Mrs. Deltry seemed more and more to be developing a morbid love of antagonism; nothing could have been a greater proof than this attachment to Mary, who, and she herself knew it, was but little, if any, less irritable than her mistress. And so for years they lived together, balanced between peace and war, and so frequent became the interchange of warnings, that at last it became a difficult problem to know which had given the most.

However, to resume my story, Mrs. Deltry recovered, and it was now hoped by her friends that the possession of her boy would do something towards smoothing the rough corners of her disposition. The child grew handsome, strong, and healthy, but born as it were in a passion, he seemed ever to be fruitlessly striving to get without its circle—a kind of embodied paroxysm that was never quiet, except when suffering from sheer physical exhaustion. Even in his calm moods, his restless blue eyes, and little perpetually twitching and clutching fingers, gave one a notion of a semi-doze upon the extreme edge of a precipice. Never peevish or whining, he was either in a dead calm or a boisterous storm—and the transition from one to the other was frequent and immediate. Being intrusted to the care of Mary, that young woman would endeavour to curb the violence of his little passion; every attempt of the kind, however, when his mother was present, was strictly checked, and more especially when the infantile temper was not raised in opposition to her own, Mary was rebuked, and the mother, taking the boy in her arms, would kiss away the "pretty little passion; the dear little spirited creature should not be checked, for fear of spoiling his dear little temper." Never did mother so love her child or humour it more fondly. In the exhibition of its passions she could only see the indications of spirit, in fact, an inheritance from his father of the military fever—nay, of a very hero, and so she nearly worshipped the boy.

As the child grew older he came more immediately beneath Mrs. Deltry's notice; then it was that she put in force the "spare the rod spoil the child" maxim. Slaps, cuffs, and shakings became common, and the more frequent, to the amazement of the mother, the more repeated and outrageous grew the fits of passion. But, notwithstanding all this, the good lady was in her element, and far

happier, perhaps, than she had been for years. Antagonism was growing by her own side. It was exciting. No one had ever resisted Mrs. Deltry so much as did, day by day, that growing child ; no, not even the maid Mary. How she would laugh when the little creature dashed down the new toy, or tore in twain his new frock for being prevented indulging in some such innocent amusement as plunging his fist into a basin of boiling water, or drinking the scalding fluid from the mouth of the tea-urn.

How anxiously her aged relative, Mr. Pevensey, would watch the development of this young nature, and remonstrate with the mother, who, in reply, would demonstrate all these little exhibitions of passion as indications of a bold, manly spirit. As for the mischievous habits, he would soon grow out of them. Every other child had something to grow out of, and why, pray, should not hers ? Mrs. Deltry was not the only fond mother who held the same tenets. But did Mrs. Deltry always so humour the boy ? Yes ; except when herself, in an irritable mood, then her "spare the rod spoil the child " maxim floated uppermost, and she would correct the boy by shaking him till she had almost excited him into convulsions, being herself, for the moment, little less excited that she could not conquer his temper, but only for the moment, and then both mother and son would become loving and fond inseparables ; and so the strange pair grew downwards into time.

About the tenth year of the boy's age the proprietors of Pevensey Court died. The chief portion of their property being entailed, passed to a distant cousin, Pevensey Court, with the small property attached, and a moderate income derived from her husband, being the whole of Mrs. Deltry's fortune. About the same period two children, a boy and a girl, were left to the guardianship of this lady.

Captain Deltry had two sisters, both of whom were married to officers serving in the West Indies. The eldest, Mrs. Durrant, and her husband fell victims to the climate, leaving their only child, Elise, to the guardianship of the surviving sister, Mrs. Godfrey. Lieutenant Godfrey, with the hope of obtaining promotion, exchanged into a regiment serving in India ; he fell in the first action, also leaving an only child, Edward, who, at the time, was being educated with his cousin, under the care of his mother ; however, the latter, of a sickly constitution, and unable to bear the additional shock of her husband's loss, died. Thus, these children became inmates of Pevensey Court. The letter announcing their departure for England had all the influence of a flag of truce upon mother and son. The bickerings and outbursts of passion on either side were tacitly suspended. They met on the neutral ground of anticipation. They had something *out of themselves* to look forward to.

Naturally of a kind and affectionate disposition, Mrs. Deltry longed for the coming of her young orphan relatives. Pevensey longed for his new playmates, and indulged many an hour in the pleasures of anticipation; he was no longer to be isolated from the world of little boy and girlhood, and he leaped about the house with a pleasure known only to children as he neared the time of rubbing ideas with his equivalents in age.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE NEW PLAYMATES.—JEALOUSY.—EMULATION.

It was a cold, sharp morning in winter, a few days before Christmas, the atmosphere was black and clear as highly-polished looking-glass, not a tinge of hoar frost could be seen upon tree, house-top, or grass, all looked black and drear; the very blood felt chilled and frozen in the veins of all but those accustomed to violent exercise, and they endured rather than enjoyed it. Doors and windows were shut in the favourite sitting-room at Pevensey; the thick crimson curtains were partly drawn, as if to assist the blazing fire in the grate in giving a hue as well as feeling of warmth to the room. On either side of the fireplace, sitting in well-cushioned easy chairs, were the new inmates, who had arrived the day previously. Mrs. Deltry was anxiously watching and tending them. Alike in features, they both bore a strong resemblance to Pevensey, at least they were exotic sprigs of the same plant. The long voyage, change of climate, and immediate transition from the hot sun of India to the cold gloom of a more than usually severe English winter, did no little, perhaps, in increasing their sickly appearance. Elise seemed to suffer most of the two, every small current of air causing her to shudder. Pevensey, who sat upon an ottoman some distance from them, with his robust frame and ruddy face, formed a strange contrast. Mrs. Deltry's attention to the new comers seemed to vex her own son, who glanced askance at them, as if in doubt whether the two sickly-looking children could belong to the same family as himself. The boy and girl felt as if in a frozen latitude, and seemed afraid of their new guardian, who in her turn plied every means to render them comfortable. Alone, and in a new land and home, their great fear seemed to be separation from each other. At length the assiduous kindness of their aunt told upon their gentle natures, and the glances of fear with which they had regarded each other became more and more fastened upon Mrs. Deltry. Fixing her large dark eyes upon her aunt, Elise burst



into tears. The boy Edward, as if sympathising in the same thoughts with his cousin, hastily brushed them from his eyes. "Ha, ha!" laughed Pevensey aloud; "what a baby boy to cry! You will never be a man; men don't cry, it's only girls." Then, running to Elise, he coaxingly endeavoured to chase away her tears by embracing and kissing her. The other no sooner observed this than he ran to his cousin and endeavoured to thrust Pevensey aside; resisting this movement, Pevensey said, "You are a bad boy, you have always been with cousin Elise, and I have only just known her." Elise, gently pushing Pevensey aside, threw her arms around Edward's neck and sobbed aloud. Annoyed, and evidently indignant at this repulse, Pevensey returned to his ottoman and regarded Edward with no very amiable look.

Mrs. Deltry, who had observed this scene with something like amusement, told Pevensey to be kind to his cousins.

"No, I wont, unless they are kind to me; I don't like him, because he is a baby and cries.

Without noticing this reply Mrs. Deltry endeavoured to sooth the children. "Why these tears, my dear Elise?"

"My poor, dear mamma," sobbed the child.

"Am I not now your mamma? Be a good child and I will always be a good, kind mamma. Will you not love me now?" she added, kissing her.

Without answering the question, Elise looked full in her aunt's face, and, with a painful expression, pointing to Edward said, "You wont take him away from me, he is all I now have to love me?"

"No, he is not," interposed Pevensey; "I will love you if you wont cry, and a great deal better than him. He is not big enough to love you," he added, with a glance of comparison at his own and his cousin's person.

"Silence, Pevensey," said Mrs. Deltry.

"No, I wont," said the son, "there, now," and he stamped his foot vehemently on the ground, looking impudently in his mother's face. That face became suffused with crimson; a dull sound, and the bold boy fell writhing on the ground. Then the crimson hue changed, and the features became pale, unearthly pale—in the second phase of rage. She rang the bell, the servant entered. Mrs. Deltry pointed to Pevensey; the servant understood her duty, and, after some struggling, succeeded in forcing Pevensey from his mother's presence.

This incident aroused both children from all timidity or thought for themselves. The girl, although at first terrified at the violence, as soon as the refractory boy had been removed from the room, threw both arms around Mrs. Deltry and begged of her to forgive

him. "Oh! do, do forgive him, dear aunt; he will not be naughty again, indeed it was all my fault." Now, in the moment of passion, Mrs. Deltry aimed to be stern and stoical, and, accordingly, flatly refused this request, but the boy, Edward, following up his cousin's entreaties so earnestly, that the good lady was overcome and consented. Pevensey made his re-appearance, and his mother caressed him as ardently as if she had herself been most in fault, and was seeking his pardon.

"You will be a good boy, Pevensey, and fond of your cousins, will you not?"

"I will, mamma, I will, although I did not intend being bad; but you struck me," replied Pevensey, with a deep frown.

"Dear Pevensey, we will be friends and play together, wont we?" said Edward Godfrey, going up to him and taking his hand.

"That we will, and I have such tops, such hoops, and we will have such a game together, you and I, and cousin Elise too," said Pevensey.

"Oh, I am so happy," joined in Elise, clapping her tiny hands together, and jumping about the room.

"God bless you all, my dear children. You will indeed make me happy if you become thus united. Remember you are all my children now, and have none but me to love you."

Pevensey ran up to his mother and kissed her fondly, and laughed aloud with glee, but the last words of their aunt grated upon the memory of Elise, for she sat down, and covering her face with her hands, sadly uttered, "None, none, to love us now. Oh, my poor dear mamma."

"None," echoed Edward, thoughtfully for a moment, then his face brightened up. "Yes, Elise, it is naughty to say so. We have another to love; you know what your poor mamma used to tell us. She said if we were good, God would always love us."

"So—so she did," replied Elise, looking up in her cousin Edward's face, "and with God's aid shan't we all love each other, and so have plenty to love."

"Of course we shall, Elise; but do not cry and be so dull again. I don't like crying," said Pevensey.

"Oh, I can't help crying when I feel sorry. No, nor when I feel glad, that is, I mean, very glad indeed; and don't you ever cry, dear cousin?" replied Elise, looking archly in his face.

"Of course he does, sometimes, Elise," said Edward.

"No, no, that I don't. It is not like a man to cry," replied the indignant boy; but he added, "at least when I can help it. I mean to be a soldier, like my papa was, and fight; and men that fight don't cry, do they, mamma?"

"No, my dear brave boy, not often," said Mrs Deltry, proudly

caressing him, "but we will not talk of fighting now, or you will frighten your cousins."

"No, not frighten, aunt," replied Edward in his turn, somewhat aroused in temper. "My papa also was a soldier and used to fight, but I don't want to be a soldier and fight, because mamma said fighting was wicked."

This, the first day of the childrens' arrival at Pevensey Court, is a type of most of its successors for a year or so of their after residence. Pevensey improved but little in temper from his new association; for as the children grew used to him, they taxed his patience much. A bold and fine boy, Pevensey had been petted and spoiled by his mother's visitors; but now more antagonism had arisen: boy and boy met as equals, and to some extent as rivals. Nor would they have agreed so well together, but for the amiable temper of Edward, and the constant peace-making intercessions of the little Elise, whom both the cousins ardently loved. She was peacemaker on all sides. If Mrs. Deltry was angry with either, Elise soon healed the breach, and the same if between the two boys. Pevensey was wild, passionate, and exacting—a tyrant in the bud. Edward was mild and gentle, but also courageous and firm. Then, although the mild temper of the latter of itself might have been sufficient guarantee for peace between the boys, it would ever have been one on the verge of war, if not for the constant interposition of Elise, who united them at last in more than seeming friendship.

So much had Mrs. Deltry encouraged the pugnacious element in the development of her son's character, that each day brought her fresh alarms for his safety. At home, however much the constant association with such tempers as his boy and girl cousin might have kept him from violent outbreaks, yet it could be observed in the smothered form of inclination for controversy. When out of her own presence, Mrs. Deltry was always in fear for his safety. He would get the gardener's gun, watch when it was loaded, seize and fire it off, once at the expense of a slight wound in the ear. At another time he would get a bite from playing with the most savage dog, or a kick from teasing the most unruly horse. Once he was brought home nearly drowned, and quite insensible, from a fall from a tree into a large pond. At another, when his mother was walking by the banks of a neighbouring canal, she saw him walking across on the lock gates with some twenty feet of water on either side of him. Alarmed and angry when in danger, she would endeavour to check his wild propensities by calling him her dear manly boy, and finish with a strict admonition never to do so again.

Upon one fine summer's day, about two years after their arrival, the children having finished their morning lessons, received Mrs.

Deltry's permission to play for an hour or two in the grounds. Elated at his escape from the schoolroom, Pevensey bounded along, followed by Edward and Elise, who had remained, as at first, inseparable, not a little to the jealousy of Pevensey, whose attachment to Elise grew day by day. Leading the way, Pevensey no sooner came in sight of an outhouse than, as if in search of some special object, he climbed through a low window, and almost before his cousins missed him, he reappeared at the window with the gardener's gun; to jump through the window was the work of an instant, but one of his feet catching in the framework, he fell head foremost. Something had come in contact with the trigger; the muzzle of the gun was pointed in the direction of the boy and girl; a loud report; Elise fell to the ground; Edward gave a scream of horror and ran to the house for assistance. He returned immediately with Mrs. Deltry, and the whole household of servants. Pevensey, with his forehead bleeding profusely from his fall, was kneeling by the side of Elise, intently, but with horror on his features, examining her shoulder. So intently had he been watching Elise, that he did not observe the approach of the affrighted Mrs. Deltry and her servants till they took Elise from him, then he wildly cried, "Not hurt, mamma, not hurt; her shoulder just grazed. Look up, dear cousin, look up; forgive me. You know I did not mean it."

But the wounded child, as if indignant, turned away from him, saying, "You are a naughty boy and should not have been disobedient to aunt, and then you would not have hurt me," and clung to Edward, whose bright eyes were glistening with passion.

"Wicked boy," said the latter, aroused to a pitch unusual with him; "if you had killed her, I would have killed you."

"You would, would you," replied Pevensey, his eyes flashing with rage. "I loved cousin Elise, but now I hate you both, for I did not mean to hurt her; you know I did not."

"Dear Edward, that is indeed wicked," said Elise. "You know it was an accident, and cousin Pevensey intended no harm to me;" then, turning to Pevensey, she added, "forgive me, dear Pevensey, for I was frightened and did not know what I said."

Mrs. Deltry at first had been nearly speechless with fright, but on examining the wound she found that the ball had merely grazed the skin, and Elise had swooned from fear alone; and as for her anger towards the unhappy cause of the mishap, it subsided upon observing, now for the first time, that he was bleeding profusely from the forehead, and she merely said to all of them, "You see, children, the consequence of disobedience. How many times have I forbidden you, Pevensey, to touch that gun!"

But Pevensey during this stood aside as if in a fit of sulky and

restrained indignation, and throwing no friendly glances in the direction of Edward, who, himself, looked little less indignant. The wound on Pevensey's forehead, and still more the hostile attitude of the two boys alarming Elise, she interposed, and taking a hand of each, endeavoured to unite them; for a time she did not succeed, at length she said, "Look, Edward, is not poor Pevensey sufficiently punished for his accident? Look at him, poor fellow!"

"Well, just as you please, Elise; only don't let him do it again, that's all;" and the two boys reluctantly shook hands with each other, Pevensey muttering to himself, that he "only wished that somebody else," glancing at Edward, "had been hurt instead of cousin Elise."

Not content with patching up a temporary truce between the boys, Elise exerted herself for days together, by all kinds of little kindnesses, to make the reconciliation sincere; and, it must be admitted, that to a certain extent, she succeeded.

So quiet and placid had Edward's whole manner been, since his arrival in England, that the ebullition of temper and its determined expression had much surprised Pevensey, who had really felt a contempt for what he considered the cowardly disposition of his cousin. Now, however, he seemed to regard him in somewhat a different light.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE SYREN.

A syren sweetly singing,  
Was charming every ear,  
A little bird was winging  
Its way, and stooped to hear.

To rival the sweet strain,  
The tiny warbler tried,  
But finding that were vain,  
It drooped its wings and died.

## THE PIRATE.

SOME forty or fifty years ago there lay at anchor in a lonely, unfrequented bay or inlet on the west coast of Africa, a vessel of small size, and of British build. She was a trader, and her purpose in visiting the African coast was to open up a traffic with the natives for whatever produce could be obtained in the way of barter for a various and extensive assortment of European goods with which she was provided.

The little vessel had been at anchor in the bay alluded to for three days, and the deep darkness of an African night had gathered around her for the third time since she had entered it. Two seamen kept watch on deck. At least, two were on deck for that purpose; but one of them, overpowered by the oppressive heat and closeness of the atmosphere, had fallen asleep on a coil of cable that lay in the fore part of the vessel near the windlass. The other man was leaning listlessly over the stern, humming a song, and gazing on the brilliant phosphorescent streams of light that were, ever and anon, shooting through the dark abyss of waters beneath. All at once the man's ear caught the dull, cautious sound of a muffled oar. He sprang up in alarm from his recumbent position; for neither he, nor anyone in the vessel, was aware of any ship being near them from which a boat could have come.

Again he listened, and, after an interval, again he heard the flat stealthy sound of the muffled oar, which now appeared to be close at hand.

His alarm increasing, the man, after straining his eyes for a second or two in a vain endeavour to penetrate the profound darkness around, and obtain a glimpse of the object of his suspicion, if not his fears, rushed to the companion, and called down to the captain to come quickly on deck, as there was a strange boat approaching. Ere the sentence was out of his mouth, however, the boat he alluded to was alongside, and in the next instant twelve or sixteen armed men, each carrying a naked cutlass in his hand, had thrown themselves on the deck, and rushing aft with loud shouts and yells, attacked and instantly despatched both the unfortunate seaman who had first given the alarm, and the captain of the vessel, who, in his shirt and trowsers, had just gained the deck as his murderers reached the companion. This done, the ruffians, leaving a strong party to keep watch on deck, hurried down below, and put every one whom they found there to death.



They then assembled in the cabin, and having forced some lockers, took thence a number of bottles containing various kinds of liquor, and began regaling themselves with their contents, which chiefly consisted of wine and spirits, which they quaffed largely, and with many a ribald jest and boisterous laugh.

We may here pause a moment to describe the ruffian crew who now crowded the cabin of the little trader. They were all reckless and desperate looking men. Bare-throated, large whiskered, and deeply browned by the burning suns of the tropics. They were all armed to the teeth; each having a brace of pistols and a large knife or dagger stuck in his belt, besides a sheathless cutlass which, when not in action, he carried tucked under his arm, the bare blade projecting far behind, while the hilt just appeared in front.

Amongst these ruffians was one of somewhat milder aspect and more refined manners than the rest. He was a young man, extremely handsome in person, and of a very prepossessing countenance.

As is often the case, however, this person's character sadly belied his looks. For, notwithstanding these external signs, or promises of a better nature, he was in no respect less wicked, in no degree less inhuman than the most ferocious of those by whom he was surrounded. Indeed, by none of them had his deeds of blood on this dreadful night been equalled. Two-thirds of all those killed in the vessel, including her unfortunate master, having perished by his individual hand. This young man was the captain, or leader of this band of murderers, who, it need scarcely be added, were also pirates, and of the worst and most desperate character.

Having refreshed themselves, the ruffians proceeded to rifle the cabin of the little trader, in which they found a good deal of money and valuables of various kinds. Thus employing themselves, the night wore away, and when morning dawned its light revealed a low, black, mischievous looking schooner, with masts raking knowingly abaft, rounding the bluff point in which the land on the southern side terminated. It was the pirate vessel to which the boat belonged that had boarded and captured the little trader.

Aware of the success of her boat's crew, she was now coming up to take on board the plunder the latter had secured.

In less than half an hour, she was alongside the ill-fated vessel, when the pirates commenced removing the cargo from their prize into the schooner, together with every thing useful or valuable on which they could lay hands.

Night closed this busy and guilty day with the pirates, and when a new sun arose on the lonely African bay no vessel was to be seen floating on its bosom. It was deserted. The pirates had, during

the darkness of night, scuttled and sunk their prize with the bodies of her murdered crew, and had themselves put to sea in order to get as fast and as far away as possible from the scene of their guilt.

It was about twelve years after the occurrence of this tragedy that the stage coach (it was then the only one) that passed through Newarton in the south of Scotland, capsized at an abrupt turn of the road, about a mile and a half west of the village above named, whereby several of the passengers were more or less injured.

Amongst the sufferers on the occasion above alluded to, was a gentleman, an outside passenger, who was so seriously injured that he had to be carried to the nearest house. This was a neat little cottage of the better class, with slate roof, small ornamental garden in front, and enclosed by a neat iron railing. It was the residence of a Mrs. Evandale, a widow lady, in decent, though not affluent circumstances, and her daughter, a very pretty young woman of about six-and twenty years of age.

Being of a kind and benevolent disposition, Mrs. Evandale eagerly opened her door to admit the disabled stranger, who was carried by some countrymen who had witnessed the accident from a field in which they happened at the moment to be working.

The wounded man having been carefully laid on a couch, a messenger was instantly despatched for a medical man.

For several weeks he lay in a very precarious state, but a robust constitution and skilful medical aid finally triumphed, and he began gradually though slowly to recover. A fractured limb, however, kept him confined to bed, and threatened to do so for some time to come.

It was at the end of about ten days after he had been brought to Mrs. Evandale's, and when he first began to rally that the stranger sent for his kind hostess, and after apologizing in a rough and blunt sort of way for the trouble he had given her, insisted on her accepting five guineas, and agreeing to take further remuneration for whatever longer time his injuries might compel him to continue an inmate of her house.

This was the first time Mrs. Evandale had had a proper view of her lodger, and the opportunity enabled her to perceive that he was a fine looking man of swarthy complexion, and having altogether the appearance of one who had seen much of the world, and had been exposed to many climes. His age seemed to be about forty.

Six weeks after the stranger was still an inmate of Mrs. Evandale's. He was now rapidly approaching entire convalescence, although still unable to walk without the aid of crutches.

During this period, a degree of intimacy had taken place between him and Mrs. Evandale and her daughter, which placed them on a

comparatively familiar footing with each other, and it was when this understanding had grown up between the parties that the stranger gave, for the first time, something like a history of himself. His name—this, however, he had mentioned before—was Stanley, William Stanley. His profession, the sea; which he said he had followed since he was a boy. That, latterly, he had had the command of a large American ship, trading between Boston and Canton in China. That having realised an independency in that employment, he had now returned to his native country, from which he had been absent for five and twenty years, to spend the remainder of his days in the quiet enjoyment of the fortune he had acquired.

He told, too, of the wondrous sights he had seen, and, Othello-like, of the dangers he had passed; and another Desdemona was won by the stirring tales.

Margaret Evandale gazed on the manly form of the seaman, and listened to his stories of savage lands, of wild adventure; to his thrilling descriptions of the mighty tempests that career over the face of the great deep, heaving the ponderous billows to the sky, and tossing the huge ship to and fro, as if it were the plaything of a child, till her admiration of the bold and daring spirit by which these scenes had been braved, had passed into a deep and intense love.

The knowledge that their inmate was, or had been, a seaman, gave him an additional interest in the eyes of both Margaret Evandale and her mother, for they had had a near and dear relative, a son to the one and brother to the other, who had followed the same profession, but who had been lost at sea, it had never been ascertained exactly how. He had been captain and principal owner of the vessel he sailed in—the *Minerva*, of Fairhaven—which never returned from the voyage on which she last proceeded. Nor had anything ever since been heard of either the vessel herself, or of any of her unfortunate crew. Little wonder was it, then, that the widow's heart should warm to Captain Stanley, who so strongly reminded her of her long lost and most beloved son. Little wonder that Margaret Evandale should associate with this person the tenderest recollections of an adored brother, and should thus rivet the attachment she had formed for him on other grounds.

In as far, too, as his bold and boisterous nature would admit, did Captain Stanley, in turn, become attached to Margaret Evandale. Yet it was odd that such attachment should have sprung up between them, for they were of the most opposite tempers and dispositions imaginable—Margaret being gentle and timid, Stanley fierce and impetuous. Such apparently incongruous associations,

however, are far from being uncommon, and may serve a wise purpose in the correcting and improving of each other.

In the meanwhile time passed on. The patient was now convalescent, and could walk without the aid of crutch or stick. Still he continued an inmate of Mrs. Evandale's cottage, and exhibited no signs of an intention to leave it.

A short time longer and the mystery, such as it was, at any rate, was explained. Captain Stanley formally proposed for the hand of Margaret Evandale. An old friend of the family was consulted on the occasion. He saw no reason to doubt, he said, the Captain's respectability, and still less to question the independence of his circumstances, and that the consequence of these opinions was the favourable reception of Stanley's suit.

A day was fixed for the celebration of the wedding. Three days previously the bridegroom presented the bride elect with a massive gold locket, set round with brilliants, and of singularly exquisite workmanship; one side containing his own portrait done in miniature on a small ivory plate, the other containing a lock of his own and of Margaret Evandale's hair, neatly interwoven into small diamond-shaped plaits.

Proud of the love token, Margaret hastened to show it to her friend Mary Walters, who was to be her bridesmaid. Mary was a tall, gentle, pensive-looking young woman of about eight or nine and twenty. Her countenance was beautiful, though pale and sad, and she always wore deep mourning. She had done so for the last eight or ten years—ever since it became certain that the *Minerva* must have been lost, and that her commander and his unfortunate crew must all have perished along with her. Mary had been betrothed to Captain Evandale, Margaret's brother, and they were to have been married on his return from the fatal voyage which he had been destined never to complete.

On the locket being put into Mary Walters' hands, she started, grew pale as a corpse, and, sinking into a chair, asked her friend, in a faint and almost inaudible voice, if she knew where Captain Stanley had fallen in with it. Margaret Evandale, in great surprise at her friend's emotion, replied that she did not; but supposed he must have bought it.

"No, no, Margaret, he could not; at least, I think he could not," said Mary Walters. "He who owned it would not have parted with it for money—no, not for all the world's wealth; and how it should have been rescued from the depths of the ocean, I cannot conceive."

"Mary, dear, what do you mean?" inquired Margaret fearfully, thinking her friend had lost her reason.

"I'll tell you what I mean, Margaret," said Mary Walters, with

that semblance of composure often induced by intense feeling ; “ that locket was my last gift to your brother. I gave it to him on the day he left this to proceed on his last fatal voyage. I knew it well, although the original portrait has been removed, and another put in its place. It was brought from India by my father, who bought it from a soldier who had been at the taking of Seringapatam, where he had doubtless obtained it in the way of plunder. It is of Indian manufacture, and if further proof were wanting to establish its identity, I shall find it here.” And opening the locket with a facility that showed a perfect familiarity with its mechanism, she raised the portrait it contained with the point of her scissors, and pointing to a small circle filled up with intricate lines, which were engraved in the centre of the thin plate of gold that divided the locket into its two compartments, said “ Here it is. These apparently unmeaning lines form the initials of your brother’s name and mine—R. E. (Robert Evandale), and M. W. (Mary Walters). They were engraved by a friend of mine, and made purposely intricate, that they might not be too readily made out. But I can trace them exactly.” And to Margaret Evandale’s unutterable surprise, she did so with the point of a needle, bringing regularity out of apparent confusion, and making the letters appear quite distinct.

Mary Walters now entreated her friend to inquire of Captain Stanley without a moment’s delay where he had purchased the locket, and desiring, at the same time, leave to retain possession of it until some account of it was obtained.

On being asked regarding the trinket, Captain Stanley evinced a good deal of surprise, and not a little discomposure. It was, indeed, some seconds before he could make any answer at all. At length he said, with an off-hand air of indifference, which it was evident he did not in reality feel :—

“ Why, what’s all this about a locket ? Do they suppose I stole it, eh ? I bought it from a Jew in London, and that’s all I can tell about it. Bought it and paid for it. A good round sum, too. I needn’t say how much ; and I wont. But, let’s see it Margaret,” he said, for it was with her this conversation took place, “ and I will find you another that shall be no subject of impertinent inquiry and remark.”

Miss Evandale now informed him that her friend Mary Walters had entreated to be allowed to keep the locket till she had made the inquiries which he had just answered, but promised that she would bring it to him in the afternoon.

“ Nay, curse it ; get it back instantly, Margaret,” exclaimed Captain Stanley impatiently, and in a state of perturbation and excitement, which Miss Evandale was greatly at a loss to under-

stand. "Run for it like a good girl. Come, now, do, and I'll give you something ten times handsomer."

It was not this promise, but a desire to oblige Captain Stanley, that induced Miss Evandale instantly to throw on her bonnet and shawl and hasten back to Mary Walters to request the locket from her. Two hours had not elapsed since the latter had obtained possession of it; yet she came too late. The locket had already passed into other hands—into hands that would not release their hold of it till more satisfactory explanations were given regarding it than those Captain Stanley had yet vouchsafed.

Mary Walters had mentioned the extraordinary circumstance of the locket to a Mr. Ecclesford, who chanced to call a few minutes after Miss Evandale had left her.

This gentleman, who was an intimate friend of the family, had been part proprietor of the unfortunate vessel commanded by young Evandale, and joint adventurer with him in the trading speculation on which he had gone to the west coast of Africa—for it was to that quarter of the world he had sailed, and it was there he had met his fate, whatever that fate was.

Now, it so happened, that Mr. Ecclesford had, two or three days previously, read in the London papers an account of the trial there of two seamen for piracy, and of the confession of one of them, after having received sentence of death, of having been concerned in a piracy on the west coast of Africa, on which occasion the whole crew had been murdered and the vessel sunk.

From the description given in this account of the unfortunate ship, of the place where, and the time when the tragedy had taken place, Mr. Ecclesford had no doubt that the vessel spoken of was the *Minerva*, and that the mystery in which her fate had been so long shrouded, was at length dispelled.

In his confession the doomed wretch stated also that the captain of the pirate ship, whose person he strictly described, was, he had reason to believe, in Britain, although he knew not where.

From regard to the feelings of the friends and relations of young Evandale, Mr. Ecclesford had not mentioned to them his suspicions of the real fate of the latter, thinking that the doing so would only give needless pain.

The story of the locket, however, had given a new turn to the affair, and such a one as determined Mr. Ecclesford to follow out certain suspicions which it had excited. He, in short, suspected and very strongly, that Mrs. Evandale's inmate was no other than the murderer of her son, the murderer of Margaret Evandale's brother, and of Mary Walters' lover—the captain of the pirate by which the *Minerva* had been plundered and sunk.

Under this suspicion he refused, mildly indeed, but determinedly



to give up the locket which Miss Walters had put into his hands, although without assigning any reason for his conduct, which he said would shortly be explained.

On the day following Captain Stanley, to whom the circumstance of the detention of the locket by Mr. Ecclesford had been mentioned, suddenly disappeared, and was nowhere to be seen or heard of.

Ten days after, the apprehension in Liverpool, by a couple of Bow-street officers, of a noted pirate captain, who had committed some dreadful murder, was announced in the papers. This captain was Stanley. He was subsequently brought to trial, when the depositions of his companions in guilt who had been previously executed, and other evidence which had been mustered against him, including the locket, the strongest of all, secured his conviction, and he suffered at the usual place of execution, in London, for criminals of his description.

It remains only to be added that this result, this retributive justice, had been brought about by the activity of Mr. Ecclesford, who, immediately after obtaining possession of the locket, put himself in correspondence with the office in Bow-street, when the case was promptly taken up, and, as we have seen, efficiently followed out.

On Miss Evandale the effect of this unfortunate affair was, for a time, sufficiently distressing; but in escaping the dreadful fate of being united to the murderer of her brother, she found a consolation which amply compensated the temporary pain of a disappointed attachment, which, though ardent, had not, perhaps, been very deeply seated. And her good sense taught her to appreciate the kind Providence which had saved her from so unhappy a connexion.

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## THE BARBER OF AVIGNON :

A LEGEND OF VAUCLUSE.

BY PAUL PRESTON.

In the days that we live in, these dull prosy days,  
 When we're chary alike of our cash and our praise,  
     'Twould puzzle to say  
     In what round-about way  
 Certain epithets came to be tack'd to each nation,  
 Intended to be the correct designation  
 Of its character, moral, political, physical—  
 Unless we pronounce them in some cases "quizzical."

Take England—dear England—good sensible, solid,  
 Extremely upright, but a trifle too stolid,  
 Where a joke is at all times suspected of treason,  
 And the idol we bow to is nothing but Reason—  
 Where a smile's half a sneer, and a laugh's not polite,  
 And a pun is a thing to regard with affright—  
 Say, is it not very ridiculous—very—  
 To christen dear, heavy, old Albion, "Merry"?

And then take our neighbour, mercurial France—  
 The land of pun, epigram, satire, and dance—  
 Which the title *we* claim would more properly grace,  
 And see what a false one it has in its place !  
 I have been through the land from Boulogne to Marseilles,  
 I have seen all its rivers, hills, forests, and vales,  
 And, barring some sweet little spot, here and there,  
 Like a rose in a desert—I'm ready to swear,  
 From Dan to Beersheba all's ugly and bare ;  
 Yet this is the land that we christen "La Belle,"  
 Though *why*, a whole college of wits couldn't tell,  
 Unless they fell back on the stale *inuendo*,  
 Of "lucus (see Lexicon) à non lucendo."

But France *has* its beauties : the plains of Vaucluse  
 Have spots that a poet or painter might choose,

For his pen or his pencil—of course you're aware,  
 That the fountain of Laura and Petrarch is there—  
 (I saw it and sighed as I thought of the pair.)  
 I had left the cold skies of our much beloved isle,  
 To gaze upon Italy's warm one's awhile,  
 And I'd chosen my route by the way of Marseille—  
 As far down as Lyons I did it by rail,  
 And thence on to Chalons-sur-Saone by mail—  
*Malle poste*, as they call it—half waggon, half chaise—  
 Within which I once spent five nights and four days  
 In the coldest of winters, cramp'd, famish'd and froze,  
 Twice chased by the wolves and once buried in snows,  
 And at last was dragged out in a state of nonentity,  
     So stiff and so blue  
     That I hardly well knew  
 If I ought to believe in my very identity.

Arriving however at Chalons-sur-Saone,  
 I stepp'd on a steamer and slipp'd down the Rhone,  
 At a deuce of a pace, though my "vessel of vapour"  
 Was so nasty and close I was glad to escape her,  
 And formed, as I did so, the strongest opinion  
 Of the excellent change 'tis to land at Avignon.

    All the world knows the name  
     Of Avignon—its fame  
 As the place where the rival Popes set up their claim,  
     Holding Rome at defiance,  
     And placing reliance  
 On other than merely a Holy Alliance.

Well, ling'ring awhile in the famous old city  
 Which *really* deserves to be mentioned as pretty,  
 I pick'd up by chance—*how* I needn't here state—  
 The legend my muse is about to relate,  
 And whatever the manner in which *you* receive it,  
*Parole d'honneur*, myself, I devoutly believe it;  
 Though you'd doubtless admire it and think of it better  
 If you'd read it, as I, in Provençal black letter.

    In ancient days of warriors brave  
     And pious monks and scholars grave,  
 When lords were really men of might  
 And did their will for wrong or right,  
 While peasants spent a life of toil  
 Like other cattle of the soil,

There lived—a thing that's very rare  
 To find alive now *any* where—  
 An honest man ! a barber known  
 To lord and peasant : one who'd grown  
 'To reputation such as few  
 Can ever know, or ever knew ;  
 And yet without a single word  
 From any single mortal heard  
 In question of his well-earned fame.  
 His heart was spotless as his name,  
 His hands were pure as snow, or rather,  
 As clean as was his matchless lather.

The name of this barber was Pierre le Faiseur,  
 An euphonious name for a knight of the razor ;  
 But as Pierre is merely the Gallic for Peter,  
 We'll call him by *that* name—the French may be sweeter ;  
 But my muse when, in nautical language, she “ cracks on  
 All sail” might discover it rather a tax on  
 Her powers to make it fit in with her Saxon.

An industrious fellow was Peter, too :  
 He stuck to his business as few men do.  
 Early and late in his smart little shop  
 Was Peter with basin, and razor, and strop,  
 Rasping away at each well-bristled chin,  
 Guiding the steel o'er the tender skin,  
 But never by accident slipping it in ;  
 And many both high and low were those  
 Whom Peter took day after day by the nose.  
 And he shaved, and talked, and joked and laughed,  
 And was quizzed, and teased, and jeered and chaffed,  
 Till people declared it was monstrous queer he  
 Never appear'd to be dull or weary ;  
 For soaping, lathering, shaving, strapping,  
 Nobody ever caught Peter napping.

Knightly men and gay gallants—  
 Men of the noblest names in France,  
 Men of great wealth and high renown,  
 Bishops and priests of the shaven crown,  
 Merchants and traders, and doctors of law,  
 Doctors of physic—the world never saw

Such a conglomeration  
Of men of each station  
Then known in the nation,  
That submitted their chins for the harvest there growing,  
To be reaped by this master of hairy-crop-mowing.

We've been recently told  
By one, Herr Berthold,\*  
That a man, when he comes to be fifty years old,  
In case he begin  
To scrape at his chin  
At twenty, when beards are but downy and thin,  
Will have cut in that space  
Of time off his face  
Eighteen feet and nine inches of hair from each place !

So that, Peter, who every day in the year  
Had some thirty, at least, of such places to shear,  
Must have shaved in his lifetime, the reckoning's fair,  
Full two hundred yards of men's chin-growing hair.

'Twas in the month of dark December  
(The year precise I don't remember)  
That Peter sat one gloomy morn  
Looking, for Peter, quite forlorn,  
With no one waiting to be shorn.  
Of all his patrons not a soul  
Had come that day—'twas very droll.

So Peter stropped, and Peter ground  
His razors one by one all round,  
And put such edges on the steel  
As were miraculous to feel ;  
And then he ground and stropped once more,  
And made them duller than before ;  
And then again he made them keen  
Enough to shave a hedgehog clean.

Nine o'clock, ten, and eleven went by,  
Nobody came, and he couldn't tell why ;  
None of his customers, rich or poor,  
Knocked on that morn at the barber's door.

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\* *Vide* a recent number of Müller's "Archives für Anat : und Physiologie."

So Peter got nervous, now shuffled his feet,  
 Now folded his arms and leant back in his seat,  
 Now jumped on his legs and looked into the street,  
 Now stood by the brazier—he hadn't a grate—  
 Now stalked up and down at a deuce of a rate,

Now muttered *mon Dieu* !

Now swore *ventre bleu* !

“ Why, *au nom du Diable*, have I nothing to do ?  
 Have the people gone mad ? *C'est effrayant n'est ce pas, eh ?*  
 St. Denis ! Will *nobody* come to be *rasé* ? ”

At length there's a customer—such a queer guy !  
 With such a black beard, and with such a black eye !  
 And with such a long nose,  
 And such short stumpy toes,  
 And such odd-looking legs in his flame-colour'd hose !

And he stalked along and he seized a chair,  
 And he took his seat with a lofty air,  
 And, touching his bearded chin the while,  
 He said, in a most commanding style—  
 Of which every action seem'd to savour—  
 “ Come here and rasp off this, old shaver ! ”  
 Then Peter made him his lowest bow,  
 And trembled, he knew not why or how,  
 And he took a napkin clean and white,  
 And tuck'd it round his neck all right,  
 And he stirr'd the lather, which froth'd away  
 Like a pot of beer or a *crème soufflée*.

And then Peter lather'd away “ with a will,”  
 Determined to show his professional skill  
 To the stranger, who struck him as certainly *some* one,  
 Though his eye was so black and his nose such a rum one.

And then, with a barber-like sweep of the hand,  
 As one who possesses a perfect command  
 Of his weapon, he takes his first slice at the spread  
 Of dingy black stubble awaiting his blade.

But conceive his surprise !

Can he trust to his eyes ?

The dingy black stubble his razor defies !  
 Not a hair of it falls—it stands stiff as a block,  
 And the edge of his razor receives such a shock  
 As if he'd been hacking away at a rock !



Peter trembled and stared,  
 Looked horribly scared,  
 Tried to "make out" the stranger as much as he dared ;  
 But 'twas useless to try  
 For the stranger's black eye  
 A perfect unconsciousness seemed to imply,  
 As he said, in a voice which was husky and gruff :  
 "What the deuce are you waiting for—eh, you old muff?"

Peter took a fresh razor and gave it a turn  
 On the strop, heel to point—it's not easy to learn  
 How to do it with skill—then he spread with great care  
 A fresh stock of froth on the dingy black hair,  
 And once more (though he owns he was "rayther afeard")  
 Took a skilful and elegant sweep at the beard.

"The Devil!" he cries in a horrible fright,  
 As again the same puzzle appears to his sight :  
 The beard is still there,  
 All unchanged—not a hair  
 Has been cut—'twas enough *any* barber to scare !

"The Devil!" in fear and amazement he cries—  
 The stranger looks up in disgusted surprise—  
 "The Devil!" shouts Peter; the stranger cries "*Mort-bleu* :  
 Hold your tongue or I'll make you, you stupid old bore, you.  
 Is the fellow gone cracked with his horrible clatter?  
 Or what in Beelzebub's name is the matter?"

"My razor!" cries Peter, "your beard it won't cut—  
 It's of marble, of adamant, iron—" "Tut—tut,"  
 Says the stranger; "there, stop your nonsensical jaw—  
 Your razor's a bad one—as dull as a saw.  
 My beard is as soft as the down on the wing  
 Of an insect. Here, hand me that rusty old thing,  
 I'll soon make it cut;" and he seized on the blade,  
 And having its edge most artistic'ly laid  
 On the palm of his hand, drew it sharply—one—two—  
 And then handed it back, saying, "*There*, that'll do."

Peter took back the blade, held it close to the light,  
 'Twas matchless in edge and 'twas wondrously bright,  
 But how it was done he did nothing but wonder and  
 Puzzle—'twas something he *couldn't* quite understand.

However, he stirr'd up the lather and smear'd  
Once more the old crop of the dingy black beard,  
And then, taking a barber-like sweep as before,  
His hands were both suddenly cover'd with gore !  
He had cut off the head, and it rolled on the floor ! !  
Peter stagger'd back terror-struck, crying, " Oh lor ! ! ! "

The news through the city was quickly spread  
How Peter had cut off the stranger's head,  
And how his hands with blood were red,  
And how the stranger was really dead ;  
Which latter event seemed probably true,  
Since ev'ry one own'd that nobody knew  
A man to survive that operation—  
*Videlicet*, capital amputation.

And the story, first told with grave precision,  
Gain'd every moment some fresh addition,  
Till Peter at length was pronounc'd a thief,  
A brigand, a monster beyond belief—  
A fellow who'd murder'd a dozen before,  
Robb'd widows and orphans and priests by the score—  
Cribb'd the plate of the Church that the faithful had brought her,  
Stripp'd corpses in coffins and " boned " holy water !!

Amidst the hubbub it so befel  
That the rumour reached a friar's cell.  
'Twas Father Anthony's cell it reached—  
As worthy a friar as ever preached ;  
But he didn't preach as most men do,  
For he put his preaching in practice too,  
In which he resembled mighty few.  
And Father Anthony's head was bare  
On the top of the crown, for a friar's hair  
Is never allowed to grow up there ;  
And of all the friars in Avignon,  
Or in all Vaucluse, there wasn't one  
Whose little bald patch more brightly shone.  
For Father Anthony daily went  
To Peter's shop, or for Peter sent,  
And wherever the glimpse of a hair was seen,  
The barber soaped it and shaved it clean ;  
And so from shaving his holy crown  
There wasn't a layman in all the town

So dearly loved as this man of lather  
Was lov'd by this excellent ghostly father.

When Father Anthony heard the noise—  
The shouts of men, the squeaks of boys,  
The cries of women—an awful yelling,  
Of popular indignation telling,  
The Father Anthony rubb'd his nose,  
And up from his books he slowly rose,  
And went to the window and said "How now?  
I greatly marvel what's the row."

So the Father Anthony closed his book,  
And opened his door and straightway took  
His way to the street,  
In hopes to meet  
With some one who'd give him a proper notion  
Of the meaning of all this strange commotion.

When Father Anthony's form appeared,  
The people bowed, and the people cheered;  
For great was the saintly Father's fame,  
And highly respected his holy name.  
And soon doth the holy Father hear  
Of Peter's deed of blood and fear,  
And he draws his hand across his forehead,  
And cries, "Oh dear! how very horrid."

And then, again, with a sudden thought,  
Some bright idea his mind had caught—  
He cries "Ha, ha! I smell a rat, ho!  
Perhaps, Master Nick, *you've* started *that* go—  
We'll very soon give you tit-for-tat, though."

So off he starts—make way, make way,  
For the holy Father, good people, pray.  
'Tis Father Anthony seeks the place  
Where the murder's done, and he walks apace,  
Though he's fat in body, and scant of wind,  
And round before, and round behind,  
With rubicant cheeks and a couple of chins,  
And remarkably stumpy and short in the pins;  
Now the state of his mind is no longer quiescent,  
He cares not a rap, though he *be* deliquescent.\*

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\* "Dusty and deliquescent."—*Peter Plymley's Letters*.

At length he reaches the barber's dwelling,  
 Round which the motley crowd is swelling ;  
 And he enters the door, and the first thing he sees  
 Is Peter in fetters, and down on his knees—  
 Protesting his innocence, vowing, declaring,  
 By every saint in the calendar swearing,  
 " That it wasn't *he* did it—'twas done instantaneous,  
 The head tumbled off of itself, quite spontaneous."

And there by his side stands Policeman K,  
 Who tells him " he'd better not talk in that way ;  
 If he *has* any ' pluck,' he'd advise him to show it,  
 And as for that ' gammon,' he'd better just stow it."  
 And there lies the body with no head upon it,  
 And the priest, as he sees it—his eyes couldn't shun it—  
 Cries " Peter! oh, Peter, you *have* been and done it!"

Then up rose Peter, and told his tale—  
 The truth to the letter—nor did he fail  
 To confess how in passion, amazement and fright,  
 He had called on Old Nick, which he knew wasn't right ;  
 How his razors were turned by the dingy black crop ;  
 How the dead man had used his own hand for a strop ;  
 How the edge with two rubs had grown suddenly keen—  
 Such an edge as no barber had ever yet seen—  
 (For in those remote times, if the reader will seek, he  
 Will find that they hadn't the " magic " of Mechi)—  
 How the head tumbled off of itself, and the rest of it—  
 In fact, in a few words, he made a clean breast of it.

Nearly every one,  
 When Peter had done,  
 Shook his head in disgust at the yarn he had spun,  
 And talked of a " tale of a cock and a bull,"  
 And hoped his reward would be speedy and full.  
 But the Father Anthony slowly said,  
 As he laid his finger on Peter's head,  
 " This man hath spoken truth, good folks ;  
 This murder is only Satan's hoax !"

Now all look queer,  
 With surprise and fear,  
 At the thought of the Evil One being so near ;

For every one knows  
 Father Anthony's nose  
 Can smell out the Devil wherever he goes ;  
 And Policeman K, so brave just now,  
 Feels shaky and dizzy—he don't know how.

Father Anthony took  
 From his pocket a book,  
 A neat little volume of clerical look,  
 And a phial corked tight,  
 Which appeared to the sight  
 To be filled with Geneva, or something as white ;  
 But 'twas plain holy water in all its bright purity,  
 Which the priest always carried for ghostly security.

He opened his book, the cork he drew,  
 He read some Latin, and quickly threw  
 The phial's contents on the corpse of the dead,  
 Where the neck had been severed away from the head.

With a " phiz," and a " hiss," and a sulphurous smell,  
 And a howl like the cry of a demon from hell,  
 Up jumped the head, up jumped the trunk,  
 And joined together, and faced the Monk—  
 And wern't the multitude pale with " funk !"

And the Evil One laughed, " ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !"  
 But the Father Anthony raised his toe  
     And let fly whack  
     At the end of his back,  
 That the Devil was kicked to the deuce in a crack.

But, strange to relate, as he twisted about,  
 His long forked tail popped suddenly out  
 From the tip of his spine, and the sharp point prick'd  
 Father Anthony's toe at the moment he kick'd ;  
 And the father, thenceforward, the chronicle says,  
 Was lame of one leg for the rest of his days !

#### MORAL.

He that reads with his eyes, and don't read with his mind,  
 Sees the story but can't see the moral behind,  
 May be said to be painfully; mentally blind.

To suppose that a writer like me—of my gravity—  
 Would string verse on verse for mere metrical suavity,  
 A story alone—in real purpose a cavity—  
 Is to accuse me of something like downright depravity.

My muse is most moral, she mayn't be straight-lac'd,  
 She considers such costume a sign of bad taste,  
 And that Virtue in whalebone is Virtue misplaced ;  
 But she *does* teach a lesson whene'er she discourses—  
 Of the stories she tells you the genuine source is  
 Her wish to instruct in the purest morality,  
 Sever Virtue from Vice, and from Falsehood, Reality.

Now turn to her legend : the first thing she teaches,  
 As plainly as any dull parson that preaches—  
 Though she does it, of course, in her own easy fashion—  
 Is never to use naughty words in a passion.  
 The warning is good : if you choose to defy it  
 Take care of your elbow—the devil is by it.

Her story a lesson still graver lurks under—  
 Oh would she could tell it in accents of thunder !  
 Dame Justice—that isn't your name, though you crib it—  
 Don't be in such haste with your hangman and gibbet ;  
 You point to the blood by the criminal spilt,  
 But are you quite satisfied, *sure*, of his guilt ?  
 Did you never, good madam, since hanging began,  
 Find out your mistake—that you'd hang'd the wrong man ?  
 Who *then* was the victim ?—the murderer who ?  
 Won't the cap of the latter precisely fit *you* ?  
 When the guiltless are sacrificed thus to your fury,  
 Ought you not, in all fairness, to hang judge and jury ?  
 Oh, Dame ! your excuses are feeble and hollow,  
 Cease, henceforth, your bloodthirsty courses to follow—  
 Wash the stains from your hands, and pin *this* to your tail—  
*Death's blow is unerring—man's judgment is frail !*



### THE PENNY-A-LINER.

EVERYONE has heard of and talks about the Penny-a-liners, and the moment an unfortunate newspaper is betrayed into any misstatement or error, however venial, the crime is at once set down as a malicious invention of that much calumniated class. Although the term, however, is so familiar with the public, they, in point of fact, are quite ignorant of the real signification and true characteristics of Penny-a-liners; and it is our present purpose to enlighten them. In the first place, then, it should be known that there is in every newspaper establishment an editor, a sub-editor, and a corps of reporters and literary writers, who receive a regular salary. As it is obvious, however, that the reporters cannot be everywhere, and that occurrences will daily happen in various parts of the town of interest to the public, a class of men have thought it worth while to be always on the look out for "Dreadful Murders," "Affecting Suicides," "Destructive Fires," "Cruel Robberies," "Elopements," "Seductions," and exciting incidents of all sorts. These men differ from the regular reporters because they are paid by the line instead of by the week, and, of course, the amount they obtain depends upon their industry, their ingenuity in turning a "plain, unvarnished tale" into a startling narrative, and their facility in making the better appear the worse complexion of a story.

A penny a-line seems at first view but a very small remuneration for labour, but, in point of fact, the name is, in the first place, an error; for, it is not a penny but three-halfpence a-line, which the newspapers pay for these casual chronicles of the moving incidents of London life. Thus, for ninety-six lines, the sum paid is twelve shillings. It is an essential feature of penny-a-lining that the matter is not considered exclusive. The writers are allowed to send the same matter to all the newspapers; so that, if all the morning papers make use of an article, the ninety-six lines, realising twelve shillings each from the six morning papers, amounts to three pounds twelve shillings. Thus, it will be seen that where a Penny-a-liner gets plenty of "copy used"—*i. e.*, inserted—the pay is by no means so scanty as the term would seem to imply. It will not, therefore, create surprise when we state that some individuals, who, from long connexion with a paper, have become favourites, make what is called a good deal of money. One reporter, who directs his attention principally to city matters (we do not mean a city article), is supposed to make a thousand a-year,

and this by only a few hours' labour a day. He, however, is a very clever, intelligent, bustling individual, and may be considered at the head of the class, both from his intellectual acquirements and long services. Another reporter on the Penny-a-line system, instead of confining himself to the metropolis, takes a range of thirty or forty miles around it, undertaking to give an account of all the murders and sudden deaths and other attractive incidents of the same kind which occur within that circle. This gentleman has a stylish vehicle, and contrives to keep three horses and a handsome establishment out of the profits of his peregrinations. This branch entails a good deal of labour, both by night and by day, because the accounts are frequently brought from a distance at a late hour, and at all times the great point is to avoid delay.

Having noticed the more fortunate Penny-a-liners, let us refer to the humbler members of the profession. They may be divided into classes. Some devote their attention to Police offices, some look out for fires, others dress up a murder so as to render it exciting to the meanest capacity; then again come the narrators of suicides and awfully sudden deaths; last and least in consideration are those who attend coroners' inquests. In our account of the members of this fraternity, following, perhaps, an humble, but in many respects, most useful calling, we are most desirous not to "set down aught in malice." There are many Penny-a-liners who are gentlemen by education, association, feelings, habits, and, indeed, according to the more generally recognised and more tangible test of being possessed of money; on the other hand, among this body may be found men who hold honour and orthography alike at defiance, and who would hardly scruple at making a profit by defaming their nearest of kin, and who would as soon make a "par" (paragraph) about the shocking murder of one of their own family as they would of the death or marriage of an individual utterly unconnected with them. These are the men who accept bribes for the suppression of reports, or falsify intelligence with the view of giving it a more attractive character. And here it is only fair to state that they are the exceptions. It is a most untrue and absurd supposition to imagine that newspapers can have any object in disseminating falsehood. It is all very well for ignorant people to talk of "the lying press," but in reality nothing can injure a newspaper so much as to disseminate untruths. Therefore, as far as interest is concerned, they can have none in propagating falsehoods. The actual truth is that all newspapers endeavour to give the most faithful accounts of passing events. We say nothing of politics, because, of course, each party distorts the views and principles of its adversary; but in regard to

the news of the day, we repeat from full knowledge of the subject that their constant aim is to be as accurate as possible. Reporters are bound to give speeches as nearly as possible as they are uttered, and we have no hesitation in saying that if any of the orators of St. Stephens have grounds to complain of changes either in style or expression, the chances are that the reporters have rather improved upon them than otherwise. Many a speech have we heard which smacked most powerfully of genuine Yorkshire or Killarney, and which the hearer would have pronounced to be at variance with elegance and Lindley Murray, but which, served up to the readers of the morning journals, appeared remarkable for its easy flowing style, choice phraseology, and refined expression.

But, *revenons à nous moutons*, lost sheep as are many of the tribe whose peculiarities we have taken upon us to record, unfortunately, there are among them men who are more ingenious than honest, and who, not satisfied with turning a penny by recording "living manners as they rise," employ themselves in endeavouring to give the most simple events an attractive or painful colouring. They are great adepts at headings. Thus, if an unfortunate fellow in a state of intoxication, falls into the London Dock and is drowned, a "par" is straightway despatched to all the papers, couched in some such terms as these:—"SUPPOSED MURDER.—Last night the neighbourhood of the Tower was thrown into the utmost alarm and consternation by a report that a man had been brutally murdered and thrown into the London Dock. It appears that as G No. 105 was on duty near the E and F warehouse in the course of the morning, his attention was attracted to the Caledonia steamer (which brought the recent important intelligence from America). Very near that vessel he observed something floating, which at first appeared to be part of a woman's blue gown, but on closer inspection it proved to be a man's black hat without a rim. G No. 105 (who is a most intelligent officer, and brother to one of the constables who captured Thistlewood and his gang) immediately gave an alarm, and the drags were procured, and the dead body of a man was brought ashore. As there was no card-case in the pocket, nor, indeed, any pocket-book or money, the individual could not be identified. It is not supposed, however, that he is a gentleman. His clothes are very coarse and ragged, and as he had no shirt on the inspector did not resort to the usual experiment of ascertaining if his linen was marked. There was a slight bruise on his left arm, and it is reported that the labourers in the dock have been quarrelling very much of late, so that there is every ground to fear that this fatal occurrence took place during an affray. The body awaits an inquest." Next day the inquest is held,

the fact of the poor man's death is, in ten minutes, proved to have arisen from accident, and a verdict to that effect is recorded. A favourite heading with these gentlemen is "Destructive Fire—Supposed Loss of Life," and the account usually commences thus:—"Between three and four o'clock this morning (a time when everybody in the vicinity is fast asleep), the neighbourhood of Soho-square was thrown into the greatest terror by the sudden outbreak of flames which were seen to issue near the candle manufactory of Messrs. Brown and Sons, in Coventry-street. From the combustible nature of the materials, it was feared that the whole street would speedily fall a prey to the devouring element. It appeared, however, upon minute inquiry, that the fire did not happen at Messrs. Brown's manufactory, but in the back attic of a greengrocer's in the same street. It is occupied by a carpenter, named Jenkins, who had incautiously left some shavings near the grate and they had ignited. But little damage, however, was done, he having no furniture in the room. It is most providential that the fire was extinguished, for if the flames had gained an ascendancy, and if they had communicated to some of the adjoining houses, the most serious consequences might have arisen. We are happy to state that there is no truth in the reported loss of life."

Among the other "heads" given to events by the class of reporters to whom we allude, may be noticed, "Suspicious Case," "Important Investigation," "Serious Charge," "Daring Attack upon the Police," and yet when the accounts are read, the suspicious case turns out that the implicated party is told there is no charge against him; the important investigation is whether a Mrs. Brown did or did not call her neighbour in the Seven-Dials (Mrs. Flannigan) anything but a lady; the serious charge is the case of a boy accused of stealing a turnip; and the daring attack upon the police resolves itself into a few abusive epithets on both sides. There may be a palliation for this spirit of exaggeration, for unfortunately there is now so much competition amongst the lower class of Penny-a-liners that it frequently happens no less than eight or ten accounts are sent to each paper of a trifling coroner's inquest, the writers of course having to run the chance of obtaining the insertion of a few lines. The writer of this speaks with full knowledge of the fact, it being his occupation to select for a leading journal the mass of "copy" of all sorts sent daily by their industrious caterers.

Another besetting sin with the class is a habit of enlarging and spinning out. For instance, they cannot say a coroner's inquest was held last week before Mr. Wakley, in reference to the death of so and so, but the invariable commencement is this:—Last night,

about nine o'clock, a lengthened investigation was held before Mr. Wakley, M.P. for Finsbury, the coroner for Middlesex, and a most respectable jury, composed of the tradesmen of the village, at a place called Pinner, which is ten miles from the metropolis, in the direction of Harrow. In consequence of very unpleasant rumours respecting the cause of the death of the deceased, who was very much respected in the neighbourhood, great excitement prevailed, and the inquest-room was crowded to suffocation. Mr. Harrison attended to watch the proceedings. The jury having been sworn, proceeded to view the body, which presented a most appalling spectacle—or which had the appearance of perfect health, or great destitution, as the case may be. And so the account continues in this prolix style; and although the matter is as simple as may be, the death of some poor creature of eighty from disease and old age, the account is probably headed “Supposed Death from Starvation,” although nothing of the kind is proved, or although it begins “Suspected Murder,” the verdict is, “Died by the visitation of God.”

The Penny-a-liners proceed with great perseverance in their vocation. First in the order of things, a “par” about a mysterious case is sent, written rather briefly, to the evening papers. If inserted, further particulars are dressed up for the morning papers. But if neither the morning or evening papers think it worth insertion, then the occurrence of Monday is kept over quietly till the Saturday following for the Sunday papers, and, of course, is made as fresh as possible by substituting last night for Monday or Tuesday. These are the annoyances to which newspapers are subjected, and yet the public wonder that they are sometimes taken in. It is obvious that the conductors of newspapers must rely upon casual contributors to some extent, for no establishment, however large, could so arrange as to have regular reporters sufficient to obtain information at once in every part of the town. It may be mentioned, however, as a proof of the care generally used by the conductors of newspapers, that whenever it is practicable, they inquire into the truth of any statement sent to them about which there is reason to entertain any doubt.

It will probably have struck our readers that the system on which the Penny-a-liners act is extremely well organized. For instance, if a fire should break out so late as three o'clock in the morning, an account of it is sure to appear in the papers published only an hour or two afterwards. So with other events, of whatever nature; be it murder, suicide, sudden death, a dreadful accident, a child born with two heads, in short whatever the incident, grave or gay, but a few hours elapse before the Penny-a-liners get scent of it, and it is at once dished up in an appropriate form. To judge by their written sentiments, these

gentlemen must have nerves of iron or adamant, for their sensations are put to a severe test almost every hour of the day. For instance, in the very same paper in which they write that they hear with the deepest regret of the melancholy suicide of the head of the firm of Swindleham, Sharp and Co., the eminent solicitors, are to be found divers records of the "great satisfaction," "delight" and "pleasure with which they convey the information that the recovery of a child who swallowed three quarts of boiling water is no longer doubtful."

A word or two may now be said of the mode in which the Penny-a-liners conduct their business with the newspapers. The "copy" is written on thin paper, and is called flimsy — a most appropriate name in nine cases out of ten — the name of the writer is put upon it, and when it is inserted, it is checked by some one at the office who is particularly charged with the duty, and, at the end of each week, the bill is paid, if the number of lines be stated correctly.

We have thus revealed a few secrets of the "prison-house," and we trust that if, on the one hand our account shows a disposition on the part of the Penny-a-liners to "turn all occurrences to their own advantage," we have proved, on the other, that the calling is a very useful one when exercised with proper judgment and discretion, and that the public are indebted to this indefatigable class for a daily supply of highly interesting matter.

We might perhaps say a few words in regard to the morality of the question, inasmuch as the details occasionally supplied by the Penny-a-liners may affect the interests of the community in a variety of ways. But without going so far as to impute insensibility or indifference to this class of men, it is nevertheless certainly true that they derive advantage from the crimes, the necessities, the follies, or the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures. What is called a good murder produces many a pound, because in such cases the public are so anxious about the most minute particular, that all they write is sure to be inserted. They may be said to thrive upon calamity; for if, as Jack Ragg says, "there is nothing stirring but stagnation," then are they penniless; but if a horrid murder or dreadful suicide takes place, then the market looks up, and the crimes or woes of another afford a breakfast or a dinner to the poor Penny-a-liner. The practised purveyor knows well how to take advantage of such events. The curiosity of the public is kept up as long as it is possible, and day by day is the dish of exciting and additional particulars supplied. First comes the account of the murder, then the inquest, then the examination before the magistrates, then the trial and sentence, the funeral sermon, the confession of the criminal, to be followed by minute particulars of his



demeanour, and at length the execution. Nor does the history of the poor wretch stop here, for before he is "quietly inurned" come artistical and scientific speculations about his phrenological developments. Lamentable as may be the fact, it is no less certain that unless rogues or luckless fellows die under extraordinary circumstances, Penny-a-liners cannot live under ordinary ones. A famine or a bad harvest procures them plenty; an extraordinary high tide is a Godsend; and, as to the weather and the parks, in the winter time, no sliding-scale could benefit agriculturists so much as the "moving accidents" upon the ice do the ever watchful Penny-a-liner. A dreadful fire, particularly with loss of life, is worth at least a couple of sovereigns; a case of seduction procures a new bonnet for the virtuous wife of the Penny-a-liner; and a detail of the atrocities of the Union Houses enables him to pay his poor-rates. "Time was that when the brains were out, the man would die," but now his memory at least is kept alive by gorgeous accounts, at three halfpence per line, of the splendid funeral, the virtues of the deceased, and the extraordinary nature of his last will and testament. In short, disguise it as you will, if people become virtuous, if they die in the course of nature in their beds, if murder be no more committed, if men are not so impatient as to anticipate death which is sure to come, if things go on quietly, and there be no extraordinary and alarming incidents, Heaven help the Penny-a-liners, for nothing is so fatal to their vocation as a quiet life and general prosperity. Should such a consummation, so devoutly *not* to be wished, ever arrive, their occupation is surely gone, and there is nothing left for them but to go into another *line* of business.

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## THE MISSING GARMENT.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

BEFORE I enter upon the veracious history I am about to relate, it is necessary that I should state who I am. I am a quiet gentleman living in a retired part of the country, and seldom visiting the great metropolis, unless when compelled to do so by business. I don't like London. It is a great, dirty, noisy place. The crowding and hustling annoys me; the din of the unceasing traffic disturbs my nerves; the choking, stifling, smoky atmosphere makes me ill; and the terrible expense of everything in it frightens me, and threatens me with ruin. It is so different from our own little town of Buddleford, where you know everyone you meet; where the tradesmen all lift their hats to me, and the gentry say, "How are you, Jones?" where the sun shines so brightly on the white flagstones and the brass door knockers; where the market-day is not half as noisy as the by-streets in the suburbs of London; and where everything you can get (I don't say that you *can* get everything you want, certainly), is so cheap.

As for my dear little wife, she looks upon London as the most awful Babylon in the world—she does not believe in the honesty of a single tradesman, or the unspotted virtue of a single housemaid in it. The air she places on a par with that of Sierra Leone, or Jamaica, in the yellow fever season. The extravagance of the place she looks on as wicked, and wonders why a "judgment" has never come upon a city where they give 7s. 6d. a-pair for barn-door fowls that don't cost us above 2s.; and where rotten eggs are vended at sixteen a-shilling, when we get twenty-four new laid ones for the same coin.

A forced visit to London is, therefore, looked upon by both of us as a calamity. The only circumstances under which my wife's horror of such an event is at all mitigated, is when the babies want "some new things." Now, unfortunately, Buddleford is not well supplied with "new things" for babies. We are compelled to confess it, and so I am occasionally sent on an expedition to town to procure these infantile supplies, on which voyages I am despatched with tearful entreaties to be very careful of my health and the size of Tommy's socks, and to be sure and not get run over, or forget Bobby's shoes. I always carefully look over my

will the night before my departure, to see whether any events of recent occurrence may render a codicil necessary. I balance my account books, and make all my affairs as straight as possible ; and then I trust myself, with all the resignation I can summon up, to the hazards of a railway train. By-the-by, I hear that one of the new questions ordered to be put to all proposers for life insurance, in some of the offices, henceforth, is,—“Are you in the habit of travelling much by railway?” and the affirmative reply will entail a higher rate of premiums. At least, such is the report among the best informed circles of Buddleford.

A short time ago I had a small legacy of two hundred pounds left me by a friend. The lawyer who had the management of the affairs for the executors, appeared to be a very off-handed fellow, and positively sent me an uncrossed check for £180 (deducting the governmental 10 per cent. duty) by post, requesting me to acknowledge its receipt. It is true he registered the letter ; but that was only a direct way of telling people there was something of value in it. However, it *did* reach me safely.

“I’d better cross it at once, and pay it into the Buddleford bank,” said I.

“Don’t you think, dear, you’d better go up to London yourself and get the money?” said my loving spouse. “Tommy’s hat is really not fit to be seen, and he *must* have one from London ; and poor Bobby’s socks are all in holes, and—”

And so my wife went on with a whole list of wants of the same class, and I saw that to resist her appeal would be an unfatherly and unmarital act ; and as I pride myself on being a model parent and a model husband, I consented to go to London on my important mission. The next morning I was ready to start.

“I’ve put your night-shirt, and your night-cap, and your brush and comb, and your razors, and your tooth-brush, and your slippers in the bag, dear,” said my wife. “I think that’s all, isn’t it?”

Of course it was, and she knew it. There never was such a good, careful, thoughtful little angel in the world as that wife of mine.

Well : I won’t harrow the reader’s feelings with a picture of the mental anguish of our parting. I went away by the mid-day train, and my wife stood waving her pocket-handkerchief with tears in her eyes, after we had got at least ten miles away ; and Bobby and Tommy screamed and cried till they were blue in the face, as I afterwards heard from our nurse, who witnessed the affecting scene.

I reached London in safety ! We didn’t dash into another train, and another train didn’t dash into us ; we didn’t run off the rails and up an embankment, or over a precipice ; and were not brought

into collision with horse-boxes placed across the line at any station or stations; none of the coupling chains gave way, and the engine did not blow up. In fact, we escaped all the daily and hourly "unavoidable" accidents that *will* happen on the best regulated railways.

The only accident that occurred to me was on getting into a cab at the Paddington station, where, somehow or other, my right leg caught some projecting piece of iron, and my nether garment received a long and very ugly rent. I did not think much of it at the time—poor blind mortal that I was; I could not dive into the futurity of horrors in store for me.

"Drive to Mrs. West's boarding establishment, No. 9, Percy-terrace, Liverpool-road, Islington," said I to the cabman.

The truth is I had bought a "Bradshaw" the day before, and my wife and I had gone carefully over the list of "private and select boarding houses," distinguished for the economy and quietude of their arrangements, for we both agreed that hotel charges in London are shocking, whereas, we found that, at Mrs. West's, gentlemen are accommodated at one shilling and sixpence a-night for bed, and ditto for breakfast, including eggs, and that boot-cleaning and servants are charged sixpence a-day.

To Mrs. West's, then, I drove, and was graciously received, after ten minutes' squabble with the cabman about the fare, which ended in his offering to "fight me for double or quits."

After being shown to my bedroom, which was as clean as white dimity could be expected to look in smoky London and its suburbs, I told the servant of my accident—indeed, it was very apparent, for my under unmentionables were quite exposed to view. The servant knew of a tailor—a working man—not far off, should she take them to be mended?

"But what am I to do in the meantime? I've got no other ones with me."

Mary giggled, and said she'd ask "Missus."

The landlady sent her compliments, and "would I accept the loan of a dressing-gown of her husband to sit in while my rent garment was mended?"

Of course I was very much obliged; and, as it was now nearly nine o'clock, for I had come a very long journey, it did not much matter. I had my tea in my bedroom, and begged Mary when she left the trousers to be sure and explain that I *must* have them by eight o'clock to-morrow morning at the latest. After tea I borrowed a book of my landlady (whom, of course, I had never seen before), and when I had read for about an hour, I went to bed.

Punctually at eight o'clock next morning Mary entered my room with the hot water.

"Have my trousers come, Mary?"

"No, sir, they aint; but, I dessay, they wont be long first."

"I hope not;" I said, and Mary left the room: when I got up and commenced my toilet operations. I completed my shaving, my washing, and my dressing as far as I could without the important garment that was wanting.

Half-past nine o'clock! I rang the bell.

"My trousers, Mary; are they come?"

"No, sir, they aint," said Mary, and I verily believe Mary was suppressing a titter.

"But I *must* have them," I exclaimed angrily.

"Yes, sir—in course," replied Mary, as if the fact were very self-evident indeed.

"Then will you go and ask about them?" I said.

"If you'll have the goodness to wait till I've cleared away the breakfast things down stairs, sir," said Mary.

"Very well." And I sat down in a passion. It was certainly very provoking to be kept thus. It was fortunate that I was a careful man and had taken good care not to send my purse in the trousers, as many a harum-scarum young fellow would have done. Indeed, I know a man whose gold pencil-case has been washed and mangled half-a-dozen times through his carelessness in these matters.

Mary brought up my breakfast and then went to the tailor's. I was too much annoyed to eat much. Time was progressing. I had a dozen little commissions to execute in London, and if I did not return, as I promised, to Buddleford by the mail-train that very night, the anxiety of my poor wife would be frightful. There was no shocking accident, from a railway collision to a slip on a piece of orange-peel, from a highway robbery and garotte to a sprained ankle over those nasty area gratings, that she wouldn't believe to have befallen me.

Tap, tap. "Come in, Mary," I cried.

"Please, sir," said Mary, "they say that Mr. Stot isn't at home."

"Who's Mr. Stot?" I exclaimed.

"The tailor, sir."

"Not at home? What has that to do with me? I want my trousers—my *own* trousers."

"There aint no one as can give them me," replied Mary.

"But they *must*. I'll go and make them. Oh, dear me; no, I can't go, I forgot. But, gracious me, Mary, it's a serious case. I must have the trousers you know."

Again Mary said, "in course I must," and again I verily believe Mary was half laughing.

"Suppose I wait a bit and see if Mr. Stot comes home, sir, and then go again," suggested Mary.

"Very well," I replied with a deep sigh, and sinking into a seat resignedly.

Half-past eleven o'clock!

Tap, tap. "Come in, Mary."

"Please, sir, Mr. Stot's little girl says that her father's gone to his work for the day, and she knows he won't be back till night, and he aint left no trousers out at all."

"Good heavens! but where *does* he work?"

"Somewheres over in the Borough, sir; but she don't know where exactly."

I thought I should have choked with horror. Mary suggested she'd go and speak to "Missus" again; and as Missus seemed to be a practical woman, I did not object.

Presently Mrs. West entered the room bearing a pair of trousers in her hand—not mine, but her husband's—and she "thought that, perhaps, I *might* manage to make shift with them just for a few hours."

I was very grateful and I'd try. So Mrs. West left the room for me to make the experiment. It wouldn't do. I am a tall, slim, gentlemanlike figure. Mr. West was clearly of the "squab" make—short in the legs, and very broad indeed in the regions immediately above those limbs. The trousers only came a few inches below my knees, while no possible number of "tucks" could have got rid of the enormous bagginess above. No, it wouldn't do at all.

I rang the bell and restored the garment to Mrs. West, who observed she was afraid they wouldn't be quite the thing, as my figure was so genteel and West was getting so very corpulent.

"Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that there is a very extensive ready-made clothes warehouse not far from here," continued the landlady.

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed in delight. "The very thing!" It was a new idea and my troubles seemed to vanish.

"Shall I send Mary to tell the owner of the establishment" (Mrs. West always used big words) "to come and see if he can accommodate you?"

"Pray do!" I exclaimed; and once more I was left alone.

Half-past twelve!

Tap, tap! "Come in," I cried, hoping to see the owner of the ready-made establishment, but it was only Mary to say that he would be here in half-an-hour. I tried to be patient.

All on a sudden a dreadful thought crossed my mind. I had brought scarcely any money with me beyond my fare, having to cash so large a cheque in town. Had I enough to pay for a pair



of trousers? I searched my purse—six-and-ninepence the whole stock of my ready cash. Six-and-ninepence! Why, I could never get a pair of trousers for that.

Half-past one! Tap, tap.

“Come in;” and this time a smiling gentleman, with a very large hooked nose, an embroidered waistcoat, frizzly black hair, and red hands, entered my room with a parcel under his arm.

“I believe you are in want of trousers,” said the hook-nosed Israelite.

“Indeed, I am,” I replied, wondering whether I should get any, however.

“I’ve brought a selection of our best patterns,” said the man, producing half a dozen pairs, upon the elegance and beauties of which he began to expatiate eloquently.

“What’s the price?” I asked, with an attempt at *nonchalance* which I was very far indeed from feeling.

“From twelve-and-six to eighteen shillings,” said the man.

“Too much—too much!” said I. “You see I only want them for a day’s wear—anything will do. What are the lowest you have?”

“Five-and-eightpence,” answered the man, with an impudent tone and air; “they’re not fit for *gentlemen*, of course, but you can have them if you want.”

“I *do* want a cheap pair,” I said, in a dignified manner, “it’s my business; *why*—”

“What’s your highest figure?” asked the Jew, with a sneer.

“Six-and-sixpence,” I replied.

“Very well,” he said, “you shall have ’em,” and he left the room, and I heard the brute laughing out loud, and “chaffing” Mary down stairs.

Half past two came and went, three o’clock, and no trousers. I knew the Jew *would* send them, because, of course, he did not want me to go elsewhere for them, but he was not likely to hurry himself for a six-and-sixpenny pair of trousers.

Half-past three, and the bankers closed at four.

Tap, tap. The six-and-sixpennies at last. I paid the money, dashed into them, and out of the house and into a cab, and told him to make all haste to Stones, Boyd, and Co.’s bank.

In the cab I looked at my new garment. A very queer pair of trousers it was, a sort of very slender tweed, vilely cut, and a great deal too short; but, no matter, it served my purpose, and that was enough.

Down the interminable City-road we went, but not half fast enough. Certainly the cabman did his best, as far as keeping up an increasing shower of whipcord on the lean back of his jaded

brute of a horse ; but the poor animal had no " go " in him at all, and everything seemed to pass us.

A turnpike, by all that was horrible !

" Now, sir," shouted the pikeman.

" How much ?" I asked, faintly.

" Twopence." I had it—I had threepence—so I paid the " pike " and went on, reduced literally to my last penny.

I looked at my watch as we went along—four o'clock. But, perhaps, my watch might be too fast. How fondly I trusted it might be.

At last the cab pulled up at the well-known bank of Stones, Boyd, and Co. It was shut.

Frantically did I hammer at the door and a clerk opened it. I explained my wants.

" Ten minutes past four," said the clerk. " No money paid after four ;" and he closed the door.

How wretched I felt ! Here I was with only a single penny in my pocket, though I knew I had a check good for £180 in my possession, but for the moment it was valueless. I was in debt to the cabman, and I was dinnerless, and Mrs. West's establishment did not supply dinners. Then again this was Saturday afternoon. I *must* remain in town till Monday. My wife would be in agony, and ——— oh dear, it was so shocking to a man of my quiet habits that I began to feel very sick, and had an indistinct fear of being given in charge of a policeman for swindling.

Cabby was looking very hard at me as I stood meditating on the pavement.

" I'm afraid this is a very awkward case, my good man," said I in a bland tone.

" Wot is ?" asked Cabby.

" Why the fact is, you see, I came to receive a large sum of money here and the place is closed, and so I am left without any cash for the present. I really don't see how I am to pay you to-day."

" Never trusts nobody, and nobody ever trusts me," said Cabby, in a curt and very decided tone.

" But you see, my good friend," I said, resolving to conciliate him, if possible, " I don't see how it can be helped ; for I really have no money at all, except a penny, which, of course, is at your service."

" Gammon !" exclaimed Cabby, with indignation. " Spout your ticker, then."

" Spout my—upon my word I don't understand you," I answered ; and I *didn't* understand him.

" You're either a precious knowing card or a jolly green 'un," said Cabby, apparently unable to come to a satisfactory decision

on the point. "Wot I means is, you can pop your watch—can't you?"

"Bless my soul; *pawn* it, you mean, I suppose?" I asked.

"In course," replied Cabby.

"But really I don't know where," said I, wavering, but thinking that the suggestion was not altogether bad.

"Jump in," cried Cabby, impatiently; "I'll find you a uncle, bless you, in no time."

And with this kind assurance of providing me with a relative, he shoved me into the cab and slammed the door after me. Then he drove me, I don't exactly know where, but of course much farther than was necessary, to increase his fare; I fancy it was in Bishopsgate, somewhere. And then he suddenly pulled up at a horrid looking place, where blankets and under-garments in a dirty condition, and old pistols, and silver watches, and dingy paintings, seemed heaped together in dreadful confusion, while over the doorway hung the three golden balls.

I got out of the cab, and looked on every side in alarm.

"Go in," said Cabby, giving me a friendly shove, as he saw me hesitating.

A dirty, mouldy-looking man behind the counter said, "Now! what is it?" and held out his hand, into which I put my gold hunter. In a moment he whipped open the case, twisted it about, looked at the works, smacked it shut again, and asked—

"How much?"

"A sovereign, if you please," said I.

"Cheap enough," said the fellow, and he stared at me; I verily believe to see if I looked as if I had stolen it. I was so glad the counter hid my six-and-sixpennies.

"What name?" asked the man, filling up a mysterious bit of cardboard.

"Jones—James Jones," I answered.

"Address?"

"Cherry Villa, Buddleford."

The fellow grinned as he threw me the ticket and the money and asked me for a penny. I gave it—my last.

"I hope you'll take care of the watch," I said, "and if you could keep it going I should be obliged, as I never like to let it go down."

"It's gone *up* now," answered the man with a grin; "up the spout you-know." And he turned away to a new customer.

"Now, my man; what's your fare?"

"Eight-and-six."

I protested against this, but Cabby swore he was right. He had no change; so we adjourned to a neighbouring gin-shop, where he

made me treat him to a glass of "hot with." Oh, if my dear little wife had but known all the horrors I was going through!—in a pawnbroker's!—in a gin-shop! But it made me wretched to think of it.

The next thing I had to do was to write home, and then to dine, and then to return to Mrs. West's establishment.

On arriving there I found my missing garment. It had been left at No. 10 instead of No. 9 at eight o'clock in the morning by Mr. Stot himself. And to think that my day of misery might have been prevented had I known this! How my wife mourned my supposed loss; how my business was concluded on the Monday; my watch recovered from "my uncle;" and myself once more restored to the bosom of my family at Buddleford—all this an imaginative reader will not require to be told.

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# A BOWL OF PUNCH;

(IN SIX STRONG TUMBLERS.)

BREWED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

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*How the Bowl was brewed.*

ABOUT one o'clock in the morning I walked home with a young friend of mine whom, for certain reasons, I will call Alfred. It is not every one who wishes to see his follies exposed to public ridicule in print.

We had but to cross the road, and we were at his lodgings. Too much excited to open the door himself, I took the latch key out of his trembling hands, and helped him into the passage. There I found the match-box, and after two or three ineffectual efforts, I succeeded in striking a light. Let me here pause to remark, that the husband generally has his dear wife to sit up for him—the bachelor has only his Lucifer. What a difference—and yet, sometimes, what a similarity!

The taper once lighted, I took his arm, and conducted him up the tortuous staircase. Not a word did he utter, though we had four pairs of stairs to ascend!

I led him into his little room, which was, perhaps, more comfortable than luxurious. He offered no resistance, but allowed me as meekly as a child to take off his hat and to place him in an arm-chair.

Suddenly a frown, which had been gathering like a black cloud over his handsome brow, burst into a loud storm of derisive laughter. He jumped up from his seat, and, rolling his white kid gloves into a ball, flung them passionately at a portrait which was hanging over the head of his humble bed. He then paced up and down the room like a madman, occasionally flinging his arms about, as if he was frightening pigeons away, and occasionally folding them across his breast, as if he dreaded some imminent danger, and was prepared philosophically to meet it.

I allowed his rage to have free vent, and, at last, he exclaimed, stamping heavily upon the floor, which brought forth the remonstrance of a knock on the ceiling from the lodger underneath.

“Fool! fool! that I was, to believe a single word she ever said.” Burying his head in his hands, he sank a helpless load upon the sofa.

I respected the poor fellow's grief too much to think of disturbing it. I looked on in quiet pity. After a time his body ceased heaving—not a sob was to be heard. His passion seemed to have sought refuge in the calm retreats of sleep. I would leave him and his sorrows to himself. My hand was already upon the handle of the door, when he ran after me, and pulled me back. He begged of me to stop, and have some punch with him. The kettle was on the fire. The water was boiling. He had a lemon, everything complete. Would I not stay, and have a glass? Without waiting for my answer he brought out a big bowl, and began mixing the rich ingredients. As he dropped them in carefully one by one, he talked to himself. "Thank Heaven!" he said, "if there are evils in this world, we also have remedies for them. In this bowl will I drown all my sorrows. It shall be the ocean into which my heart shall dive, and bring up from the bottom that priceless pearl, forgetfulness." He then poured in the liquor, and, filling a spoon with some of it, he continued in the same mournful tone, "Yes, it shall be a holocaust which I am offering up to my future liberty—it shall be the funeral pyre on which I will burn all my past hopes—ah! and the torch to light the pyre shall be one of her own perfidious letters."

So saying, he selected out of a spring-drawer in his desk, a little rose-coloured, musk-scented, three-cornered note, and with it lighted the rum that was floating in the silver-spoon; in one minute the blue flames were dancing and leaping wildly about in the china cauldron. It was a miniature volcano, seething and boiling not less fiercely than the hot passions in his own breast. Left to themselves, however, and with no intrusive hand to feed the conflict by stirring up the flames, they will, I thought, soon burn themselves out. This reflection made me determined to leave Alfred alone. Moreover I longed to return to the ball, and to assure the fair Julia that she need not entertain the slightest apprehension of danger about the young gentleman to whom she was engaged. The lover, who, in the depth of his jealousy, could quietly sit down and brew himself a bowl of punch, could not be in such a very alarming state after all. Let him take a tumbler or two, and his reason would soon return, and then, feeling ashamed of his own folly, we should see him once more in "the gay and festive scene" he had so foolishly run away from.

Accordingly, in spite of all his entreaties, I left Alfred; and, in another minute, was partaking of the many "delicacies of the season," with which the supper-table of Mrs. Hopkins' hospitable mansion was so liberally provided—in fact so much so, that any one, with a sensitive ear, could have heard the groans of the table in the next street!



## TUMBLER THE FIRST!

"I have made myself this bowl of Punch on my return from a ball—a most stupid ball given by Mrs. Hopkins. This Mrs. Hopkins lives just opposite to me. What a fool I was to go! What do I care for Mrs. Hopkins! I was simply invited because Julia was going. I wanted to pass a happy evening by her side alone—but trust a pretty girl for losing an opportunity of displaying her beauty in public! If there were no balls, it's my belief half the pretty girls would poison themselves with eau-de-Cologne."

"It was for me—only for *me*—she said, that she was anxious to go to this ball. She was anxious that all the world should approve of my choice; that all my rivals should envy me my triumph, that all my friends should congratulate me upon my happiness. Sweet envy! Delicious congratulations, indeed!

"Oh! what a soft-headed nincompoop I was to allow myself to be caught, as a fly is caught with sugar, by these sweet allurements! But then her look was so pure—her eyes were the homes of such fond affection—her smile was the smile of so much innocence, that it was impossible to resist! Had she asked me for my moustaches, I believe I should have given them! It was enough that *she wished it*—and so I hired a fly (it is not paid for yet, and as far as I am concerned, I will take good care it *never* shall be!) and went down to Peckham (burn Peckham!) to fetch her. Alas! I did expect before leaving her quiet little parlour, that looked like a summer arbour of happiness, that I should have received a few of those dear comforting words that whisper honey and sugar to the lover's heart; but no, proud, beautiful, haughty, arrayed in all her glittering armour of coquetry, and almost panting to begin the fight, she looked coldly at me, and seemed to say 'What right have you to love me?'

"It was no longer that dreamy languor, that entire forgetfulness of oneself, that sweet, tender, confiding, melancholy, which I had so often admired in her; it was Cleopatra sitting in her barge on her burnished throne, it was Lucretia Borgia dressed out in all her seductive glory, it was Diana armed for the chase—it was, in short, a cold, heartless, coquette, despising the poor slave she had already made, and in her triumph planning fresh conquests.

"In vain, and in vain, did I try, allowing myself foolishly to be dragged in the dust behind the chariot of her caprices, to touch her heart by caressing her vanity. That public thoroughfare to a woman's heart, on this occasion, was closed. She thought of but one thing, and that was the ball. She gave a kiss to her mother—took up her little dog and kissed it—pressed my fingers as I handed her into the fly—and then, from that moment, she was another

being, and belonged to another world. She only breathed, and smiled, and looked pretty for society. *I* was nothing to her. Her mother, her dog were nothing to her. She cared for no one in particular, but for every one in general. Society was her element, her atmosphere, her 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' her Howell and James's, her world, her everything; and yet that woman has leant over my shoulder, and whispered into my credulous ear those electric words, 'I LOVE YOU!' What a fool I was to believe it!

"At last we arrived at Mrs. Hopkins's. She was surrounded in a minute. I heard glowing buzzes of 'How very pretty she is!' I heard the young fools in their white handkerchiefs inquire of each other, 'Who is she?' As with one voice she was proclaimed 'the prettiest girl in the room.' And for three long mortal hours did this 'prettiest girl' shower her looks, her smiles, her graces, the thousand little notes of exclamation and interrogation which the eye of a pretty woman can express so much better than words, upon everybody but *me*—but *me*, to whom by right they belonged exclusively. And what was I doing during those three long hours? I was lost in the obscure crowd of her admirers, as if I was no better than Jones, or Smith, or Jenkins, or any other of the hundred plebeian moths that kept fluttering round the starlight lamp of her beauty, to be burnt and singed in their turn as I had been. At last I obtained the gracious favour of a quadrille—a quadrille, but nothing more—not even the slightest pressure from her fingers—those fingers I had kissed so often—and whenever we had occasion to *avancez*, or *balancez*, or give "hands across," or join in the galoppade, she kept away from me as much as she could. There was not the smallest token that her soul was my soul, not the most trifling symptom (and affection has so many!) that her heart was in my heart, and that she longed to commune with it. Once, and only once, I squeezed her hand with desperate anguish—it might have been almost with savageness. She withdrew her's instantly, and, on looking into her eyes, instead of finding the abyss of unfathomable love I had a right to expect there, I saw nothing but a feeling of extreme fear, and something that well might look like a tear!

"I became restless—I could not sit down—I wandered about here, there, and everywhere. One moment I was lounging on the staircase. The next I was following her into the refreshment room, watching each spoonful of ice she took. Then I would stand against the door on the landing, and, concealed behind the figured muslin curtain, play the hateful spy upon her. I went, returned, sat down, got up again, ran up stairs, down stairs, sauntered out on the leads, but could not rest anywhere.

"She danced with a lieutenant with spurs, and smiled when he ripped a large hole with them in her tarlatan dress. The fellow had red hair and lisped—but such a lisp!—a lisp that sounded like all the military lisps lisped into one; I may say he 'lisped in numbers,'—twenty at least, like *Bleak House*. She then gave her hand to a rich man—a big money-box of a man with an ugly head like those brown earthenware money-boxes which are given to children—a man, with coppers and sixpences instead of brains, in whom you almost heard the money jingle, as he bobbed vulgarly up and down. Her next partner was a young writer, who had just fleshed in some *Ladies' Magazine* his maiden goose-quill, and who was saying what he evidently considered 'smart things' to her. She actually had the effrontery to laugh. After him followed a juvenile member of Parliament, with a filmy, cobwebby monstache, who evidently thought himself too pretty to talk. He was long and thin, like an eau-de-Cologne bottle, with a little dot of a head by way of a cork. It was a labour to him to dance, and when he got over to the other side of the 'set,' I was in hopes he would never be able to come back again. He sneezed once, a feeble hiss of a sneeze, such as you would expect from a mouse, and was obliged to lean against the wall afterwards for support. She even smiled upon him! It was evident all the bad passions were locked up in that woman's breast. It was a prison for all the wicked outcast feelings—and I could see cupidity, vanity, ambition, hypocrisy, treachery, all grinning, like so many criminals, out of the windows of her eyes, and between the bars of her stone-like face.

"I could not stand it any longer. Like an idiot, I approached her—I wanted to speak to her—but what? I cannot say. She caught my eye, and trembled. 'Alfred, dear, whatever is the matter with me? You frighten me.'

"I frighten her—I—I—her future husband? Come, that is very good!

"In the midst of my excitement, I had sufficient reason left to know that if I did not go, I should probably be making a fool of myself. So, in prudence, I quitted the room—but making such a noise as I went out that every one turned round, and must have imagined I was drunk. I am afraid I upset a tray of filthy negus that was being carried in at the door by a big grenadier of a Johnny just as I was leaving it—but what does *she* care? She is dancing, talking, flirting, whilst I am here, alone, being quietly eaten alive by jealousy, that has fastened its fangs like a vulture into my heart. She is playing her best smiles, her eyes and hands are full of tricks, she thinks, dreams, of nothing else, like that wretched hag of a Dowager, with a pair of cheeks as red as bricks,

whom I saw in the card-room. She is now, doubtlessly, enjoying her triumph. I am no longer there to *frighten* her, but, gracious goodness ! it's horrible to think what will become of such a perfidious, scheming creature ?

" But, after all, what does it matter to me ? Surely there are more girls in the world than one ? Why should I make myself miserable by loving *her* ?

" I feel calmer now—I can afford even to laugh at my own folly. I take up a book. I don't know which, but I think it's *Boyle's Court Guide*. I only know I read three pages without understanding a single word. It's true my body is here—stretched at full length upon this sofa—but my thoughts are over *there*, running frantically after that ball.

" Softened by the distance, the sound of the music comes floating into my room. At one moment it is soft, like lovers' whispers—the next it is gay and laughing, like childrens' laughter—and then all of a sudden it breaks out in loud clashes, like summer thunder. The melody flows across the streets, and comes and breaks in rippling waves upon the thirsty sands of my heart !

" And yet, I said to myself, what a delicious thing is a ball—to those who are as beautiful as *she* is, to those who are as young as *I* am ! A ball, with its stolen interviews in the conservatory, all the sweeter for being stolen ; its crackers with the tell-tale mottoes that too often confess the feeling the fond lips tremble to reveal ; its many little excuses and deceptions to avoid being carried away by mamma 'just yet ;' its innocent thefts of soiled gloves and faded ribbons, and its childish gifts of dead roses and tinsel bon-bons, to be put carefully away when you get home, and treasured in desks and drawers. Yes, a ball is a delicious thing, with its smiles and blushes, its flowers and perfume, its bright eyes and diamonds ; its compliments that mount to the head quicker than the champagne ; its tender vows and soft catechisms of what one has seen ? and where one has been to ? its whispered confessions in dark corners of secrets that are not to be told to a single soul ; its bold white lies that 'the carriage has not yet come,' and its gentle hopes and conspiracies to 'meet soon again.' All these luxuries, when steeped in floods of light and music, and backed up with a good supper, make of a ball a kind of Fairy Land, in which the men never tire of admiring, in which the women never tire of dancing—and, perhaps, at this moment Julia is the Fairy Queen of this Fairy Land ! And my imagination pictures every graceful movement of her body. I fancy I see her with her rounded arms, with her head leaning languishingly on one side, her breast heaving with a thousand unknown joys of love, and her little feet flying,

like a couple of young birds, about the carpet. But the next moment I see her—(and my blood fairly boils at the sight)—posing like an actress, to receive the homage of everybody. I see her smiling artificially, like a painted *danseuse*, to catch the popular applause, begging with her eyes for admiration, holding out her hand almost to receive the charity of a compliment. I see her taking from the hands of the young men who throng round her person her fan, her bouquet, her scarf, her *vinaigrette*, her ivory memorandum-book—all those little nothings which women multiply a hundred times, doubtlessly in order to multiply a hundred times their tricks and deceptions. Then there is that gilt-edged lieutenant continually spurring about her—and that stupid man of the city jingling his leaden money in her ears—and that smart young writer making me smart a thousand times more than he is himself. And, with an involuntary movement, *Boyle's Court Guide* is flung to the opposite end of the room, smashing something in its flight, and I rush to the window. I pull it open. The sky is hung with black, like the hopes of my future. The air is cold and damp; but still it plays round my feverish temples, and refreshes me.

“There, opposite, she is dancing—dancing whilst I am here living a lingering death, being burnt slowly alive with the scorching fires of jealousy. And that woman has told me again and again: ‘I love you.’ What a fool I was not to tell her, before I left the room, that I was fully aware of her perfidy? Why did I not express to her the bitter scorn I felt? I was foolish not to leave some poisoned arrow rankling in her heart! but, psha!—the *heart* of a flirt! the *heart* of a coquette!

“If I could only see her, if I could only distinguish her fair shadow amongst the others on the blinds. Impossible! I see a whirligig of *ombres chinoises*—a long moving panorama of black outlines—outlines of men, women, musicians, and waiters—thin and bulky outlines—the outlines of feathers and flowers balancing themselves on living stems—and then I see outlines, that go twirling round and round, that recede and advance, that jump, and skip, and bound through the most grotesque forms of outlines—and I also see the outline of a waiter (the outline is lean towards the shoes) carrying on an outline tray outline ices that run up to a pointed outline like the steeple of Langham church—but in vain do I seek for *her* outline! I cannot trace the outline of her classic form, of her Grecian features, of the poppies and ears of corn in her beautiful hair!

“The quadrille is over! where can she be? What is she doing at the present moment? Doubtlessly she is listening with a too-

willing ear to the excessive smallness of the very small talk of her admirers? Perhaps even she is dropping slowly into the heart of some fool as great as myself, those sweet-sounding words, 'I love you.' But Heavens! there, in that small ante-room, where the darkness, but barely visible, is only the more favourable to dark deeds—what do I see? Yes! there are two shadows—one tall, the other short—the one slender and graceful, the other pulled in at the middle, and broad-shouldered at the top. Yes! 'tis he—'tis she! It is the lieutenant with the spurs! it is the false Julia!

"My head turns round—I feel giddy. A hundred wicked thoughts flash like lightning before my mind. But look! what do I behold? Yes! the tall shadow leans to the short shadow—the latter raises its head lovingly to the former. The two shadows seem to melt into one another with one long kiss. Can I witness that, and remain quiet? No! death to them both. I look for my revolver-pistol, but cannot find it. Luckily, however, here is my cornet-à-piston. I am about to blow a loud blast, when gradually the two shadows retire—the blind again is quiet. I breathe once more.

#### TUMBLER THE SECOND!!

"Sweet, refreshing beverage, allow forgetfulness to trickle through all my veins. Many more have loved before me who only laugh at their former love now. And yet it was she who first taught me to love—who first sounded those mysterious depths of happiness in my breast. It was from her I first learnt the art of making a heaven upon earth, and first experienced what eternal joy it was to live in such a heaven! She is so beautiful, so accomplished, believes every word you say,—but no, she has deceived, falsely deceived me. I no longer love her! What was the meaning of that cold shudder? No, I say again, no, a thousand times, no, no, no,—I do not love her!!!

"I shall not be satisfied until I have my revenge. Egad! I will challenge that padded Lieutenant, who carries on a sort of drawing-room warfare in times of peace. I will challenge, too, that purse-proud aristocrat, who looks down with such savage contempt on everybody from the top of his filthy money-bags,—and that brainless M.P. he shall be challenged also. But they all admired her. Well, then, I will challenge them *all*. I will kill the entire ball—kill every one who dares to consider her pretty.

"And, in my sudden ardour of extermination, I sit down to my desk. Here is paper and ink, and a pen as long as a sword. Now then I will insult them all, and in a fine style of invective such as a man was never insulted in before. But how is this? My



thoughts are quiet and clear enough, but my hand refuses rebelliously to put them down upon paper. The letters run right and left. Some are preposterously large, and others are ridiculously small. I begin again—and with the same result. The nib flies in every direction but the right one. I cannot even read my own scrawl. But, on second thoughts, what are my rivals to me? Will she not, true for once to herself, constant in this one thing only, *deceive* them?—and that will be my best, my sweetest revenge. I'll not trouble myself any more about her or them. I'll live free, I'll live alone—that is man's real happiness! his sunniest Elysium!

“But what shall I do with all this hot blood that's boiling like lava in my veins? How shall I engage my eager soul? I cannot settle down into an arm-chair and doze my life away. Ho! I will write, I will conspire, I will insult an archbishop, I will marry Lola Montez, I will take Drury-Lane Theatre, I will commit some desperate folly, for I'm determined that men shall talk about me. The vessel of life requires a sail. That sail must be glory, or love, or ambition, some great propelling power before it can make way, before it can fairly go-a-head. Talking of heads, mine is on fire, I have got the fever, my arteries are thumping away as if they wanted, like careful watchmen, to give me warning of the fire that was raging inside my brain. These grim portraits look down with pity upon me. Here, old fellow, will you have a glass? But psha! it is impossible she can ever marry that hollow, wooden money-box. My youth surely is preferable to his withered old age; yes, but then he has more pounds than I have pence; he has houses and I have scarcely a garret; he has horses and carriages, and I have scarcely two sound pairs of boots to my feet. I tear my hair with rage. To prefer a banker's book to a heart—ah! ah! ah! It makes one die of laughter. But what was that? I am frightened at my own laugh. I run to the glass. The expression of that face is surely not mine. I cry aloud, and can scarcely believe that the hideous accent of that rancous voice can be mine—mine, that was once so musical. A great change in me must have taken place in less time than I have had to swallow two tumblers of Punch. I have grown old in one hour! Julia! Julia! you will have a deal to answer for!

### TUMBLER THE THIRD!!!

“Let me take another deep cup of consolation. I will allow my soul to embark in this Punch-bowl, and to sail far away from this hard prosaic world—a world of dishonoured bills and affections! I am more easy now. The candle is nearly going out, flickering in the

socket like the light of my own happiness. The fire burns brightly, but then I do not want its cheerful rays. I do not want to see, nor to think, nor to feel. I only want to sleep. Sleep!—the first sweet taste of death—of oblivion!

“And yet my life was happy enough yesterday, when I was in St. James’s Park feeding the ducks—excepting that that gilt-gingerbread Lieutenant was there, and he is at the ball also—bother him, he is everywhere!

“A ball is a strange thing. It seems to me like a fancy bazaar, a kind of female auction-room, a sort of pantechicon to which mothers send their young daughters for show—for sale or return. They are on view from nine at night till two o’clock in the morning, and you are at liberty to make them talk, and to put your hand round their waist for a waltz, and to pull a cracker with them, and to test in a hundred other ways how far they are qualified to be your wife. How different is courtship in the country. You meet in the garden, or in the fields, and sit for hours on a style. You have no scent of patchouli or musk, but there is the perfume of new-mown hay. You have no harp or piano, but there are the birds singing in all directions round you. The purity of the place drives away deception. With so much loveliness, you have no suspicion of treachery. Nature smiles with so much innocence herself, that every pretty face seems to glow with a reflection of it. And should deceit be hiding, like a thief, in any one’s heart, the thief, at the sound of that distant church bell, takes to his legs, and runs for his life, as if the constable was close behind him. But is it a church bell? No; it is that cursed cornet à-piston that will keep blowing away opposite, and will not let me sleep. There must be sleep, somewhere, in this bowl. I’ll fish for it with this silver ladle.

#### TUMBLER THE FOURTH!!!!

“Let us drink! Here’s to my own good health. I want intoxication, and better to seek it in this small lake of spice, sugar, and spirit, than in the liquid eyes of beauty and deceit opposite. A headache is better than a heartache. The one can be cured; but there’s no soda-water invented yet for the latter!

“It’s very singular, but I have a flageolet and a cornet-a-piston in my head. I can hear them distinctly. My nerves, too, are being pulled about like the strings of a harp. Hallo! my head is playing the *Post-Horn Gallop*. The sounds at first are soft and slow, like the opening notes of a matrimonial quarrel; then the movement goes quicker, the noise increases, the rage of the instru-

ments becomes unbearable, and all is tumult, dust, smoke, glare, and confusion. The whole room is changed by magic into a masquerade—I declare the portraits are dancing. They are turning round so fast, I wonder they do not drop off their hooks. Look at that old gentleman in the black wig and ruffles. He's been running after my grandmother for the last ten minutes, and cannot catch her. The chairs, too, have joined in the dance, and now the tables are off! Talk of table-moving! I never saw such an instance of it under the influence of spirits before. I wouldn't have believed it; but there's my grandmother nearly jumping out of her crazy old frame. The dance now is universal. Here's a lark! The fire is jumping up the chimney like mad, and it's strange how high the flames leap! And the music in my head plays louder and louder. The flageolet screams worse than any *prima donna*, and the cornet bellows so loud that I'm afraid it will blow my head off. I don't know where I am. My recollections are plunging, tumbling, running helter-skelter in this furious masquerade. They have joined hands, they are dancing in the same quadrille; but see, one falls, then another on the top of him, then another, then the whole lot of them, and now they are all lying in the middle of the room, sprawling, kicking, in one confused heap together. Let me see if I can pick them up; but first I must drink! drink! drink! just one tumbler more.

#### TUMBLER THE FIFTH!!!!

“What strength I have! What energy—what a supernatural mind! I could do anything. I could take up the earth and play at catch-ball with it. I could walk along the tops of the lamp-posts. I could take a harlequin's leap into that bed-room window opposite. I could walk from here to China, and set off this very minute. I could beat all the forty Royal Academicians at painting. I could take the command of the Channel Fleet, amputate a leg, and perform the operation for the stone, better than Lord John, or any other Prime Minister. I never had such confidence in my own powers before! I feel that if I had been born a poet, there would have been no chance for Tennyson but to get employment from Moses; that if I had been educated a musician, Thalberg, Ernst, Bottesini, Jullien, Balfe, must have turned their hands to hurdy-gurdies, or street organs, to get a living.

“What I wish for most is, that some one would insult me. I try to think who is my greatest enemy, and long that he would only present himself now before me. I feel that, with the giant's strength I possess, I should kill him on the spot.

“I try to play on the piano, but the notes are red-hot. Each

time I strike the instrument, flames of fire seem to issue from my fingers. The music, too, is hot and fiery, and sounds as if it was boiling in my ears. It's the strangest music I ever listened to, and no wonder, for I have mistaken the table for a piano, and have been thumping on the mahogany with as little mercy as if it was the keys of a grand Broadwood

"I cannot understand how that gulph of hissing fire came between me and the house opposite; and on each side of the door there are two pillars of flames that keep running up and down like a couple of corkscrews on fire. Oh! they are the lamp-posts. By their light I notice a tall man slide, in and out, behind that wall which breaks on and off all down the street. By all the furies, it's the Lieutenant. I'll jump after him; but he's already turning the corner of the Circus. He comes, and goes, slides, and stands, as if to defy me, bolt upright before me. I'm ready to spring at him, but he's turning the corner of the Circus again. Now again he advances, he comes up to me, he enters, he has entered—and now he's completely out of sight. Who is this man? and how many men is he? and how has he the power to walk on all sides and all parts of the streets at once? I insist upon knowing.

"Ah! now I see them. They have opened the windows. Heavens! how ugly a ball looks in its old age! It is no longer the same giddy whirlwind of music that seized hold of you, and carried you irresistibly along. It is something heavy, wrinkled, dishevelled, repulsive, that feels like a lump of ice against your heart. Fatigue has ploughed deep lines upon young faces, and made them look like old ones; the hair escapes from all control, and runs over aching foreheads exactly where it likes; the eyes look like dark lanterns with the lights blown out; the flowers hang their fair heads down low, as if they were ashamed of having been up all night; the candles burn pale and sickly; the chairs and ottomans look debauched, stretching their weary arms and legs wherever they can find a place; the musicians are beaten in their turn by the Time they have been beating all the evening, and in their last dying, feeble, emaciated, notes you can plainly hear the death-rattle of the ball. One minute more, and the miserable *fete* will have given up the ghost.

"What, then, was all that harmony of feature, those physiognomies so sweet and pure, that elegant reserve, that high-born modesty, was all that artificial and made up like the flowers in the *épergne*, like the ornaments on the supper table? Were the dancers no better than their dresses? Alas! one brief night has sufficed to conquer all the proud efforts of art, and nature, which was hiding itself under a false nature borrowed for the evening, asserts itself in all its wild, free, supremacy, at last.

“ Yes, in all painful truth, unbridled license succeeds to moderation, pleasure is followed by tumult, and melody runs riot into noise. I hardly know what I am doing. See! how they push and hurl themselves about. They call that dancing. It is the dancing then of madmen. Their legs and bodies must be filled with devils, who whip and drive and pull them about where they please. The horrible dance disgusts me. The figures are whirled fast and faster round, and I fancy my head goes whirling round with them. My legs begin to bend beneath me. I look for *her* everywhere. She is nowhere to be seen. I sing, but my troubled heart makes itself heard loud above all my singing. I can hardly hear myself speak.—I am cold—I shiver one minute, and burn the next—my head aches—my lips are dry—I’ll take another glass—Hip! hip! Hurrah!

#### TUMBLER THE SIXTH!!!!!!

“ Some one has been upsetting everything in my room. The walls have run back, and all the objects are in motion. The floor keeps rising, and the ceiling keeps falling, threatening every minute to knock me on the head. At one part I cannot pass, there is an immense hole which I cannot fill up with all the things I have pitched into it. Then there is some one who keeps hiding behind the curtains. I wish I could only catch him! One minute he is down upon the ground, and then he grows, grows so big I cannot see the top of him. What is it!—I wish I could walk—somehow I cannot—those wretches took my legs away to dance with. But, gracious Heavens! what is that going towards my bed?

“ It was a man. I have done for him at last. I knocked him down with the tongs. He flew out of window. I was nearly jumping after him!

“ What is that noise? All the paving stones are rising. A coffee stall is flying in the air. The houses are cutting after one another all the way up the street. There is a horse tearing up the Duke of York’s column with an omnibus behind it. Windows are firing at one another, and the garret windows keep running down to the parlours, and then running back again. There are horrible noises up above, down below, in my head, in the ceiling, up the chimney, underneath the sofa, everywhere. The persons in the next house keep knocking against the wainscoating, and, knock as I will, I cannot keep them quiet. A thousand watchmen in the street are springing their rattles. A fire engine rushes by every minute at full speed, and I fancy it has come to put the fire out that is burning in my brain. Ah! that was a cannon! There is that man come back again. The scoundrel grins! Well done! My boot has hit him right in the eye. I wish they would send home my

legs. The room is spinning round as fast as a wash-hand basin on the top of a conjuror's stick. I feel as if it would fall every minute, and that we shall all go smash together, like a basket of eggs. Oh! if this continues much longer, I'm sure I shall go mad!

"A policeman has just stepped up on to a parapet, and caught two stars that were shooting. There's the courier of St. Petersburg gone by riding on ten horses through the air. He flourishes in his hand despatches he has just brought from Prince Menschi—something that ends in off—and "off" he certainly is, for ah! ah! ah! he is rolling in the gutter with the moon. Go it, Mensi—go it, Mooney—go it, both of you—and there they go—rolling, rolling over one another, down, down the street, until they disappear together down the gully-hole——

"My grandmother winks at me. What right have you, old lady, to wink at your time of life? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. But the face turns into the beautiful features of Julia! Dearest Julia! Then it changes into a black mask and no eyes! and it grins.

"The music still continues opposite. The lights are dancing—everything in the room is dancing. The dancers and the instruments are strangely mixed together. There is a gentleman with the head of a fiddle—there is an old lady with the body of a violoncello. A young gentleman seizes the piano round the waist, and I notice two of its legs have black trowsers on, and polished leather boots, and the other two have flounces and white satin shoes. Round and round they go, as quick as the wheels of a railway engine—faster, faster—followed by the flute in a blue coat and brass buttons, who is waltzing madly with the harp in a red turban and marabout feathers. Ah! there's Julia!—but how changed?—her face is a concertina, that opens and shuts—her hands are a pair of cymbals, that clash frightfully together—her legs are drumsticks—whilst her body—my eyes are weeping fire—is the drum itself!—She is playing the Drum Polka on her own body!

"There are noises—screams, German songs, barrel organs, all playing, singing, bellowing at the same time. There is light and darkness, thunder and lightning—Vauxhall Gardens and the Thames Tunnel—the oxy-hydro-gin-and-water microscope—dissolving views—a fog—a comet—and I try to walk—I try to feel the wall—try to get to my bed—but the more I advance towards it, the further it runs away from me!

"The room opens and shuts like a pair of nutcrackers. I fancy it wants to seize hold of my head, and crack it like a nut. I want sleep—I want repose—I want a £1,000 a-year, paid quarterly. I want to be good and virtuous—and tears pour down my hot cheeks



—and refresh my parched heart, like a gentle summer shower. Oh! Julia! all this is your fault.

“I cry—and cry—I cannot tell how long. The fire has gone out. My head aches. I cry again—I vow I’ll never do so any more. I am giddy. But ah! I have found my bed at last.—Blessed bed!—and clean sheets! But my boots!—my nightcap? I haven’t wound up my watch. Oh dear! what a fool I have been! Julia! Julia! love—forgive me—how silent everything is!—Will no one bring me some cold water?—oh! my poor head!—Good night—Hang that Lieute——”

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~~What~~ remained at the bottom of the Bowl.

The next morning I called upon Alfred. What a state his room was in! If a small earthquake had been there, keeping it up all night, the things could not have been more disordered, more topsyturvily damaged. It will take him a small fortune to replace the crockery alone. As for his poor grandmother, she is in such a dirty, disreputable state, that I doubt if she can ever be got clean again, not even if she were to be sent for that purpose to the National Gallery!

The poor boy was in bed. He was feverish and repentant. The man called for the payment of the fly from Peckham, and he sent him down the money without a murmur. The meekness with which he borrowed it of me was quite charming.

I was the bearer of a letter from Julia, containing his pardon, but declaring most positively, though in terms of the sweetest affection, mixed up with a quantity of “dears” and “loves,” which I have no right to repeat, that “if ever he behaved like such a naughty, disagreeable, black, jealous Othello again, she never would forgive him—that she wouldn’t.”

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The last concluding Chapter of all.

Alfred and Julia were married at St. George’s a fortnight ago. I was the happy bridegroom on the occasion.

They are exceedingly happy. Alfred writes to me in the greatest spirits from Chepstow, to say that, “he has not had occasion to brew another Bowl of Punch yet.”\*

Let us hope he never may!

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\* EXPLANATORY NOTE.—As it may puzzle many persons to know how I came into possession of these curious confessions of a Bowl of Punch, I do not mind stating that my friend Alfred, as a small return for my kindness, and probably as a small remembrance of the money he borrowed from me, wrote down, as well as he could recollect, the different sensations he experienced whilst successively drinking the Six Tumblers of Punch. He assures me, in the most ardent manner, that the terrible effects described of Punch and Jealousy are rather under than above proof.—*The Brewer.*

## THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1853.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

WITH every year which rolls over us, the taste and the rage—the taste for music and the rage for concert going—seem to increase in nearly equal proportion, although one would fain hope that if there be any difference it is on the side of fine appreciation and correct judgment rather than that of mere fashion. However that may be, there is no doubt but that the London public is immeasurably improved in its knowledge and soundness of judgment of music within the last thirty, and in the greatest ratio within the last ten years. Look at the tweedle-dum-dee operas with which the generation before our own was contented—the mere ballad operas, such as “the Lads of the Village,” “Blue Beard,” the “Devil’s Bridge,” the “Padlock,” and so forth. We do not mean to say that many of these did not contain sweet ballad melodies, generally set to namby-pamby words, but compare them with the magnificent works of musical art exhibited on the stage in our own day—calling into operation every resource of musical genius in the composition, and the highest degree of artistic skill, both vocal and instrumental, in the performance. In the days we speak of, the great works of the great masters, whether of sacred or secular music, were quite unknown to the general public. The fashionable world sauntered to the Italian Opera, because it was the *mode* to do so; but the public at large had to content themselves with concerts, of which “favourite ballads” and comic songs formed the staple, with now and then a lame performance of one of Handel’s oratorios. But the ignorance existing at the time we speak of respecting the very highest order of music extended itself up to those who professed to be its most enlightened judges and its most skilful executants. Accustomed to the clear and lucid style of Haydn’s quartetts, sonatas, and symphonies, the writings of Beethoven burst upon the Philharmonic Society like a thunderbolt. The composer was pronounced by the then highest musical authorities amongst us to be a madman, and the orchestra actually laid down their violins over, if we remember right, the glorious Symphony in C minor, proclaiming that the whole thing was a mass of meaningless and discordant sounds. The score was accordingly laid upon the shelf, like the score of the Choral Symphony in later days—one of the most sublime musical inspirations ever conceived, and which was written by Beethoven expressly for the Philharmonic, after they had got a

little better acquainted with the genius which they had put down as madness. Still, however, the Choral Symphony was a-head of them. They tried it and could make nothing of it. It was shelved for twelve years, and the Philharmonic lamented over the hundred guineas which Beethoven had received for it. Now, however, how great is the change; the performance of the great Symphonies of the King of the Symphony, form the proudest feathers in the cap of the Philharmonic, and Beethoven is as heartily worshipped as he was once heartily contemned.

The concerts of London may be divided into two great classes—the Art concerts, in which the highest and the most noble music is played to a silent and intensely watchful audience of great critical discernment, and the Commercial concerts, which are hardly worth mentioning, being got up, some of them by clever music sellers and publishers who know how to manage these things; and some of them, indeed a great proportion, by pianoforte teachers, whose annual concerts or series of *matinees* or *soirees*, form an important part of their income. The most important of these miscellaneous concerts, however, are those given by popular artists or composers, who have the means of combining an enormous amount of artistic talent, and who take care to have in their programmes the most varied selection of the most popular music of the day. It is nothing uncommon for these *concerts monstres* to last four hours, and find five-sixths of a brilliant audience, chiefly ladies, waiting until the end. Occasionally, it is true, a couple or so of pieces of classic music, a concerto by Mendelssohn, or a duet for piano and violin by Spohr are introduced, but a symphony is rarely ventured upon, as its length, and the depth and elaboration of its art, would suit neither the patience nor the capabilities of the auditors. Taking Italian and German airs; clever instrumental solos, if the performer play tricks with his instrument so much the better—popular *scenas*, duets and trios from the opera of the day, with here and there an English ballad or a Scotch song—make up the matter of the lengthened entertainment.

The art and classical concerts are of quite a different class. They may be divided into orchestral societies, and what may be called quartett societies. The former give elaborate compositions, such as symphonies, concertos in which the pianoforte accompanies and is accompanied by the orchestra, many of these by Mozart and Beethoven, indeed, rising to symphonic dignity, with overtures, scenes from operas, if not too dramatic, and, in general, specimens of the great masters—both of the present and of former days, but decidedly inclining to the latter. The quartett societies are described by their name. One of the first founded was the Beethoven

Quartett Society, every meeting of which is attended by a select party of ardent Beethovenites who listen with delight to the regular allowance of three quartetts, illustrating the three well-known epochs of the composer's musical life. The number of societies of this kind, however, is considerable and increasing, and they form excellent schools for those who have served a musical apprenticeship, to be initiated into the higher mysteries of the art. The Musical Union, conducted by Mr. Ella, may take the lead amongst institutions of this class. It is attended by very brilliant audiences, who are not the less musicians, and a verdict on a new performer at the Musical Union is generally decisive. A case occurred not long ago. A M. Harberbier, a pianist, was amazingly puffed in Paris as having discovered a new system of fingering which would revolutionise the whole art of pianoforte playing; so he made his appearance here, heralded by showers of letters of introduction, full of *reclame* and *blague*, extolling the bearer's extraordinary merit and capability of producing "new effects." M. Harberbier accordingly made his *debut* in Willis's Rooms, which were crowded with artists and amateurs, who waited in patience during an ordinary performance, for the "effects." But the "effects" came not, and the audience dispersed laughing at the failure. The scheme for revolutionising pianoforte playing turned out to be the revival of an obsolete system of fingering practised in Bach's time, which simply increases the difficulty of playing, and can only be employed upon music specially written for the purpose.

The fact is that the really musical public of London is now becoming the musical tribune of Europe. We have been gradually educated to this, by the advent, year after year, of the greatest executants in the world—first lured here no doubt by money—but now very well aware that talent of a high order will alone secure the sums which once used to be given indiscriminately away to every creature who bore the name of Italian. The *prima donnas* and first tenors of celebrated foreign operas—of the Imperial Opera of Vienna, or the once famed La Scala of Milan—and of whom we used to read in the continental journals how they were called on sixty times before the curtain in the first representation of one of Verdi's operas, which probably died the death in a fortnight—these ladies and gentlemen, when they arrived here and *debuted* on either of the opera stages, generally sank into the category of very ordinary singers. The number of failures, before the Covent Garden audience, of bepuffed Italian, French, and German artists, would, were a list drawn up, astonish the public. And yet all these people enjoyed high reputation abroad, and were in the habit of

being feted and caressed by the first people in the land. Exceptions no doubt we had, or we should have had no Italian Opera at all. The greatest singers and instrumentalists of the world are many of them now settled permanently in London, and many others pay us a yearly six months' visit, as much for the sake of finding what is assuredly a most musical public—a critical and an appreciating one—as with the mere view of money making. Another sign of progress is the yearly presence of great composers, who come over to superintend the performance of their own works. Last year we had the venerable Spohr, and the other day we had the pleasure of seeing his venerable brown wig nodding to the bars of a nonet of his own composition, being given by the Quartett Society. Then we had Berlioz last year, and we have him again at the present moment; startling, brilliant, alarming, amazing Berlioz, who has rushed at the old musical rules, like Napoleon at the pedantic old Austrian armies, and scattered dismay amongst the venerable class, who, thirty years ago, were confounded and bewildered by Beethoven, and who now make a sort of god of him. Berlioz's highly imaginative music, and wonderfully emblazoned scoring will probably share the same fortune in the days to come. Over and above these two great men of different schools, we have also had the pleasure of receiving the second composer of Germany, Lindpaintner, and all three have conducted their own works, at both the Philharmonic Societies, two of them at the Royal Italian Opera—Spohr, his noble and intellectual "Faust," and Berlioz, his fanciful and picturesque "Benvenuto Cellini." Let us hope that now the great German composer is here, the summer will not pass away without the quaint and beautiful "Jessonda" being guided by his baton.

Another new feature of the musical world of London during the last and the present year is the sudden growth of a number of new orchestral and choral societies. The first great musical agency which appealed to the middle and the more serious class of the London public was the Sacred Harmonic Society, instituted, as the name imports, for the performance of sacred music of the highest class upon a then unattempted scale of magnitude. The original society did its duty well. It familiarised a vast multitude of the population with the noblest music, and induced to attend its performances a section of society which would have shrunk from the opera, and have experienced qualms of conscience at the notion of a concert. At length, however, the demands of the public outran the capabilities of the old society, the *élite* of which, under Mr. Costa, departed from the rest, retaining the name of the Sacred Harmonic Society, while the other body added the word "London" to their old denomination. The new society has no doubt the pas-

but there is very good music at both, and each succeed in drawing crowded audiences.

The New Philharmonic Society will probably become somewhat of a thorn in the side of the Old. It has begun with great spirits and with an abundant flush of novelties. Its orchestra is better and of considerably greater strength than that of the old society, and has, under Berlioz's management, produced effects unexampled in London. The old society, however, are looking about them, and several of their recent concerts have been excellent. The official directors, indeed, who mostly belong to the old school of music, find some difficulty in diverging from the ancient track of symphony and concerto and from the established masters, particularly as many of their older subscribers prefer the classic to the more modern school; but still it is so contrived that Berlioz, Spohr, and Bishop shall occasionally hold the baton at the performance of their own works, and that compositions by modern writers shall be introduced with greater frequency than of yore.

Amongst other new orchestral societies there are to be reckoned the Orchestral Society and the Enharmonic Society, both in their infancy, but both doing reasonably well. Glee and madrigal unions produce the wholesome effect of keeping alive the taste for our ancient music. We have pianoforte performances attended principally by amateurs and professors of the instrument, and pleasant *soirees* for classic music in the drawing-rooms of artists. No foreign performer of repute, who claims a hearing and a judgment, is refused; and those whose claims are admitted, generally become pretty permanent residents. At this moment London contains an immense quantity of foreign and native musical talent in every department of the art. We have the best instrumentalists and the best vocalists in the world. The Royal Italian Opera boasts, on this present day of writing, of six *prime donne*: Mesdames Grisi, Castellan, Jullienne, Bosio, Medori, and Tedesco, to say nothing of the contralto Madlle. Didiee, a single name, which appears rather barren, but everybody knows that contraltos are as scarce as Phoenixes, and that the only true and perfect Phoenix, at present known, is Madame Alboni. But this is not all. The same opera numbers among its artists the two first tenors in Europe—Mario and Tamberlik; the greatest operatic actor, both in tragedy and farce—Ronconi; and the greatest bass—Herr Formes; with a good half dozen of secondary baritones and basses who would be first-rate on any stage save one.

Under these circumstances it is clear that the prospect of London becoming the acknowledged metropolis of music is being rapidly realised. The French artists no longer laugh at our musical judgments. Whatever the French critics who wish to be *malin* may



do, several of the former class of gentlemen have come over of late years prepared with all sorts of flimsy and tricky impositions as being good enough for the English; but once before a Hanover-square or King-street audience, they speedily found out their mistake, and went home with quite different opinions of English musical taste to those which they had come out with.

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### COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.\*

THE interest which, during the last few years, has been created by the discussion of Colonial questions, has led to the publication of numerous works relating to the state of our dependencies in every quarter of the globe. Of these, the most important in various points of view, is the work before us. Lord Grey occupied the high post of Colonial Minister for a longer period than any statesman now living, and his administration was signalized by many remarkable occurrences. The introduction of our present commercial policy, with all its important consequences, both to ourselves and to the world at large, was, without doubt, the most remarkable of these, and the controversy which this measure awakened, was nowhere carried on with greater bitterness than in our Colonial dominions. It was during Lord Grey's administration, too, that the anti-transportation movement first assumed a serious aspect, and the opponents of that minister did not hesitate to assert that it had been aggravated, if not caused, through his imprudence. We had, moreover, during the period in question, to deal with grave disturbances in Canada, with an alleged rebellion in Ceylon, and with two inglorious, though costly struggles, at the Cape, the last of which, if we can credit the latest tidings from Kaffirland, has just been brought to a close. Australian politics, and West India grievances, make up the catalogue of subjects upon which Lord Grey has undertaken to enlighten the public, and to dispel the mist of prejudice by which his policy and acts have been industriously enveloped by his opponents.

The task undertaken by his Lordship, therefore, is of a twofold nature. He assumes the office alike of teacher and of advocate.

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\* "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's administration." By Earl Grey. 2 vols. Bentley.

He instructs his reader in one page as to the true mode of dealing with refractory Canadians and ruined sugar-planters, who refuse to swallow the Free-trade pill; and in the next he defends, with characteristic zeal, the conduct of this or that Governor, or the wording of a certain despatch, or the arguments of Mr. Benjamin Hawes upon some point of now forgotten interest. It is, in short, the work of a thorough partisan. There is no attempt at disguise; no affectation of neutrality. In the plan of the work Lord Grey has adopted for his model Mr. Gibbon Wakefield's "Art of Colonisation." It consists of a series of letters, like the work of that indefatigable Colonial reformer, but with this difference, that while Mr. Wakefield addresses his lucubrations to an imaginary correspondent, Lord Grey indites his epistles to his late colleague and chief, "his dear Lord John." The work may, therefore, be taken as a family manual of Colonial policy, as taught in the two leading Whig households of the kingdom. It is so far valuable, therefore, as containing in itself a full and complete development of the principles and ideas of the Russells and the Greys upon a variety of interesting topics directly interesting to the community at large. The experience of the last twenty years has taught us that the opinions of these two families upon public affairs, is worthy of our serious attention, for it has exercised, and it continues to exercise, an important influence upon the daily current of events. We shall, therefore, attempt very briefly to lay before our readers the sum and substance of the theories entertained by our leading Whig statesmen upon various debatable points of Colonial legislation.

Lord Grey begins his work with a review of the condition and prospects of the sugar colonies, commencing with Mauritius and ending with Jamaica. These two islands, as most of our readers are aware, present at the present time a striking and instructive contrast. The former is probably the most thriving, as the latter unquestionably is the most depressed of our tropical possessions. Lord Grey does not hesitate to acquaint his noble correspondent and the world at large with the true cause of this remarkable state of things. Mauritius, in short, acted in cordial concert with the Colonial-office, while Jamaica turned a deaf ear to the precepts of his lordship. Hence the one colony flourishes, while the other is fast sinking into hopeless ruin. The Jamaica planters, according to Lord Grey, are incorrigible. They paid not the least attention to his despatches; they squabbled incessantly with his namesake the Governor; they ridiculed the advice which he generously volunteered on the subject of sugar growing, and cotton planting, and negro education. They were consistent only in making demands which it was impossible to grant, viz., protective duties and immigration at the expense of the mother country.

Hence, according to Lord Grey, this unhappy island is now only reaping the consequences of its own obstinacy and folly. He pointed out the only true path to prosperity, after the introduction of the policy of 1846, but his precepts and his warnings were alike unheeded, and there is not an unconverted Protectionist in the three kingdoms who now takes a more gloomy view of the prospects of Jamaica than does this Free-trade statesman. We will do him the justice to say, however, that he writes more in sorrow than in anger, and that he contemplates with evident uneasiness the probable transmutation of Jamaica into another St. Domingo. But that this must be the final result is the avowed belief of Lord Grey. In contemplation of this event he accuses the planters of gross negligence in failing to provide ample means of education for the negroes. The latter, he assures us, must very soon acquire the ascendancy in the representative assembly of the island, and therefore the whites are in duty bound to take some little pains in enlightening the minds and elevating the characters of their future masters! Most of our readers, we believe, will agree with us in thinking that this recommendation betrays but a very shallow knowledge of human nature. But in another point of view it is of the utmost value. It is a clear confession, by a most reluctant witness, that the policy of which he is so warm an advocate has proved, so far as our principal West Indian Colony is concerned, to be an utter failure. A ray of hope for Jamaica has, indeed, at length sprung up in the rich mineral discoveries which have recently been made in the island. Let us trust that these may still be the means of falsifying the gloomy predictions of Lord Grey, as to the fate of our most ancient transmarine dependency.

We shall now turn to another subject of more general and immediate interest at the present time—we mean the question of convict discipline. Transportation to the Australian Colonies has, practically speaking, been abolished, and we are still in ignorance of the intentions of Government as to the future disposal of our criminals. Lord Grey has discussed at great length this very extensive and perplexing subject, and we shall shortly lay the results of his experience before our readers.

We all remember that it was while his lordship presided at the Colonial-office that the controversy respecting transportation first attracted general attention. Until the year 1838 we may observe that the British public were profoundly indifferent to the fate of our transported criminals. We knew that they were shipped off to the other side of the globe at our expense, and, in the absence of any information to the contrary, we considered that the arrangement was alike convenient for ourselves and advantageous to the convicts. But the terrible disclosures brought to light in that year

by the committee of Sir William Molesworth tended to open our eyes to the monstrous abuses that had sprung up under the haphazard system of transportation which was at that time carried on. One result of this investigation was, that New South Wales, by far the most populous and important of the Australian settlements, ceased for a time to be a penal Colony, and the main stream of convict emigration was directed to Van Diemen's Land. But in 1846 a change came over the spirit of public opinion in New South Wales, and a unanimous desire was expressed for a renewal, under certain conditions, of transportation. Lord Grey was in office when this representation was made to the Home Government. It was the crisis of the convict question; the golden opportunity which, in public affairs, the statesman of true ability never fails to turn to profitable account. By the exercise of even common prudence Lord Grey might then have placed this perplexing controversy in a fair way of permanent adjustment. With a recklessness which is hardly credible, he threw the precious chance away.

The legislature of New South Wales had represented to the Colonial-office that they were willing that transportation should be resumed to that settlement, provided a certain proportion of free emigrants accompanied each convict cargo. Lord Grey immediately agreed to this judicious compromise. It was a fair offer, fairly accepted; a binding contract in the eye of law, and reason, and public faith. Yet, what was the result? Lord Grey despatched a cargo of convicts to Sydney forthwith, but he deliberately overlooked the remaining portion of the bargain. He sent no free emigrants as he had promised, and the result was only such as might have been expected. He was charged by the indignant Colonists of New South Wales with deliberate breach of faith. How could it be otherwise? A more open violation of a positive agreement could not have been committed. Never had there occurred so favourable an opportunity for the Colonial demagogue. Never were his denunciations of the tyranny and bad faith of the mother country more rapturously received. The agitation thus recklessly created and thus inflamed, soon became irresistible, and the imperial authorities finally surrendered at discretion to the demands of the Colonists, that transportation to New South Wales should entirely cease.

But let us do justice to Lord Grey. He admits, what he never did before, that he was wrong in not carrying out to the letter the bargain he had made with the Legislative Council at Sydney. He tells us that he fully intended to do so, and that he was only prevented by the want of funds from sending out the free emigrants as he had promised, along with his cargo of convicts. We do not doubt his Lordship's just intentions, and we assume that he

could have no motive in breaking faith with the people of New South Wales; but that he committed a grievous error in judgment in this unhappy affair, is confessed even by himself. "I am bound in candour to admit," he observes, "that on looking back to what took place at the time, with the advantage of our subsequent experience, it now appears to me that in not adhering to the arrangement precisely as it had been agreed upon, and announcing when we sent out the first convicts with tickets of leave to New South Wales, that we would take the earliest opportunity of applying to Parliament for the means of sending out a corresponding number of free emigrants, we were guilty of one of those errors of judgment from which I suppose that no administration will claim to have been altogether exempt in the very difficult task of conducting the affairs of this country."—Vol. II., p. 49.

This error has already led to serious results. The example of New South Wales has now been successfully followed by Van Diemen's Land, and the question is ever asked, yet never answered, "what are we to do with our convicts?" We must decide, and that very shortly, upon one of two things. We must either form new penal settlements, or we must keep the whole of our convicts at home. No other alternative remains for us. Transportation under a judicious and humane system of management, might have been long continued with advantage to the Australian Colonies. It has now entirely, through the fault of the imperial authorities, been brought abruptly to a close. The present Colonial Minister seems to regard this result with a complacency which we are sure is not shared by the vast bulk of the community. Not so Lord Grey, who argues with great clearness and force, that the abolition of transportation would be a measure impolitic in every point of view, and especially injurious to the convicts themselves. The following remarks upon this subject seem to us deserving of serious attention:—

"In the year 1850 I caused a calculation to be made from the various sources of information in the Colonial Office, to ascertain, as nearly as possible, what might be the total number of persons then living in the Australian Colonies who had originally been prisoners, but who were actually in the enjoyment either of entire freedom, or of that degree of freedom which is conferred by tickets of leave and conditional pardons. The result of the investigation was to show that the number of such persons in these Colonies could not be less than 48,000; and, out of this large number, those who were not in some way or other maintaining themselves honestly, either by their labour or by the property they had acquired, were so few, that they formed a mere fraction of the whole. Had they remained in this country the case would have been very different;

and, I fear, that, instead of its being the majority that would have been doing well, and the few who were still living by habitual violation of the law, the latter would have been the rule and the former the exception.

“It has been repeatedly proved that, when a man has once been led into living by dishonesty and plunder, nothing is more difficult for him, after having been punished for his offences, than to find the means of honestly maintaining himself in this country. However anxious he may be to do this, and to abstain from breaking the law, his previous course of life closes against him almost every honest career, while it is hard for him to shake off his old associates, who drag him back again into his evil practices. There are many well authenticated and remarkable accounts of the sincere but fruitless efforts made by men who have been habitual criminals to take to a different and honest course of life. Hence, if we look to the empire as a whole, it seems to me that, in a moral point of view, far more good than evil has resulted from a system by which 48,000 persons, now for the most part maintaining themselves honestly in Australia, have been sent there instead of being allowed to remain in this country a burden on society and to themselves like the *forçats libérés* in France.”—Vol. II., p. 77.

We would earnestly recommend the foregoing passage to the attention of those so-called “Colonial Reformers,” who are accustomed to declaim against transportation in every shape. We may add, that the reasons here adduced by Lord Grey appear to be conclusive as to the perilous project of retaining the whole of our criminal population within the narrow limits of the four seas.

There are other points upon which the reasoning of his lordship is by no means so satisfactory. The high and uniform price of waste land in Australia, which has been a subject of loud and constant complaint during the last ten years, is maintained by Lord Grey to have been of unspeakable advantage to the Colonist. Although he quarrelled with Mr. Gibbon Wakefield many years ago, he still upholds his theory respecting the price of land. No matter what its quality may be; no matter whether it consists of the richest alluvial soil or of barren sand, the price must be the same. But in spite of the authority of Lord Grey, we cannot suppose that this crotchet of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield can be much longer maintained. Its absurdity is so transparent that we may well feel surprised that it has not long since been swept away. Why does Mr. Robert Lowe, who so successfully exposed the Wakefield theory when he was an Australian Colonist, shrink from this duty now that he is a British legislator?

But Lord Grey has undertaken a task still bolder than the defence of this exploded phantasy. He undertakes to prove that



Lord Torrington's rule in Ceylon was just and wise, nay, mild and merciful. He endeavours to persuade us that this much calumniated governor administered with singular success the affairs of that important Colony, and that, but for his *firmness*, a formidable rising must have taken place, attended with the most disastrous consequences. We regret to see arguments so old and stale employed by an author of Lord Grey's experience and ability. They have been invariably used in the defence of acts of tyranny and oppression in every country and in every age. The spirit by which they are prompted lighted the fires of Smithfield in ages past, and defended the wholesale hangings of more recent times. But we must allow the late Colonial Secretary to explain himself in his own language:—

“ Armed resistance to the constituted authorities of the State, on account of the wide-spreading calamities to which it leads, and of the amount of suffering it occasions, ought to be regarded as one of the most heinous crimes of which man can be guilty. It is, therefore, a false and sickly humanity which would shrink from inflicting prompt and condign punishment on the leaders in the commission of such a crime, in order both to protect the thousands of innocent persons who must suffer from leaving it unchecked, and also to avert the necessity of inflicting more numerous punishments in the end, by preventing the contagion of rebellion from spreading among the deluded followers of those who begin it. Among a barbarous or semi-civilised people this is more especially necessary, and, I am persuaded, that any hesitation or want of vigour or firmness in the circumstances in which Lord Torrington was placed, would probably have cost the lives of as many hundreds, possibly of as many thousands, as there were individuals capitally punished under his authority.”—Vol II., p. 191.

In the abstract all this is undeniably true; but the charge made against Lord Torrington was, that he had taken measures for the suppression of an insurrection which had no existence, except in his own fancy; that he had shot, and hanged, and transported a number of ignorant creatures, who never dreamed of overturning the British rule in Ceylon, but who only expressed, in oriental fashion, their disapproval of certain obnoxious taxes introduced by their new and inexperienced Governor, on his arrival in the island. One thing is certain, that in the so-called rebellion not a single life was lost, except those sacrificed in cold blood by the military tribunals of Lord Torrington. It is equally certain that the highest civil functionaries in the Colony indignantly protested against the wanton effusion of blood which took place, in spite of their repeated remonstrances. The unwarrantable assumption of Lord Grey, that this severity was sanctioned by the circumstances, is contradicted

by the unanimous voice of public opinion ; and we hardly think that the late Governor of Ceylon will thank his Lordship for dragging once more to light this very painful episode of our Colonial history.

We had intended to follow Lord Grey to Canada and to the Cape, but our limits forbid. Meanwhile, we can cordially recommend these volumes to the attention of every one who takes an interest in the welfare and stability of our Colonial Empire. There are various points upon which we hold opinions diametrically opposed to those of Lord Grey ; but we must do him the justice to say that he invariably states his views with candour and fairness. No Minister of modern times has been subjected to censures more severe, both within and without the walls of Parliament ; but the attacks of his opponents appear to have left no uneasiness or irritation upon the mind of the ex-Secretary. His tone is invariably calm, and his style clear and unaffected. Upon the whole, the work may be safely pronounced the most valuable of the class which has appeared for many years.

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## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

### HOME.

ON the 3rd of June, the Government measure for the future administration of India was introduced by Sir Charles Wood, in a speech of five hours' duration. It is proposed that the so-called "double Government" shall be retained, but that certain alterations shall be introduced into its constitution. The number of Directors is to be reduced to eighteen, and of these six are to be nominated by the Crown. It is proposed, moreover, that all civil appointments shall be thrown open to public competition, and not, as heretofore, monopolised by the sons and nephews of Directors. A Law Commission is likewise to be appointed in England, for the purpose of digesting the labours of Macaulay and his successors, and framing an Indian code. But the most important feature of Sir Charles Wood's scheme is, that the Charter is not to be renewed for a term of years, as has been the practice since 1773 ; but that the proposed arrangement may at any time be totally or partially altered at the discretion of Parliament. This is a serious innovation, and it constitutes the chief objection to the measure in the

eyes of its opponents. On the 23rd, Lord Stanley moved, as an amendment to the ministerial scheme, that legislation should be postponed until the labours of the Committees now sitting should have terminated; and while we write, the debate upon this motion is still going on.

Financial legislation has proceeded but slowly during the past month. The Income-tax has at length received the sanction of both houses of Parliament; but the Succession Duty Bill still lingers in the Commons. The Advertisement Duty and the Licence Duties still remain to be adjusted, and both of these will probably undergo considerable alteration in Committee. The threatening aspect of the Turkish question continues to depress the public securities, and has proved fatal to Mr. Gladstone's schemes for the conversion of the South Sea and other Stocks. The holders of the former have come to the resolution of demanding their money, which, however, is not payable until next spring.

The most striking incident of the month has been the formation of the Camp at Chobham. Just fifty years have elapsed since a similar gathering took place in England. We were then in the very midst of our ever memorable struggle with Napoleon. We are now, say some grave politicians, on the eve of another great contest with a power which Napoleon strove in vain to crush. It is well, whether they prove true or false prophets, that we should be in a state of constant readiness to defend our shores against all comers. The world is not yet good enough to yield obedience to the precepts of the Peace Society; and until it attains this happy frame of mind, the art of war stands no risk of falling into oblivion. On the 21st, the Queen appeared at Chobham, like Elizabeth at Tilbury, to review her troops, and was received with an enthusiasm of which her great predecessor might have been proud. She was accompanied by her Royal cousin of Hanover, and a brilliant staff. A mock fight took place in honour of the august visitors, which displayed to the highest advantage the perfect discipline of the troops, and which was happily unattended with any accident.

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#### COLONIAL.

**MAURITIUS.**—We see it announced that Mr. S. Villiers Surtees, First Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Mauritius, has arrived in England on leave of absence. To this gentleman, we believe, the country is mainly indebted for a great reform in the legal institutions and proceedings of one of its most interesting and important colonies. It is not easy to over-estimate the difficulties and obstacles which must have presented themselves to the English law-reformer in a colony with antecedents like those of the Mau-

ritius. Mr. Surtees seems to have proceeded in his reformatory labours with the most patient perseverance and unflinching courage; and by the application of a masculine intellect and extensive knowledge in the science of jurisprudence, he has succeeded in assimilating the laws of the colony to those of her mother country, introducing, at the same time, the English language into the legal proceedings of the island. It is by such means, much more certainly than by any of a different character, that we may expect to bring about that complete fusion of the English, French, and mixed races which constitute the population of the Mauritius, and that identification of their interests, habits, and feelings which will most effectually secure to us the continued and peaceable and prosperous possession of one of the most indispensable of the ocean stations of the British Empire.

From Jamaica we learn that the contest between the Assembly and the Council is carried on with greater bitterness than ever. It has now become absolutely necessary for the Government to interfere between the disputants, and notice has been given by Lord John Russell of a measure to be proposed for this purpose.

From Canada we learn that a serious riot, attended with loss of life, occurred at Quebec on the 4th of last month. It seems that Father Gavazzi, in the course of a lecture which he was delivering in that city, accused the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland as being the promoters and the chiefs of the Riband Society. One of the audience immediately shouted "It's a lie; the Roman Catholic clergy have always preached against Ribandism." This interruption was warmly resented by the partisans of the lecturer, and a scene of indescribable confusion took place, during which Father Gavazzi escaped with some difficulty to his hotel. Before order could be restored, it became necessary to call out the military. A good many shots were fired, and twelve or thirteen persons were killed, an equal number being more or less severely wounded. The mayor of the town was generally censured for ordering the troops to fire, as is alleged without sufficient cause, and great excitement prevailed in consequence throughout Lower Canada.

From India we have no intelligence of general interest. The Burmese war threatens to prove as dilatory an affair as our former contest with that remarkable people. Grave doubts are even expressed by some of the best informed Indian journals as to whether we have yet made any real progress: and the prevailing opinion appears to be, that until we reach the capital no permanent settlement of our dispute with the King of Ava can be anticipated.

## FOREIGN.

The Emperor of all the Russias has issued a manifesto in which he sets forth the reasons for his present hostile attitude to Turkey. A more impudent attempt to impose upon the common sense of mankind was never made. It is assumed throughout this precious document that Russia is, and has been all along, the unoffending party ; and that she has only been roused to action at last by the systematic and persevering aggressions of the Sultan. It is the old tale of the wolf and the lamb ; but with this distinction, that in the present instance the wolf has the audacity to argue his case in the presence of witnesses who thoroughly comprehend his purpose, and are, we trust, determined to defeat it. It is generally believed that a Russian army will immediately enter Moldavia, and what the results of this step may be time alone will show. The invasion of that province would be tantamount to a declaration of war against Turkey ; and it is said that the French Emperor will consider it as such ; but at present all is suspense and uncertainty.

Intelligence has since reached us that the Sultan has definitively rejected the *ultimatum* of Russia ; and the peace of the world now hangs upon the decision of the Czar. He has thus placed himself in a situation of terrible responsibility. He cannot proceed in the execution of his designs without the imminent peril of collision with the two great powers of Western Europe, nor can he now renounce them without a confession both of error and of weakness. We believe that in defiance of all consequences he will proceed. The manifesto, to which we have alluded, was not issued without due calculation ; and if he now draws back its publication would be worse than useless ; it would be ridiculous. Russia is not wont to make such exhibitions, and we feel persuaded that she will not on the present occasion. There is a mixture of Venetian subtlety and Roman constancy of purpose with which she pursues her schemes of aggrandisement, which, were they directed to noble objects, we could not but admire. We trust, however, that France and England will not now shrink from the sacred duty, which as guardians of the liberties of Europe, has now devolved upon them. An acquiescence upon their parts in the present ambitious projects of the Czar must inevitably lead to more dangerous aggressions. It would be in effect the revival of the old Roman policy of buying off the barbarians with gold ; and it would assuredly entail the same results.

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BRITISH JOURNAL,  
&c.

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PEVENSEY COURT:

A LIFE STORY.

BY WILLIAM DALTON.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE WRECK.—THE LOST BOY.

ELISE'S narrow escape from his wilfulness had, at least for a time, the effect of softening Pevensey's character, and with the natural impetuosity of his disposition he devoted nearly the whole of his time to study; quick and impulsive in any particular branch, he soon outshone both his cousins. It was the development of a new phase in his character; fond of learning herself, the discovery of her son's new passion gave additional pleasure to Mrs. Deltry, who would watch and guide him with a patience and perseverance few who knew her would have given her credit for. Now prior to the gun accident both Edward and Elise had made great progress in their studies. After that occurrence Pevensey became devoted to his new pursuit. Jealousy of Edward's superior attainments led to emulation; to be excelled by his cousin in any one thing was wormwood to him; and, perhaps, with judicious management on the part of his mother, the whole bent of his mind might have been turned in a right direction. Mrs. Deltry directed her attention alternately to the development of first his physical, and then his mental, powers; but ultimately the balance turned in favour of the former, and she became weary of seeing her "fine brave boy" moping the live long day over his books. To blend the two was foreign to her nature. It must be all one way or the other; still Pevensey assiduously applied himself to his studies.



Friends frequently visited the house, accompanied by their children, and on every such occasion Mrs. Deltry would relate the gun accident, at first with tremour at what might have been its result, but, with frequent telling, this feeling wore off, and, at length, she found both pleasure and pride in dwelling upon the brave forgetfulness of self shown in his anxiety for Elise, regardless of his own painful wound. Listening boys would long to emulate him, and parents would speak of the folly, nay cruelty, of binding up so fine a spirit within the covers of books. Intently, but silently, Pevensey listened to all this, every reiteration adding fuel to the flame, till at last the old spirit burst forth, and he threw aside his books to wander about the fields, leaping hedges, climbing trees, and doing all kinds of dangerous things for the simple reason that they *were* dangerous. At times his mother would chide, at others applaud his bravery ; seldom long in the same humour ; the balance perhaps was about equal. In most of these rambles he was accompanied by Edward, for whose disposition, although no longer considering him a coward, Pevensey had great contempt. Was any useful end to be gained, Edward would dare the most dangerous feat ; if not, he would shun danger as worse than useless, nay more, as ridiculous.

Elise had a favourite little dog with which she was one day playing near a deep well into which the little animal fell, and would have been drowned had it not been for Edward, who, procuring a rope of great length, swung himself into the bucket, and let himself down, and saved the dog ; but the success would have been at the cost of his own life had not the gardener been at hand to pull him up. Just as Edward had reached the top Pevensey arrived at the spot, and with great chagrin saw the feat and jealously listened to Elise's applause of his gallantry. Pevensey affected to see no difficulty in the feat, and to prove it leaped into the bucket ; but in his mad precipitancy, loosing his hold of the rope, by a mere miracle reached the bottom without being crushed. He was rescued, and bitter were the feelings with which he heard his cousin praised and himself admonished by his mother for his foolhardiness. But for the future the daring spirit was uppermost ; not a day passed without chronicling some hair-breadth escape or fool-hardy feat.

Notwithstanding the fervent glow of youthful love (the growth of their lives) between Edward and Elise, something approaching a warm and sisterly affection was felt by the gentle girl for Pevensey, for to her alone he was docile. Mrs. Deltry's passionate temper might keep her son's in abeyance, but the gentle, loving nature of the girl excited in his breast a feeling of kindness and affection almost astonishing to the boy himself. Something at least resem-

bling brotherhood was shown by him towards Edward when in the presence of Elise ; but it was not hearty, for particles, as it were, of his natural disposition would frequently ooze out in the form of a love of childish controversy, opposing for opposition sake alone. Thus, for a few years, passed onwards the domestic world of Pevensey Court.

The kindred trio had attained the age of fourteen or thereabouts. Pevensey had grown tall and manly, and Edward, braced by our much abused, but yet healthy climate, promised a scarcely less fine *physique*. Elise was fast developing into a fine woman ; and now, notwithstanding that both the boys seemed equally attentive to her, it appeared to be without jealousy, and as if a bond of union, cemented by the object of their united attentions, had sprung up ; and what was more surprising converted the boys into inseparable friends. Of totally opposite habits and tempers, the very contrariety seemed but to invigorate their friendship. It was a happy time for Mrs. Deltry and for Elise. The former imagined that she had governed and guided to a good purpose ; Elise was happy because she knew that it had greatly resulted from her own influence ; and with what pleasure she would listen to each while discussing future prospects—to Edward when speaking of his penchant for the bar, to Pevensey when gloating and glorying by anticipation over the laurels to be earned on the battle-field.

The winter of 17— set in keener and earlier than usual, indeed it was in an autumn month that Mrs. Deltry and Elise were sitting in a favourite room, the bow window of which overhung a huge table land, and opened to a view of the wide expanse of ocean ; the curtains were closely drawn and the fire burning cheerily in the grate. Mrs. Deltry was reclining in an easy chair, with an open book in her hand ; Elise was busily writing in a small account book, wherein she kept a chronicle of her pensioners among the neighbouring poor. In winter time this benevolent employment was her chief amusement ; encouraged by her aunt, in whose disposition charity formed a large ingredient, she shared with the poor the greater part of her handsome allowance of pocket money.

“ Your cousins are prolonging their stroll, Elise,” said Mrs. Deltry.

“ Oh, they will not be long, I dare say,” replied Elise ; “ it is not yet six, and they dearly love a ramble together. They have doubtless ventured along the coast as far as the Long Point to look at the wreck.”

Elise alluded to the loss of a large Indiaman that had been wrecked a few days before.

"I trust not," said Mrs. Deltry, "for it is getting late, and I fear we shall have a storm."

"I pray not, aunt; these terrific storms detract much from the pleasures of a sea-side dwelling. It is a fearful thing to look out from one's luxurious room upon the brewing of a storm, feeling conscious at the same moment, that hundreds of our fellow creatures are hopelessly imploring help," replied Elise, putting aside the heavy window drapery, and then quickly adding, "Look, aunt, look, a storm is rising. See yonder mountainous cloud; it hides the moon from view. The sea is troubled. Listen! the wind grows more boisterous. Did you hear that gust? Oh where, where are my cousins, aunt? for Heaven's sake send a man to seek for them."

The footman was summoned. "Where did your young masters purpose going?" asked Mrs. Deltry.

"Along the coast, ma'am."

"I know it; but where?" was the reply.

Master Edward wished to stroll as far as the wreck of the Indian, but Master Pevensey had a mind to amuse himself with wild fowl, and so he borrowed the gardener's gun," replied the man.

"The gun—wild fowl—idiot. How, in opposition to my repeated orders, did he again dare to trust that boy with a gun?" Mrs. Deltry petulantly exclaimed; but fear for the boys overcoming her anger, she ordered the man to search immediately for the young truants. Again, taking up her book, she endeavoured for a time to read, but the restlessness of her manner, and the rapidity with which she turned over the leaves, showed the effort to be impossible in her then anxiety. At length, laying the volume aside, she arose to gaze out at the storm. "I know not why," she said to Elise, "but I feel unusually dull this evening—a vague sensation or presentiment, impossible to describe, of some boding misfortune."

Whatever might have been the real feelings of Elise, she began a light and cheerful chat, as if to chase away her aunt's fears of her own uneasiness. Some heavy drops of rain patted against the window—then it fell in torrents—then came a vivid flash of lightning through the crevices of the curtain, followed by the roar of thunder, causing the room to vibrate with the shock; and thus the hour wore on. It was a terrible storm, and one that was remembered upon that coast for years afterwards. Mrs. Deltry's suspense grew unbearable. She impatiently paced the room, at intervals pulling aside the window curtains, and listened, as if to gather in her ears, through the din of the elements, the sounds of footsteps; then she would stand minutes together, suppressing her very breath, as if in fear of its keeping the longed-for sounds from her ears. For a minute the storm seemed to have subsided, and the

elements to be at rest. A light, sharp sound rattled through the silence.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Deltry with alarm; "the report of a gun?"

"A minute gun—some ship in distress," replied Elise.

"No, no," replied her aunt, impatiently; "it was either the report of a pistol or a fowling-piece. Hush—listen," and she threw open the window. The storm again burst forth in all its fury; forked lightning danced amidst the foaming and boiling waves, making the distance lurid—another flash, and the horizon was as clear as in broad day. By means of the light they caught a glimpse of a large ship, close in shore, struggling with the stormy fiend; a flash of fire gushed out from her side, and the loud report of a piece of ordnance boomed across the sea. The sight aroused Mrs. Deltry. "The alarm bell, the alarm bell, Elise," she said. Elise left the room; a minute after and the clatter of the great bell was heard for miles around; but to the astonishment of the servants who had been ordered to arouse the neighbouring boatmen, they found them already prepared and in action, and the cliffs and beach glistening with lanthorns. Upon making this report to Mrs. Deltry, she exclaimed, "Thank God, then, they may be saved yet; but my boys, my boys, where are my boys?"

By this time the servant who had been sent in quest of the boys had returned, he had been to the Long Point, but only to discover that the boys had been seen there at an early period of the evening. That Pevensey, becoming excited with his sport, resolved to remain longer than Edward approved of, that after some little dispute the latter left his cousin with the intention of proceeding homewards. About half an hour after this Pevensey, altering his mind, discontinued his sport, and followed Edward with a hope of overtaking him before he could reach home. This intelligence caused greater alarm than before. Servants were once more sent in search of the missing boys. As they were leaving there was a great noise in the hall. Mrs. Deltry and Elise sought the spot. Some fishermen were carrying an apparently drowned man. Pevensey walked by his side. The mother and son were in an instant locked in each others arms. Elise, in the excitement of the moment, had rushed out to procure requisites for the wounded stranger; as she returned he became sensible. "Brave boy, gallant preserver, how can I ever thank you?" he said, looking earnestly in Pevensey's face and taking his hand.

"What means this?" said Mrs. Deltry in astonishment.

"That he has saved my life and that of my crew at the risk of his own," replied the captain, adding, "if he is your son, madam, be proud of him, for a braver fellow does not exist."

"My gallant boy," said Mrs. Deltry, again clasping him, "how did you thus save this ship's crew?"

"I heard the minute gun as I was returning; I instantly gave the signal to the boatmen, jumped into the first boat, and, after the crew were saved, for we were just in time, the ship was going down, I discovered this gentleman giving his last strike out in the sea, pointed him out, and helped the men to save him.

A pause now ensuing, and the tumultuousness of her fear for her own son's safety, she inquired for Edward.

A pale hue spread over the boy's face as he heard the question. "Has Ned not returned, Mamma?"

"You do not know, Pevensey, then where can he be? The man told us that he left Long Point for home before you," exclaimed Elise.

"Great God! what mystery is this?" said Mrs. Deltry in alarm. "Search all instantly for Edward. He may have mistaken his way—fallen over the cliff. Elise, Elise," she said, perceiving that the colour had fled from her face; but Elise was past hearing. Mrs. Deltry's surmise had done its work; the girl had fainted. It might have been as Mrs. Deltry said, it was certainly probable that he had fallen over the cliff, mistaking in the dark a wrong path near the edge.

That night, days, weeks passed, still nothing was heard of Edward, save that his cap was found on the sand at the base of the cliff. Day by day Pevensey, with indefatigable toil, searched and examined every crevice and nook around and near the coast, but no trace of his lost cousin could be found. Pevensey Court was a house of sorrow for many an after year.

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## CHAPTER V.

### A NEW FRIEND.

THE mysterious disappearance of Edward was a terrible blow both to Elise and her aunt, and upon Pevensey its effect was even worse. He was seized with a settled melancholy, out of which he was seldom aroused, except to give way to his constitutional outbursts of rage. These fits had become more frequent than ever, and Elise, as heretofore, could alone calm him. As time wore on, so perceptibly did this morbid gloom increase, that Mrs. Deltry became seriously alarmed, and earnestly sought for means of cure, but without success, until at length she was recommended to place him in the family of a Protestant clergyman, near Bordeaux. This change of scene and constant association with youths of his own age seemed, happily for his mother, to have the desired effect, for,

in less than a month, he burned with his old desire of emulation, and for three years onward he studied *con amore*.

During the whole of this period he remained from home. He had but one more year to complete the first proposed period of his residence in Bordeaux.

Towards the close of evening, at the end of the third year of his absence, Elise, now grown into womanhood, was with her aunt, sitting, as was their wont on every opportunity, chatting speculatively upon the appearance of the absent pet.

"What a fine, manly fellow he must have grown, aunt; how I long for his return among us," said Elise, but adding in a sad tone, "but, then even, he will not be with us long. He is sure to be mad for his commission. Oh, why do you not persuade him from it?"

"Like you, dear Elise, I have suffered too much from its dangers not to have become thoroughly cured of my old penchant for the glitter, show and false glory of that profession," replied Mrs. Deltry, but continuing in somewhat of her old stern tones of voice, "but *persuasion* rests with you, a much firmer tone remains alone for me; however, I have little doubt but that the improvement he will discover in his pretty cousin will assist our mutual wishes, Elise."

"Nay, my dear aunt," replied Elise, blushing, "I have no such faith in my powers; but, look, is not this group charming?" she added, changing the subject, and pointing to a small but exquisitely designed engraving, the purchase of that morning. "Is it not a charming subject for my next carving study?"

"You are enthusiastic in your love for this art, Elise. I know those who would question its fitness for a young lady's study," said Mrs. Deltry, smiling.

"It but little matters what others question, so that you approve, dear aunt. For my own part I prize it far beyond most of my other studies; and, perhaps, you will think me foolish when I tell you that I have not forgotten the tale of the basket maker and the gentleman who were thrown together among savages; and, at least, it is an elegant amusement."

"You are right, my dear girl. If all women were to become proficient in any one art, they might become something more than mere men hunters from their cradles upwards," replied the aunt.

"Yes," replied Elise, "we should then meet the other sex upon their own ground, and women's rights, without either fuss or absurd agitation, fall as naturally to them as apples to the ground."

"Well said, my young philosopher," replied Mrs. Deltry. "Now, suppose while there is yet time, we have another lesson," and they both proceeded to the carving-room.



One of Mrs. Deltry's whims in early life had been to learn the art of wood-carving. Like every other wish this was gratified by her kind friends, and she really attained a tolerable amount of skill. After her marriage she discontinued its practice until the first winter of Pevensey's absence, when she resumed it both as an amusement, and for the purpose of teaching Elise. The novelty alone first pleased the young girl, but already skilful in the use of her pencil, the pupil soon reached the proficiency of the teacher. This progress so pleased her aunt, that she engaged a man from London to give her niece three lessons a-week.

The day previous to the conversation about Pevensey, Elise had finished some admirable figures in oak and box woods. The wood was roughly prepared and cut into rude form, leaving the artistic touches for the fairy fingers of Elise. The study was on the ground floor. It had a bow window that looked into Elise's own little flower-garden. The board at which she worked was placed in a recess near the window, and now, reader, she sits there, a group—the Graces—on the board nearly finished, Mrs. Deltry by her side, intently watching. At intervals Elise raises her head from her work, rests it upon her hand, and gazes through the window upon the setting sun, as if for an idea, a grace, or an expression for the figure. Now her head is bent over the group, her attention is so fixed that she notices not the darkening of the window by the graceful forms of two young men, who are gazing with apparent astonishment at the fair workwoman. One of them struck by accident the frame ; her attention is aroused, and she exclaims, " Good Heavens—Pevensey." The next minute the two ladies are in the hall. Elise throws her arms around her cousin's neck, but a deep blush suffuses her face as she for the first time noticed the presence of a stranger.

" Elise," said Pevensey, reproachfully, vexed at her effort to unfold herself from his embrace.

" You forget, my dear boy, that Elise has grown into womanhood since you left us," said Mrs. Deltry.

" True ; pardon, dear Elise ;" then presenting his friend, he said, " permit me, my dear ladies, to present Sir Henry de Brae, my fellow pupil and *companion de voyage* from Bordeaux, and who will be glad of your hospitality for a few days."

" Welcome, a thousand welcomes, Sir Henry," said Mrs. Deltry, warmly shaking the baronet by the hand.

" My friend, Pevensey, must have taken you somewhat by surprise, madam. I, therefore, scarce dare trespass ;" was the reply.

" It matters not, Sir Henry, you are doubly welcome, although in my surprise and pleasure at this most unexpected return, I have forgotten to inquire the cause ?"

"Oh, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, dear mother. We will postpone explanations for a less jovial day;" gaily replied Pevensey, and accordingly the remainder of the day was passed in mutual joy at the reunion.

Some few years the senior of Pevensey, and the inheritor of an old title and small estate, Sir Henry de Brae had remained at Bordeaux, rather for the improvement of his delicate health than as a pupil; of tall, though slender figure, elegant gait, easy and winning in manner, his features were handsomly moulded, but somewhat spoiled by an habitual curl of the lip that gave one an idea of *double entendre* to all he said. Having chatted during the dinner most fluently, from subject to subject, but without exactly hitting one sufficiently pleasing to his particular audience—for they were too much engaged with the past, present, and future, to heed his light talk—he had almost resigned the attempt in despair. However, while sipping his coffee, he ventured to ask the nature of the curious employment in which he had seen Elise so earnestly engaged; and, discovering it to be wood carving, he asked, with a sarcastic smile, whether it had become the fashion for ladies to soil their fair hands with mechanical drudgery.

"The truth is, Sir Henry," said Mrs. Deltry, "that the common superficial education of English women is now worn too threadbare, at least for those who have a mental appetite for stronger food; therefore, having exhausted the first, my niece studied wood-carving, first as a novelty, but ever since with enthusiasm."

"A young lady and enthusiastic in such a pursuit! Surely you must have some great object in view," replied Sir Henry, addressing Miss Durrant.

"Precisely so, Sir Henry. No less a one than to prove by example the possibility of woman's helping herself, and by so doing becoming independent of the empire sex."

"But surely, my dear coz, you have no idea of working for hire?" said Pevensey, laughing.

"Nay, not so, Pevensey! Yet thousands of my sisters have to work for their daily bread, and if a few ladies were to make work fashionable, the price of woman's labour would rise, while those of the middle classes would benefit more by imitating the occupation than they do now by the mere imitation of the luxuries and follies of their higher graded sisters."

"Bravo, my little heroine!" said Pevensey, "you are a good girl, although a little too enthusiastic for female independence."

"You may laugh, Pevensey," she replied, smiling; "but if some new employments could be found for women, I fancy the laugh would be with us."

Night closed and the ladies left for their chambers.

"That cousin of yours is a charming girl, notwithstanding her funny crochet!" said Sir Henry.

"She is an angel!" replied Pevensey.

"Oh, that's how the wind lies, is it? Well, I do not wonder at it. I congratulate you, my boy," replied Sir Henry; and then he added, thoughtfully, "Do you know she is the first girl I ever met who took one's compliments so coolly."

"Then you have lived long enough to find that there are women too healthy in mind and heart to digest flattery."

"Hum, so it appears; although it is the first case I ever met. Must take some lessons in the new school. It will never do to let the petticoats get the upper hand. Good night, my boy."

"I do not half like that man," thought Pevensey.

"Money no doubt—piquant—very. Must have that girl;" muttered the other as he left the room.

Pevensey soon found the presence of Sir Henry to be hateful to him; for, although he never appeared more than polite to Elise, the baronet never let an opportunity pass of being in her society; therefore it was with no small degree of pleasure he heard of Sir Henry's being suddenly summoned home within a week of his arrival at Pevensey Court. The visitor had not long left the house when Pevensey, finding his mother alone, requested a cheque for a hundred pounds. Now, during his three years' absence, Mrs. Deltry had liberally supplied her son with money; and even within the last two months she had sent him a similar sum, consequently, with surprise at the request, she echoed, "A hundred pounds, Pevensey!"

"One hundred pounds, dear mother."

"For what purpose?"

"To pay a debt I owe Sir Henry."

"What debt is this, sir?" asked Mrs. Deltry, angrily.

"Pardon me, mother, but I cannot in honour tell you more than that the money must be paid. De Brae is not rich and my honour is at stake."

"You are disobedient, sir; however, you shall have the money, but mark me, not another cheque until I know the meaning of this mystery. Now, no more of this. But pray has this any relation to your sudden return home, and which, you may remember, you have not as yet accounted for?"

"A trifling matter, mother, but the explanation is doubtless there," he replied, giving her a letter he had found on the hall table, and which he knew from the post-mark to be from Bordeaux. It informed Mrs. Deltry that her son, who for days together was wont to be seized with fits of gloomy despondency, had been insulted by one of his fellow pupils—a challenge had been

sent and accepted, Sir Henry de Brae being Pevensey's second; and that his adversary being left for dead the two fled to England however, that they might now return with impunity as the wounded young man had recovered. Terrified at the past danger of her son, Mrs. Deltry trembled and shed tears of joy as she embraced him, calling him her dear, brave boy, and congratulating him on his safety from the recovery of his adversary.

"Safe!" he exclaimed. "Great God be thanked, I feared—Heaven knows I feared more blood was upon my head."

"More blood! What in Heaven's name do you mean, my dear boy? You are ill."

"I am, mother, I am, at times, God forgive me," and he rested upon a couch. Shortly after he arose, and taking his mother's hand, he said, "Mother, I must seek action, and that, too, in the army; until I receive my commission I shall know no rest."

This speech was a sad blow to Mrs. Deltry, and she trembled as she almost imploringly said, "My dear Pevensey, I have a request—a prayer, to make. Give up all thoughts of the army; it has been fatal to our family. Your father—your uncles were its victims, you are the only one of your name left. My dear, my only boy, you must not go. Seek activity in more useful employment—the bar, the church—anything—anything but the army."

"Mother, mother, deeply as it pains me, I must refuse you. You first fostered the love of it in my bosom—I have longed for years for the time of joining. The time has now arrived, and you refuse. This is, indeed, cruel. It must not be."

With surprise, Mrs. Deltry listened to this opposition to her wish. A direct contradiction was to her a fearful antagonist aroused; and with a flashing eye, yet somewhat tempered with love, she said—

"Is this your determination, sir?"

"I'm afraid it is, dear mother."

"Then, Pevensey, mine is, that you *shall* not," she emphatically replied.

"Then, mother, I *will*," replied Pevensey, choking with rage; but at the same time hastily quitting the room, as if to prevent its outburst.

Elise was in her study busily engaged upon a new design, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Pevensey, who, with the angry spot still upon his brow, took her hand, saying, "Elise, dear Elise, you have, doubtless, heard this determination of my mother?"

"What determination, Pevensey?" inquired Elise, calmly.

"Do not be so provokingly cool. You know that my mother has now positively refused to purchase my commission."

"She would in her love, persuade you to a less dangerous profession, I know; and to her persuasion I add my own dear cousin."

"Persuade, indeed," replied he, angrily. "I tell you, Elise, she says I *shall* not enter the army; and I—"

"Will what, my dear Pevensey?" replied Elise, interrupting him, with the hope of at least softening the dreaded reply.

"*Will* do so, Elise," was the curt answer.

"Believe me, my dear Pevensey, then, that determination alone proves your unfitness for a profession in which coolness and obedience are the chief requisites, and to that—you will not be angry with me, dear Pevensey, for adding—that I fear you never will acquire."

"And you, too, desert me, Elise?" he bitterly replied.

"The very advice I offer, Pevensey, is a proof of my—my—" and her voice faltered a little, as she said, "very great regard for you; a proof that, instead of deserting you, I cling to you in your great difficulty."

"Elise, you will drive me mad among you; but tell me," and he clasped her little hand in both of his, as he asked the question, "will you always cling to me through life? If so, I know not what that might do."

"What a foolish question," she replied, laughing; "through life, I hope, will be a long time yet; and you know I might some day have a husband, and he, perhaps, might not like my clinging so long a period to another, although that other was my own dear Cousin Pevensey."

"Elise, Elise, you are tantalising me; you know I have loved you even from my very childhood."

"A pretty kind of love, indeed, when you can talk of going away to be shot at."

"Well, then, dearest Elise, one thing alone will make me compromise—say that I get called to the bar, will you promise then to be my wife? Upon those conditions alone can I relinquish my commission."

"No, Pevensey; I will not, I dare not, make any such promise. You are young, as well as myself—you may change; you are impulsive, passionate, and a little fickle; you might regret your shackles. No, Pevensey; I love you, I believe, too much ever to love another; but more than that I cannot, will not, promise."

"You must, you will, dear girl," said Pevensey, interrupting her. "It will guide me—save me from, perhaps, destruction."

"Talk not so wildly, dear Pevensey. Determine at once upon the bar; get 'called;' study hard, you will have a great aim; the necessary routine of study and application will discipline your

mind, form your habits, and then," she added, laughing, "I might be inclined to trust my happiness to your care."

"Elise, this is cruel folly; my mind is racked with uncertainty. I can bear no control, no discipline like this you propose. I have already resolved upon one thing or the other. Your hand the moment I am 'called,' or, the army. If you deem the latter destruction, save me, if you will. Answer me, yes or no."

"Save you now, to plunge you certainly in destruction a few years hence; no, Pevensey. You are ungenerous, and since you will the answer, then let it be no."

"You mean this," he said, sternly.

"I do; I cannot do otherwise."

"Then farewell, all of you."

"Pevensey, dear Pevensey," she cried, but it was too late; her wilful cousin had left the house. She ran into her aunt's room and implored of her to send one of the servants to recal him.

"No, Elise; let the disobedient boy go, he will speedily return again."

"Aunt, aunt, do not—"

"No more on this subject, Elise," sternly replied Mrs. Deltry, at the same moment leaving the room, as if to avoid further importunity.

Poor Elise was bewildered; all her new formed pleasures of Pevensey's return home were crushed by the events of that day, the gloom of night closed over at least two unhappy hearts.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### GOING FOR A SOLDIER.

WEEKS passed, still no tidings of Pevensey. Whatever were Mrs. Deltry's thoughts, she gave them no utterance; for some time not even alluding to her son. At last, however, indignation gave way to affection, and with tears in her eyes she broached the subject to Elise, who was but too happy to join in such a conversation. Elise vehemently defended her cousin's conduct, and to her surprise the defence was readily accepted by her aunt, who merely gave vent to her curiosity about the hundred pounds. "For," she said, half soliloquizing, half to Elise, "when did I ever refuse even his most extravagant demands? No, no; where there is mystery it covers disgrace or dishonour of some kind."

"Mystery," replied Elise, with surprise, for she knew nothing of the conversation that had passed between mother and son respecting the money. "Indeed, aunt, there was no mystery at all



in the matter. The purpose for which Pevensey used the money was a noble one, although perhaps a little extravagant."

"What mean you, Elise; the mystery is even greater now than before, or why should he have made a secret to me of that which he made you his confidant?" replied Mrs. Deltry.

"Once more you are mistaken, dear aunt. I did not even hear it from Pevensey, but from Sir Henry, who, on the morning he left us, laughingly, nay, as I thought, jeeringly told me the tale as an instance of Pevensey's romantic folly; and I am sure when you know the correct story, you will not blame but applaud the act. It appears that six months since, on some madcap expedition on the water, Pevensey's boat was overturned, and he would have been drowned, had it not been for the assistance of a man in a small boat near him, who, in endeavouring to pull him into his little vessel overturned it by the effort. The man swam ashore, but finding that Pevensey had not reached the land, he again plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, caught hold of the almost senseless and drowning Pevensey, and at the risk of his own life succeeded in saving him. Pevensey's saviour proved to be the keeper of an hotel in the neighbourhood of his own residence; and after this occurrence, from feelings of gratitude, he soon grew on very friendly terms with him. One morning, a few days previous to his departure for England, when the hotel-keeper sought a private interview with Pevensey, and explained to him that his affairs being in a deranged state, in short expecting arrest every moment, in addition to which his family were all ill of fever, in terror of being taken from his wife, he had committed a terrible crime, viz., that of forging the name of Sir Henry de Brae, with whose handwriting he was well acquainted, from frequently having that gentleman's cheques pass through his hands, he had confessed all to Sir Henry, who offered the alternative of immediate repayment, or the fate of a forger, and knowing the friendship between the two gentlemen, his only hope rested upon Pevensey's interference. For some time, however, Sir Henry would listen to no other arrangement than immediate payment, but at length consented to forego prosecution, conditionally that his friend Pevensey would give him a bond for the sum and himself keeping possession of the proof of forgery until the money was paid. Sir Henry related all this to me as a good joke at the stupidity and folly of philanthropy, but Pevensey has kept the secret for the preservation of the man's reputation.

"My noble boy, would that I had known this before!" exclaimed Mrs. Deltry.

"It may not be too late even now, dear aunt. If an effort is made we shall not be long in discovering him."

"There are two soldiers in the hall, madam, who insist upon seeing you," said a servant, entering the room.

"Soldiers ! what can this mean?" said Mrs. Deltry, with surprise.

"Mean, ma'am," said a cavalry serjeant entering the room, and saluting the ladies, "it means, ma'am, begging your pardon, that we have traced a deserter to this house, and that I believe him to be secreted here, with a hope, I suppose, of escaping the draught for the 12th which sails to-morrow for India."

"Do you think my house a harbour for men sneaking from their duties to their king and country? No, sir, I am a soldier's wife, and know at least a soldier's duty," replied Mrs. Deltry, indignantly.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but duty you know is duty, and we have, as I said before, traced him here in these very grounds."

"Got Pevensey, now, serjeant," said another man, entering the room, and addressing the non-commissioned officer.

"Pevensey, my God ! What? say the name again. Serjeant, what Pevensey is this? I must see him," said Mrs. Deltry, about leaving the room.

"Stay, ma'am, the deserter's name is Pevensey, that's all—but you shall see him—smart young fellow, too." And at the order of the serjeant, the deserter was brought forward into the room. To the dismay of both ladies, Pevensey, in a stable dress and handcuffed, was marched in between a file of soldiers. He stood as if in shame at his plight, his head almost resting upon his bosom.

"My God, my noble boy, is it you, and in such a position?" exclaimed Mrs. Deltry, pushing aside the astonished soldiers.

"Mother, did you not say I should *not* enter the army," was the calm reply.

Then, as if a sudden thought had crossed her, Mrs. Deltry stood back from her son, and drawing herself to her full height, indignantly said, "Boy, you have eternally disgraced me ; I will not—I cannot own you now."

"Disgrace a soldier's wife by becoming a soldier?" replied Pevensey.

"No, sir ; by becoming a deserter. By enlisting you merely forgot your position ; by deserting you have forgotten and disgraced yourself and family."

"He is no deserter, aunt," said Elise ; "he came but to see us before he left, as you just now heard the serjeant say he was about doing for India, and this is the reward of his love."

"You are right, dear cousin, I am no deserter. I enlisted hastily without knowing that the main body of my regiment was in India. I asked for leave of absence and was refused. I took it, and here I am. These men will vouch for what I say," replied Pevensey.

"That I can and will, my man," replied the serjeant.

"Then, thank Heaven, my boy, my noble boy, now and for ever. For Heaven's sake remove those things, serjeant," said Mrs. Deltry, pointing to the handcuffs.

"I will, ma'am, but he must return with us."

"I know, I know ; but wait, serjeant ;" and Mrs. Deltry hastily penned a note to the officer commanding the depot, gave it to the serjeant for immediate delivery, and the party left the house, leaving both the mother and cousin in tears.

The note to the commanding officer was a plain statement of the case. Mrs. Deltry immediately despatched another to the military secretary, a cavalry commission was negotiated for, the purchase money paid, and what with her family interest, and it being the heat of the war, within a week afterwards Pevensey was gazetted to a cornetcy. He obtained a month's leave, during which time he endeavoured, but fruitlessly, to make Elise revoke her decision, and then sailed for India, but not without receiving another proof of his mother's affection, in the form of a *carte blanche* to draw upon her bankers when and for what he pleased.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### STUMBLING UP THE LADDER.

THE first six months of Pevensey's absence was a gloomy period to the ladies at Pevensey Court, notwithstanding their devotion to their wood carving scheme. In the art, however, Elise had so well succeeded that many of the young women in the neighbouring town had joined the school of which she was the chief patroness, the greater part of the expense of its establishing being, indeed, paid by aunt and niece. The succeeding six months, although passed with anxiety, brought its own pleasures and delights in the shape of various gazettes in which Pevensey's gallantry and conduct were especially commended by his commanding officer. He had now rapidly, although meritoriously, passed up the list of cornets, and stood next in rank for the first lieutenancy. The gazettes vouched for his conduct, and the drafts upon his mother's bankers did for his generosity, the amount during the first twelve months of his military career by far exceeding Mrs. Deltry's expectations. But of this she thought but little, promotion would soon arrive, and with it additional pay.

Sir Henry de Brae paid many visits to Pevensey Court during the twelve months, to the great satisfaction of Mrs. Deltry, who liked his company, but much to the chagrin of Elise, who now more than imagined his pretensions to her. However, not wishing

to vex her aunt, she kept to herself those many little, easily-translatable attentions of Sir Henry, and as they were never attempted but in Mrs. Deltry's absence, that good lady had no cause for suspicion, although she must have judged it impossible for any young man to be much in her niece's society without admiring, nay, perhaps loving her, yet her unsuspicious nature would not allow the belief that Sir Henry would coolly steal the affections of her darling son's all but affianced bride. So, for a time, matters proceeded. Elise had received a letter from Pevensey, containing the best of intelligence, namely, that in consequence of the dangerous illness of the officer next in rank to himself, he expected, on the very day following, to receive the rank of lieutenant without purchase. Elated with this news, and glorying in her cousin's fortune, Elise had kept the letter continually by her side.

A few days after the receipt of this epistle, the ladies received a visit from Sir Henry; the proud mother imparted to her son's friend the intelligence of his promotion, and was coolly congratulated in reply. Elise had noticed the coolness with which he had received the information, and, upon her aunt being suddenly summoned from the room, she said, "one would fancy, Sir Henry, that you received but little pleasure at the news of Pevensey's good fortune."

"In truth, Miss Durrant, I was selfish enough to be too much engaged in meditating upon my own fortunes at that particular moment to give much attention to those of my friend, Pevensey, but pardon me, I believe I really wish him well, although I fear for his success."

"Fear for his success, Sir Henry! why, has he not already made rapid and deserved progress in his profession? Has he any enemy, think you?" said Elise, emphasising the last sentence.

"None—at least that I am aware—my dear Miss Durrant, except, indeed, himself."

"Pooh, pooh, Sir Henry; I really shall believe you jealous of his success," replied Elise, laughing.

"What if I admit the charge, my dear lady?"

"Why, that you had better rid yourself of the feeling as unworthy of you, and endeavour to emulate him by exchanging from the Guards into the Line at once."

"My dear Miss Durrant—Elise, you mistake me," exclaimed the baronet, abruptly drawing his chair near, and taking her hand.

But withdrawing it quickly, as if it had been bitten by a snake, she replied, "No, Sir Henry, it is you that mistake me; and now, once more, let me request that you will never repeat this undue familiarity."

"I care not for glory gained by bloodshed, Miss Durrant," he

replied, adding, "but I cannot be insensible to the glory of gaining your love, neither can I avoid being jealous of any man, be he who he may, in whom you take so deep an interest."

"Do you know, Sir Henry, that you are now speaking of my cousin, almost my only relative, of the companion of my childhood, nay even my—"

"Future husband, you would perhaps add, Miss Durrant; but it is not so, it never can be, he is unworthy of you."

"Sir Henry, this is insolence, presumption. You, his friend, to malign him beneath the roof of his own house. This is indeed, cowardice, sir; were he present, you dared not talk thus."

"True, Miss Durrant; I am his friend, and wish to save you, and him also, perhaps, from—"

"From what, sir," interrupted Elise.

"Himself, his greatest enemy," replied the baronet; and then taking her hand, he continued, "Now, listen, Elise. You must," he added, as she endeavoured to leave the spot, "by Heaven you must, let your decision be what it may. I have loved you, and that, too, madly, from the moment I saw you, and—"

"And what, sir?" scornfully replied Elise, who had now risen from her chair, half choking with suppressed indignation.

"And pray for the faintest hope of a return," replied the baronet, in a softer tone.

"Then first learn the manners of a gentleman, sir," she replied; and, walking towards the door, she added, "I now leave you, Sir Henry, to your better reflection."

"Nay, remain, Miss Durrant, at least until you have heard the latest intelligence of your unworthy cousin."

The name of Pevensey, and the emphasis with which he dwelt upon the adjective, arrested Elise, and she replied, "Well, sir, proceed."

"This morning I received a letter from a friend in the same regiment, who informs me that although six days before he stood upon the brink of promotion, in consequence of a dastardly quarrel with—"

"Stop, sir," said Elise passionately; "stop, you lie, Sir Henry. Pevensey could do nothing dastardly."

"Though rare most certainly from the lips of a lady, your sex claims the privilege of the use of the tongue—albeit the vulgar one; but I will alter the word, Miss Durrant, to suit your ears. Pevensey Deltry, on the very morning on which he would otherwise have obtained his promotion—mark me, that very morning—was guilty of unofficerlike and ungentlemanly conduct, for which he was brought to a court martial; the result will, in all probability, be his being cashiered."

"Great God! can this be true? I never so longed a falsehood as now;" and she hastily quitted the room.

"She will be ~~mine~~ yet," muttered the baronet through his teeth, and not being desirous of an interview with Mrs. Deltry, he left the house.

Although well nigh distracted with the news—for she had faith in that at least—Elise was not one of those persons who seek to relieve themselves from a sudden flooding of misfortune by hastily directing its course over her first met friend. Somewhat recovered from the first effects of her grief, she pondered upon its probable effect upon Mrs. Deltry—she trembled for both mother and son. Could it be possible that so gallant an officer had committed himself disgracefully? If so she well knew his own mother's proud heart would spurn him. Ruin would be but trivial compared with disgrace in her aunt's estimation; but what then could she do? She would await the arrival of another mail. Pevensey would, in all probability, tell to her that which he dared not to his mother. After all it might be untrue. She resolved to wait, and with a sorry attempt at quietude of mind and unruffled features she joined her aunt in the dining-room, when, to her astonishment, she found her aunt perusing some documents, with tears coursing down her face. No sooner did she perceive her niece than she said, "Elise, dear Elise, my boy is ruined—ruined for ever, and upon the brink of promotion."

"Ruined! nay; I trust the result of this better than we anticipate," replied Elise, wondering who this stranger could be who had simultaneously informed Mrs. Deltry of Pevensey's mishap.

Fortunately, however, for Elise's secret, her aunt had not noticed her words, and she replied, "Elise, the house with whom the bulk of my fortune was entrusted has failed."

"Great Heaven! what an accumulation of misery," exclaimed Elise."

"Accumulation, indeed! Poor boy, I shall now be unable to purchase him his company, and after he has so gallantly earned his first step."

And so, thought Elise, she does not know the worst yet. How bitter is the misery in store for her. How will she bear to hear of the loss of that very first step, upon which she was but now deploring her inability to build the next and greater? Even now she was soothing her loss of fortune with joy at her son's promotion.

However, ill news travels fast, and the next post brought Elise the expected letter, and her heart leaped for joy on finding that, after all, Pevensey's prospects really were not so bad as she expected. The officers of his regiment were, for the most part, young, gallant, and gay. Pevensey possessed both the first-named quali-



ties; but when not on active duty he was gloomy and irascible. The morning of the day on which the officer died, by which Pevensey would have obtained his promotion, some of his brother officers had been joking and bantering him; out of this arose high words, and in a moment of uncontrollable passion, Pevensey struck one of them. A duel followed, although without any ill consequences. The result, Pevensey was tried for unbecoming conduct as an officer; he was acquitted, but advised to exchange into another regiment, consequently being placed at the bottom of the list of cornets. The day after his exchange the lieutenant died, and Pevensey lost a valuable promotion on the brink of getting it.

Deeply as his mother felt chagrined at this, she saw nought but high spirit in the act and pitied her unfortunate son, and so months passed onwards. Twelve more and Pevensey had, by the fortune of war, regained his original seniority. Unwilling to cast a gloom upon his prospects, Mrs. Deltry had kept from her son the loss of her property; nay more, she managed, by dint of great management, and the sale of some house property, to raise a sum sufficient for the purchasing his next step.

The news from the seat of war became more cheering, almost every other letter telling of his rapid progress up the list of lieutenants. A great battle was fought, vacancies occurred, and Pevensey was promoted to a troop. And now Mrs. Deltry's heart was filled with joy and had a return of her old penchant for military glory and rank. His next step would be more difficult of obtaining without purchase, therefore, by purchase she determined it should be. Her brave son had earned and should have it. But, lo, the means were wanting. She had already made great sacrifices, and now but little was left besides the mansion of Pevensey Court; but the idea of her son's advancement had become a fixed one, and a fixed idea was with her but a passion to be gratified.

Her first step was to mortgage her house, then Elise, who had determined upon aiding her cousin, offered a portion of her own small fortune. This her aunt at first refused, but this resolution soon gave way before her new passion; it was accepted. Still a large sum was required and to gain that the two ladies planned an heroic scheme; the greatest of all heroism—self denial. Every superfluous expense was curtailed, a small cottage was taken in the neighbourhood, and they commenced in real earnest the art and practise of wood carving; they entertained the romantic idea of making it the means of adding to their pecuniary store. Their old servant, Mary, was retained and made a confidant. Now, fortunately for their scheme, Mary had a relation in London who was in business as a miscellaneous agent for the fine arts, and

to him was transmitted group after group, figure after figure, as it left the hands of the ladies, and all met with ready purchasers.

Time still passes onward, the news from India is yet more cheering ; Pevensey has obtained an important command, though no higher rank ; what, think the workers, if after all he should obtain this next all-desired promotion without purchase ; the idea is glorious, they toil yet harder, for the money will buy him higher up yet, at least to the highest rank a man may *directly* buy himself in the army.

(*To be Continued.*)

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## THE MAIDEN OF RADSTOCK VALE :

A LEGEND OF INCONSTANCY.

---

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

---

A CHARMING young damsel was Eleanor Dale,  
The poor simple maiden who dwelt in the vale  
Which the Castle of Radstock, perched up on a mound,  
Looked over and guarded for miles and miles round.

For Nelly had beauty : she'd laughing blue eyes—  
Dark, deep-coloured blue, and of extra large size,  
And glossy brown hair which, in natural tresses,  
As it fell on her neck, seemed to give it caresses.  
(This sentiment isn't my own—it is due  
To some poet deceased—I don't recollect who  
He is, but I tender my plain I. O. U.  
For whatever the sentiment's worth.) A small nose,  
A small mouth, and her teeth in two regular rows,  
And so white that their purity rivalled the snows  
Of Mont Blanc (which by *this* time all London has gone to),  
And you'd swear that she *must* have used Rowland's Odonto.

Her elegant figure, her delicate hand,  
Her sweet little foot—all such praises command,  
That if I don't stop I shall fill all my space  
With rapturous odes to her beauty and grace ;

Besides the sad risk lest such over precision  
 Make some people come to another decision,  
 And doubt whether Eleanor Dale was so fair  
 As the author proclaims and the chronicles swear.  
 So I'll leave these rough outlines—they should have been fainter—  
 To be filled up by Fancy—infallible painter !

And a kind little heart, too, did Nelly possess :  
 There wasn't a neighbour in want or distress  
 That hadn't good cause pretty Nelly to bless.  
 Yet Nelly was poor—poor as any poor neighbour  
 For whom Nelly's delicate fingers would labour :  
 But then she had sympathy—poverty's gift  
 To the poor—and whenever the *heart* wants a lift,  
 'Tis sympathy gives it, while pity and bread  
 (Meagre anodynes both to the heart that has bled)  
 Are all that the wealthy can offer instead.

Lovers by dozens came courting sweet Nell—  
 Handsome young lovers, and old ones as well ;  
 Lovers with riches, and titles, and lands,  
 And lovers who lived by the toil of their hands ;  
 Nobles and warriors—men of high grade ;  
 Peasants and labourers—men of the spade ;  
 Lovers who pedigrees old as their land had,  
 And lovers who hadn't an acre or grand-dad.

Yet none could prevail  
 On the fair Nelly Dale  
 To lend a kind ear to their amorous tale ;  
 What arts they might try,  
 She was deaf to each sigh,  
 And provokingly smiled when they swore they should die.

Till at length one by one  
 The whole bevy begun  
 To consider this courting of Nelly no fun,  
 And, like schoolboys disgrac'd,  
 They retreated in haste,  
 Declaring the girl had a " shocking bad taste."

A decision most easy of all of digestion,  
 Which I recommend gentlemen popping the question  
 By all means to come to, instead of repining,  
 In case of the lady their offer declining.

But, nevertheless, Nelly Dale wasn't fated  
To live an old maid and to perish unmated,  
For Cupid had ready in pickle a dart  
Safe to pierce through and through Nelly's tough little heart.

On moonlight nights would Nelly roam  
Through Radstock Vale far off from home,  
Though whence this taste for nightly strolls  
Puzzled her honest neighbours' souls.  
The truth is, though it wasn't known,  
That Nelly didn't walk *alone*.  
It chanced, on these same moonlight nights,  
In which we know Love so delights,  
A certain gallant youth would glide  
At one fixed spot to Nelly's side ;  
And then they—yes, and then ; well, well,  
I don't see why I'm bound to tell  
Of all they said, or did, or thought,  
Or felt—in fact I think I ought  
To hold my tongue in such a case,  
And let my readers, at this place,  
Supply from their imaginations  
The scenes of evening assignations  
Where lovers talk in wild ecstasies,  
Defying sense—and the rheumatics.

And Edgar De Vere was a gay, gallant youth,  
High-born and well-bred, and accomplished ; in truth,  
In birth, in position, in bearing, in form,  
Just fitted to win, or to carry by storm  
(For the fellow by nature was form'd energetical)  
The heart of a maiden whose tastes were poetical.

But Edgar de Vere had a haughty old sire,  
Who'd have almost been thrown into fits by his ire,  
Had he thought that his son from his station could fall  
To marry a maiden with no blood at all—  
For, of course, the red liquid that peasant veins hold  
Is no more real blood than electrotypes' gold.

And this Baron de Vere,  
So proud and austere,  
Inspired in his son a due measure of fear

That, with instant severity,  
In case of demerit he  
Should certainly find himself cast off—*deshérité*.

And so the love prospects of Edgar and Nelly,  
Wern't as smooth as a lake, or as clear as a jelly ;  
In fact, though the present  
Was mightily pleasant,  
To the masculine noble and feminine peasant,  
Who, bound in love's chains,  
Forget all their pains,  
And the different order of blood in their veins ;  
Yet the future looked queer,  
And I very much fear,  
They'd no notion at all of the course they should steer.

---

Radstock Castle's a glorious pile,  
For the home of a warrior meet,  
And rich and fertile the lands that smile  
In beauty at its feet.

Massive and high its ramparts rise  
And grim and grey its keep,  
And night and day its banner flies  
And never its sentries sleep.

Deep and broad the waters flow  
Around its rock-built walls,  
The Saints befriend the luckless foe  
That into their vortex falls.

And a mighty hero is Radstock's lord,  
Sir Philip of Radstock hight,  
No legends or minstrels' lays record  
A haughtier, braver, knight.

He hath fought in distant Paynim land  
For the Church and the Holy Cross,  
He hath slain more foes with his own right hand  
Than all the foemen's loss.

His name is spoken with fear and awe  
And a touch of admiration,  
For a braver scoundrel the world ne'er saw  
In the knight of a Christian nation.

For myself—though it sounds to some ears like profanity,  
To plead against heroes the cause of humanity—  
I must say *I* think when he fought with the Paynim,  
'Twas a very great pity the Turks hadn't slain him,  
Together with most of his fellow invaders—  
Those highly poetical cut-throats—Crusaders.

Sir Philip of Radstock, *chevalier sans peur*,  
But not *sans reproche*, unless chronicles err,  
Was a big, burly fellow, with muscles and sinews,  
Well fitted to carry the weapons then *in* use ;  
A beard like a goat's, but much rougher and thicker,  
A nose that told stories of hogsheads of liquor ;  
An eye like a fish's, a mouth whose dimensions  
Would serve a hyena of modest pretensions.  
A hand—no, it wasn't a hand, but a fist—  
A great, coarse, red thing, that you couldn't resist  
A regret, as you saw it, it hadn't been made  
For some worthy pursuing the rat-catching trade.  
In short, in *our* days such a ponderous large man  
As would make a good blacksmith or capital bargeman.  
Yet such was the matter, and such was the mould,  
Of those wonderful fellows, the barons of old—  
The frame of a giant, the strength of an ox,  
A skull that could carry no end of hard knocks,  
And a skin of such thickness you almost might term it a  
Hide, and the heroes themselves “*pachydermata*.”

Sir Philip of Radstock rode one day  
By the spot where the cottage of Nelly lay ;  
And the day that Sir Philip of Radstock rode  
His look was as black as the steed he bestrode,  
For he'd heard that day that the Baron de Vere  
Had spoke of his deeds with a saucy sneer  
To one of the barons living near,  
And this highly unpleasant piece of news  
Had given Sir Philip a “fit of the blues.”  
He had chafed and sworn in a knightly fashion,  
And roared and cursed in an awful passion ;  
He had vowed that he'd have the baron's life,  
He'd hang his son, and he'd slay his wife ;  
He'd pillage his lands, and his castle wall  
Before his invincible arm should fall ;  
He'd seize his treasure, he'd burn his stacks,  
He'd fell his timbers with hostile axe ;



He'd wipe clean out of the rolls of fame  
 All trace of his enemy's hated name.  
 In short, the baron's annihilation  
 Was Sir Philip's mild determination,  
 For there's nothing on earth so like insanity  
 As the impotent anger of wounded vanity.

Beside Sir Philip rode a squire,  
 A little alarmed at his master's ire,  
 For no one felt his neck quite safe  
 Whenever he saw Sir Philip chafe.  
 (And in those same happy, good old times,  
 When killing was out of the list of crimes,  
 A knight in a passion would forfeit no credit if  
 He hang'd up a henchman by way of a sedative.)  
 And behind Sir Philip, not far away,  
 His body-guard followed in close array—  
 A set of decidedly ill-looking rogues  
 In bonnets of steel and in steel-plated brogues,  
 Of each vice in creation a perfect miscellany,  
 Ready for every conceivable felony.

In moody silence rode the knight,  
 With seldom a glance to the left or right ;  
 But whenever he turned his ugly face  
 It seemed that a "gloom pervaded space—"  
 As Byron says in that naughty "Vision"  
 Describing Beelzebub's apparition.

At length his leaden, fishy eyes  
 Assume a look of real surprise,  
 For close to where Nelly's cottage lies,  
 Fair Nelly herself Sir Philip spies.

"Holloa !" quoth he,  
 "What's that I see ?  
 By the Holy Mass,  
 As fair a lass  
 As ever hath crossed my sight ;  
 Stay, stay—draw near—  
 You've nothing to fear,  
 Pretty maid, from a Red-cross knight."

And yet, as he said it, poor Nell felt suspicious,  
 For his eye leered so vilely, his mouth look'd so vicious,

And so bad was his name,  
That no maid of good fame,  
Would have willingly been for a single hour  
Consigned to Sir Philip of Radstock's power.

"What's your name, little beauty?—there, don't look so pale.  
What's your name?" Nelly answered, "It's Eleanor Dale."

Here one of the steel-capp'd rogues drew near,  
And whisper'd some words in the squire's ear;  
Whereat the latter exclaimed "So, so!  
Then *wont* this turn out a pretty go?"

And then he drew up to Sir Philip's side  
And whispered to *him*, and Sir Philip cried,  
"The mistress of Edgar de Vere, d'ye say?  
Then by all the saints, oppose who may,  
She's mine from this moment—for good or forevil,  
I'll hold her 'gainst all the De Vere's—or the Devil."

So deaf to entreaties, and blind to her tears,  
Not caring a rap for her maidenly fears,  
The wicked knight seized her, and off with a bound,  
Gallop'd the black charger over the ground  
With the knight and his victim, and long ere sun  
His race with old Saturn that evening had done,  
As safe as a Chubb's or a Bramah's prize padlock,  
Was Eleanor Dale in the Castle of Radstock.

The night is cold—pile up the logs  
Across the hearthstone's brazen dogs;  
Close well the casement and the door  
And spread fresh rushes on the floor.  
Fill up the flagon with good wine,  
The choicest of the Rhenish vine.  
Draw to the fire the ample board  
With ev'ry luxury well stor'd,  
And place yon cozy sofa near  
Within the reach of such good cheer.

'Tis done; and on the seat recline  
Two forms, and each one's arms entwine  
The other's neck—and each one's eyes  
Gaze on the other's *sans* disguise,

And, gazing, tell so deep a tale  
 Of passion as poor words would fail  
 To paint—and p'raps it's quite as well  
 That eyes alone such tales should tell.

It's really too shocking ! I almost begin  
 To wish from my soul that we hadn't peep'd in.  
 To think after all the sweet vows she has sworn,  
 By all saints and saintesses that ever were born,  
 No other to love, no allegiance to own  
 Save only to Edgar—dear Edgar alone—  
 That the sad little minx all her oaths hath forgotten,  
 And proved all her sweet protestations as rotten  
 As touchwood—her moon-witnessed vows all as vain,  
 As worthless as five-per-cent. coupons of Spain.  
 And now that the great ugly brute by her side  
 Claims lawfully Eleanor Dale as his bride.  
 So young and so loving, so false and so frail  
 So true and so perjured was Eleanor Dale !

Oh, Cupid ! if all the sad tales that are told  
 Of all other divinities dwelling of old  
 On the far-famed Olympus, were all of them true  
 One tythe of the mischief committed by *you*,  
 In spite of the world's most absurd partiality  
 In blinding its eyes to your sad immorality,  
 Would outweigh them all in essential rascality.

---

A pilgrim waits  
 At the castle gates,  
 And knocks and asks admission ;  
 And the pilgrim's gown  
 Of dingy brown  
 Is in shocking bad condition.

And it's easily seen  
 That it's not quite clean ;  
 But holy men thus *can* dress—  
 For it isn't thought  
 That the saintly ought  
 To patronise a laundress.

And his shovel hat,  
 So broad and flat,

Might make the sinful smile ;  
But, on such a head,  
There was no one said,  
“ What a horrid ugly tile ! ”

And in his hand  
He bears a wand—  
A Palmer's staff of white—  
And his sandal shoes,  
With mud and use,  
Are terribly out of plight.

Altogether the Pilgrim looked dirty and seedy ;  
But as virtue and holiness often are needy,  
No doubt the good man and his garments both savoured  
Of sanctity's odour—a compound high flavoured,  
Preferred by the holy to atar of roses,  
But sometimes unpleasant to sensitive noses.

The warder throws open a friendly portal  
To this sanctified tramp ; and the queer-looking mortal,  
As he crosses the threshold, bows low, in an attitude  
Meant for a compound of meekness and gratitude.

And then, along corridor, passage, hall,  
Huge banquetting chambers and closets small,  
Up stairs of stone, through galleries wide,  
With doors and loopholes on either side,  
They lead the Palmer with all due haste,  
Till they come to a little chamber placed  
In the eastern tower, up flights of stairs  
(In a modern mansion at least “ three pairs ”),  
Whence issued sounds that might betide  
A set of jolly dogs inside  
With “ material comforts ” well supplied.

## SONG.

## I.

A health to the Church, boys, drink !  
Each bumper goblet drain, boys,  
Let never a drop remain, boys,  
Should the wine ne'er flow again, boys,  
'Tis now to the Church we'll drink.

## II.

A health to the Church, boys, drink !  
 To infidel dogs confusion,  
 To them and their dull delusion,  
 Hatred and persecution—  
 'Tis *thus* to the Church we drink.

## III.

A health to the Church, boys, drink !  
 To our Sovereign liege the Pope, boys,  
 Our refuge, stay, and hope, boys ;  
 This Rhenish juice we'll tope, boys—  
 To *him* and the Church we drink.

## IV.

A health to the Church boys, drink !  
 To each cardinal, bishop, prior,  
 Each abbot, priest, and friar,  
 May none in our hearts rank higher—  
 To *them* and the Church we drink !

Such and much more was the rude-sounding song  
 (Very noisy, of course, and excessively long,  
 Like all Bacchanalian ditties in general),  
 Sung by a chorus of tipplers, who then were all  
 Seated and feasting around the rich board  
 Of Sir Philip of Radstock, their suzerain lord,  
 And beside whom, exposed without wimple or veil,  
 Sat his beautiful lady, false Eleanor Dale.

"A holy palmer !" Sir Philip cried ;  
 "Sit here, good friend, on my right-hand side.  
 Good sooth, a knight of the cross should know  
 Due honour to such as thee to show."  
 With lowly bow the Pilgrim bent,  
 And straight to the Lord of Radstock went.

"Whence came you last, good Palmer, here ?"  
 "I came from the halls of the Lord de Vere,  
 Deserted now, indeed." "Deserted ?"  
 Cried the knight, and his loud tone disconcerted  
 The Palmer, who first, half-frightened, stared,  
 And then in a modest voice declared,  
 That "the Baron de Vere and his son had gone,  
 With the whole of their castle's garrison,  
 To attack, according to knightly laws,

Some troublesome foe," though he added a clause  
That he "wasn't aware of the special cause."

Up sprung Sir Philip. "To horse! to horse!  
Ev'ry man Jack of the garrison's force!  
To Horse!" he shouted, "away! away!  
And, before the fall of another day,  
The banner of Radstock's knight shall wave  
On his foeman's walls, or the silent grave  
The corpse of Radstock's knight shall have."

No sooner Philip's voice is heard  
Than all arise, and, at the word,  
Gaudy doublet, silken hose,  
Velvet slippers, tawdry bows,  
Plumed hats aside they dash,  
The helmet and the sabres clash,  
The coat of mail, the heavy shield,  
To these the festive garments yield;  
While through each corridor and hall,  
With brazen notes the trumpet-call  
Rings out the summons; all around  
The warlike preparations sound,  
And loud they shout their battle cry  
For Radstock's knight and victory!

The warriors all from the castle are gone;  
The Pilgrim and Eleanor Dale are alone.

The Pilgrim casts aside his gown,  
And plucks from off his wrinkled crown  
A long grey wig—and in place appear  
The flowing curls of the young De Vere!

And Eleanor utters an awful shriek;  
But ere the terrified dame can speak,  
With a giant's grasp he seized her throat,  
And stifled the rising sharp, shrill note—  
And away to the turret top he sped,  
And he shouted, "Behold thy bridal bed—  
Below where the stagnant waters float—  
The cold, deep, silent, dismal moat!"

One piercing shriek—one stifled cry,  
Of struggling, death-wrung agony;



A hissing sound—a sudden dash—  
The waters part with heavy splash—  
And the soul of the faithless one is gone  
To plead before th' Eternal Throne !

The sentinel stops as he passes by,  
And mutters, " I fancied I heard a cry—  
Who goes there ? "—there's no reply.  
So he turns again to his beaten ground,  
And silence and darkness reign around !

---

That afternoon (as the chronicles say)  
Sir Philip with all of his followers lay,  
From the Castle of Radstock some twelve miles away,  
Resting awhile in their fancied security,  
Concealed in the depths of a forest's obscurity.

That same afternoon, as they passed a ravine,  
Or a gorge, or a passage two mountains between,  
On a sudden behind them a trumpet-blast sounded,  
And judge how Sir Philip stood, dumb and confounded,  
To find himself closely hemm'd in and surrounded.

Few words would tell the bloody tale  
Of what ensued ; though words would fail  
To paint a massacre as fell  
As e'er was plann'd by fiend of Hell.

That night the pallid moonlight shone  
On warrior slain and steed o'erthrown ;  
The knight and all his glittering train—  
Not one beheld the light again !

---

Ten peaceful years had passed away  
Since Radstock saw that bloody fray,  
And men had almost ceased to tell  
How the last Knight of Radstock fell.

Ten years had passed : the cold and gloom  
Of dark December days had come,  
And Autumn skies were seen no more—  
Sad proofs that Autumn's reign was o'er.

Within an abbey, old and grey,  
 A dying Benedictine lay ;  
 And by his deathbed, watching there,  
 A holy brother knelt in prayer.

Scarce five-and-thirty suns had sped  
 Over the dying friar's head ;  
 His hair was still of raven black,  
 His eye was full, and had no lack  
 Of manly fire ; but still the lines  
 Of care and grief, those well-known signs  
 That all may read, had left their trace  
 In many a furrow on his face.

Dark was the tale of guilt and fear  
 He whispered in the listening ear  
 Of him who knelt to bless and shrive,  
 While yet the body was alive.

It told a deed of vengeance done—  
 The murder of a faithless one.  
 It told an act of treachery  
 Which hurried to eternity  
 Four hundred living stalwart men,  
 All butchered in one fatal glen.

“ 'Tis true that *she* was false as Hell,  
 And *he* had earn'd his doom right well ;  
 But, Holy Father, even so,  
 'Twas God's, not mine, to strike the blow.”

He kissed the cross, he bow'd the head—  
 Edgar de Vere, the friar, was dead !

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#### MORAL.

I have done ; but there's one thing I wish to lay stress on—  
 'Tis taught in my tale—'tis a fine moral lesson.  
 Each man in his memory carries a book,  
 Whose accounts not a Chairman of Railways can “ cook ;”  
 Where each sin, each omission, each outbreak of rage,  
 The book-keeper, Conscience, notes down in a page.

Keep your eye on this book—keep the items all square,  
Lest, on adding them up, the result make you stare.

Should you lie on your bed  
When your course is nigh sped,  
And *then* reckon the balance-sheet up in your head,  
'Twould be rather unpleasant, as Death hauled alongside,  
To find that the balance was all on the *wrong* side !

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### THE DANGER OF MUSICAL TITLES.

A LADY of fashion (the well-known Marchioness of Finsbury) had been loitering for nearly an hour in a fashionable music-shop. She had purchased a copy of nearly every piece of music that had a sentimental title. She had sent into her carriage a whole Canterbury full of "Love," going through every mood of the feeling, past, present, or future, and was following their example, when she paused upon the step, as if meditating whether she should take it, or some other step that was evidently turning itself over in her mind. The shopman, who had been somewhat moved by the tender tone of voice in which she had asked him, "Wilt thou love me then as now?" watched her with an anxiety that betrayed itself too plainly in the adjustment of his shirt collar, in the arrangement of his hair. Suddenly the Marchioness seemed resolved. As with one bound she cleared the pavement, and, breathless pale, her auburn ringlets fluttering in the wind, stood once more before the admiring shopman: "I had nearly forgotten," she said, in a voice that seemed to veil her blushing words, "dear! dear! I cannot tell where my head is to-day. I have come back to ask you if by chance——" here she paused, as if to take new courage, whilst the trembling shopman posed his two thumbs elegantly on the mahogany counter, and leant his body inquiringly forward, "to ask you to be kind enough to give me one kiss before parting?"

"Ma-a-a-a-d-a-am!" exclaimed the astonished shopman.

"I want you," repeated the Marchioness, "to let me have one kiss before parting—one will do, if you please."

She raised her beautiful blue eyes full upon his, and met them boldly, unblushingly. She, then, without betraying any emotion, repeated her question, adding as calmly as possible, "if you cannot give it me now, I will call some other time."

He could doubt no longer! Springing over the counter, he seized hold of the Marchioness's fair form, and, then and there, gave

the kiss she so earnestly begged for previous to departure. To his great astonishment, the only return the Marchioness made was to give him a tremendous box on the ears. This was followed by a volley of blows dealt by her parasol over his head, which were accompanied with an equal number of shrieks that never terminated till the police came into the shop.

The affair was carried to Bow-street, but was soon dismissed, upon its being explained that "One Kiss before Parting" was the title of a song, which the unsophisticated shopman, blissfully green from his native fields, had never heard of before.

It was a favourite joke with the Old Duke to ask the Marchioness, whenever she was at the piano, if she would mind giving him just "One Kiss before Parting."

PETER, THE LITERARY HERMIT.

## IMPRESSIONS OF MELBOURNE.

THE unprecedented tide of emigration that has latterly set in toward the shores of Australia must be, to the well-wishers of that country, a source of congratulation. Thousands who would not expatriate themselves for pastoral or agricultural advantages are now *en route* to the Southern El Dorado; and the increased facilities of intercourse which steam communication has produced is disseminating correct views respecting that distant region. The Colony that at present attracts most favour is Victoria, and Melbourne its capital is taxed to its utmost to accommodate the shoals that pour in. The aspect of this once squattocratic city is now totally changed. In 1850 the trade of Melbourne chiefly depended on the requirements of a pastoral population. Wool drays were then the chief source of traffic, and the periodical visits of bushmen gave to it transitory animation. But events are in the saddle, and they ride mankind.

Its streets are now thronged with a promiscuous assemblage. Sordid calculation and reckless profusion are in juxtaposition—traders eager to accumulate, and diggers lavish in expenditure. A feverish excitement pervades throughout every branch of trade, and the resources of the country being called into such sudden development has caused chaos and discomfort. Dismissing further preliminary remarks, we turn to such details that convey a more intimate impression of its social and commercial condition.

The streets of Melbourne are laid out in parallelograms, the main ones averaging a mile in length, and the cross ones half that

distance. The rapid progress of building, and the diversity of business that is being transacted in all directions must immediately occur to the visitor. The principal streets exhibit many fine stone edifices, and the Government buildings are mostly of a substantial nature; but the sudden demand for the shelter of emigrants has given rise to a multitude of temporary erections of a fragile nature, and irregularly disposed wood tenements gape everywhere in unsightly disorder. The price of town land is almost beyond credit. There appears to be no limit to the extravagant opinion that buyers and sellers entertain of its value. Innumerable instances might be quoted: in one case a house, purchased for £150, lately fetched £12,000; another, offered to Government for the use of the military officers for £3,000, a month after was valued at £5,000, they still hesitated, and the price gradually rose to £6,600, which sum the Government finally resolved to give. House proprietors have made large sums, cottages costing not more than £100 for building frequently yielding a rent of £50 per annum; whilst in the main streets building lots have realised £100 per foot. The efforts made by the tradespeople to Californiate their city are rather amusing. Strangers are considered by them as pigeons sent expressly to be plucked. An air of independence is likewise assumed by them, which circumstances can hardly justify; for frequently, when entering shops for articles of an inexpensive description, the inquirer is curtly told that "it is not at hand," or "we do not break stock." The prices current are no guide to the retail charge for provisions or merchandise. The old saw, "the value of a thing is just what it will bring," is acted upon to the fullest extent; but perhaps adding 80 per cent. to the wholesale scale, we have an approximation to the cost of things purchased in small quantities. Publicans and lodging-house keepers are decidedly members of the thriving community; of the former there are upwards of 300, the latter are incalculable. At these establishments there is a sliding scale of charges, 50s. per week being the minimum—the maximum we cannot determine. At hotels there are usually two stated dinner hours; they cook but twice a-day, for the servants "expect to go out in the evening." It might also be stated that five beds are the usual complement to a room, and that servants have a truly republican repugnance to boot-cleaning.

That Melbourne is a purgatory for mistresses and a paradise for maids is beyond doubt. Where 7s. per dozen is paid for washing, and other manual offices equally well remunerated, there must be extreme difficulty in retaining domestics. That sprite, Hymen, also dismembers households; a bunch of blue ribbons and heavy swag of gold dust tantalizingly exhibited at a scullery window takes captive the hearts of many silly maids.

At the commencement of the auro-mania neither concessions or entreaties could retain the services of workmen, for a period schools were closed, the shipping deserted, and the machinery of society inactive. The interests of stock-masters were in much jeopardy ; it is related that one of them went to the "diggins" for the purpose of persuading his vagrant staff to return and shear the flock ; and, after making what he thought an effective appeal, awaited their reply. "Well, Governor," they said, "we'll return and do the job, provided—" "Yes," interrupted the master, joyfully ; "provided we have the wool." On leaving them they offered him fifteen shillings a-day if he would stay and be their cook. However, the generality of employers consoled themselves with the reflection that though they could not stem the tide, the current would spend itself, and that ere long those who were disappointed in their expectations, or physically unfitted for the hardships attendant upon gold digging, would gladly return to the steady gains and comforts of a fixed sphere of life. Such was the case. Many returned ; those who went to the diggings from curiosity were satisfied, some who overrated them were disgusted ; and others, incapable of withstanding arduous toil and personal privation, wisely resumed the occupations they were accustomed and adapted to. "*Nil magnum absque labore*" is a maxim with dry diggers, for at the "Ovens," and many other localities, they have to sink holes from forty to seventy feet in depth in search of nuggets.

The mere fact of ten millions of gold being raised in one year by a limited population, added to this a sudden influx of people, creating an enormous demand for household articles, accounts for the extravagant scale of market prices.

In order, however, to give a clearer view to those at a distance of the present prices in Melbourne, the subjoined is a short comparative table of the average prices in Melbourne towards the latter end of December of the years 1850, 1851, and 1852.

	1850.			1851.			1852.		
LABOUR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Labourers, per week.....	0	11	0	0	17	6	2	14	6
Shepherds, with rations, per annum .....	23	0	0	29	0	0	38	0	0
Blacksmiths, ditto .....	47	10	0	55	0	0	65	0	0
General useful servants, do.	28	0	0	38	0	0	57	10	0
Carpenters, per day.....	0	4	2	1	1	0	1	2	6
FEMALE SERVANTS.									
Thorough servants, per ann.	15	0	0	17	0	0	27	10	0
Cooks, ditto .....	18	0	0	20	0	0	42	10	0
Nursemaids, ditto .....	9	0	0	17	0	0	23	0	0



PROVISIONS.	1851.			1852.			1853.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Beer, ale, per hogshead . . . .	4	10	0	5	10	0	6	15	0
Tea, hyson skin, per chest ..	2	9	0	3	10	0	3	15	0
Coffee, Java, per lb. . . . .	0	0	5½	0	0	6	0	0	11
Sugar, refined, per lb. . . . .	0	0	4½	0	0	7	0	0	9
Flour, fine, per ton . . . . .	17	10	0				25	4	0
Bread, per 4-lb. loaf . . . . .	0	0	7				0	1	6
Rice, Java, per ton. . . . .				9	0	0	13	10	0
Cabbages, per dozen . . . . .	0	1	6				1	7	0
Gooseberries, per quart . . . .	0	0	6				0	2	0
Cherries, per lb. . . . .	0	1	8				0	4	0
Fowls, per pair . . . . .	0	4	0				1	4	0
Ducks, do. . . . .	0	4	9				1	4	0
Geese and Turkeys, each ..	0	6	0				1	15	0
Sheep, wethers, each . . . . .	0	6	6				0	15	0
Cows, each . . . . .	2	5	0				4	17	6
Horses, hacks . . . . .	7	0	0	8	0	0	17	10	0

An acre of land in the neighbourhood of the towns of Geelong and Melbourne, which was not worth more than £25 in 1850, is now worth at least £1,000. Houses, or rather cottages of four rooms, rented at £24 in 1850, are now let at £200 per annum.

One can conceive the dismay which the perusal of the above would cause the father of a large family; but the services of consumers are now at a premium, and when traders perceive the community to be less auriferous, the markets will be rigged accordingly. At present, people do not seem to value money, and the excitement derived from the facility of gaining it is so great that they do not appear to reflect whether this state of things can last; they never dream of a check, but when a reaction comes it will be felt severely. The reckless profusion of gold by those lately returned from the diggings, and the omnipresent signs of wealth are an endless source of wonderment to new arrivals. Gold brokers seem to vie with each other in auriferous exhibitions; their shop windows usually displaying pyramids of nuggets, flanked by rolls of notes. It is not until we get behind these establishments that we can form an adequate notion of the business therein transacted. Weather-beaten men and profligate women there congregate to dispose of their gains. The bullion merchant heeds not the source, however questionable, whence they come; all is grist that comes to his mill.

The gains of this class must be considerable, for they frequently purchase of the ignorant much below par. Fraudulent dealing is then attributed to them, but it appears that these worthies have at

times been themselves taken in, for brass nuggets, cleverly electrotyped with gold, have been passed upon them for sterling metal. The proverb, "light come light go" is daily exemplified in the streets of Melbourne. Should we watch those who depart from the money-changers, we should observe them making toward a tavern of low repute; here they rejoin companions equally dissolute, and after priming themselves with spirits, they perhaps hire a cab, and at the rate of a guinea an hour are driven through "the streets." Notwithstanding the notorious acquisitive tendencies of their associates, the lower orders almost invariably carry their money about their persons, and their boon companions not unfrequently rob them in the haunts where they hold their orgies, or else they get "bailed up" in a secluded spot at night.

This system of bailing up can hardly be credited. The attacked is generally some successful digger who has been watched during the day. The time is usually midnight, and the scene of operation a quiet nook which the unfortunate man has to pass, on his way home. The gang generally consists of three men, two of whom seize the arms of the victim, pulling them behind him, while the third pins or "bails" him up against a wall. A gang pounced upon the chief constable of Melbourne, a man of gigantic stature, who prides himself as being the strongest man in the Colony. They overcame him after great resistance, but there was little to be had in the shape of cash. Shortly afterwards a poor fellow was pounced upon late at night, and one of the judges, Mr. Justice Barry, returning on foot from court, hearing cries, rushed to the spot; but his honour completely stuck in the mud. Several barristers rushed to the assistance of the legal dignitary, when up came some of the police, and in the confusion of the moment, seized one of the limbs of the law, who was in the act of rescuing his chief. After lights had been brought the captive was set free, who threatened the constable with the joint thunders of the press and the bar. The judge then gave a person in charge who coolly stood by, who really was one of the marauders; but the constables, with an obstinacy often peculiar to men of their calling, refused to take him, and turning round to the judge, whose outward man gave no indications of his high calling, one of the police said, "Who are you, that you dare give a man in charge?" "That is Mr. Justice Barry," said one of the barristers; and after much difficulty the policeman was persuaded that it was the judge, so they granted his honour a rule *nisi* not returnable.

Some years ago it was considered in New South Wales an almost impossible luxury to sit down at a public table without a man who had been convicted of some offence; but the prison calendar of the sister province shows this year a much greater

amount of crime than New South Wales has for years exhibited. The following short history of a prisoner, lately captured, is a sample of some of the incurable Jonathan Wild's that infest Victoria :—

William Hatfield, prisoner of the Crown, arrived per ship *Manchester*, in 1843. Free on arrival. Convicted of felony at the Circuit Court, held at Geelong on the 22nd February, 1851, and sentenced to twelvemonths' hard labour in the gaol at Melbourne. Convicted at the Supreme Court at Melbourne, 28th May, 1852, of stealing from a dwelling-house," and sentenced to ten years' labour on the roads of the Colony. The case of Hatfield is only an extraordinary instance of what occurs every day. Scarcely a thief, vagrant, or drunkard that is picked up during the twenty-four hours but what money is found on them, in repeated instances varying from £10 to £100; with such a state of things it can hardly be deemed surprising that the organization of an effective police should be found a matter of very great difficulty. William Hatfield was, about four months ago, undergoing a sentence in the gaol for a felony; at which time I had cause to punish him for stealing a handkerchief from a fellow prisoner. He was discharged about three months ago, receiving from the gaoler £50, which he had left in his hands when first imprisoned. It appears that he stayed but a short time in Melbourne; and after supplying himself with numbers of rings and other trinkets, he proceeded to the gold-fields. In selling these rings at night to the gold diggers, in their tents, he observed where they deposited their money and gold, thereby knowing in what direction to make his incision into the tent to abstract the same. For an offence of this nature he was soon apprehended, committed, and now convicted. On his person at Mount Alexander was found about £700 worth of gold, besides notes, altogether to the amount of near £900. He effected his escape from Gisborne on the road down to town, by breaking through the watch-house, and made his way into Melbourne. On the second night after I again effected his apprehension. On his person was a large nugget of gold, weighing 1 lb. 3 oz. 12 dwts., and about £175 in cash. He subsequently requested to see me privately, when he informed me that he had a "plant," which he would make over to me, as it might be "sprung" whilst he was in gaol, and he would sooner that I had it than any one else. I subsequently proceeded with him and some police to the heaps of broken stones prepared for the roads lying in front of the Government offices, one of which he proceeded to turn over, and abstracted three bags of gold, in weight nineteen pounds. Thus was taken from this man some-

what about £2,000 worth of property, collected in two or three months.—E. STURT, Police Superintendent.

The reason why the executive has not been able hitherto to insure greater security to life and property is owing to its inability to obtain trustworthy and able constables. In February last a body of the metropolitan police were despatched thither, the men selected for foreign duty being allowed a half-year's pay in advance and a free passage, after three years' service they can return home, when their former as well as their foreign pay will be paid them. Fifty of the 40th Regiment, which is stationed in Australia, have likewise been lately metamorphosed into mounted police under the command of three officers. They receive a handsome addition to their military pay and very efficiently discharge their new duties.

There is a good deal of outward show in Melbourne betokening rapidly accumulated wealth; marriages, which are every day occurrences, impart to it much gaiety. The Scotch have a saying that "butter will come through the brose," and women who have been suddenly raised from servitude to wealth attempt the genteel most ludicrously—in avoiding Scylla they split upon Charybdis. The weddings are of the most gorgeous nature; reader, imagine thy cook arrayed in a forty guinea satin dress, an emu plume upon her head, and each digit encircled with a massive gold ring half an ounce in weight. The bridal garb of the man is equally grotesque, unmindful of the sage precept of Polonius:—

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

They, like comets, dazzle the eyes of the beholders; the prevailing style being the loudest check patterns, monstrous neck ties, and rosettes equal to a cabbage in circumference.

The physique of other groups are no less amusing; in one lot you perceive the lately arrived "new chum," with his carefully cultivated moustache, raised on the voyage, his leathern overalls, his fancy stick, and his "swag" done up Mackintosh. In another you behold the "old hand," the wary old file returned from roughing on the Turon; a blue woollen shirt, kangaroo-skin nethers, a cabbage-tree hat, blanket and hook-pot, comprise his toggery. It is, however, at the theatre that the fortunate digger is seen to advantage. When T. P. Cooke used to do the sailor to the unbounded admiration of the British tar, Jack used to on such occasions squander dollars upon the gyratic actor, but it was reserved for the Melbourne digger to cap the climax of absurdity in this respect, for not content with paying ten shillings for a seat they pour upon their favourites golden showers.

In such places the manners of his free and independent Transatlantic brethren are adopted. Smoking and drinking is permitted in the boxes, and the long boots of the occupier are coolly exhibited outside the box, dangling over the heads of the pit audience. It is not surprising that people should commit vulgarisms in the enjoyment of luxuries which their antecedents never taught them to appreciate; but, unless managers of entertainments preserve decorum, the respectable portion of citizens will continue to absent themselves from places wherever such scenes are enacted. Among other amusing sights, not the least interesting, is the horse market. Hundreds are weekly disposed of at the mart, perhaps fifty in three hours. Where they come from, their ages and qualifications, &c., it is impossible to ascertain. They are put up, horse, saddle, and bridle, at what they can fetch. Windgalled, spavined, half-blind quadrupeds, all sell; they know their way to the "diggings." The auctioneers know them well; they have been sold once a fortnight for months past. Good horse, well up in bone, and good in harness, will realise £60; tolerable riding horses about £80; but the general price of auction horses intended for conveying gents to the diggings, is about £15. Auctioneers have always pedigrees at hand, which invariably terminate with the stereotyped phrase, "got by an imported horse from a thorough bred mare." The buyer must, however, look keenly after the appurtenances, for *heigh presto*, the saddle and bridle is often changed, if not altogether missing.

The Botanic Gardens is the favourite resort of the fashionables of Melbourne. This is the promenade where assignations are made, and where half the matches that grace the churches are contracted; here it is that swells display their elaborate vests, and bask in the smiles of their admirers; and here it is that lately married men trot out their blushing brides. The collection of flowers is not of a *recherche* description, being rather too common and too gaudy; but if they be gaudy there is some excuse to be found for the curator, inasmuch that he is naturally driven to compete with the human flowers who perambulate his walks. Such a blaze of silk and satin, such showy bonnets, feathers, flowers, and ribbons, are here concentrated, that one wonders at the resources of the Melbourne dressmakers and milliners. The freshness and roseate complexion of many of the belles who frequent these gardens contrasts strongly with the sallow and acclimated style of the "*currency lasses*" of Sydney; but if they should by chance open their lips, the spell is dispelled, and those which one at first sight ardently admired, become transformed into gross specimens of humanity.

The constant turmoil of business, and scenes of debauchery that

occur at noonday in the public streets, precludes the idea of quietude, while the influx of coarse-minded Benedicts, regardless of morality, and scarcely amenable to authority, renders the town unpleasant for families, therefore those whose means will permit a temporary absence from business, usually reside a short distance from the capital. The most popular places for that, which Horace aptly terms, "*desipere in loco*," are St. Kilda and Liardet's Beach, both of which are situate on the margin of the bay, opposite William's Town. St. Kilda is about three miles from Melbourne, on the south side of the Yarra. The village is of rapid growth, and the people are so eager for house accommodation that the shingles are scarcely on the roofs before they are tenanted. Liardet's Beach is about two miles from St. Kilda. The fine hotel that has been erected here by an enterprising colonist, is an antipodal "Eagle," and the Eastender unconsciously transported hither on a Sunday evening, might imagine himself at that delectable Elysium. Tents are pitched upon the ground surrounding this house of entertainment. Here the new chum is first initiated into the art of taking "nobbles." A sea voyage greatly deteriorates Barclay and Perkins, but if the immigrant wishes to avoid excruciating torments, let him abstain from the pungent colonial beer. The road from the beach to the town lies through a low scrub. Near the Emerald Hill, adjacent to Melbourne, is a vast encampment, consisting of the tents of new arrivals, and those *in transitu* to the different "diggins." A complete canvass town has arisen here; the tents are arranged in regular streets and squares, and the May-fair lounge may find among them names that will recal his old haunts to mind. At the corner of Regent-street a round tent, surmounted by a red flag, shows where to turn off into Piccadilly. Nor are Oxford-street, Holborn, or the Strand without their canvass representatives. Some of the tents are poor looking, but others, ornamented with green and gold arabesque ridges, and set off by jaunty flags, indicate that the proprietors have started gold digging as though it were a pastime resembling a cricket match.

The great strides Melbourne has latterly made indicates that it will at a future date be the emporium of the Pacific. It being situate equidistant from the other colonies is a great advantage, but in other respects she fairly claims pre-eminence. With a population much less than California she has already equalled that State in the produce of the precious metal, whilst in material advance she has infinitely excelled Sydney, the present Australian metropolis, the revenue of New South Wales being £500,000, whilst that of Victoria is £2,000,000; the superiority is not confined to gold alone, for in the article of wool, the industrial staple commodity, the amount of bales exported from Melbourne was 17,000, being



2,000 more than that exported from Sydney. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the commerce or progress of Victoria; all we can do is to call in figures to our aid and leave the reader to draw conclusions therefrom. Eighteen years ago the province was a wilderness; from that time to 1851 its progress was rapid, its population had risen to 95,000 souls, its shipping inwards to 670 vessels, with a tonnage of 130,000 tons, and its revenue to £386,000. The following year exhibited a statistical increase we believe without a parallel in the history of nations, for in that year the population had become 211,000, the increased tonnage 410,000, and the revenue £1,577,000. During the year 1851 the value of imports was £1,056,000, in 1852 it increased to £4,044,000; the exports in 1851 were £1,424,000; in 1852 they reached £7,452,000; whilst if the private shipments of gold be taken into consideration the total exports last year were at least £15,000,000, that is at the rate of £75 per head for each inhabitant of the colony. Owing to its great distance from the mother country, and its dependence upon her for a large proportion of commodities, the markets have been continually in a bewildering state of uncertainty and fluctuation. Goods scarce one day were superabundant the next, and so long as trade was dependent on winds and currents these vicissitudes were inevitable. Steam communication will equalize the markets and ensure a greater regularity of supplies, the merchant's profits will be more moderate but more certain, and the consumer will have a greater variety of goods at more reasonable prices. The following comparative view of articles of import for the two last years will show economists what a valuable customer she is:—

	1852.	1851.
Apparel and slops, value . . .	£149,566	£66,063
Beer and ale, gallons . . .	822,889	641,850
Cottons, value . . .	£161,492	£72,448
Flour and breads, cwts. . .	461,000	66,300
Haberdashery, value . . .	£220,123	£73,943
Hardware and ironmongery, value .	£137,805	£71,356
Iron and steel, tons . . .	1,492	1,293
Spirits, gallons . . .	811,424	221,215
Sugar, tons . . .	7,841	3,419
Tea, lbs. . .	2,157,792	864,509
Tobacco, cigars, and snuff, lbs. .	1,315,128	450,240
Timber, value . . .	£134,702	£35,571
Wine, gallons . . .	408,376	62,070

Among other interesting facts conveyed in late returns, we find the resources of Victoria set down as follows:—

LAND.		£
Land sold . . . . .		710,000
Improvements at 100 per cent. . . . .		710,000
Tenements . . . . .		2,200,000
		<hr/>
		£3,620,000
STOCK.		
Sheep . . . . .		3,659,000
Cattle . . . . .		346,000
Horses . . . . .		50,000
Stations . . . . .		240,000
		<hr/>
		£4,295,000

As might be conjectured from the above table she deals with us principally in the grosser commodities. The following is a short summary of her chief articles of export from Victoria:—

	1852.	1851.
Beef, tons . . . . .	397 .	1,391
Cattle, number . . . . .	4,695 .	6,281
Sheep, number . . . . .	49,621 .	69,224
Tallow, tons . . . . .	1,991 .	4,223
Wool, lbs. . . . .	20,247,453 .	16,345,468
Gold, ozs. . . . .	1,974,975 .	145,146

Although Melbourne is the richest city in the world for its size, its inhabitants do not appear to enjoy much physical comfort. Public works have not kept pace with its commercial progress. The all absorbing pursuit of gold has hitherto engrossed the public mind, and the Legislature has been too much occupied devising measures to meet the exigencies of the time to pay attention to internal improvements. However, since the social disorganisation arising from the gold mania has subsided, works of public utility have come under consideration, and the Government has most liberally responded to the various proposals for promoting public convenience that have been subjected to its approval. In the estimate this year, 1853, the ways and means are set down at £1,700,000, the sum of £720,000 being voted for public works. The last mail announces that three railroads have received Treasury support; one to connect Melbourne with the port, another to Geelong, and the other to unite Melbourne with the gold fields of the interior. A road measure has also been passed, which puts the road repairs under the management of a board of commissioners, to whom the sum of £300,000 has been granted for the repair of roads and construction of additional ones. In addition to the above under-

takings, the Legislative Council have adopted an address to the Governor, praying him to devote £200,000 from the territorial revenue for the providing sewerage for the city, and £20,000 from the general revenue for the formation of an aqueduct, as the inhabitants are at present dependent on water carriers for the supplies they require. The sanitary evil is of an Augean description, for the sum of £50,000 has been voted for the sole purpose of cleansing and clearing away the impurities collected within the city. Reverting to its social condition, it is pleasing to find that the colony is in this respect rapidly improving; the disturbances of society which the discovery of gold occasioned is gradually disappearing, and the relations between the various classes which were then suddenly reversed have partially recovered their normal state, but with great improvement to individual status and prospects. We hear accounts, *usque ad nauseam*, by every mail of different diggings and fortunate nugget finders; but the Melbourne papers rarely devote space to that which is equally interesting, the moral aspect of the province. It might, however, be remarked that few towns have more creditable places of worship, or more respectable congregations, nor does it appear that the pervading lust for the "mammon of unrighteousness" has corrupted men's religious views, for the sum allotted by the State for the support of public worship has been increased from £6,000 to £30,000. However, beyond Melbourne the harvest is ample and the labourers are few.

Upon diggers, who are generally men of loose inclinations and erratic habits, the preacher's teachings are "as seed sown by the wayside, trodden under foot," and on this account the elevation of the people depends chiefly upon the press. The journalist has illimitable influence; his broad sheet reaches the digger on the road and at the encampment; but unfortunately their energies are not always properly directed, for some papers which have the largest circulation excite disaffection by abusing the administration and endeavouring to obstruct rational legislation. Their extreme virulence materially inflamed the popular agitation that lately prevailed; but the increased precautions adopted for the prevention of disorder restored general confidence, and the attempts made by demagogues to imperil the constitution proved abortive. It might further be remarked that the acquisition of property alters the political views of men; those who have nothing to lose will hazard any change, but the sudden transition from poverty to wealth that is continually occurring has diffused a spirit of conservatism throughout the land.

We conclude our remarks upon the province with the following citations contained in a report recently issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Victoria. It thus alludes to the present condition of

the colony: "We are in the midst of a race of unexampled progress. Our port is crowded with shipping. An exuberant nature has lavished upon us unbounded resources. It is for our colonists to meet these auspicious circumstances by promptitude, energy, and liberality in the path of improvement, in order that the full benefits of our position may be realised." That position must necessarily be a high one, and it is gratifying to see those to whom society looks up, fully aware of their own social duties, and possessed with a determination to perform them.

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## THE RIVAL COUSINS;

OR, MOTHER AND SON.

BY THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "KARAH-KAPLAN; OR, THE KOORDISH CHIEF," &c. &c.

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### BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE READER TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

ON a frosty night, in the month of January, 1824, just as the church-clock was striking nine, the York Union drove up to the White Horse, the principal, or properly speaking, the only inn of Scarthington, a small town in the East Riding of Yorkshire. As soon as the coach stopped four passengers alighted from the outside, whose appearance contrasted most forcibly, for while two of them were so enormously corpulent as to give a very good idea of what porpoises would look like if muffled up in great coats, the others were as slender and longshanked as a couple of cranes. None of them, however, gave the bystanders much time to make any remarks on their personal attractions or defects, for as soon as they had got down, they hastily directed their steps towards the parlour where supper was laid out, and employed the next succeeding moments in divesting themselves of their upper garments and warming their half-frozen bodies at the cheerful fire, which crackled and glimmered as if rejoicing in being employed in such a benevolent occupation.

While the outside passengers were thus engaged, the interior of the coach had given forth its contents, in the person of a single traveller, a grave, sedate man of middle age, who having formally

bowed to the curtsying landlady, followed in the track of his predecessors to the supper-room.

The greatcoats and handkerchiefs being removed, their enclosures became revealed to public gaze, when the stout passengers seemed scarcely thinner than before, while their fat cheeks and round paunches told of the discussion of many a baron and sirloin. No one accustomed to that line of road would have hesitated at dubbing them Northcountry graziers, well to do in the world. The two travellers of slighter mould proved to be young men of about seven and twenty years of age, their appearance was what is termed shabby genteel, but it would have been difficult to make any guess at their profession or calling had they remained silent, their tongues, however, having once been set in motion, no doubt could long remain upon the subject.

"Good sirs," exclaimed one of them, who had that dark yellow complexion which always looks dirty by daylight, "the banquet waits, please your Highnesses to grace us with your royal company."

The invitation did not appear to be particularly needful, as the whole party were already seating themselves at the table, and preparing to do ample justice to the good cheer of mine hostess of the White Horse.

"Waiter," cried one of the fat passengers, "a glass of brandy-and-water, hot, with."

"The same for me," said his companion, "and lots of shuggar."

"What say you, Bob, to our following the example of these gentlemen?" demanded the thin passenger who had given the hospitable invitation to his fellow travellers; "let us drink and quaff, for I am sick of this false world, and will love nought but even the mere necessities upon it."

"With all my heart, Dick," was the answer. "I say you Scarthingtonian representative of Ganymede, have the goodness to bring hither two silver goblets containing the nectarious fluid in question."

"And be quick about it," added his friend, "for the King does wake to-night and takes his rouse."

"In a moment, gentlemen," replied the functionary addressed, somewhat puzzled at the language in which the order was couched; "four brandies, hot, with—do you take anything in that way, sir?" he continued, addressing the inside passenger.

"A pint of sherry," was the answer, which raised the speaker to an immeasurable height in the estimation of the waiter. "I should in the meanwhile be much obliged to you, sir, to cut me a slice off that sirloin; it looks tempting."

"Prime, sir, prime," answered the person spoken to, one of the fat travellers, "why, bless me, I don't think as how I've got a primer among all my beasts, and they be grand indeed."

"A grazier, I presume, sir, observed the inside passenger; "going to London, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," answered the other, "I've sent a few as bonny droves to Smithfield as ever you clapped eyes on, and me and my friend yonder be going there ourselves to see after them, as, says I, there be nothing like a master's eye, to keep things in order."

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor," interrupted the young man, to whom the appellation of Dick had been applied, addressing the fat passenger, who had as yet only spoken with reference to his glass of "hot, with," "might I trouble you for a potatoe?"

"My name's Smithers," returned the grazier somewhat angrily, as he placed the desired vegetable on the plate.

"A right good name—a name of fair repute," said the young man.

"I should like to see the man as would say the contrary," was the somewhat gruff answer; "I've never had the pleasure of seeing you before, sir, so can't return the compliment."

"My name is Fowler, on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks," returned the other in a grave voice.

"Well," said the other grazier, "sheep-walks bring in a very good sum at times, if the rot will but keep off the animals; where be situated them of your father's, sir?"

"Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote and inaccessible by shepherds trod," said Mr. Fowler.

"Why the grass can't be over bonny in such a spot as that," observed the grazier; "it be a rum place to feed sheep on, they'd fatten twice as soon on the wolds."

"I say, Toffin," said Mr. Smithers, addressing his friend, "it be a rare cold night, we shall have enough of it by the time we get to Lunnun."

"So much the better for the Exoise," said the other, "we must keep the cold without, by means of some hot, with."

"Ha, ha! not so bad that," cried Mr. Richard Fowler. "Your health, sir; may the present moment be the worst of your life."

"Thank you, sir," returned the honest grazier, "the same to you."

The party were, in the meanwhile, engaged in demolishing the viands, and for some minutes no sound was heard but the rattling of the knives and forks and the creaking of Mr. Jobs' shoes, as he ministered to the wants of the hungry travellers. At length their



appetites being appeased, the inside passenger inquired of the waiter, whether they were going to take up any fares at the inn.

"One inside, sir," responded Mr. Jobs.

"Male or female, fat or thin, old or young?" inquired Mr. Fowler, looking up with his mouth full.

"As handsome a young lady as ever you set eyes on, sir," replied the waiter.

"Where does she come from?" continued the young man, "does she hang out near hereabouts?"

"She's lived about a mile and a-half off, pretty nigh come she were born, with an old uncle as is just dead; we be mighty sorry, surely, to lose her, for she be the sweetest angel ever seen."

"It appears, waiter," observed Mr. Fowler, "that you are occasionally blessed with the sight of such celestial messengers; is the one under present discussion going the whole distance?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jobs, "she be about to travel all along to Lunnun town, a wearisome way to be sure."

"Ay, that it is," remarked the inside passenger, "and for a young girl, too. Does she travel alone?"

"There be the harm on it," cried the waiter, "Miss Delamere be about to enter that den of thieves without any other purtection save her own innocnce, and I fears as how that be not an o'er strong guard in such a wicked place."

"I presume, waiter," observed the young man, "that from your evident antipathy to the metropolis, that you never as yet directed your course thitherwards?"

"Beg pardon, sir," stammered Mr. Jobs, "but I don't exactly understand."

"He means," said the other young man, "have you ever seen London yourself?"

"No, sir," answered the waiter, "and I hopes I never shall!"

"The citizens are in that case much to be pitied," said Mr. Fowler; "I trust, for their sakes, you will eventually be induced to change your rash resolve."

"Never, sir, never," exclaimed Mr. Jobs, in a tone of voice expressive of his hatred to what he was pleased to term a den of thieves, in consequence of a personal friend having, during a visit to London, had his pocket picked of sixteenpence half-penny in the Strand.

At this moment the guard, popping in his head at the door, cried, "Coach ready, gennelmen."

"Coming," was the universal answer, as a general rush was made towards the greatcoats, shawls, and handkerchiefs that lay scattered about.

While the abovementioned events were going forward in the parlour, a young man of fashionable appearance was seated in an adjoining room, at a table upon which were placed a dessert and a bottle of claret. He did not, however, appear to be a votary of Bacchus, at least his thoughts for the moment were elsewhere, for although it was some time since the wine had been brought in, it was scarcely touched.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and a man entered, who was immediately accosted by the occupant of the apartment.

"Well, Dyson, have you found out all about her?"

"Yes, my Lord, the young lady is a Miss Delamere, niece to an old East India Captain, just dead, and who, it appears, lived close by. She is about to start by the Union coach, in order to take up her abode in London, with her guardian, a Mr. M'Diarmid, at least so I was told."

"In what street is the guardian's house?" inquired the master.

"That I cannot make out; for the people of the inn don't seem to know, and on the lady's luggage there is only written, 'Miss Delamere, London.' I tried to pump something out of her servant, a tough old codger, but there was no making out anything from him, he seemed so sorrowful at his mistress's departure—anyhow she travels alone."

"I must, and will, find out her address," said the nobleman; "I never yet met a girl so suited to my taste, notwithstanding her eyes being inflamed with crying; by Jove, what must they be when she smiles? I say, Dyson, go and take your place to London on the coach. Follow the girl to her guardian's house, and when you have found it out—mind you do not make any blunder—go home and await my arrival; I shall not be more than a couple of days behind you, and here's to pay the fare and other expenses."

"Yes, my Lord," said the servant, as he bowed and turned towards the door.

"Stop a moment, Dyson," said his master. "Are you certain that no one here knows who I am?"

"Quite, my Lord, for when your Lordship travels in the plain carriage, Joseph and me always takes care never to let out your Lordship's *cognito*, according to your Lordship's directions."

"That's right, Dyson, there is nothing I hate more than being my Lorded by the natives of a country inn; were they to discover who I am, I should have no peace as long as I staid here."

The domestic having left the room, his young master poured out a glass of claret and began to muse.

"She beats hollow all the girls I ever came across, and is well

worth the trouble I am taking on her account. It cannot be very difficult either; guardians are seldom so vigilant as fathers or uncles; besides she is to travel alone in a stagecoach, too; that proves she cannot be very wealthy; anyhow, it will be some excitement for me, as at times I feel almost *blasé*. Still, I do not think I am quite used up yet. Gad, this is not bad claret."

But we will leave the young nobleman to himself and return to those whom we left on the point of resuming their journey.

On reaching the passage which led to the door of the inn, the travellers found it blocked up by an assemblage of persons, in the midst of which was a young girl in deep mourning, leaning on the arm of an aged female domestic. She was addressing some words to a venerable clergyman who was standing by her, and attempting to administer the consolation, which it was evident by his countenance he was much in need of himself. Close behind came an old man servant, who made no attempt to conceal the grief to which he was giving way in a most audible manner. There was something so touching in the whole scene, that even the stout graziers felt a huskiness in their throats as they looked on. As for the two young travellers, they surveyed the group with an air of great interest, especially Mr. Fowler.

"A devilish fine idea that for a melodrama," he whispered to his friend. "Act second, scene last. Why, it would bring down the gallery and boxes upon the pit. Hang me if that isn't the handsomest girl I ever set eyes on:—

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O! that I were a glove upon that hand

That I might touch that cheek.

Any further quotations from the mouth of the accomplished Shakespearian, were cut short by a loud blast from the guard's horn.

"Bless you! bless you all, my good, dear friends!" cried the young girl, as she embraced the old woman, and shook hands with the clergyman.

"May the same Heaven watch over you," exclaimed the latter, as he led her to the coach door. "Remember, my dear Blanche, that, happen what may, you will ever find a friend in me."

"Of that I am certain, my dear Mr. Hardy," returned Blanche, as she took her seat within the coach. "O never can I forget your kindness; nor your's Margaret—nor your's Abel; may you all be happy."

With these words she sunk back, overcome by grief, while a loud blubbing explosion was heard proceeding from Abel's mouth.

Mr. Fowler and his friend now entered the vehicle, having obtained leave from the guard to occupy the vacant seats during

the night. The former inside passenger was about to step in after them, when the clergyman, who had attentively surveyed him, was so struck by his quiet and respectable appearance, that he requested him to take charge of Miss Delamere on the road, apologising at the same time for the liberty he was taking.

"No excuses necessary," replied the traveller; "I shall be most happy to do all in my power to render myself of service."

"Blanche," observed Mr. Hardy, addressing Miss Delamere, "this gentleman has kindly consented to take care of you; although, I trust, that nothing will happen to make his protection necessary. Once more, my dear girl, farewell."

The graziers had by this time resumed their places outside, the coachman had mounted the box, upon which the nobleman's servant was already seated. "All right," was cried by the guard, and away went the York Union, followed by the good wishes and goodbyes showered forth on all sides.

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## CHAPTER II.

MR. M'DIARMID IS CALLED UPON, BUT FOUND WANTING.—MR.

RIMSDALE RESOLVES UPON A BOLD DEED.

BLANCHE DELAMERE was the daughter of a naval officer who had fallen in the service of his country while she was still in her infancy. Lieutenant Delamere had left two children, Blanche and her brother, three years older than herself, totally unprovided for; the orphans, however, were brought up by their maternal uncle, who had supplied, as much as lay in his power, the loss of their parents, for their mother had quickly followed her husband to the grave.

By the influence of Captain Melville, Charles Delamere had received an appointment in the Navy, and was at the present time serving as a mate on board a frigate, on the coast of South America. Since the death of her father, Blanche had never quitted the roof of her uncle, who was possessed of an independent fortune, in addition to a pension he received from the East India Company. When little more than fifty years of age and apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, Captain Melville was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy and died a few hours afterwards, without having been once restored to consciousness. On examining his papers, it was discovered that he was possessed of nearly twelve thousand pounds, entrusted, for the purpose of being placed in the funds, to a Mr. M'Diarmid, an eminent London attorney, who was appointed, by the Captain's will, guardian to

Blanche, she being only nineteen years of age at the time of her uncle's decease.

It was to the house of the above-mentioned attorney that Blanche was proceeding, Mr. and Mrs. M'Diarmid having been apprized, by letter, of the time of her intended arrival.

It was nearly nine o'clock on the evening following its departure from Scarthington, when the York Union deposited its passengers at the George and Blue Boar, Holborn; no one, contrary to Blanche's expectation, being there to meet her. The original inside passenger, whose name she had discovered to be Rimsdale, having learned that the residence of Mr. M'Diarmid was in Orwell-street, proposed, as he lived himself in that direction, to see the young girl safely set down at her guardian's house. Blanche thankfully availed herself of the kind offer, and, having entered a hackney coach, they drove off together.

After a long ride, which to Blanche seemed interminable, the coach pulled up before a large, dark, brick mansion, which the coachman informed his fares was the house to which he had been desired to drive. Having received orders to knock and ring, he did so in the usual manner of charioteers of his class, by giving the door a series of hard knocks, and the bell a furious tug. A few minutes passed away and there was no answer to the summons.

"Ring again, coachman," said Mr. Rimsdale, after a short pause, "perhaps they have not heard the last."

"Dang it," said the Jarvey, giving another desperate tug at the bell and a tremendous shower of knocks at the door, "dang it, if so be's as them as lives here harn't a heard, they'd better mizzle to the deaf and dumb asylum, for I'll be whopped if I didn't hear the bell a tinkling right through the orifice."

With these words he again rattled away at the knocker, but without success, although the noise he made caused sundry heads to be thrust forth from the adjacent houses, and set more than one street-cur howling most piteously.

"Coachman," at length exclaimed Mr. Rimsdale, "I really begin to think you must have mistaken the house, for it is evident no one lives here."

"If there be any mistake at all, it must be on your side," responded the driver, "for you tell'd me to go to number 29, and here be 29 as large as life; I'd some edication when I was a boy, sir, and knows figures well."

"Are you sure, Miss Delamere," asked her companion, "that 29 is the number of Mr. M'Diarmid's residence?"

"Quite, sir," replied Blanche; "I have frequently seen letters from Mr. M'Diarmid, and they have all been so dated, as well as the one I received the other day."

This, then, is a most extraordinary circumstance," ejaculated Mr. Rimsdale. "Coachman, try once more."

The person addressed immediately commenced a fresh clatter upon the door; long and heavily did he knock, loudly and strenuously did he ring, but all in vain, no one answered the summons, and it became evident to all that no one could be within; indeed, on regarding the house steadfastly, not the slightest glimmer of light could be seen through the chink of any of the closed shutters, and even the area below was dark and seemingly untenanted.

"Upon my honour, this is very disagreeable," exclaimed Mr. Rimsdale; "I really begin to fear that Mr. and Mrs. M'Diarmid have not received your last letter and have gone out of town; still, it is very odd that no one has been left behind to take charge of such an extensive mansion."

"Well, sir," said the hackney-coachman, "what do you propose doing; for my part, I'd recommend some alteration in our principles; still, if you be so minded, I'll knock and ring till to-morrow morning, it's all one to me."

"Is there no means of ascertaining anything about the owners of this house," returned Mr. Rimsdale. "By-the-by, there's a chemist's shop nearly opposite, go, my good man, and inquire whether they know anything concerning the movements of Mr. M'Diarmid, of No. 29."

The driver followed the above injunctions, and, on returning, informed Mr. Rimsdale that he had learned that Mr. M'Diarmid had left home the previous evening, together with all his establishment, excepting one elderly servant, whose duty was to remain in the house to answer calls, but that the well-known propensities of the man had, in all probability, conducted him to the Spotted Dog at the corner of the street.

Thither the driver was ordered to proceed immediately; and having pulled up at a house with a sign before it, Mr. Rimsdale descended from the coach, and, having entered the bar, inquired whether Mr. M'Diarmid's servant was within. In answer to the question, the barmaid pointed to a door with two circular holes filled with ground glass in its upper pannels, and the gentleman, following the pantomimic direction, found himself in a room with a sanded floor, lighted up by an oil lamp, and occupied by several persons of the lower order who were smoking and drinking. In the further corner, near the fireplace, was seated an old man who appeared to be far gone in a state of maudlin intoxication, and who was evidently deluding himself with the idea that he was entertaining the company present, by the scarcely audible manner in which he was humming a sentimental melody.



"Is Mr. M'Diarmid's servant here?" inquired Mr. Rimsdale as he entered.

"Who calls me?" hiccupped the old man; "is the house a-fire?"

"I want to know where Mr. M'Diarmid has gone to," returned the gentleman.

At this inquiry the drunken domestic gave a grave nod with his head, at the same time screwing up his mouth after the manner common to people in the condition in which he then was.

"Mr. M'Diarmid's a gennelman," he observed.

"I do not in the least doubt that circumstance," answered Mr. Rimsdale, finding it impossible to repress a smile at the drunken dignity of the man; "but, can you inform me where he is?"

"What do you want to know for?" said the old man sulkily.

"That's nothing to you," replied Mr. Rimsdale, getting angry, "you are his servant, I understand, and ought to know better than to answer in that manner; once more I ask, where has your master gone to, and when is he coming back?"

"Not knowing, can't tell," was the sole answer returned.

"Come, sir, no trifling," exclaimed the gentleman, "here is a young lady just arrived from the country on an invitation from your master, and she finds no one in the house."

"Most probably not," said the old man, "I should be rather surprised if she did, seeing as I be the only inmate, and has come here to spend the evening, as I likes company."

"This is too bad," ejaculated Mr. Rimsdale; "there is no making anything out of the fellow. I say," he continued, looking round, "is there any one here who can give me some information concerning Mr. M'Diarmid, if so, I am ready to give him a shilling for his news."

This piece of generosity seemed to infuse no small portion of excitement among the company present, several of whom rose from their seats, and, coming up to Mr. Rimsdale, proceeded to inform him that they understood that the attorney had quitted town without naming any particular day for his return.

"Can you make that old man understand," said Mr. Rimsdale, "on receiving the above communication, that there is a young lady just arrived from the north of England, who is waiting without in a coach; ask him whether any orders have been left behind by Mr. M'Diarmid concerning her."

"I say, old Larkup," said a man in a fustian jacket, taking upon himself the office of interpreter, "did your master say anything about a young person's coming?"

"Yes," was the concise answer.

"Well, then, what was it? come, out with it."

"He said, that his master said, as how, when she com'd in

the morning to help to dust the furniture, that she warn't to come again, cos why, she warn't wanted."

"But did he not mention as how there was a young lady a-coming?"

"No; if he had talked about young ladies, he'd a cotched it finely from missus, that he would."

"I see there's some mistake here," exclaimed Mr. Rimsdale, as he turned to leave the room; "what is to be done?"

"By your leave, sir," said the proprietor of the fustian jacket, following Mr. Rimsdale to the door, and speaking in a very civil manner, "I've heard as how all's not right with Mr. Macdummid."

"How so, my good man?" inquired the gentleman.

"Why they says—people will talk, you see—as how he's smashed."

"Smashed; how?" echoed Mr. Rimsdale, anxiously.

"Why, stumped, to be sure; not got the wherewith to meet the constable."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Rimsdale. "I have always heard that he was a man of large property, and enjoying an excellent business."

"So thought I," answered the man; "and so thought every one. I've done many a job at his house in the carpentering line, and finely furnished it were; he always went apace, that he did, and turned out right dapper."

"But have you any grounds for your surmises?" inquired the gentleman.

"Why it has surprised us a bit," replied the carpenter.

"I mean, what reason have you for supposing Mr. M'Diarmid to be ruined?"

"Because he's gone in a flurry, and said nothing about his coming back."

"Still your suspicions may turn out incorrect," observed Mr. Rimsdale. "Have you any idea as to where he is gone?"

"Why," answered the man, "it's a himpression with some as how he's gone to 'Merika."

"To America!" exclaimed Mr. Rimsdale, in a tone of voice which showed how unpleasant was the news he had just received. "To America?"

"Yes, sir, to 'Merika," said the carpenter; "that be the place as those who be too much sought after here travels to. What a set of vagabonds there must be over the water. Let us see: there's Joe Priggins, as broke into the Chandler's shop; there's Jack Classer, as emptied his master's till; there's Tim Block, as—"

Mr. Rimsdale did not stop to hear any further account of the travels and proceedings of Messrs. Priggins, Classer, and Co.,

but, giving the carpenter an additional shilling, he hastily left the passage in which the conference had taken place, and returned to the hackney coach.

"I say, Dick," said the carpenter to a friend, on his return to his seat, "that's a jolly chap, anyhow ; although I do believe he be a Bow-street runner."

"No, do you?" replied the other. "Why, now I think of it, I rather fancies as he has the cut of a hoffer."

"Then I warrant it's all true about them Macdummids," said the carpenter. "I say, Larkup, they're a coming after your governor."

"Let 'em come," returned Mr. Larkup sullenly ; then, as if such matters were beneath his notice, he took another long draught at his pot of purl, and leaning back, dropped asleep.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Rimsdale, having proceeded to the hackney coach, informed Miss Delamere of the sudden and unaccountable departure of the attorney and his family ; suppressing, however, all mention of the melancholy surmises he had made concerning it.

Blanche was overwhelmed at receiving this intelligence, and was for a moment quite stupified ; but quickly recovering herself, she begged of her fellow traveller to direct her to some inn where she might pass the night, and be no longer the cause of further trouble to him.

"My dear young lady, that can never be," cried Mr. Rimsdale. "Young, inexperienced, and a stranger to London, as you are ; by all that's powerful," he added to himself, "this is a most provoking affair ; it would be the height of inhumanity to leave this poor girl to shift for herself ; I would indeed take her home, but—"

The but meant a great deal. It was evident, indeed, that some mysterious power damped the generous impulse of the gentleman which prompted him to offer hospitality to his young companion.

"Surely," remarked Blanche, "there cannot be any great danger incurred by my remaining alone at an inn for one night ; and to-morrow I can make inquiries concerning my friends."

"Her friends, poor girl!" muttered her companion ; "would she were older, or less beautiful ; but lovely as she is, what will Mrs. Rimsdale say?"

The secret was out : the obstacle which impeded the flow of the traveller's hospitable feelings was Mrs. Rimsdale.

"They will certainly have left a letter for me," continued Blanche, "which will be delivered to me to-morrow, on my calling at my guardian's house."

"No, no, my dear young lady," exclaimed her companion, in a somewhat desperate tone ; "I cannot leave you in such a situation. I am a householder and a married man, allow me to offer you the

shelter of my roof until you shall have learned something about Mr. M'Diarmid's movements."

"Thank you, sir, you are most kind," returned Blanche, "but I am afraid that I shall be trespassing too much on your goodness."

"By no means, my dear Miss Delamere; however," he continued, hesitatingly, "do not be—I mean—that is—I trust you will not take it ill should Mrs. Rimsdale at first—that is—nothing—the fact is, Mrs. Rimsdale is a most excellent woman, a most inestimable woman—such a heart—but she is apt to take odd fancies into her head, that is, she is rather of an irritable disposition; but, never mind, it will be all well in the end, I trust."

These last words were uttered in a very faltering voice.

"But really, sir," observed Blanche, "I cannot think of consenting to be the means, however involuntarily, of causing any difference between Mrs. Rimsdale and yourself; pray suffer me to proceed at once to an inn."

"I should deserve to be pointed at as a cowardly sneak if I allowed such a thing," exclaimed Mr. Rimsdale vehemently; "come, my dear young lady, no excuses, I am master in my own house, surely."

"Well," returned Miss Delamere, "if I can accept of your kind offer without incommoding you, I shall be most grateful."

"Do not talk to me of gratitude," said her companion, "the gratitude will be all on our side, I have no doubt Mrs. Rimsdale will be delighted at making your acquaintance. If not," he added to himself, "I'll exert the prerogative of a husband, and make her."

Buttoning up his coat with a determined air and compressed lip, as he uttered this firm resolve, he bade the coachman drive to number 33, Manvers-street, such being the abode of the rash husband, for rash indeed must that married man be who brings a stranger guest, even of the male sex, to his house after eleven o'clock at night without previously obtaining his wife's sanction to the proceeding.

Are we right in confessing, that as the distance between the Spotted Dog and Manvers-street diminished, so gradually did the courage of Mr. Rimsdale evaporate. It was in vain that he conned over and over again the duty of obedience owed by wives to their husbands, the recollection of sundry passages in the history of Mrs. Rimsdale's life would obtrude itself upon his memory, and cause an involuntary palpitation of his heart.

"By all that's powerful," he muttered, as the coach drew up before his door, "I wish it were well over."

There were whole volumes contained in that one little *it*.

"Egad, they've led me a roundabout journey, what with knocking at one place and ringing at another," said a man getting

down from behind the hackney-coach, as soon as the door of the house closed, after the entrance of Edith and Mr. Rimsdale ; “there’s one comfort, however, that I’ve done my business well, and my Lord can’t nohow find any fault with my management ; and how should he ? was I not five years *valet-de-sham* to Lord Fitzroyal, as was ambassador at Vienny. I rather do think I know a turn or two in ‘plomacy.’”

Having uttered these words, or to speak more correctly, having thought them, Mr. Dyson, the servant who had left the Old Black Lion by the York Union—for it was he—hailed the coachman as he was about to drive off, and having got inside, bade the man proceed to Berkeley-square.

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## LITTLE INCIDENTS ALONG THE LINE.

BY PETER, THE LITERARY HERMIT.

NO. I.—THE HONEST PORTER.

ALIGHTING from a railway—no matter where—a porter came up to me, and said, “Excuse me, sir, but have you lost anything ? ”

I examined first one pocket, and then another, verified the safety of my pocket-book, handkerchief, and purse, and taking a rapid inventory of my small stock of jewellery, answered confidently, “No ; but, my good man, what makes you ask ? ”

“Why, the fact is, sir, there was a very suspicious character in your carriage,” said the porter, “and I thought I would ask you, sir, if you had lost anything as long as he was in sight.”

I gave the man a shilling, and congratulated myself in no small degree upon my lucky escape.

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Many months afterwards the same thing occurred upon the same line. It was the same porter, with the same honest face—the same anxious inquiry, the same investigation, and the same result. It was precisely the same incident in all its details, even down to the remuneration of a shilling. It struck me, however, as the coin dropped from my grateful fingers, that “There must be an unusual number of suspicious characters who travel along this line ! ”

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A week ago I had occasion to get out at the same station. A slight accident, in which a few lives were lost, was the cause of my lingering longer than usual upon the platform. The confusion

consequent upon this little calamity was followed by a disturbance worthy of a Parliamentary debate. The noise was deafening. Every one seemed to be speaking at once. Prompted by the curiosity that urges an Englishman to push his nose (even at the peril of its being pulled, sometimes) into every disturbance, I elbowed my way into the centre of the crowd, where the riot appeared to be the thickest. There I discovered my honest friend the Porter, by the side of a plethoric old gentleman, who was as red in the face as any of the signal lamps that denote danger along the line. He was in the most violent rage, and was busy pulling by the collar a simple, sheep-faced, youth, who evidently could not understand the rough treatment he was being subjected to.

As soon as this poor victim had been dragged into one of the offices—into which the crowd followed, as a matter of course—an inquiry took place. The old gentleman charged the beardless youth with being a “suspicious character,” and pointed to the Porter as his authority. He (the plethoric old gentleman) had lost his handkerchief only the week before—and he had lost one a month before that—and it was not to be tolerated that “suspicious characters” were to carry on their dishonest practices in railway carriages with impunity. He was determined to expose every one of them!

The bald-faced youth gave his card—was identified by a listening flyman as being the son of a wealthy tallow merchant, who had a villa up the road—and was liberated immediately.

The matter would have terminated quietly here, if a gentleman with a blue bag had not stepped forward, and claimed to be heard. “This Porter seems to have a very curious nose for scenting out suspicious characters,” he said. “It isn’t long ago that he asked me if *I* had lost anything, and gave as his reason for putting the question, that he had noticed a very ‘suspicious character’ in my carriage. That ‘suspicious character,’ then, I told him, must have been my blue bag; for there had been no one but myself in the carriage.”

“I, too, recollect,” said another gentleman, “his trying a similar dodge upon me; and I told him he must have made a singular mistake, for there had been no one in the carriage but my wife all the way.”

“Yes, sir,” exclaimed an elderly lady from the other end of the room, “and he told *me* the same thing; and I remember I was so frightened I gave him half-a-crown for his trouble.”

“And, egad! *I* gave him a shilling on a similar occasion,” cried out an oldish voice, holding up a cotton umbrella. “And *I*!—and *I*!—and *I*!—and *I*, too!” shouted innumerable voices; and it turned out that mostly every one there present—for it was a



dinner-train of persons resident in the neighbourhood—had given him something at some time or other for volunteering the same false information.

The Honest Porter was dismissed, but he must have reaped, before his exposure, a rare harvest of shillings and half-crowns from this new plan of extorting money under false pretences of solicitude.

There is a Moral in the above, which is obvious enough. I know for my own part, that whenever a stranger expresses a vehement interest in my behalf, I think of the Railway Porter, and ask myself whether there may not possibly be the hope of reward glittering, like a new shilling, at the bottom of his zeal?

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## SOCIAL OUTCASTS.

### No. II.

THE objects for which penal discipline is instituted are confessedly two—the protection of society, and the reformation of the offender. If severity answered these ends, we might close our hearts to the cries of the sufferers. But, as regards juvenile offenders, it is conclusively shown by every test and every kind of proof open to us that our system of punishment fulfils neither the one purpose nor the other. It does not protect society. It does not reform the culprit. It is cruel to no end, or to a very bad end. It confirms the young vagabond in crime, and it exposes society to his continued depredations. His punishment, harsh as it is, does not deter others from following his example, for he returns to his old haunts and old way of rapine as soon as his temporary term of imprisonment has expired.

Lord Grey is our witness that it is hardly possible for any one, who has once had prison bolts drawn on him, to quit a criminal career. “It has been repeatedly proved,” he says, “that when a man has once been led into living by dishonesty and plunder, nothing is more difficult for him, after having been punished for his offences, than to find the means of honestly maintaining himself in this country. However anxious he may be to do this and to abstain from breaking the law, his previous course of life *closes against him almost every honest career*, while it is hard for him to shake off his old associates, who drag him back again into his evil practices. There are many well authenticated and remarkable accounts of the sincere but fruitless efforts made by men who have

been habitual criminals to take to a different and honest course of life." \* If this is true of adults, how much stronger does it apply to those unhappy little wretches who are without instruction in morals and without experience in any industrial pursuit.

It is questionable, indeed, whether the effect of punishment in deterring from crime has not always been exaggerated. As a general principle, offences do not increase in number as the penalty affixed to them is moderated, nor do they decrease as the penalty is heightened. The reason may be, that persons bent on the perpetration of crime rarely consider the probability of detection, and, therefore, do not much regard the punishment which would await it. Guilt is proverbially short-sighted. It looks only to the advantages it expects to gain, never to the cart's tail or the gallows, which the law places *in terrorem* before it. From Tawell, the murderer of his unfortunate mistress, to the ragged little urchin who snaps up "unconsidered trifles" from shop-doors, there is the same disregard of consequences. All think themselves too cunning to be found out, and practically, therefore, the punishment affixed to the commission of offences (be it heavier or lighter) has little, if any, effect on their minds. It is further to be remarked that, in the case of juvenile delinquents, the gaol loses all terror it may have had when it has once been entered; familiarity with it truly breeds contempt, and hence, children of ten or twelve years old, will snap their fingers in the face of magistrate or judge with just as much indifference to the punishment awarded them as Jerry Abershaw displayed when he kicked his shoes from his feet as he stood by the gallows.

The best system for the security of society (confining our view to youthful criminals) must be that which, ceasing to regard the offender as an object of vengeance, aims only at his reformation. In his case mercy and policy are one. To continue the old mode of punishment is to punish ourselves. We are flogged with the whip we make for the culprit's back, and pay infinitely more for confirming him in sin than it would cost to train him to virtue. How can he justly be considered a responsible being. Trained to crime from infancy, his knowledge of right and wrong is confined to this—that, if found out in pilfering, he falls into the hands of the police; so, thinking with the Spartan youth, that not theft, but its discovery is punishable, he exercises all his ingenuity in baffling observation, and becomes more cunning, more vigilant, and more mischievous with each successive apprehension. One boy relates that, though at first terrified by the walls and bars of the prison to which he was sent, he soon got reconciled to it, and "made as

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\* Lord Grey's *Colonial Policy*. II., 77.

much progress in imprisonment as possibly could be, by hearing men of all ages tell of their grand exploits, how they got their money by robbing, and that they knew plenty of places that could be easily plundered."\* Many get knowing in the qualities of gaols ; one experienced young thief, after several terms of confinement in Manchester Gaol, relates, "I swore I would never go into that prison again ; the turnkey who had brought me things had left ; *I have never been in since.* I determined I would practise no more in Manchester, for I feared transportation, and *began to travel.*" Of course he increased his experience. "In Gloucester prison you may play at cards and dominoes, and run and jump, and carry on any kind of game. \* \* \* I got my three months in Northleach prison. It is a silent prison, but you have every opportunity to talk."† It is shocking to find that the girls grow more hardened under punishment than the boys. The records of the Liverpool gaol show not one single instance of a girl who had once been imprisoned having become reformed.

The necessity for establishing reformatory institutions has been generally conceded, but the experiments hitherto made in that direction have not been encouraging. In very few instances have our penitentiaries or silent prisons fulfilled their end. Parkhurst, though intended as a model gaol for juveniles, has met with very doubtful success. Twice in one year desperate attempts were made to fire the building. Sentinels with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed guard the lofty walls. In one month the minor offences committed by about 200 boys amounted to 602, and in a year the "crimes," such as arson, assaulting officers, &c., were noted as 175. An intelligent observer who went over Parkhurst, tells us he was "quite tired of the military salute." The boys worked in gangs under direction of an overseer, who was placed to force on the work and prevent escapes. Everything was done under the influence of fear. In such a place the reformatory process must needs be slow.

It seems that we are yet unable to comprehend that children who from circumstances, are almost inevitably attracted to crime, are really objects of pity. There is a general persuasion abroad that, to view their sin as ignorance or misfortune, and to aim solely at their reformation by treating them with kindness, and by bringing out and educating the better part of their nature, would be unjust to those decent toiling classes who rear their families to a course of honest industry only by severe exertion and great self-sacrifice. To make youthful criminals the children of the State, to maintain them for years until old brutalising ideas and habits give place to

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\* *Juvenile Delinquents*, p. 69.

† *Ibid.*, p. 57.

notions of rectitude and a settled course of good conduct, to render them contented and happy while the work of improvement is going on within them, and to free their natural protectors of all charge and care concerning them, would, it is said, act as a premium to crime, and place the offspring of the least deserving class of the community in a better position than the children of the most deserving. This, fairly stated, is the argument which the advocates of a more humane and milder system than has yet been tried have to encounter. How is it to be answered?

Now, though it be true that the parents of young criminals are generally chargeable with their guilt, yet, are we to punish the children for the sins of their fathers? Are they wholly unworthy our care because they have been unfortunate in their birth? To neglect them is to take the surest means of perpetuating a felon class amongst us, when our part should be to eradicate the pest by every means in our power. The fear that reformatory discipline has little effect on adult criminals. The most experienced authorities agree in stating that, after a certain age, say fifteen or sixteen, it is an almost hopeless task to attempt the cure of vicious propensities. To get rid of our felon population we must begin with the young and seclude them from temptation to ill until they have been thoroughly trained to good.

"Well," some worthy Mr. Plausible will say, "I am willing to admit that the little villain who robs my till is rather fit for pity than for vengeance; but shall we, for his crime, place him in a better position than he occupied before?"

To this we answer, "Yes; and in as much better a position as useful industry is better than destructive vagabondism."

Mr. Plausible.—"But example, my good sir; pray remember example. If we make young thieves the objects of our benevolence, what is to prevent poor people, who wish to get rid of the burden of maintaining their children, from inciting them to some criminal act which would qualify them for entrance into one of your reformatory houses?"

Writer.—"Nothing whatever, Mr. Plausible, except that odd feeling which somehow or other springs up in the breast with the birth of every child, and which we call parental love."

Mr. Plausible.—"But how often is that overcome by a vicious life?"

Writer.—"True; and when it is so overcome the sooner a child is removed from its parents' hands, the better must it be both for the little unfortunate and for society."

Mr. Plausible.—"Agreed; but you forget example. What would be the effect of your system on the lower orders?"

Writer.—"Much the same, sir, I conceive, as on the higher

orders. You libel the honest labouring classes of this country by supposing that they do not feel as much love for their children as those in a wealthier condition. Be assured that they take as lively an interest in their welfare, have as much joy in witnessing their growth and progress, as much pride in bringing them up to some creditable calling as you can feel, Mr. Plausible, when you send one of your boys to Oxford and another to Lincoln's-inn. Besides, do you not see that by establishing the principle that a child is not responsible for guilt, not at all events in the way of punishment, the more responsibility is thrown upon the parents? If they are so unfeeling as to desire to cast their children from them, how are they to avoid the degradation and loss of character—for very poor people have a character to lose—which would inevitably result from their unnatural conduct? Supposing a system should come into operation to-morrow by which juvenile criminals were absolutely taken possession of by the State, to be humanely trained to industrial pursuits, I think it most unlikely that it would have any effect whatever in increasing the number of such offenders. On the contrary, I most firmly believe that we should soon experience the effects of our humanity in that place, Mr. Plausible, where I know you would best like to find them, in—”

Mr. Plausible.—“ My conscience, you would say.”

Writer.—“ No, sir, in your pocket.”

Mr. Plausible.—“ Ah, your belief may be all very well, but I should like facts better. All experience is against you, sir. Young thieves always have been whipped, and caged, and bread-and-watered; it has been found that nothing else could be done with them; your fine schemes of philanthropy have constantly failed, while the cat-o'-nine-tails—”

Writer.—“ Stop, stop, Mr. Plausible, you get on much too fast; let us stick to *facts* if you please. The world gets wiser, and I hope better as it gets older; we have outlived hanging for petty larceny, perhaps we may yet outlive the practice of thrusting young culprits forth from gaol, that they may commit anew the offences for which they have just been punished, and that worthy justices may have the satisfaction of trying the whip and the irons again. Experience, my good sir, is not on your side but on mine. Here are some facts for you to ruminate.

“ In the United States many reformatory houses for juvenile offenders are in full operation. In Boston a society has been incorporated for these twenty years for the reception of children who have violated the laws, or who from their miserably neglected state were likely to do so. This institution receives liberal support from the State, and is connected with it by receiving such young prisoners as the judges deem proper for admission. And what is

the result? Listen to the experience of the Rev. Mr. Wells, manager of the Boston Reformatory School:—

“ ‘ Most people imagine when they see or hear of bad boys, that they are a worse kind of boys, worse by nature than others. If my observation be of any value on this subject, it is not so, for though at first there be strong sproutings of evil principle and passion to be lopped off, we often find him as good a stock and as rich a soil as in other cases. However bad a boy may be, he can always be reformed while he is under fifteen years old, and very often after that age ; and he who has been reckoned and treated as if incapable of anything like honesty and honour may be worthy of the most entire confidence. We live together as a family of brethren, cheerful, happy, and confiding, and I trust to a great or less degree pious.’\* ”

“ Must not this, Mr. Plausible, be an improvement on the system which affords the young offender no chance of escaping from his vicious career and vile associates, but keeps him running the round of crime and punishment till he is ripe for transportation, or is driven, like Sam Prig, to put an end to his existence in frenzy and despair. To the cheerful and happy family at Boston, the magistrates do not fear to confide the same class of young delinquents whom we mercilessly sport with, much as a cat does with a mouse, letting the prey escape for an instant that it may be pounced on again with sharper talons and fiercer teeth. In New York a like reformatory system has been in full operation since 1826, and ‘ thus far,’ say the managers in 1850, ‘ our institution has continued prosperously to carry on the great work of reformation. The noble example furnished by the city of New York has, we learn, been followed by other cities of the Union. Our own state, now thoroughly convinced of the salutary effects of the system, have granted a charter for a noble institution in the western part of the state. The beneficial results arising from the discipline and management exercised in the house have been so frequently alluded to in our reports, it seems almost needless to speak of them again.’ In Philadelphia a house of refuge for juvenile delinquents has been in operation since 1826 with such happy effects as to justify a considerable augmentation of its funds by the State ; and our Transatlantic brethren, as doubtless you know, Mr. Plausible, are not prone to squander their money on visionary or unpracticable schemes of philanthropy. By 1848 these reformatory schools had spread so widely over the States that they attracted general notice in Canada, and a commission was appointed by the Governor-General to visit and report on them. The Commissioners did their duty well ; they

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\* *Juvenile Delinquents*, p. 212.



got together a vast mass of the facts you love so well, sir; they examined into the arrangements, the discipline, and the results of these schools, and they made a report strongly urging the immediate establishment of one or more of them in Canada. In France, in Germany, and in the northern states of Europe, like institutions, under the various names of Industrial Schools, Home Colonies, Houses of Refuge, &c., are numerous; and in each country the principle for which I contend is sanctioned by the State, that youthful delinquents shall be subjected to a purely preventive or reformatory discipline and not to punishments. These institutions are all found to admirably fulfil their aim, those succeeding by very much the best in which the children are treated with most confidence and receive the most truly paternal care."

Mr. Plausible.—"Come, I see you have studied this subject. I suppose your statements are correct, but I don't see what you are driving at—to feast little thievish ragamuffins with plum-cake and orange wine, I suppose, and reward their delinquencies by prizes of cricket-bats and ponies."

Writer.—"Ah, Mr. Plausible, had a sneer been able to arrest the progress of humanity, you, divested of your broad-cloth, would stand there with no other covering for your skin than a staining of wood, just ready to be pitched into one of those huge wicker idols, which, when filled with shrieking souls, the Druids set fire to as a pleasant offering to their gods. My aim, I assure you, is very practical and very safe. I do not aspire to realize the boast of our famous anthem, and teach the nations how to live, but only to follow in the steps which the experience of other countries has shown to be beneficial. What I want is, that our Legislature, shall do what the legislatures of the United States and other countries have done, give the executive power to send young offenders to reformatory schools, instead of resigning them to the care of beadles and turnkeys, to be set free again as soon as they have gone through certain hardening processes, in the shape of villanous society and severe flogging. A bill for this purpose, introduced by Mr. Adderley, is now before the House of Commons, and that you may see it is no ordinary measure, I give you a few of the resolutions of the Parliamentary Committee on which it is founded:—

"1. That it is the opinion of this committee that a great amount of juvenile destitution, ignorance, vagrancy, and crime has long existed in this country, for which no adequate remedy has yet been provided.

"2. That the existence of similar evils in France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and the United States has been met by vigorous efforts in those countries; and, in the opinion of this

committee, sound policy requires that this country should promptly adopt measures for the same purpose.

“ ‘ 3. That it appears to this committee to be established by the evidence that a large proportion of the present aggregate of crime might be prevented, and thousands of miserable human beings, who have before them under our present system nothing but a hopeless career of wickedness and vice, might be converted into virtuous, honest, and industrious citizens, if due care were taken to rescue destitute, neglected, and criminal children from the dangers and temptations incident to their position.

“ ‘ 4. That a great proportion of the criminal children of this country, especially those convicted of first offences, appear rather to require systematic education, care, and industrial occupation than mere punishment.

“ ‘ 5. That the common gaols and houses of correction do not generally provide suitable means for the educational or corrective treatment of young children, who ought, when guilty of crime, to be treated in a manner different from ordinary punishments of adult criminals.

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“ ‘ 18. That, irrespectively of the high moral considerations which are involved in this subject, this committee desire to express their belief that, whatever may be the cost of such schools and establishments, they would be productive of great pecuniary saving, by the effect which they would have in diminishing the sources from which our criminal population is now constantly recruited, and thereby reducing the great cost of the administration of the criminal law.’

“ To some of the conclusions of the committee (who, however, very carefully considered the whole subject) exceptions may be taken, but the principle recognised—that young offenders require care, education, and industrial occupation rather than mere punishment—will, I fervently trust, be very speedily adopted and acted on by the Legislature and the country.”

Mr. Plausible—“ Talk as you may, these are new fangled notions, and I never will believe that children are so likely to be deterred from crime by the prospect of being sent to a comfortable school, as by the dread of Bridewell and a whipping.

Writer—“ No, Mr. Plausible, nor did I expect to make you a convert when I consented to listen to your objections. My aim was to answer them for the satisfaction of those people who read, who think, and who would fain assist in ameliorating the state of those most unhappy little outcasts who cannot escape from the chain of iniquity which binds them, except by the aid of those who are touched with compassion for their wretchedness. It is to those

persons that I address my concluding words, Mr. Plausible, wishing you nothing worse than that you may live long enough to see the new system in full operation, and be forced to give it a grudging grumbling support."

Thank God we have a public anxious to aid the progress of humanity; and their earnest opinion, though it may take some time to form, and to assume a settled shape and straightforward course, is sure in the end to overrule the plausible objections of old fashioned formality and bigoted resistance.

The general principles of all reformatory institutions in America and Europe are much the same. The fact of any offence committed, or of complete friendlessness and destitution, or, in some cases, an application by guardians on account of a child's ungovernable disposition, is deemed sufficient cause for handing over the delinquent to the care of the Institution, there to remain until he has acquired good principles and habits. He is regularly trained to some course of industry, the care of the Institution ceasing only when he is settled to an honest course of life, and safe from all danger of relapse.

The employment of such persons must vary according to the circumstances of countries. In America and on the Continent boys are usually trained to trades and agriculture. In England a number of them might, we should think, be advantageously received into the army and navy. It should be distinctly understood, that as they are adopted by society, they must be employed in a manner most advantageous for the interests of society. As they are rescued from a worse position than that filled by the children of the honest labourer, they have certainly no claim to begin life on a better footing than them. Decent occupation of the humblest kind is all they should be taught to expect.

On one point all the reports of these reformatory schools agree, that both the boys and girls trained in them become useful, contented, orderly members of society. Not only are they saved from evil, but they are converted to good. Their lives are a blessing to themselves, and a benefit to the community. Let any one contrast the cheerful, honest characters turned out by these societies with the much-whipped, oft-imprisoned, half-starved, confirmed criminals sent forth by our gaols, and say which system—even on grounds of policy—is best entitled to support.

It is a remarkable fact that in every instance, so far as our knowledge extends, these reformatory institutions owe their origin to private benevolence and not to state provision. When their admirable results are made apparent, they have usually been largely assisted by Government aid; but in the first instance they have arisen from social wisdom and philanthropy. This is significant as

to the direction whence we must look for improvement. We doubt the advantage of commencing these institutions on a large scale, or of making it compulsory on rate-payers to support them. We feel sure that there is enough public spirit of the right kind among us to render a beginning by voluntary effort practicable; and we are inclined to think that a private association would be more likely to establish correct and *humane* principles of management, steering clear altogether of anything resembling penal discipline, than officers directly responsible to Government. The first want, it strikes us, is an act giving discretionary power to magistrates and judges to consign young criminals to the care of reformatory institutions which have given approved securities for their due regulation. Parliamentary grants and local rates might follow in proportion as these institutions were successful and proved themselves worthy of support. As their good effects become apparent, we have no doubt they would wholly supersede the barbarous, inhuman, and worse than useless penal system which at present, to our shame, exists.

In wealthy, intelligent, busy, inventive, Christian England a cruel evil calls aloud for redress. Let us trust that the cry will not long remain unheeded, but that some of those individuals, equally humane and influential, whom it is our happiness to rank amongst our citizens, will combine at last to make an efficient commencement in the great good work of thoroughly reforming the whole spirit and manner of our dealing with juvenile delinquency.

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## THE FEMALE DRESSER AT A MINOR THEATRE.

*(A Thumbnail Portrait.)*

*(For a Miniature Gallery.)*

BY HORACE MAYHEW.

BLACK, slouching, stooping, with battered bonnet, and shoes down at heel, she slinks in and out of the stage-door of a theatre, like the ghost that flits through the pages of one of Mrs. Barbauld's romances. Look at her as she slipshods her wiry way in through that dirty door, cartooned with playbills. Can you mistake her? You cannot possibly imagine she is an actress. Does she look as if she belonged to the ballet? Can you fancy that long bundle of mouldy rags a Fairy, with snowy muslin petticoats and silver wings? No! she wouldn't be allowed to go on as a fishbag, even, in a pantomime to pelt the policemen with mackerel. She has nothing to do with the theatre further than dressing the pretty painted Juliets and Jessicas that make the audience laugh or cry. As for the audience, she never sees it, and the audience never sees her.

Her invisibility, however, before the curtain, is amply compensated for by her utility behind it. To the actresses she is invaluable. Half of their stage beauty they owe to her. The charms of their glittering dresses are plaited by her smoothing care, and even the blooming roses on their cheeks are frequently sown by her floricultural hand. She does it all mechanically, anything but vaingloriously, without as much as a line, red or black, in the bills, without even a thought ever crossing her dingy mind as to the vanity of the life she is lending her time and hare's-foot to!

Let us run through her numerous duties. They are as long as a lawyer's bill. Don Giovanni's conquests do not present a more numerous catalogue. She hooks and eyes the dresses of the actresses. She executes their errands. She feeds all their little whims and appetites, and is ready at a moment's notice to run round the corner if they should want anything. Run?—no—it can scarcely be called running, for the dresser is generally rheumatic, and ill-tempered, too (and ill-tempered people never run, unless it is after a person for the sake of dealing him a kick or a blow); but still, it is strange, her limbs, as well as her sympathies, move wonderfully quick at the electric touch of silver. Her movements require some such touch as that to speed them on, for every one is calling for her at the same time, and it is, of course,

impossible for her to oblige every one. Nevertheless every one is "a dear" with her who can afford to pay for it; but, naturally, her favourite is the actress who pays the best. For her she will, good creature, do anything. She fetches the billets-doux and the messages and bouquets that have been left for her at the stage door. She will run out in the rain and bring anything she requires, and "Lor bless you! don't want anything for it." What soft whispers she pours into her ear when she comes back! She has seen some one outside waiting for her "pet;" but the rest is communicated in a long breath of confidential whispers.

She is all mystery, like a Victoria melodrama, like a tea-table of old maids when a fresh *faux pas* is being discussed. Her voice, whether from a prolonged cold or a life-habit of whispering, rarely rises above the intra-oral tone of a secret. You would imagine she had been speaking all her life through a key-hole, or had been the celebrated whisperer who is engaged for the elegancies of mural conversation at the whispering gallery of St. Paul's.

This inveterate mystery haunts, shrouds every one of her actions. Her feet are even more dumb than her voice. She steals into a theatre, and steals out of it, like a long thin ray of black bombazeen. Her caution is worthy of a Minister for Foreign Affairs. She will not bring in a glass of cold water excepting under her apron. She is unpleasantly superstitious, and sees coffins in cinders, winding-sheets in coals, corpses in candles, and black omens in everything. She can tell you from a consultation with her coffee cup—a prophecy founded upon the very best grounds—that "the season will be over in a week." Listen to her, and she will make the most sanguine lady that ever went upon the stage in the hopes of proving herself cleverer than Miss Woolgar, or of eclipsing Mrs. Nesbitt, wish herself back again at school, working bead braces for the handsome pet parson of the parish. She's been in the theatre now, on and off, these five-and-twenty years, and, "mind, she tells you, for she can see very plainly how things are going on, there won't be no salaries paid on Saturday." She then inquires whether you do not feel very faint? and no wonder when you are worked to death in that dreadful way—she wouldn't stand it—three pieces every night—she would see every blessed manager at the bottom of the Red Sea first night—it's too bad! She fairly wonders, that she does, that you're not regularly knocked up; and then, whiningly (only there is rather more water than whine in it), she calls you her "poor child." These bitter gushes of consolation reach at last their highest gushing point by her inquiring, in the tenderest tone of sneakishness, whether "she can't get you something—something nice and warm, dear?" and if the delicate hint is responded to (and if salaries have been paid lately, it generally is) the steaming



article is smuggled in under the said black apron, which has really all the expansiveness of charity in the multitude of things (we cannot call them sins) it covers.

With what a masterly air—how her dead, fishy eyes sparkle—as she stirs up this “something nice and warm.” She is in her glory. An air of happiness seems to shine round her, like light round a glow-worm. She takes a sip, stirs it again, then hands it to the poor actress, accompanied with the sweetest assurance that “it will do her a world of good.” The dresser, however, is most discreet. One of Hobbs’ locks is not more difficult to pick than a secret out of her lips. Ask her for whom the something “nice and warm” is intended, her answer will be “only for a poor dear soul who feels very poorly.” This discretion is generally rewarded by the “change” finding its way into her pocket, which, by the by, is about as big as a kangaroo’s pouch, and, full as it generally is, there always seems, like a carpet-bag, to be room for something else in it.

But, poor melancholy creature! she needs these stray gifts badly enough, for she is always ailing. To believe her she is always ailing; she is never without the toothache, or the spasms (oh! those dreadful spasms! and the innumerable drops of brandy that are thrown upon the raging fire of the pain to allay it!) or her corns trouble her, or she has got “an awful sinking,” whatever that may be, or else she is troubled with a bad pain in her side; and to silence these ailments she is always referring to a stone bottle, which seems to contain a white liquid, and which she secretes, like a talisman, about her person. Summer or winter, she’s always “dreadful low to be sure;” but if it is raining her spirits sink lower than ever, under the damp prospect of a walk home, and she unrolls before her little auditory a long panorama, that is most moving in its details, of all the distresses, pecuniary and legal, that have occurred in the theatre since she has known it. She horrifies them with the hair-breadth escapes of the managers, and their elopements with the cash-box through the pit entrance, as the officers in question have entered through the stage-door. To comfort them still further, she points out the very spot where poor Miss Clara de Montmorenci (though that was’nt her real name) sat for three hours on her little bundle, that contained her shoes and things, in order to hide it from the rude grasp of “those brutes of officers.” She flies, like an owl, from one dark spot to another, hooting and croaking in her flight, and terrifies her “dear young ladies” to that extent that they do not know where they are, and are fined for keeping the stage waiting.

The dresser is almost the last in the theatre, for she is bound to

see the lights out in the dressing-rooms she has the care of, and to lock the doors after her. Her voice is not the gayest as she wishes "Good night" to the watchman, who, muffled up in a great coat, and his bull's-eye in his hand, is pacing up and down the deserted stage, now all gloom and the blackest darkness :—

Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garland's dead,  
And all (*save her sad self in a deformed black bonnet*) departed.

Her feet have now an audible sound attached to them, for her clogs are distinctly heard all down the street, clattering dismally on the wet pavement. In one hand she carries an old pocket-handkerchief bundle, containing some article of a "lady's" costume that has to be made up by the next night—one of the very few perquisites she enjoys—and her other hand clutches a huge cotton umbrella, ready to be unfurled, a sad and damp banner to wave in the night air.

In appearance she is not difficult to describe. She resembles, both in form, feature, and amiability of expression, the Pew-Opener. Imagine a Pew-Opener in very reduced circumstances, and you will have the Female Dresser at a Minor Theatre, in all her literal dinginess, conjured up, in the very shawl and bonnet and black scowl she wears before you. Whether she is married it is a difficult question to say, though it is a question we have but a faint right to inquire, for her husband never interferes with her duties. If she has any children she plies all her powers of witchery, persuasion and intimidation, till she gets one of them engaged in a pantomime or ballet. Her rheumatism is then absorbed in her love and pride for her child. She dresses it before seven o'clock—keeps petting and playing with it, and kissing, kissing, never tiring of kissing it—is teaching it, or curling and uncurling its hair, every spare moment she can find. It is the all-engulphing object of her pride, the only conceit she is guilty of, the only thing (next to the stone bottle) she cares for, the one large enjoyment of her monotonous life. There never was such a child! She puts it in front of all the other children in the dance, and stands at the side-wing when it is on the stage, clapping her hands all the while, and encouraging it in a thousand little eccentric fond ways that mothers only know. She builds such magnificent castles in the air about this wonderful child that has never yet spoken a word upon the stage. She dreams she is riding in a carriage with a pair of grey horses—that she has a German prince for a son-in-law—that she sees her daughter's name in large pink letters on the opera play-bills—that the Emperor of Russia sends her bracelets almost too

heavy to wear from their crushing weight of diamonds—that all the civilized capitals, where there are theatres, are blistering their hands from the fury with which they applaud her ; and as the little thing skips off the stage, with a butterfly wand in its hand, she snatches it up in a fever of delight, and gives it a kiss that might almost be heard in front of the curtain. She carries it home, and dreams again of the great things her daughter is one day to achieve. Young actresses, who enter the thorny, snaky, hissing, path of the stage, and who wish to win the good graces of the Female Dresser, should provide themselves with plenty of cakes and bonbons, as the surest way to feed the vanity of the mother is by putting sweet things into the mouth of the daughter. They will find their reward in being dressed better and quicker than their rivals.

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## A LEGEND OF A WIZARD.

### I.

Sir Laurieson Lee was an aged knight,  
 But a fearsome old man to see ;  
 He wot of the things which he should not wot,  
 For a Wizard of might was he.  
 Sir Laurieson Lee he lived alone  
 On the top of a lonesome tower,  
 And they said that over the winds that blow,  
 Sir Laurieson Lee had power.

### II.

The wizard he stood on his lonesome tower  
 When the strong winds blew in the night,  
 And he made a sign with his withered hand,  
 And he spoke the Word of Might.  
 Then the strong wind which howled and moaned,  
 The wild north wind fell still,  
 And the Spirit of the Wind it stayed  
 To hear the wizard's will.

### III.

“ King of the Wind,” said Sir Laurieson,  
 “ Thou sweep'st when the white moon shines  
 Round the convent of Holy St. Helena,  
 Where the Love of my young life pines ;

Say, hast thou seen my Blanche—my Blanche,  
Blanche Vere, of Vere-on-Dee,  
And does she yet hold me in her heart,  
And pray for her Laurieson Lee?

## IV.

And does she muse on her youthful love  
'Mid the chant and the organs swell,  
And does she remember our plighted troth  
In the silence of her cell?  
And does she hold fast the memory  
Of her own lost Laurieson Lee,  
And does she dream of the bygone days  
At the castle of Vere-on-Dee?"

## V.

Said the King of the Wind, "I passed  
When the convent death-bell rang,"  
Said the King of the Wind, "I passed  
When the nuns the death dirge sang.  
To the bars of a lone cell window  
I sped! I sped! I sped!  
The Ladye Blanche Vere, of Vere-on-Dee,  
The Ladye Blanche lay there—dead."

## VI.

"Speed on thy way," said Sir Laurieson,  
The north wind raised its roar;  
Sir Laurieson broke his wizard's staff,  
And tore his book of lore.  
Sir Laurieson knelt and bowed his head  
'Till his hot brow touched the stone,  
And his stalwart frame was shaken,  
But he made no sigh nor moan.

## VII.

Then he stood right up, Sir Laurieson,  
With his face all wan and wild;  
And the Form of the Ladye Blanche went by,  
And it waved its hand and smiled.  
Sir Laurieson Lee he spoke no word  
Save "Blanche, I follow thee;"  
And a leap from the top of that Lonesome Tower  
Was the end of Sir Laurieson Lee.

ANGUS B. REACH.

## A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY INTO THE INTERIOR OF AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

### NO. I.—THE BRIGHT POKER.

THE sceptre of England should be the Bright Poker, for its influence rules every hearth from Buckingham Palace down to the most royal antipodes, Mrs. Caudle. Besides, the Bright Poker is seen nowhere but in England. It is the exclusive characteristic of the British nation. A Bright Poker in France would be an absurdity, for they have no fires to poke. It would be equally out of place in Germany, for if you notice a foreigner when he stirs the fire invariably uses his boots. The reason of this is patent enough :—shoe leather on the Continent happens to be much cheaper than wood. This practice may account also for so many foreigners being out of toes when they come over to England.

But touching the Bright Poker. Its origin is buried in the dust of past ages. Probably the Houses of York and Lancaster were first divided by a Bright Poker, and who can tell whether one was not at the bottom of those broils, which in the happy household of Henry VIII., were regularly succeeded by “a chop to follow?” If history ever spoke the truth, she would unquestionably (that is to say, without her veracity being questioned) have told us that those little domestic heats were invariably stirred up by an unfortunate failing Henry had in touching the Bright Poker. You may be sure that a digital fidgetiness of that nature was the secret of the poker-and-tongs life he led with every one of his wives! What Queen would sit still, and quietly allow such an invasion of her rights? No! she would sooner lose her head first, as too many of them obstinately did.

But our wives now-a-days do not lose their heads so readily. A little temper is the utmost they lose whenever a Bright Poker is touched by anybody but themselves. By the by, the Bright Poker has its uses, as well as its abuses. It is about the truest test of a woman's disposition. The gentle Desdemona will ask you for it quietly. The fiery Mrs. C. will draw it hastily out of your hand, whilst Madame Xantippe will make you drop it as quickly as the clown does the red-hot poker in a pantomime, merely by some back-handed remark, the stinging force of which is quite sufficient to drive you out of the house, and never allow you to put your foot in it again.

It is a very strange phenomenon, but a widow never trusts herself with a Bright Poker. We are positive you never saw one yet associated with "weeds," let them be ever so fair or so withered? But "*bright* things can never fade." The treacherous poker is only hiding itself for a short time, till it can steal out again with perfect safety. When once the honeymoon is over, and concealment is no longer necessary, it resumes its former lustre, and is laid down once more with all the weight attached to such an instrument of matrimonial despotism. Every husband eats, drinks, and sleeps with a Bright Poker suspended over his head. It is the modern sword of Damocles! There is no day's pleasure for a married man, but if he looks upwards he will find that glittering weapon hanging above him. The question is often put, "What is a woman's mission?" the answer is plain enough: "THE BRIGHT POKER." Can anything be more straightforward.

It is uncertain at what period of matrimony this Disturber of the peace of private families is first taken in hand by a happy couple. With some it enters at once with the mother-in-law. She watches over it with a spotless solicitude that proves an electric sympathy between them, dividing her attentions equally between her "dear child" and the Bright Poker, allowing neither the one nor the other to be roughly handled, or to stir from the fender, unless she pleases it. In such cases the husband soon finds out the snake he has been warming on his hearth, and when the mother-in-law is ignominiously ordered to pack up her things and leave the house, the Bright Poker is very soon sent flying after her.

In other houses, two or three years perhaps elapse before it takes its stand in front of the hob. It is very timid at first; its maiden bashfulness can only be properly measured by taking the inverse of its brazen impudence in advanced life. The young wife begins by putting it there only on grand occasions. It is so quiet, it passes at first unnoticed. The other poker, the every-day, black, hard-working, pauper poker is put into the husband's hand when he feels stealing over him after dinner the manly desire to poke the fire. This emboldens the Bright Poker. It grows stronger every day, till at last the poor man finds it has grown stronger than himself, and that no persuasion or force can remove it. Sent away to-day, it is sure to return to-morrow, and eventually becomes so fixed, so used to its independent position on the best side of the warm grate, that the husband cannot touch it without immediately burning his fingers. If he boldly persists, there is such a blaze that the house is soon made too hot to hold him, and he takes flight, whilst the Poker coolly remains behind, the undisputed lord and master of the establishment. From that crisis its motto is "*Noli me tangere.*"



Whoever lays a sacrilegious hand upon it, is instantly hauled over the coals. Strangers shrink instinctively from it—the servants, who generally respect nothing, learn to pay it a distant homage—the little children are schooled to keep “their dirty fingers” off it—none but the wife dares touch it. It is a solemn fact, which is now printed for the first time, that even Blue Beard was dazzled by its brightness, and felt himself a weak man in the presence of a Bright Poker!

“Will the Bright Poker ever be torn from the stronghold it now occupies in every English Home?” That is the question.

Our answer to that question is, NEVER! The united strength of human opposition may do something. A “League for the Abolition of Bright Pokers” may effect some slight concession; but woman will grant many, many things—hot luncheons, a fire in the bedroom, smoking in the parlour, latch-keys even included—before she parts with her Bright Poker. Recollect her whole strength goes with it, it is one of the few weapons suited to her weakness that she can fight man with, and if you snatch it from her, why you leave the sex defenceless, indeed. Man, in his superior selfishness, should be merciful as well as just.

Besides it is already planted, and by this time has taken deep root in the new world. We noticed six months ago, on board an emigrant ship, a mysterious, bright, highly-polished article which we thought we had seen before. It was carefully wrapt up in an old German japanned umbrella case. The glittering point was just peeping out. Our curiosity was so strongly pricked by this point, that we could not help looking slyly into the hidden mystery. We were not mistaken—it was a bright poker! A lady’s maid was taking it out with her to Australia! Who knows, it may already be an institution at the diggings? By this time it may be stuck on every auriferous hearth, holding itself impudently up, like a domestic Gessler’s cap, which all husbands are expected to bow to, and to reverence.

No! depend upon it, as long as England lasts—as long as America and slavery live—as long as Australia has its numerous banks upon which we vigorous Englishmen draw our cheques with a spade, and get them cashed in gold—the Bright Poker will be the instrument with which woman will rule the roast! And what need you fear, reader, as long as this roasting is done without basting?

Man, it may be, reigns, but the Bright Poker governs!

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## NEW NOVELS.

## FORTUNE.—CYRILLA.

*Fortune\** is a romance of modern London life by one who has evidently studied it in all its strange varieties; and there are materials for romance to be found in this mighty metropolis which are not dreamed of in the philosophy of nine-tenths of its denizens. Mr. Coulton has availed himself of these with great artistic skill. His tale contains that judicious admixture of the grave and the gay, the ludicrous and the pathetic, the splendour and the misery which are exhibited in endless variety on the ever shifting stage of London life. The characters, too, are such as we may meet with every day. None of the men are Admirable Crichtons; none of the women are angels. There is, indeed, a very considerable amount of rascality portrayed throughout the story, but not more, we have good reason to fear, than actually exists even in this boasted age of progress and refinement. The tyranny exercised by the privileged orders in the feudal times has long been a favourite theme of declamation, but it may well be doubted whether, in the darkest days of baronial oppression, their power of crushing the needy and dependent equalled that of the modern millionaire, who knows no God but Mammon. The feudal lord, moreover, could rarely sin with perfect impunity. Acts of physical cruelty and oppression, by a wise law of our nature, invariably bring down upon their perpetrator the fear and hatred of mankind, and public opinion upon such matters can never be effectually stifled. The feudal lord outraged the laws of humanity always at the cost of his popularity, and often at that of his life. But the true inheritor of his power, the modern capitalist, possesses advantages which our Norman barons never dreamed of. Had Front de Beuf lived in these enlightened days, he would have thrown old Isaac of York not into a dungeon, but into Chancery. Instead of resorting to the rough expedient of grilling the stubborn Israelite on a slow fire, he would have accomplished his object equally well, and much more quietly, by employing a smart attorney to protract the cause and multiply the costs. We are quite serious, for we speak of the master grievance of the age in which we live. The Front de Beufs of the dark ages lived universally detested, and their death, in which their wives or their paramours, their sons or

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\* In Three Vols. By D. T. COULTON. London: Published for Henry Colburn by Hurst and Blackett.

their vassals, usually had some hand, was regarded as a blessed riddance. But we take a very different view of the organ of acquisitiveness from our simple-minded forefathers. We encourage its development by every means in our power, and we literally worship its successful possessor. Genius and courage, and birth and beauty all vie to do him homage. No matter that hundreds of innocent victims have been trodden down to clear his path to fortune. Their curses, not loud but deep, rarely reach our ears, and if they do what then? We lament the envious spirit of the times, and sincerely sympathise with the unjustly slandered millionaire. We are proud to eat his dinners, and to boast of his acquaintance. We may possibly give him a coronet before he dies; and when that event takes place, he shall certainly have a marble monument with an appropriate inscription, and a paragraph in the *Times* enumerating his many virtues and his munificent bequests to the charitable institutions of his country.

But we are going too fast in thus shadowing forth one of the principal characters of Mr. Coulton's tale. Before proceeding further we must lay before our readers an outline of the story.

The first chapter opens with the description of the breaking up of a splendid fete at Chiswick. A crowd has assembled around the gates of the aristocratic villa where it has taken place to witness the departure of the company. In the midst of it, eyeing with intense interest the train of brilliant equipages which sweep in quick succession past him, there is a young man, the usher of a suburban school, who has escaped from his irksome duties for the day to indulge in dreams which his humble condition precludes all hope that he should ever realize. His appearance, notwithstanding the homeliness of his attire, is prepossessing, and an altercation in which he becomes engaged with the brutal coachman of a coroneted chariot, attracts the attention of a stranger in the crowd. The latter, a man of maturer years, penetrates the secret longings of the aspiring youth—his discontent with his position, and his irrepressible desire to mingle in the great world of gaiety and pleasure, from which Fortune has so hopelessly excluded him. A deep student of human nature, and possessed of a fortune which enables him to gratify every caprice, Cavendish, for such is the stranger's name, enters into conversation with the youth. The latter ingenuously details the miseries of his monotonous existence, and concludes by assuring his new acquaintance that he would willingly exchange the life of taskwork before him for a single year of freedom and pleasure. To his amazement the latter takes him at his word, gives him up, for the term agreed on, his town and country mansions, a large credit at his bankers, and an introduction into the best society in the land. Cavendish, in the meantime,

leaves England for a twelvemonth to travel in the East, leaving his representative to spend his princely income, and to be feted and flattered by everybody in the great world who has either money to borrow or daughters to sell. It is assumed, as a matter of course, that the young stranger is destined to be the sole heir of the rich and eccentric Cavendish.

We must admit that this is a somewhat startling commencement of a story of modern life. The improbability of such a bargain being struck between two utter strangers on the first occasion of their meeting is palpable. Such sudden transitions are rarely managed with success even in poetry, and the difficulty is increased tenfold when they are introduced into a story of every day life. But although the unimaginative reader may demur to the incidents recorded in the first chapter of the story, he will find no occasion to raise objections of a similar kind during its subsequent progress. The incidents which it describes, and the characters which it develops, display both the command of great literary power, and a knowledge of the world alike extensive and correct.

The defects in the character of the hero arrive at speedy maturity and become painfully perceptible in the glare of prosperity to which he has been so suddenly elevated. In spite of his handsome person and his pretty name, Florian becomes the dupe of everybody who takes the trouble to impose upon him. He possesses talent, but his utter want of energy and resolution renders it useless to its possessor. He has a keen sense of all the refined enjoyments of luxurious life. He admires genius, he adores beauty, yet he fails to inspire either esteem or true affection. The men of the world with whom he comes in contact, whether they are engaged in business, or literature, or pleasure, soon detect his inaptitude for any active occupation, and regard him merely as an elegant idler. With the other sex he is not more fortunate, for the two young ladies with whom he successively falls in love, both reject his suit. One of these, the Lady Geraldine, is drawn with great skill. Clever, high spirited, true hearted, the triumphant beauty of four London seasons marries the man she loves in spite of the misfortunes which overtake him, and regardless of the precepts of her match-making mama. Disappointed in this quarter, Florian next becomes captivated by the charms of Una Laneton, the only child and heiress of one of London's mighty capitalists. But, instead of Florian, she loves his eccentric patron, Cavendish, who is now travelling in Persia. Her father is aware of this attachment, but he determines to have Florian for his son-in-law, as he regards him as the undoubted heir of Cavendish, who he feels persuaded will never return to England. He soon gets into Florian's good graces by lending him money to any amount, for the needy usher,

transformed into the man of fashion, very soon acquires the art of spending. The capitalist, skilled in detecting such weaknesses in the spoiled children of fortune with whom he comes in contact, calmly congratulates himself on the prospect of obtaining for his future son-in-law a tool which may be fashioned to any shape. This personage plays so important a part in the story, that we must allow its author to draw his portrait:—

#### THE MODERN DIVES.

“It would be injustice to Mr. Laneton to compare him with the class vulgarly known as misers. He could be liberal, and even profuse, when he had an object in view. His establishment was handsome, and he made a generous allowance for superfluities. He was not exactly the founder of his own fortune; it had been ‘fructifying’ for three generations; but, under his able management, it had thriven so well, that he counted hundreds where his father had counted only units. He never considered the end of his vast wealth. It was his business to amass money; and he liked the occupation so well, that it engrossed every thought of his mind. He approached wealth by instinct; by instinct he wound round it the coils of his art, in the shape of mortgages, bonds, liens, notes of hand, I. O. U’s; and all so naturally, that, when a great estate fell into his possession, he was puzzled to tell how he first obtained a hold on it, and how that hold became gradually strengthened.

“Freeborn characterised him as a locomotive in the world of commerce; and he was right. Men like Mr. Laneton connect cities together—set trade in motion—keep money in circulation, and carry thousands safely on their way. That is the fair side of their character. But, on the other hand, they will, with their iron intelligence and untiring energy, sweep every obstacle from before them, crush everything in their path, and now and then spread ruin and destruction round, wounding, mangling, and killing without mercy. The great capitalist is, indeed, a weighty locomotive performing great services, but not without toll duly taken. Mr. Laneton, at the time I introduce him to my readers, is at the height of his prosperity. He has thriven on panics, and gathered to himself the fragments of those fortunes which have been broken up by unprosperous times. He is made of different stuff to failing merchants. He has nothing soft and gentlemanly in his nature. His pocket ledger is constantly about his person; it is with him in the park, at the dinner-table, in the ball-room. He rises at four in the morning to study it. Well worthy is it of all his care. The destinies of hundreds are marked in its pages. More prophetic than Sybilline leaves, they foreshadow the course of some of those brilliant flies of fashion, who seem to bask in the brightest rays of the

sun; of some great aristocratic houses, which shall sink in ruin when the fatal cross of red ink is set against their names; of some firms of good repute, which shall tumble down in rottenness when their last shred of security is gone, and money becomes too dear to trust them with it longer; of some politicians—this, reader, in your ear—to whose eccentricities I could, by aid of that ledger, furnish an explanation, if I loved to contemplate the baser side of humanity. Do you say this picture is overcharged? Then I tell you that you do not understand the age in which you live; that you are wholly ignorant of that power which, more mystical and secret in its operations than the priestcraft of Egypt, more potent in its effect than the shock of armies, rules in this realm as the false prophet ruled in Khorassan, with a sway the more irresistible from the veil which hangs over its bestial features.”

The picture is highly coloured no doubt. But is it overdrawn? We believe not. The phenomenon thus truly described is the result and embodiment of the restless craving spirit of this money getting age. He who obtains remarkable success in the pursuit in which all engage must be an object of general regard. He must have his worshippers to minister to his vanity, and his creatures to work out his schemes of aggrandizement. Of the latter the following are striking specimens:—

#### MR. LANETON'S TWO ATTORNEYS.

“Mr. Stone was a gentleman who had grown grey in his pleasant labours. He had a snug little practice, producing him some five or six thousand a-year. He had three sons, whom he designed to succeed him; and, as he brought them all up in his office, and gave them a per-centage on his profits, they soon became uncommonly sharp lads, and could find and keep a scent as skilfully as any youths of their standing in the whole profession. Mr. Stone was a hale, jocular, long-tongued, bustling man, accustomed to lament the softness of his nature, and to dilate on the large sums he lost annually, because he could not bear to press too hardly on distress. He was a capital man of business—sanguine, active, and indefatigable. He was always for ‘doing something,’ and for keeping all the machinery of the law in perpetual motion. He was uncommonly cheerful and comfortable in his manner, and had a homely style of speech—interspersing his talk with familiar proverbs—which was exceedingly pleasant. Between him and Mr. Laneton there was an excellent understanding. The capitalist gave him a great deal of business, but always said, ‘Mind, I never did, and never will, pay a shilling of law charges;’ and as it is a general rule of law, that borrowers and debtors pay costs of all kinds, this



arrangement worked very well both for solicitor and client. When Mr. Laneton washed his hands of any one who had the misfortune to be in his books, Stone took lawful possession of him, and picked his bones very clean indeed before he let him go. All such persons he regarded as crumbs, which, having fallen from the great man's table, became rightfully his property; and of course, as Mr. Laneton was never called on to pay any of his costs, though it was Mr. Laneton who employed him, he had no particular scruple about making the most of the victims who fell into his clutches. But his natural tenderness of heart led him to treat them delicately. He practised the advice old Isaac Walton gave the angler—he handled them as though he loved them. Though a capital man for drawing up mortgages, and for all the work of foreclosing and selling off, he was not acute enough for those more complicated legal affairs, with which Mr. Laneton, in spite of his dislike to them, had sometimes to deal; and hence his employment of a second solicitor.

“Mr. Flint was a much younger and keener man than Mr. Stone. He had the profile of a hawk, and as glaring and vigilant an eye. From perpetually working his left organ of vision in the art of shrewd speculation, it had fallen into a habit of twinkling by itself; so that all the fine muscles around were in a continual tremor, and such a network of little wrinkles was formed about the eye as was quite wonderful to see. When this twinkling eye was turned upon you, it immediately suggested the notion, that it was calculating what could be made of you, and how you would cut up, if you could be entrapped into his legal shambles. He had a low forehead, and a fine crop of wiry curling hair. His faculties did not belie the sharpness of his aspect. He was so much more than a match for any one who could be pitted against him, that it was a common saying with those who knew him well, that his equal must be sought in some other place than on earth.

“As his connections were very high, he was enabled to play a bolder game than meaner practitioners dared attempt. He had a cousin who was a taxing-master in Chancery, who had no end of money to lend out at good interest, and who got the pick of Flint's borrowing clients. His brother-in-law was familiarly known as ‘six-clerk Jones;’ he had an uncle on the bench, and numerous other relatives in different departments of the law. The Flints were, in fact, a legal family; and being all highly respectable—tip-top Lincoln's Inn and Chancery people—they naturally stuck together, and gave one another all the help they could.”

Mr. Laneton with the aid of these two worthies exercises a most powerful influence over the destinies of various of the personages

who figure in the pages of *Fortune*. But there is one portion of the creation over which usurers and attorneys have not yet established their dominion. Lords and dowagers and ministers of state are all willing and eager to serve the mighty capitalist, yet he cannot command the obedience of his own child. True to her first attachment she refuses the alliance he has planned for her. By way of punishing her he marries a handsome coquette, who holds him and his pursuits in supreme contempt. He discovers, when too late, the irreparable blunder he has made, and soon after his hapless marriage is struck with paralysis, an incident which leaves his young wife in the full enjoyment of his ample fortune to her own great satisfaction and to that of her admirers at large.

Cavendish at the end of the prescribed twelvemonth returns to England where he finds that his representative has been behaving very foolishly in his absence, plunging into debt as well as love upon every opportunity. The taste of fashionable life which he has enjoyed, moreover, has utterly unfitted him for his ancient calling. His patron laughs heartily at his follies, pays his debts, and sends him to vegetate in Germany on a small income, and to reflect on his lost opportunities. Such is the inglorious termination of Florian's career. The majority of our readers, we believe, will agree that he is hardly dealt with. Amiable and intellectual when we first make his acquaintance, he gradually sinks in our estimation as the tale proceeds until he loses all hold upon our sympathies, and we regard him at length with indifference, or at best with pity. Nevertheless it is a true and instructive picture of human nature which is here portrayed. Sudden prosperity often turns the strongest heads, need we feel surprise that it should prove fatal to youth and inexperience? Had Florian been content to pursue with steadiness his humble but honourable calling he might in due time have acquired independence, perhaps wealth and renown. An hour of treacherous sunshine utterly destroys his prospects, and renders him for life a burden to himself and to others. This is the moral of the book before us, and it is one addressed especially to the youth of either sex, whom the fate of Florian may help to reconcile to their lot in life, whatever that may be.

*Cyrilla*\* is a tale of modern Germany, by a writer evidently well acquainted with the manners of our continental cousins. Perhaps, to speak more accurately, we ought to say with those of a particular class, viz., its privileged orders, for it deals exclusively with them. We have no pictures of citizen or of university

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\* A Tale. By the Authoress of the "Initials." Three Vols. Bentley.

life, and not a passing allusion to the glaring political inequality which in every part of Germany exists between the different grades of society. That great and steadily increasing source of social peril is carefully concealed from view by the fair authoress. She introduces us only into company where such things are never dreamed of. Counts and Countesses, Barons, Privy Councillors and place-hunters, and a solitary *parvenu*, in the shape of an immensely rich heiress, who, as is the rule in such cases, becomes the dupe and the victim of misplaced affection. Bating this exclusive tone, which seems to have been imitated from the writings of the Countess Hahn Hahn, the story is better than the vulgar materials of which it is made up would lead us to suppose. The true hero is a certain Count Zorndorff, a young bureaucrat of high repute, who is busily employed in the affairs of the petty state to which he belongs, and of high courage likewise, for he has the audacity to become the husband of two wives at the same time. One of these is Cyrilla, a very loveable sort of person, who is most basely deceived by Zorndorff. He secretly marries her for love and publicly marries the heiress aforesaid for money, and it is from the *imbroglio* thus created that the sole interest of the story is derived. On the discovery of his treachery Cyrilla bestows her affections on a worthier object, her cousin Rupert, one of those handsome, rich, and goodhearted individuals whom we meet at times even in this wicked world. The finale of the story, however, is tragic. It could scarcely be otherwise from its strange complexity. Zorndorff, Iago like, involves the favourite suitor of Cyrilla in a duel which costs him his life, and the shock proves fatal to her. But justice finally overtakes the author of all this mischief, and he is condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress. Upon the whole the authoress of *Cyrilla* does not give us so flattering a picture of the *creme de la creme* of German society as Mrs. Trollope; but we dare say it is much nearer the truth. Schiller wrote his immortal tragedy of *Kabale und Liebe* with the view of exposing the follies and the crimes of the privileged orders of his day. We do not presume to say that *Cyrilla* has been composed with a like intention; but to our humble apprehension the moral of this novel is identical with that of the powerful drama we have named.

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## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

## HOME.

**AFTER** a most protracted discussion the Succession Duty Bill has at length found its way to the Upper House. The leader of the opposition has intimated that although objections will be offered to some of its details, no attempt will be made to throw out the bill, and as the shooting season is close at hand, we may conclude that it will very soon become the law of the land. It has been strenuously opposed by the agricultural interest, on the ground that they already contribute more than their just share to the taxation of the country; but even were this claim well founded, their exemption from a succession-tax is an invidious privilege which has necessarily created great discontent among the possessors of personal estate, and who demand either that they shall enjoy a similar exemption, or that the impost shall be extended to every species of property without distinction. If the landed interest can show that they are over-taxed in proportion to their means, they will now stand a much better chance of obtaining redress. They have been placed, in short, in a false position through the privileges they have so long enjoyed, so that the grievances of which they sometimes with justice complained, have been usually dismissed without a fair hearing. They will now stand on a footing of equality with the rest of their fellow countrymen, and their claims for relief, if they have any such, will be listened to without prejudice, and redressed without creating discontent among the other classes of society.

The subject of Juvenile Delinquency has occupied the attention of both Houses of Parliament during the past month. Lord Shaftesbury in the Lords, and Mr. Adderley in the Commons, have both done good service in bringing this long neglected topic fairly before the public. The British people have never been deaf to the claims of humanity, but it is discreditable to our country that no serious attempt has yet been made to stop this fertile source of misery and crime. In France, in Belgium, and in America the State has interfered to rescue children from the life of depravity to which the example, if not the precepts, of their parents so frequently urges them; and this interference has been attended with the happiest results. It has been shown to demonstration that it answers admirably well even in a commercial point of view, and that it is far cheaper to educate and reform these hapless outcasts than to condemn them to a series of imprison-

ments and whippings, which only tend to harden the youthful culprit. We sincerely trust that Mr. Adderley may succeed in his humane attempt to rescue the law of England from an imputation to which it has been far too long subjected.

In connection with this subject we are naturally led to refer to the plan which has been brought forward by the Government for the future disposal of our convicts. As detailed by Lord Cranworth it may be briefly explained as follows. Transportation is still to be continued, but only the more heinous class of offenders are to be subjected to this punishment. At present we transport every year between three and four thousand convicts; in future not more than eight hundred or a thousand are to be sent abroad, and the whole of these are to be despatched to Western Australia. This part of the scheme appears to be open to grave objections. When we consider the condition of this Colony with reference both to population and resources we cannot but contemplate with uneasiness the project of concentrating within so limited a space the *élite* of our criminal offenders. If the project is adopted to the extent contemplated by Lord Cranworth the number of convicts in the Colony will very soon exceed that of the free settlers, and the result of such a state of things it is but too easy to anticipate. In the end we shall probably find it necessary to form new penal Colonies elsewhere. The Falkland Islands have been proposed, and they offer many advantages for such a purpose.

The India Bill has made rapid progress, and there is now no doubt that it will eventually pass both Houses in a comparatively un mutilated state. The Directors accept it with thankfulness, as they could not expect terms so advantageous either from Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Bright. The measure is, indeed, essentially a compromise, and as such we fear it will not prove a lasting settlement of the affairs of the Company. There seems to be a growing opinion that the days of power of the potentates of Leadenhall-street are numbered. It is not for us to say whether the consummation at which our Indian reformers aim is devoutly to be wished or not, but in watching the progress of events we cannot resist the conclusion that they are very likely to attain their object in the end.

The camp at Chobham has proved a source of increasing interest throughout the month, and the threatening aspect of affairs abroad, combined with the presence of an army so near to the metropolis, has tended to impart a military tone to our general conversation. The movements of the Channel squadron too are watched with an unwonted degree of interest, and it seems that no expense is being spared to render the navy as efficient as pos-

sible in case its active services should be required. Within the last fortnight orders have been given for the immediate construction of six screw ships, three of the number to be of the line. The dockyard agitation has at length subsided. An attempt was made by Mr. Keating to revive it, but chiefly through the intervention of Lord Palmerston the motion fell to the ground.

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#### COLONIAL.

The appointment of Mr. Barkly as Governor of Jamaica has given general satisfaction. That gentleman accepted a similar post in Guiana some years ago, when it was in a condition hardly more hopeful than Jamaica at the present time, and he has, upon the whole, been highly successful in restoring order and industry in the first-named colony. In the task he has now undertaken, he must encounter difficulties of a far more serious nature. The constitution of Jamaica is so ill adapted to the social condition of the island, that it cannot be maintained without extreme danger to the well-being of the community. Those who are best acquainted with the colony in this country are desirous of suspending altogether, at least for a certain period, the functions of the Assembly, and delegating to the Governor and Council the sole legislative and executive power. This plan is proposed on the assumption that popular institutions are at the present time unsuited to Jamaica, and that an enlightened despotism is the form of government best adapted to restore her to a sound condition. It is very possible that this may be the case ; but there is no chance at present of so bold an experiment being attempted. The new Governor must do his best to work out the salvation of Jamaica with the means already at his disposal. If these fail, it will then be time enough to consider the sweeping project of these new colonial reformers. The intelligence from Australia has for so many months been of the same extraordinary character, that it no longer continues to surprise us. We learn by the latest accounts that gold seeking at Victoria is pursued with as much avidity and with still more success than ever. Immigrants still continue to pour in from all quarters, but the demand for labour seems to increase even more rapidly than the increase of population. This remark, however, applies to manual labour only ; for educated persons, of either sex, who have gone out in quest of situations, have, in the great majority of cases, been disappointed. From the East the most important intelligence is the failure of the attempt to effect an arrangement with the Burmese. It is feared that these wily warriors have only been induced to treat for peace in order to gain time, and that their capital must be reduced before they can be brought to reason. The policy of



commencing this costly and harassing contest may admit of grave doubts. We have much to lose and little to gain by a war with the Burmese. But since we have fairly entered upon the contest, we have now no choice but to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. Our supremacy in the East must be maintained at all risks, and such contests may be considered the inevitable penalties of our national greatness. We wish Mr. Cobden had obtained for us some more specific information about Pegu.

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#### FOREIGN.

The question of peace or war is still undecided. Russia still holds on her course, regardless of all consequences. Her troops continue to pour into the Danubian provinces in large masses, and from the quantity of *materiel* provided for them, as well as from the arrangements made for their disposal in the principal towns and fortresses, it is pretty evident that they do not contemplate a merely temporary occupation. A circumstance connected with the invasion of Moldavia and Wallachia has more recently attracted the attention of France and England. We learn that within the last few weeks there have been important military movements in the Austrian provinces adjoining Turkey. It was even rumoured that Bosnia had been occupied by an Austrian force. This rumour was officially contradicted at the time, but we have since ascertained that large bodies of troops have been recently despatched from Vienna in the direction of the Turkish frontier. These movements considered in connection with the advance of the Russian troops to the Danube, have given rise to grave suspicions as to the part which Austria may play in the revolution which appears to be impending in the East. A parallel has been drawn between the present state of affairs in Turkey, and that which preceded the dismemberment of Poland, and it has been confidently predicted that the two emperors are planning a gigantic scheme for the partition of the dominions of the Sultan, in which the lion's share must fall to Nicholas. These speculations we believe to be premature, but at the same time it is essential, in the present critical state of affairs, that the conduct of Austria should be narrowly watched. Whatever protestations she may make to the contrary her policy is and must be essentially Russian. She has no choice in the matter. She dares not oppose the wishes of her powerful ally, even although she desired to do so. She must follow wherever the preserver of her empire may choose to lead her.

An incident which occurred at Smyrna is likely to increase the

unfriendly feeling which already exists between that country and the United States. The arrest of a native of Hungary by the crew of an Austrian brig of war, was followed by the active interference of the American authorities at that port, and a double breach of international law appears to have been committed. The Hungarian had accompanied Kossuth to the United States, and had proceeded thence to Smyrna, where he was living in the dominions and under the protection of the Turkish authorities. The Austrians, by forcibly arresting him in the territory of a neutral state, committed a clear violation of public law, and the Turkish governor ought to have resisted the attempt to the utmost of his power. The subsequent interference of the American captain, who threatened to fire into the Austrian brig if the Hungarian prisoner was not immediately liberated, cannot on the other hand be defended upon principles of public right. His short residence in the United States could not entitle him to claim their protection after he had removed to a foreign territory. This incident, however, is important, as evincing the growing disposition of America to interfere in European politics, a circumstance which, in the present threatening aspect of affairs, may yet lead to very important results. If that war of opinion is about to commence which politicians have so confidently predicted, it is not difficult to perceive that the instincts of the American people will lead them to ally themselves with the cause of human freedom against the military despots of the old world.

Great impatience has been manifested in Parliament to hear the explanations of Ministers as to the course they have pursued with reference to these perplexing questions; but they are still silent. We have only learned that a proposal has been forwarded to Russia, the acceptance of which may still lead to a peaceful solution of the great Eastern difficulty. When a formal reply has been received to this communication, it is understood that the entire history of this protracted crisis will be laid before the public. Until that is done we are without the means of forming any opinion as to the wisdom of our past policy, and for this reason we abstain from alluding to any of the passing rumours which from time to time have been current upon the subject. An impression has no doubt gained ground of late that peace will be preserved. We sincerely trust it may be so, but we confess that we still see no sufficient grounds for indulging in this belief. The conduct of Russia has been marked throughout with deliberate violence. She seems determined to accomplish her object at all risks, and the recent proclamation of the emperor, addressed not only to the religious prejudices of his own subjects, but to those of the Greek population

of Turkey, is calculated to excite passions which diplomacy may strive in vain to control. That inflammatory address, combined with the recent insolent remonstrance of Count Nesselrode respecting the position taken up by the fleets of England and France in the Turkish waters, do not augur well for the future moderation of the emperor. There is, moreover, a growing feeling in Western Europe that it is necessary for the interests of civilisation that the power of Russia should be diminished. It is for her rulers to decide whether this feeling shall lead to practical results.

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#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following Papers are left at the Publishers, with the Editor's thanks:—

“Modern Magic,” “Letters from Spain,” “The Drama and the Novel,”  
“Fair Rosamond,” “The Jay Detected,” “The Last Ghost Story.”

“The History of Party” exhibits great historical knowledge, but as party politics are excluded from the *BRITISH JOURNAL*, the subject is hardly suitable.

The Index and Title-page are being prepared.

T H E  
BRITISH JOURNAL,  
&c.

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PEVENSEY COURT:

A LIFE STORY.

BY WILLIAM DALTON.

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CHAPTER VII.

WHOSE HOUSE IS IT?

Two years have elapsed since we left Elise and her aunt right diligently and merrily toiling for their relative. It is a bright sunny afternoon in early autumn, two boys are playing upon the beach, just beneath the old house of Pevensey Court. At a little distance, sitting upon a chair so near the rising sea that the spray washes his feet, is a portly man with rubicund face and of middle age; behind his chair stands a black footman, with a telescope, which every now and then his master takes in his hand and points at a distant speck upon the waters, then returning the instrument to the servant, he takes a newspaper from his pocket, and reads, muttering to himself, "Yes, it must be, surely; let me see, spoken with on the 12th, in the channel. Yes, yes, it must be."

"Must be. What must be, papa?" asks the boy who is next to him.

"Jack's ship, the *Ganges*," replied the father.

"Hurrah," said the boy, throwing up his cap, and calling aloud, "Tom, Tom, here's Jack's ship."

And so interesting does the supposed Jack's ship become to the trio, that the telescope is kept in constant use until the before-mentioned speck has developed itself into a full-sized ship, and they watch the floating beauty scudding along the waters with all her sails set, with redoubled interest, for they had made out the

word *Ganges*, on her streamer, and have [all, senior included, tossed their hats in the air.

"But why won't they let Jack come ashore here, papa, instead of taking him all the way up to London?" asked Tom.

"Because he has his duty as an officer to perform, and it would never do to permit young midshipmen to land when and where they please, my boy," replied the parent.

"Oh, but they will though; for they are going to let him land now. See, they have hailed a smack—it is now by her side. I can see distinctly some one getting over her side."

"Yes," said the elder, taking the glass, and pointing it in the direction of the Indiaman—true, it is the smack, and some one is getting down the ship's side into it. Yes, now another, and luggage. Bravo, my boys, we shall have Jack here directly."

During the time of the first appearance of the speck, and the discovery that it was Jack's ship, the clouds lowered, the sun had gone down, and a small breeze blew from the east; the smack was let loose, and came, head foremost, tossing to and fro like an infuriated bull; as she neared the shore, she tacked round in the direction of a small wooden pier, about a quarter of a mile farther on. Convinced that Jack was on board, the trio and servant were soon on the pier; but alas, when there and they could obtain a full view of the smack and her passengers, they could see no Jack, for with the exception of a tall figure in military undress, and another, apparently his servant, by his side, the boat contained none but the crew. Great, however, as was their disappointment, they should still hear of Jack, for the smack had come from his ship.

The little vessel was no sooner hauled alongside the pier, than the officer leaped from the stern sheets on to the rail, and having given some directions to his servant, was proceeding shorewards; but he had not moved many paces before one of the boys, standing full in front of him and lifting his cap, said, "Can you tell how Jack is, if you please, sir?"

"Oh, do, sir, for we thought you were Jack, and you ain't, you know," added the other.

There was something so haughty, so forbidding, in the frown, or it might have been sorrowful expression, or both, upon the officer's face, that perhaps none but boys would have ventured to accost him.

The hurried questions of the boys softened the frown, and he laughingly replied. "And who may Jack be, my fine little fellows?"

"My son and their brother, sir—a midshipman on board the *Ganges*;" said the parent, coming to the assistance of his boys.

"There are several officers of that rank, as you must be aware,

on board the *Ganges*, so that I cannot easily inform you without being first in possession of his name."

"Oh, ah, your pardon, sir, but really in our anxiety we had forgotten that. Brown, sir, Brown is my name, these boys' name, and Jack's name, of course;" and Mr. Brown laughed at his own speech.

"Know him. I do. A tall young man, fair hair, blue eyes, and as fine a young fellow as any afloat, and as promising an officer as any in the Company's service," replied the officer. "However," he continued, we will talk as we walk onwards, my path lies there," and he pointed in the direction from which the party had come.

"Does it though, then that is capital, for we live that way, and we will walk together as far as we go," replied Mr. Brown, with glee.

The boys and their parent's anxiety about Jack was soon set at rest—he was alive, well, and would get permission to leave his ship as soon as she reached the port of London, where, of course, Mr. Brown would be there to meet him, for a voyage to India in those days was not a mere marine promenade.

For nearly half an-hour the Browns and their new acquaintance had kept side by side and they were nearing the residence of the former.

"You are acquainted with this part of the county; nay, perhaps, a resident, I presume?" said Mr. Brown.

"Exactly so," replied the other haughtily, as if annoyed at the question.

"Hum!" muttered Mr. Brown, "Devilish rusty, as bad as his own sword after a week in sea water."

"Yonder is my house, and at present at your service, *en route*, sir," said the indomitable Brown, pointing to his own mansion.

"The Devil it is!" replied the stranger, evidently with astonishment, and as Mr. Brown thought, menacingly.

Again that gentleman vented, "Hum! Crusty as old port after twenty years bottled and just let out!" he muttered. They had now reached the gates of the park, and although neither spoke, each evidently regarded the other's cool approach with astonishment. Mr. Brown was again the first to speak.

"Now, sir, as far I am concerned, you may consider this as your home," said he.

"What the Devil do you mean, man?" at the same time giving a searching glance, as if he thought he had been walking in consort with a lunatic.

Brown in his turn was as much astonished, and getting serious, he reiterated the question. "What do I mean, sir; what do I



mean? What does any man mean when he invites another to partake of the hospitality of his own house?"

"Are you raving, sir?" replied the other.

"No, sir, but I might have been a little mad when I gave a thousand pounds for a seven years' lease of this place—and such a rent too. Yet it was a kind of charity, as one may say (between ourselves you know), for the poor lady has been selling and mortgaging everything in order to carry out some scheme in favour of her scapegrace of a son."

"Damnation! sir, what is all this, tell me at once, or I'll throttle you?" and with one hand the officer grasped the arm of Mr. Brown, and shook the clenched fist of the other in that astonished personage's face.

However, Mr. Brown was not so alarmed that he could not call for assistance, and making a loud appeal for "Jack, James, Tom, Harry," and others of his people, who came to the summons.

The appearance of these faces for a moment startled the stranger, and he muttered to himself, as he struck his forehead, "My God, I see it all," and turning to Brown, he apologised, and hastily withdrew from the house.

Mr. Brown gazed for some time at the retreating stranger, then hypothesised aloud, "that that ship must have been Bedlam out upon a cruise."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### MUTUAL SURPRISES.

THE rays of the setting sun were gilding the long flat roof of an elegant little house which was, as it were, embedded in a tastefully arranged flower garden of size rather out of proportion to the house to which it belonged; a gravel walk ran entirely around the house, and on to which small French windows opened. These windows were nearly hidden by the clustering roses and honeysuckles. The sun had lain warmly on the house all day, and consequently nearly all the windows stood open, the approaching chill of evening being guarded by the long curtains which were slightly drawn, but not sufficiently so to prevent the entrance of the fresh sea breezes which, having to traverse some considerable distance, became warmer as they approached further inland.

In a small room on the south side of the cottage sat Elise and her aunt, looking pale and worn, and so busily occupied with their art that they noticed not the darkened figure of a man, who was earnestly watching them through the before-mentioned French windows. For at least ten minutes the one had watched and the

others had worked in silence. At length, throwing aside the implement with which she had been working, "Finished at last, thank Heaven," said Elise.

"And I also," replied Mrs. Deltry, repeating the action of her niece, adding, "But, good Heaven, how pale you are child. The tedious task has been too much for us both, and will require, by way of antidote, at least a month's respite from further labour—notwithstanding, the greatness of our motives will repay us."

"Oh yes, aunt, and what a joyful surprise for our dear Pevensey," replied Elise, joyfully.

"But even now we have much more work before us ere a sufficient sum can be raised, Elise," added Mrs. Deltry, despondingly.

"The deficit can easily be made up you know, dear aunt; it is only to resign a quarter of my little fortune," replied Elise.

"No, Elise, I will not listen to such a proposal. Pevensey would hate me for such a misappropriation of your money."

"Our agreement was, that he should know nothing whatever of the matter," replied Elise, reproachfully; but perceiving a frown gathering on her aunt's brow, she added, "It would indeed be cruel, dear aunt, to deprive me of my share in our scheme, when you yourself have sacrificed so much. Besides, his future success will repay us all."

"Well, as you will, Elise, I accept it, but as a loan to myself remember, and one to be repaid," said Mrs. Deltry. "But it is but little sacrifice after all, for a mother to part with mere money in aiding her son's climb up the ladder of life. Nay, even now he may not require the produce of our efforts for his sake; his own conduct may have already made him—"

"A dishonoured, disgraced beggar," said the subject of their conversation, pushing aside the curtain and standing before them, with the same wild haggard look we saw him in the last chapter: nay, even worse, for had he not listened to the whole of the conversation between his mother and Elise, concealed from their view by the half-drawn curtain.

"My dear boy—Pevensey," was the only reply to the voice of the intruder.

A long silence ensued, for their hearts were too full for their lips to give utterance to their emotions. But, the first words of the long prayed for, the earnestly toiled for, fell heavily upon their ears, sending a death-shot into the very core of their hopes, dismantling and crushing to dust in one moment the aerial castle which had been years constructing. As might the report of a gun at midnight near the ear of a sleeper, that word awoke them to amazement—to stupefaction—sealing their lips from inquiry as to its full meaning.

Pevensey gave a wild stare around the room. Its contents afforded a terrible verification of Brown's assertion, and in addition to the conversation he had listened to, told him the history of his absence. At length, arousing himself and taking his mother's hand, and tears standing in his eyes, he said, "Then it is true I *have* ruined you, mother."

"What means this strange conduct, Pevensey?" said the astonished lady; "why do you speak of ruin on the first moment of your arrival? There can be no real ruin without disgrace, and disgrace never dwelt long beneath my roof."

"Disgrace, is there no disgrace in this base employment?" he bitterly replied; "but," he added, with a faltering voice, "but I dare not, must not talk thus. I that have brought you so low that you cannot even surmise the depth of my disgrace."

"Nonsense, my dear boy, we have done our duty and you have merited it. Do not, on your first day in England, so terribly accuse yourself; do not lay to heart so sadly the loss of the old place. As for Elise and myself, we have but exchanged a large house for a smaller one; and our object—the greatest in life—your advancement."

"Nay, dear Pevensey, do not look so terribly shocking. It is indeed cruel, the first day of your arrival at home," said Elise, taking his hand, and then she coaxingly added, "Oh, how glad I am you have obtained leave of absence, dear cousin!"

"For how long?" asked Mrs. Deltry, evidently with the mere purpose of diverting her son's thoughts into a more agreeable current.

"Leave of absence, ah, ah," he replied with a wild laugh, "how long? Why for ever and a day if I like," and then he added slowly and emphatically, "Mother, Elise, I know *now* what you have done for me, and I have repaid you in full. I am cashiered. Now you will admit that although God *may*, none else on earth *can* forgive me," and he fell into a chair, hiding his face in his hands.

Uttering but the first syllable of the military word, as if disgrace was in its completion, her brows became knitted, the nostril expanded, her lips were tightly compressed, for a moment the angry spots of passion flashed across her face, but they dissolved as they came, and no symptom of blood remained upon those livid yet animated features, and so for some minutes she remained without a word.

"Aunt, aunt, for Heaven's sake speak!" exclaimed Elise, alarmed at the terrible figure before her. She did not speak; she looked and pointed to her son; her eyes glared rather than glanced; she motioned to the door. Elise understood the action; she took Pevensey by the arm, endeavouring to draw him from the room; for

a moment he refused ; his face had been hitherto hidden from his mother. He saw her countenance, again she pointed to the door, and then even he promptly and silently obeyed ; he had never seen her thus. All the emotions of her soul, the passions sat on her features like a host of terrible beasts at bay, but to be at large the moment of the bursting of the last link of the chain that held them. They are gone. She sat with her hands clasping her now burning forehead ; she looked as if she were trying to weep, she could not ; again she looked upwards, as if praying earnestly for a removal of the terrible dearth of tears that alone could soothe her mental agony. They came not, and still she silently struggled ; her hands became clenched, her eye-balls started from their sockets, and she fell senseless upon the floor, where Elise discovered her some minutes after. It was the first time in her life she had endeavoured to control a burst of feeling. Pevensey's long absence had raised her love for him into one of the strongest passions of her soul. It was a conflict between love and rage—the burning sense of disgrace and indignation had been too much for her, and she was seized with a fit which was near proving fatal. Terrible was the sorrow in that house while the balance remained doubtfully poised between life and death. For many days she continued senseless, during which time Pevensey remained by her bedside, enduring all the pangs and anguish of remorse. A month passed before Mrs. Deltry recovered from this stroke of misfortune, and another before she could endure an explanation from her son. At length the day arrived, and sitting upon a sofa by the side of Elise, Pevensey told that again, upon the very eve of promotion, in an outburst of passion he had grossly insulted his Colonel, a challenge followed, then a duel ; the Colonel was severely wounded. The insult had been offered while on duty ; he was tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. In consideration, however, of his otherwise gallant and meritorious conduct as an officer, the sentence was commuted and he was broken from his rank, cashiered, without permission “ to sell out.” Having told the story of his own disgrace he threw himself at his mother's feet, exclaiming, “and now, dearest mother, after having thus wilfully dashed aside every chance of self-advancement and happiness, can you forgive me ?”

“ No, boy, no ! Not forgive, I will try to forget. Misfortune alone would have increased my love for you—but disgrace ; no, no, no,” she replied almost hysterically, yet with somewhat of her old sternness.

“ You *will* not, mother,” said Pevensey quickly, and rising from his position ; “ then I leave this for ever !” Then, turning to Elise, he said : “ Elise, Elise, you, you alone are the cause of all this misery—my ruin, my deep degradation !”

"Stay, boy, stay; you shall not go, sir. Would you kill me, Pevensey?" said Mrs. Deltry, clutching her son's arm.

"Aunt, dear aunt, for Heaven's sake pardon him; recall those cruel words. Oh, God! did you not hear him say that I, I—who have thought by day and dreamed by night of nought but him—he says *I, I*, have ruined him. Aunt, aunt," she added, vehemently, clinging to her, "you *shall*, you must, for my sake, pardon him! He shall, you shall, I will, we will all be happy yet!"

The vehemence with which Elise spoke, the unusual wildness of her manner, alarmed both mother and son; and Mrs. Deltry softened in tone, kissing her niece, replied; "Well then, dear Elise, it shall be as you say, but not now."

"Yes, now; now, this very moment. There now, kiss him;" and she bent her aunt's head downward. "Do love him, love him, he deserves it well for all his sufferings; and I, I, it is too true have been the cause of all. I loved, yet refused him."

The stern woman succumbed, and mother and son embraced each other, while Elise stood by smiling with joy. "Now, now," she said, "you naughty, quarrelsome, passionate mother and son, you make me happy. You see," she added, "you *can* conquer your passions if you try."

"Can you forgive an ungrateful wretch like myself, dearest Elise?" asked Pevensey, now taking her hand and bending over her as she sat on the sofa.

"I will at least try," she replied smiling, and then more serious, added. "Nay, I will do something more, if on your honour you will make me one promise?"

"What?" Elise.

"To struggle with a manful will and determination to conquer and uproot from your nature this curse, this stumbling-block of your existence—passion."

"Dear, dear, Elise, I have hitherto, strange as it may appear, been blind to the fault. I now admit, and promise most solemnly to try to eradicate it from my nature; and the reward, Elise?"

"Oh," she replied, "if of the same value to you now as then, the request you once asked of me and I refused."

"'Tis that, and that alone, can uproot the curse, Elise. Can you now doubt my will and resolution to become worthy of you?" said Pevensey.

"No, no, dear cousin, I do not; then, there is my proof of entire confidence," she replied, putting out her little hand. The happy Pevensey was too near to resist pressing his lips upon her forehead, it brought the warm blood to her face. "For shame, sir," she said, half coaxingly.

“ My seal only to the confidence, and trust you have reposed in me, dear Elise ?” replied Pevensey.

“ May Heaven bless you both, my children, and may we all be happy now !” said Mrs. Deltry, sorrowfully.

“ Weeks passed on, and aunt and niece thought themselves happy, nay, they were so. Not so with Pevensey, he had passed from a life of action to one of perfect outward repose ; we say outward, for now, though fond, affectionate, kind and attentive both to mother and Elise, he would pass hours together alone and in gloomy thoughtfulness ; shut in his chamber, and on his knees, he would pray earnestly, so earnestly, as if he could by the intensity of his mind distil his soul and send it vapouring upward to the Throne of Mercy in search of forgiveness and pardon for some great crime that was heavy on his mind. This morbid state of mind could not but be apparent to his mother and Elise. They became alarmed and almost longed for the relief of an outburst of passion as of old. They endeavoured to create in him an interest in something active—some pursuit mental or physical—that might withdraw his attention from the brooding sorrow of his mind, be it what it might. At length he chose a profession ; to their surprise it was the Church. We have already said that he was unusually erudite for a soldier. He had promised a conquest over himself, and removed, as he thought he should be, from scenes of turmoil and violence, he hoped by the practice of the purest creed the world has ever known to complete his promise. He matriculated at Oxford and awaited for the time when he could be ordained a teacher of others and—himself.

“ Well, sir,” and as the stranger narrated this portion of his story, he placed his hand upon my shoulder and gazing earnestly in my face, his eyes beaming with something like a sudden gleam of happiness, he said, “ they were married, and for the next three years Pevensey was happy, or at least appeared so to be, in the possession of his dear partner. A married student, his time was devoted to the great purpose of his future life. Notwithstanding his gloom had not passed away, but he felt it only when alone or fatigued with study, it was then the fit returned, he would become downcast with sorrow, remorse, a something at least of intense anguish\* that threw a deep shade over his whole existence, and alarmed the sympathies of his wife and mother. However, notwithstanding, those three years were eventually the happiest of his life—perhaps his very sorrows made his joys more keen.”



## CHAPTER X.

## THE PARSON AND THE BARONET.

THREE years of hard study, a fond wife, a serene home, and a determined effort at self-restraint, made great alteration in the character of Pevensey. The Church was but his second object, a means for self-conquest, and to the latter he bent all the energies of his mind, Elise thought too much so; from his reserved and pensive habits she feared he was lacerating his heart with remorse for the past, and she would offer many a gentle and soothing remonstrance; but, alas for her own spirits, her efforts proved unavailing. At length a boy was born, and then her hopes were heightened.

For a time Pevensey was more joyful, and appeared alive to his happiness; about the same period he obtained a curacy, and he made it a working one, for by night and day he was ever active in his calling. His rector being an aged man, and the living in the gift of Sir Henry de Brae, he had strong hopes of the reversion, and they were happy.

The baronet, who had been for some time out of England, returned, and a heavy cloud shadowed their hitherto bright prospects, at least a presentiment of such passed through the mind of Elise. No sooner did Sir Henry return than he hastened to renew his old intimacy with Pevensey, and, to the vexation of Elise, succeeded too well. The two now became warmer friends than before; the baronet never allowing an opportunity to pass of visiting the house, and most frequently to inquire for Pevensey, when he knew, or at least so Elise thought, the latter must be absent from home. This occurred so frequently, and the attentions especially directed towards Elise, that at length she determined on speaking to her husband; she did so, and to her astonishment and anguish was, for the first time since her marriage, rudely and petulantly repulsed by him. From that moment she watched narrowly the conduct of the two friends. As time wore on, the baronet grew more familiar, not alone with Elise, but with Pevensey; the latter never seemed quite easy in his presence, and yet appeared to dread giving him offence. There was some mystery—what could it mean? Upon one occasion Sir Henry, as if by chance, though with a strange sinister expression on his countenance, as he looked in the face of her husband, mentioned the strange disappearance of Edward; Elise, delighting in the memory of her lost but once loved cousin, entered warmly into the conversation, recounting again the sad incidents of that terrible night. Pevensey shrunk from the topic, and the more he shrunk, the more Sir Henry appeared to thrust it forward;

Pevensey endeavoured to change the subject, but fruitlessly, and looking upwards, she fancied him to be enduring some agony of mind, for the expression of his features seemed to be one of fear and half suppressed rage, as he looked upon the semi-smiling countenance of the baronet. The poor wife tortured her brain to imagine the meaning of all this. What could it mean? Was her husband renewing the jealousy of his boyhood—and for the memory only of her dear cousin? What else could it mean? What mystery could exist between these two men that she should not know? After this incident Pevensey grew still more gloomy; and the conviction that a secret, and one appertaining to her long-lost relative existed, preyed upon her spirits. She determined to solve the enigma. She boldly questioned her husband, and he broke out into an unseemly rage, commanding her silence; then her suspicions were more aroused. Suppressing his rage, he implored her pardon, as if in a fit of remorse, on his knees; then he caressed her, and prayed her silence for ever on this point. Then, indeed, Elise's suspicions became terrible, a dreadful flash crossed her mental vision, its bright but terrible light confirmed all. She arose from her seat, her brow contracted, the pupils of her eyes dilated, wearing an unhealthy brightness; her bosom heaved, her lips were tightly compressed, and, taking his hands in hers, she gazed, speechless, in his face, then threw them from her, and rushed out of the room.

"Elise, Elise! for God's sake, Elise, return," he cried. She had left the room, she had sought her own—she left it not for months after. The shock of suspicion, but what to her was truth—conviction—shook her reason.

Elise recovered, and soon after, on her knees, begged of Pevensey the solution of this terrible mystery; all was unavailing, but she was determined. Months passed on in gloomy quiet, Sir Henry visiting, as usual. To the surprise, not only of Pevensey, but the baronet himself, Elise now seemed to accept the latter's attentions with as much pleasure as she had hitherto repulsed them. On one occasion he visited Elise in the absence of her husband, his assiduities had been pressed more warmly than ever. One word he uttered—a word that no chaste wife's ear should have listened to—her face grew crimsoned, the blood ran boiling in her veins, angry, indignant, contemptuous words were on her lips—an heroic effort and they remained unspoken, and she even smiled. The baronet who, from habit, could calculate the exact weight and effect of every word to a woman, believed he had gone a little too far, and, conveniently remembering an engagement, left the house. Poor Elise, she felt faint, the smile had changed into an expression of loathsome disgust, tears came to her aid, and she fell upon the

sofa, sobbing loudly and hysterically. The tears relieved her, and she muttered between her sobbing, "Great Heaven, that I must be well spoken before that villain, or—oh, horror!" she cried, shrieking, as if some terrific reality was before her.

"Elise, dear Elise," said a voice.

Looking upwards, she saw Pevensey. "Thank God, thank God, you are here," and she threw herself into his arms, and, looking into his face, tried to smile, saying, "I have been ill, dear Pevensey; ill, yes, a slight relapse of my old complaint," and a sickly, nay, a ghastly smile, overshadowed her face, as she added, "Sir Henry's conversation was too much fatigue for me in my weak state.

"Yes, yes, perhaps so, dear Elise," replied the husband, but in such tones, and with a shudder that indicated suppressed mental anguish.

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## CHAPTER XI.

Months had elapsed, and Sir Henry continued his visits, but with more caution than hitherto. It was evening; Pevensey had been called out to the bed-side of a parishioner; Mrs. Deltry had been for some length of time in London on a visit; Elise sat alone in her husband's small library; a visitor was announced.

"A late visit, Sir Henry," said Elise, as that gentleman entered the room.

"'Better late than never,' was never a better maxim than in the present instance, for I am the bearer of good news—for good it is, though, however, I may and do regret the death of our good rector, I cannot but rejoice at having an opportunity of assisting you, my dear Mrs. Deltry."

Shocked at the intelligence, for Elise, in common with all the inhabitants of the place, entertained a sincere regard for the good man gone, she at first scarcely noticed the pointed termination of Sir Henry's speech, and in the natural bewilderment of the moment warmly thanked him for the covert allusion to his intended presentation of the living to her husband.

"What immediately followed," said the stranger, grasping me tightly by the arm as if for support, "I scarce dare trust myself, after this length of time, to tell. Great God, I have never since reiterated it; but—but—" and his voice became thick and guttural, "confession is good, good it is to conscience what tears are to weighty sorrow. Sufficient, the villain made a covert offer, an exchange, a sacred appointment for a wife's honour. Like an enraged tigress Elise leaped from her seat, and, in the full gust of

her horror and indignation, poured upon him burning words of contempt, the lava of her wrath. The searing words had scarce left her lips, than she remembered her former suspicions of his real power over Pevensey; humbled, and in a burst of agony, she fell at the villain's feet, and prayed and implored of him to forget her, to allow her and her husband leave the place, and for old friendship's sake remain unmolested. Calm and cool, he smiled—that terrible smile; he lifted—yes, he dared to lift her—and pressed her to him. Writhing with horror, she shrieked; he held her tightly, and to stop her shrieks, he gave one clear and sardonic whisper. As the word fell into her ear, like a wounded hare, she gave one wild cry and leaped from his arms, falling heavily upon the floor. The shrieks had been heard; they were responded to, and in another minute the baronet was in deadly struggle with another stronger and more determined than himself. During the noise and struggle, the alarmed servant had entered the room; turning a moment aside, Pevensey (for it was him), ordered her to look to her mistress. The baronet was free; he had burst aside the slight French windows—a word—“murderer” fell upon the clear night air, and to the ear it fell on seemed to echo the county round. For a moment Pevensey stood as if stunned; then he hastily left the room for a moment—he re-appeared, a small mahogany box beneath his arm and a heavy cane—quickly passed through the window, in the direction of the retreating baronet. One half-hour more and the loud reports of pistols boomed through the air.”

I shall never forget the expression on his face as the stranger added, “And, sir, another murderer was in the world, a double Cain; nay worse than Cain, for he had stained God's holy mantle with blood. This wretch returned to his poor wife; she had not recovered from her swoon. In fear for his life he fled to London, and succeeded in eluding the hue and cry raised for his apprehension, for the villain on his dying bed added perjury to his guilty soul, and accused Pevensey of cold-blooded, deliberate assassination. Sir, it was a lie—a base, contemptible lie. Pevensey stopped him in his own grounds, offered him his choice of the loaded weapons, he took one, and they fired together. His opponent fell. As I before said, he fled to London, where he remained secreted for some weeks, and ultimately escaped, without daring to seek wife, child, or mother, to the continent. His first effort was to discover a man whom he had formerly, in happier days, served; luckily he was successful, and that man was prosperous and grateful, and offered him an appointment in a correspondent's house in the then French colony of St. Domingo. No sooner settled there than he endeavoured to discover his wife and mother; he dared not write himself; but his English correspondent failed in every attempt to

discover them. All he could hear was that, shortly after the duel, Mrs. Deltry returned to the Parsonage, and with Elise and her son speedily left the village, and it was supposed changed their names. As years flew by he became enriched and prosperous. One of those insurrections so common in that country broke out. He, however, escaped its terrors; nay, even became popular under the black ruler. No prosperity, however, proved sufficient to erase from his conscience the guilt of one crime, and what he felt to be worse than the crime, his own conviction that his wife knew it.

“Notwithstanding his penitence, his contrition, deep humiliation, and many widely spread charities in his adopted country, the loss of wife, child, mother, home, the heavy weight of remorse, and the climate told upon his constitution, and he returned to England to renew the search for his family. Sir, he is here; I am he.” Whether the stranger expected an outburst of horror or indignation on my part on finding myself in such close propinquity with such a character, I know not. The quivering of the lip, the firmness of his stamp upon the floor, the sternness of his contracted brow and clutched hand gave one the idea; and though expecting the catastrophe as it turned out, and shrewdly guessing long before that he himself was the hero of his own story, I felt a decided sensation, if not of surprise at least of astonishment, at his own admission, and overwhelmed with sympathy for his many sufferings, I clasped his hand within my own, exclaiming feelingly, “Indeed, you have sinned, but you have suffered terribly; you have been guilty, but you are repentant. Nay, your guilt may not be of so deep a hue. Did the baronet die?”

“I know not. I never heard more than that he was dying when I left this country,” he replied; and he added, “but why call up such futile hope?”

“Not so, if he recovered. He was but justly punished for his crime, although you may not have been justified in administering that punishment.”

“True, young sir,” he replied, thoughtfully; “but,” he continued, “that boy, Edward, yonder cliff,” and he pointed to the spot mentioned in the earlier portion of the story, “that night of the wreck. It all haugs upon my heart and memory, clouds my brain, maddens me with remorse. You have forgotten, or I never told you. I murderd him in cold blood; no, not in cold blood, in passion—a fit of uncontrollable passion and jealousy. That was the terrible secret between Sir Henry and myself—the secret that Elise prayed to discover, and did discover at last, although she had long suspected it, from the villain knight. That secret was the poisoned sentence he poured into her ear with a threat of discovery. You

remember I told you we were boys together, we slept in the same room in France. I had contracted a habit of talking in my sleep, and that with which the heart was most loaded was thrown upwards; my brain used my tongue and lips without consent of will. I muttered enough to make him anxious to know more. He laboured hard to discover my secret. In a moment of mad confidence I told him my secret, believing my conscience would be relieved of its weight; but I told him the story as it happened. But that portion of my guilt you must know. Listen. For some time previous to the day of Edward's disappearance, we had apparently become brotherly in our affection, but it was only apparent, and on his side only. The canker worm of jealousy was eating into my nature. Edward loved Elise, and I then thought was beloved in return, though now I know her affection was such only as a sister has for a brother. To please her I dissembled this passion—a painful effort to one of my nature. On that terrible night when Edward had left me with my gun at the Long Point, I feared even a moment alone with Elise, and shortly afterwards followed and overtook him. Talking as we walked, he made me a confidant of his love for his cousin, calling her his little wife. Stung almost to madness with suppressed rage, I vented it alone in words bitter and sarcastic, even in my rage speaking lightly of Elise. We were at the time about half way down the narrow path running by the side of that table land where first I promised to tell my life story. We were near the verge of the cliff. My allusion to Elise enraged Edward; he forgot himself; the epithet coward fell from his lips; a blow from me followed; a fearful struggle ensued, during which some object meeting the lock of my gun, there was a loud report—we were on the very verge of the cliff—Edward fell backward into the sea. It was a fearful night. I know no more. My life since has been passed in sorrow and remorse. That was the first link in the long chain of my miseries. I arrived in England two days since. My future is before me. The object of my existence is to discover my lost wife, child, and mother. I shall seek them in London; but landing within a few miles of this spot, I dared not leave without visiting it. Hitherto I have not dared to make inquiries here. You, my young friend, may perhaps aid me in my object."

To which I readily consented, and thus, reader, you have had the old man's story. I have transcribed it as faithfully as within my power. We have had the prelude of the story itself. The events to be narrated in the next chapter, most of which I personally witnessed, will form the sequel of, as it will prove it to be, this strange romance of real life.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## SEQUEL TO THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

THE next morning, meditating upon Mr. Deltry's life story, made up of vice, virtue, passion and sorrow, his own expression, "stumbling-block" occurred to me; how true, how expressive, though snatched at in the moment of an impassioned narrative. Passion had been the accompanying demon, the stumbling-block of his existence; he had been good but for this. He, and others also, had been happy but for this; he had been high in the world's honour, nay rich, but for this. Strangely impressive the incidents of his life, a life he had lived to *act* a fault, for the advantage of others. While thus meditating upon this story, without its catastrophe, with appetite of curiosity whetted, I longed for its gratification; and romantic as the fact may seem, I did believe in the possibility of myself adding the sequel, and I hoped a happy one, to the story. For this purpose I had arranged to accompany him to London the following morning, an arrangement with which he was delighted. It was a glorious morning and, being the last day of our stay, we strolled along the sands. I suggested a sail; nothing could have pleased him better. We soon procured a boat and were upon the bosom of the ocean. As we were passing near Pevensey Court he gave a wistful glance and said:—"I made some inquiries respecting the present occupants of that house. Strange that no one knows more than it is in the possession of a Mr. Brown, but who this Mr. Brown is they know not; he is not the same as the one who bought it first. I almost feel inclined to dare a visit; it is questionable if any one who knew me so many years since could now recognise Pevensey Deltry." But not giving time for my reply, he added, "Look at yonder youngster, he pulls bravely." He pointed to a young man, who was vigorously pulling against tide; he had just rounded a huge piece of projecting rock, the under portion of which had been battered down by the sea; another boat followed at some little distance, this also held a young man, who was pulling hard. It was a race between the two. The appearance of the second drew our attention from the first; however, we heard a loud crash, a wild cry, and a heavy plash in the water. The first young man had not time sufficient to pass from beneath the projecting rock, a huge piece of which had fallen directly upon the prow of the boat, carrying it under water. The occupant of the boat we soon saw appear but as quickly disappear. To tack round our little vessel was but the work of a minute, and we soon reached the spot. The poor youth

again rose above the water ; with the rapidity of a younger man Mr. Deltry hung over the sides of our boat and clutched the drowning youth before he could again disappear. By this time the other young man had reached us, and by his aid we at last got him into the boat ; he was senseless, as if stunned by a blow. We hastened to the shore, and between us carried him, following the direction of his friend. It was to Pevensey Court.

Our patient was placed upon the floor in the dining-room. Unfortunately the ladies of the house were from home ; however, with the readiness of a man accustomed to such events, Mr. Deltry at once sent for medical assistance, and then proceeded with remedies fit for such a case, and some time before the arrival of the surgeon, the patient was restored to his senses and placed in a warm bed. Having exhausted our patience in awaiting the return of the ladies, we at length determined upon a future visit. We had risen for the purpose of leaving the house, at that moment a carriage drove up to the entrance—it was the ladies. The servants informing them of the accident they at once proceeded to the patient's chamber, therefore we could not now courteously depart without first having an interview with them.

During this interval I had time to imagine the feelings of Mr. Deltry upon being, after so many years' absence, once again in the home of his birth. The excitement of the scene had at first prevented us from examining the room. No sooner did the attendants leave the room than my friend's attention became rivetted upon some portraits which hung on an opposite wall. He spoke not, moved not, for a minute, then pointing his finger to one, viz. of a beautiful woman, apparently about her twentieth year, he burst into tears. Was it his wife ? I dared not intrude upon his sacred joy—his astonishment. The moment was holy, I turned from it, not with dry eyes. Leaving him abstracted from everything but the canvas before him, the door of the room stood open, and a lady noiselessly entered, tears falling down her cheeks ; she trembled, agitated and nervous at her son's danger ; for a time speech seemed refused to her, at length, she sobbed, rather than spoke her thanks for our service. My friend had not heard her step as she entered the room, but the voice had an electrical effect, he turned—they were face to face, they spoke not. Her bosom heaved, the sorrowful eyes were lit up, she ran up to him, taking a hand in each of hers, almost in the manner of a child at play ; but no, words would not come, the two great feelings of the heart, joy, sorrow, met, they would not mix with words. At that moment she gave a wild hysterical shriek and was caught in his arms. It was a sacred moment, a mutual meeting of the

loved, lost, of twenty years. My heart was too full to congratulate, I dared not intrude. I left that day.

I did not witness the meeting of mother and son ; I could not, I dared not, I have too much of the sympathetic in my own character to love the sight of an exposition of real life agony, whether the latter be distilled either from the light or shade of the heart, and candidly admit that at such scenes I am given to the weakness of tears—a weakness, by the way, that none but the vile or stupid are without—yet that all feel a false shame of exhibiting. And so, with a kind of spasmodic resolution, I took advantage of an excursion boat, and crossed the water upon a visit to our April neighbours, the French, not without first sending a note to Mr. Deltry, in which I promised a visit on my return.

My promised visit happened some six days after, when I was introduced to a large family party, consisting of my friend Mr. Deltry, the noble Elise, his wife, their son whom I had been instrumental in rescuing from drowning, and greatly to my surprise the senior Mrs. Deltry, at first, perhaps, nay, doubtless, the origin of all Pevensey's short comings and misfortunes. I shall never forget that stately figure and penetrating piercing gaze, or the grateful smile into which it dissolved as she regarded me, in her opinion, the happy cause of the family re-union. My very hand tingles now with the memory of the warm shaking it received, and my heart throbs with pleasant emotions at the remembrance of the gushing tears of joy she then shed. But a moment, reader ; conjure up the figure of some stately dame of yore, whose form seventy years had failed to bend, and upon whose brow they had but merely traced lines of reverence and benevolence. Her dark hair so decorated with tints of silver hue, that she seemed a living monument whereupon the youthful had but to gaze for an instant, in order to "honour old age" for ever after, and you have Mrs. Deltry before you.

Have I enumerated the family party ? No, another, if possible more interesting, remains ; a gentleman of middle age, scarcely more, sits in close conversation with Pevensey, his features are bronzed but smooth and even, as if an angry passion had never ruffled them ; his manners are calm and gentlemanly—reader, he is the type of determined but honourable perseverance, indeed, no other than the long lost Edward ; he had returned from London that day, where he had been staying some days. His appearance then aroused my curiosity ; but, alas, it was some days before I became satisfied.

I discovered that after the tumultuous joy that had seized upon Pevensey at his reunion with his family had subsided, his old sorrow cloud again shaded his new found happiness ; he felt himself still

a proscribed man, for where could he rest safe while a friend of Sir Henry de Brae's lived? Then came joy once more with the intelligence that the baronet recovered from his wound, and had lived long enough to marry a fortune, spend it upon the turf, lose a wife, and die himself from a disease brought on by maddened excitement. Again came the yet a hundred fold more joyful news, that his cousin Edward was alive, near them, married, settled, and rich, and with all the stern reality of a large family around him, and not one jot of romance. Now, greatly as my love of romance suffered by the latter statements, it was more than sufficiently appeased by the account Mr. Godfrey gave me of his own adventures, a relation which space will but permit me here to indicate.

On the evening of the storm when the boys had visited the wreck, as the reader is aware, Edward started homewards first, and was overtaken by Pevensey. A quarrel arose between them which soon came to blows; they were walking in a narrow path at the verge of the cliff, fortunately at a point where the cliff was shelving some ten feet beneath the top. Edward moving in a backward direction to avoid his cousin's blow, lost his footing and fell over. At the same moment, Pevensey's gun going off so frightened the latter, that losing all presence of mind he ran homewards, not daring to look behind. Edward fell heavily upon the shelving; the night was dark and the storm was raging, still he endeavoured to climb upwards. This was fruitless, and so he descended, by means of some jutting pieces of the rock, safely to the sands. Fortunately for him the tide had not yet risen to its full height, and he ran breathless along the sand, hoping to reach some causeway in the rock that would lead him to the top of the cliff. In the darkness of the night, the terror of the storm, he mistook his way, and ran from, instead of in the direction of home; he ran till he was compelled to stop to regain his breath, and then it was he felt that the sea was washing his feet. The tide was now fast rising, in another five minutes he must be lost. It was a moment of horror, but oh! joy, joy, he could perceive the glimmer of a light some short distance off, and again he ran; a few minutes and he could hear the voices of men; faint, exhausted as he was, he gave a wild shout. Then followed the report of a pistol, a violent shock in the shoulder as if struck by the falling of a huge piece of rock, and he fell senseless forward; as he fell, his face striking the cold foaming sea, aroused him, and he gave a loud scream—he remembered no more.

His next remembrance was discovering himself on board a small schooner, surrounded by half savage sailors. They were smugglers. For a whole month they had had a large cargo awaiting the opportunity of landing—this had, until that evening, been found

impossible. However, always on the alert, the storm, the wreck, which had drawn to another spot the attention of the coast-guard, and these daring men had resolved on that night for the landing. Their schooner hove in sight, and they had effected a landing at the very spot where Edward first saw the light. The cargo was one of immense value, and the attempt at landing once commenced, they had determined to effect it at all risk. The man holding the lanthorn at the head of the boat hearing a shout, and having little doubt but that it was a coast-guardsman, in a fit of disappointment and rage fired, but, afterwards hearing the scream, and knowing that no one man alone could be in search of them, proceeded to the spot, discovered Edward, and took him aboard the schooner. Once on board they would not release him, the secret of their landing-place was too valuable to entrust to a stranger, therefore, notwithstanding Edward's entreaties, they determined to detain him. However, it chanced that the next day they were taken by a French vessel of war and all carried into Brest. In France Edward remained a prisoner for three years, ultimately he escaped by means of a vessel bound to the West Indies; the master being in want of hands, was too glad to connive at the escape of a prisoner. Arrived in Jamaica he effected his escape, and after great privation obtained employment in a merchant's house at Kingston, where, by dint of great perseverance, he reached the position of head clerk, and trading on his own account amassed a little fortune. His principal, Mr. Brown, wishing to leave for England, effected an arrangement by which Edward became a partner. He had written many letters to his friends in England, but not receiving an answer to any of them (not an uncommon occurrence during the war), he gave up the attempt in despair. An attachment sprang up between Edward and Mr. Brown's only daughter. The merchant was willing, and the young people were married. Mr. Brown then came to England, and was the person who bought the lease of Pevensy Court, at which place he lived for many years. The house in Kingston, under the management of Edward, prospered greatly, and upon the death of the old gentleman, he found himself in possession of a good round sum of money and his interest in Pevensy Court. Edward now being well to do returned to England, his first anxiety upon his return being to discover his long lost relatives. This he succeeded in doing in a small lodging in the metropolis, where both Mrs. Deltry and her daughter-in-law, Elise, had supported themselves and young Deltry by their own hand labour as artists in wood. However, to remove them to their old house was the work of a very short period. This done, as we have seen in an earlier portion of the

tale, they lived but for one object—Pevensy. He has returned; how, the reader is aware. Has his experience made him a better man? Yes, but not a perfect one. The disease passion implanted before birth can never be cured—it may be modified. Years have elapsed. Young Deltry's *mother* was Elise. Young Deltry possesses enough of his mother's fine nature to outweigh the paternal dash; indeed, the latter, like alloy in gold, but renders it the more malleable.

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## "WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY?"

A SMALL LESSON BY A SMALL LEGATEE.

"ONE thousand pounds!" said I, in soliloquy. "Well, it isn't much; but it is pleasant to have such a sum, too."

And so it was—very pleasant indeed to a man who had not a sixpence before but what he contrived to fish out of an ink-bottle. It was a legacy which a distant relative had left me out of the huge fortune he died possessed of.

"What shall I do with it?" I continued. "Invested in the funds it will produce about thirty pounds a-year. I don't think *that* will do. Lent on mortgage I may get four and a-half per cent., perhaps—forty-five pounds a year *not* paid very regularly. *That* won't do. Sunk in an annuity I might get sixty pounds a-year—a paltry income and a selfish way of getting it, for though I'm a bachelor who knows but—? What a pretty girl that Jenny Somers is! I don't think I ever saw more expressive eyes in my life. And she's so clever, too, and so good tempered—but what the deuce has all this to do with the question of investment? Let me see. Suppose I lend it upon personal security! What a capital trade that must be! What a pity it isn't respectable! I've paid sixty per cent. more than once myself. Fancy sixty per cent. on a thousand pounds—six hundred a-year. If Jenny Somers would only—but hang it! it won't do. A bill-discounter—bah!"

Here I fell into a brown study, or in other words I thought of everything in a loose rambling way, mixing up Jenny Somers' eyes with my legacy, and confusing the two together in the most absurd style without producing the least practical effect—without settling the important question, "What shall I do with my money?"



"Are you at home, sir?" said the fat girl who was servant-of-all-work in the house where I had the unhappiness to lodge; and, as the fat girl said it, she tried to look mysterious or "knowing."

"What do you mean? Don't you see I'm at home?" I exclaimed in surprise.

The girl grinned.

"Sometimes you *aint*, when I *do* see you," she replied.

I felt excessively indignant—because the girl spoke the truth. But she was referring to a period antecedent to my legacy—a period which I had, of course, forgotten, and expected every one else to do the same.

"I must leave this vulgar hole," said I, as the fat girl closed the door with a saucy bang. "They fancy every one must be in difficulties who lives like a gentleman."

The door opened again, and my friend Jerningham Stagg entered the room.

"Ah, Poples, my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Stagg, addressing me and throwing himself on the sofa, after hitting me a friendly tap on the shoulder, which might have dislocated my arm. "Why man, you look as melancholy as a clown off duty; any one would think it was your wedding-day, or that some one had left you a legacy."

"You've just hit it," said I, half unconsciously.

"Hit it! hit what! You don't mean to say that you *are* going to be married—you don't mean to tell me that that cunning flirting little Jenny—"

"Sir!" I cried in a fury; but checking myself, I said, "'Pon my soul, Stagg, I don't like to hear you speak of a nice girl like that. But I'm not going to be married though I *have* come in for a little legacy."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Stagg. "My dear fellow, I congratulate you," and he smacked my hand so hard that the windows rattled with the shock, and he squeezed it till the bones crackled like castanets.

"It isn't much—its only a trifle!" said I, "A thousand pounds—that's all."

"You call that a trifle, do you?" asked Stagg. "Why, it's a fortune. Properly invested you are an independent man for life; with your neat little bachelor's box, your cab and tiger, your Opera stall and so forth."

"Are you mad, Stagg?" I asked. "Do you know that a thousand pounds in the funds would only produce me thirty pounds a-year; or, if lent on mortgage, about forty-five pounds a-year?"

Jerningham Stagg, Esq., looked very steadily at me for about

half a minute, and then rolling back at full length on the sofa he indulged in a roar of laughter that suggested self-strangulation. I felt very silly, though I didn't exactly know how or why.

"Funds—mortgage—three per cent.—thirty pounds a-year"—cried Stagg, with a fresh fit of laughter between each sentence.

"Upon my soul, Poples, its *too* good, you'll kill me outright."

"What do you mean?" said I, feeling uncomfortable, for it was clear that I had said something very absurd in the eyes of Stagg, and every one knew Stagg to be a clever fellow in money matters. In fact Stagg was a puzzle to me, for I never could find out that he had any property, nor did he seem to have any particular occupation, and yet Stagg was never in debt to any amount of consequence, while he decidedly lived better, and dressed better than myself.

"My dear Poples," said Stagg, sitting upright and recovering his gravity, "you must pardon my rudeness; but, upon my word the *naïve* manner in which you talked about investing a thousand pounds on mortgage, or in the funds, amused me greatly. Of course you were joking. Of course you know that no one is guilty of such absurdities in these days."

"Then what *do* they do?" I asked.

"A thousand things," replied Stagg. "There are railways, but they are slow investments now. There are new insurance offices; there are joint stock companies for doing everything; especially there are *mines*."

"Ah, I see! speculation you mean," said I.

"If you like to name it so," replied Stagg; "but I do not call a thing *speculation* when it's as safe as the Bank of England."

"But I've heard of many people losing money in mines," I suggested.

"Muffs!" said Stagg; "but, mind, I don't recommend any of the Mining Companies now in existence. There are objections to all of them."

"Then I don't see—" I began.

"I'll tell you," said Stagg, interrupting me, "the proper thing for you to do is, to get up a new mining company yourself."

"I! With a thousand pounds," I exclaimed.

"Plenty of money, my dear fellow," replied Stagg, quietly, "plenty. Suppose, for instance, you determine to get up 'The North and South Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall, and General United Mining Company. Capital £500,000, in ten thousand shares, £50 each, £5 deposit.' Well, what money do you want for that purpose? A few hundred to fit up an office, and pay the expenses of registration, &c.—that's all."

"And then?" I asked, rather staggered by the grandeur of the supposed scheme.

"Then you advertise the thing—that's a preliminary expense, too—applications for shares pour in by hundreds, the Act of Parliament is got—the deed is signed, the deposits—ten thousand times £5, £50,000—are paid up, and there you are!"

"Where?" I asked, getting bewildered.

"Where! Why chairman of a company with a paid-up capital of £50,000, and no end of shares standing in your own name."

"But do you really mean we could get mines to work, and would it answer, and would people really invest in such a thing?" I asked.

"You could get more mines than you wanted. The country's full of unworked mines. As for people investing in such things, why they are doing it every day."

"And do they answer?"

"Humph! well that depends upon the management. At all events they would answer to *you*; for if you don't like the thing when it's started, sell your shares at a high premium (you're sure of *that* chance), and back out with your one thousand turned into twenty."

I am afraid I did not look at the affair as coolly as I ought. There was something so fascinating in the largeness of Stagg's views, in the idea of the commanding position I should take, in the easy business-like way in which it was stated to me, that I lost my head, and listened to the tempter.

"But how could I do this? I don't know how to set about it," said I.

"Well," replied Stagg with a smile, "if you think *me* a good man of business—"

"The best I know," said I.

"Then," continued Stagg, "I don't mind doing the work myself. Of course I must be secretary at the usual salary."

"Of course," I replied.

"That is £500 a-year paid *weekly*," said Stagg, with a strong emphasis on the last word. "In the meantime you must first get out of this hole; you had better get rooms in the Albany, or somewhere in St. James's, and if you could pick up a little place in the country it would be as well, for two addresses look 'nobby.' And then you had better go to Anderson or Bartley and get a decent cab-horse; and Barker will turn you out as well-hung a cab as any one, and then—yes, I think you'll *do* then."

I was a little bit frightened; but I offered no resistance or remonstrance. Mind and body I was Stagg's from that moment, till—never mind just at present.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months had passed.

Few men had a better set of rooms, or more handsomely furnished, than I. My little place at Fulham was perfect; so was my cab, so was my toilet, so were my dinners. I regret to add that most of these items were yet unpaid for, because "of course," as Stagg remarked, "we wanted all the ready money we could command to pay the preliminary expenses" of our grand undertaking. And the "North and South Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall, and General United Mining Company," was really launched. We had crack offices in Moorgate-street, resplendent with Turkey carpets, huge tables, massive chairs, and French-polished mahogany fittings in the way of desks and so on.

We had also a very showy list of directors. First there was Augustus Plantagenet Poples, Esq., of the Albany, Piccadilly, and of the Elms, Fulham, chairman. Then we had two baronets who were described as being "of" places which *were* their family seats in the days of their grandfathers, but not since. There was a captain, though "of" what I don't know, and yet I believe I knew as much of the matter as himself. These three were picked up by Stagg, who assured me they were "first-rate fellows for directors;" and when I afterwards found in what the qualifications of directors (according to his idea) consist, I entirely agreed with him in his estimate of those gentlemen. We had further one or two London speculators—men who, in consideration of a certain number of shares gratis, will put down their names to any directory in the world, and who are considered highly respectable because their "addresses" are good, though the addresses are better than their characters. In addition to these we had a few really good men in the shape of country gentlemen of fortune and estate, and who were probably never in bad company in their lives, except upon paper in our list of directors. We secured these gentry thus:—

Jerningham Stagg, Esq., fished out from a *Law List* the names of one or two country solicitors in the counties where we intended to carry on our mining operations. To these solicitors he communicated the fact of the existence of our great company. The desire of our company to work mines in their counties, and our readiness to receive proposals for leases of such property. He also hinted that if favourable terms were proposed by the landowners, the Company might be induced to constitute one or two of such gentlemen directors of the Company. The bait took, and we had plenty of mines and directors offered to us.

Our shares rose to a premium. The deposits being paid, my "preliminary expenses" were disbursed, and I had a thousand shares in my own name. Decidedly I had cause to bless Jerning-

ham Stagg, Esq., for had I not commenced a few months ago with a paltry one thousand pounds, and was I not now worth six or eight times the amount ?

Jenny Somers thought it quite strange I so seldom went to see them now, but really I was so greatly occupied with my numerous engagements—not business ones, for Stagg managed all that—that I could not be eternally at Brixton. And, besides, Brixton is not the most enticing place for a fellow who has the showiest cab in London to drive to. And Jenny herself was pretty enough, certainly, and agreeable too, and her eyes were undoubtedly very good ; but after all, what was Jenny to me more than five hundred other pretty girls ? and I believe I know about five hundred now, and their papas' cards, and their mammas' notes of invitation, daily crowded my table in heaps large enough for bon-fires. Jenny was afraid that fashion was spoiling me, but really Jenny knew nothing about it ; and what *should* Brixton know about May Fair, and Belgravia, and St. James's ?

Stagg and I were very good friends, but, perhaps, a little less familiar than formerly. It would hardly have been correct for the "Chairman" to have been so with the "Secretary." Still he used to come to my rooms every day, and bring me the cheques to sign ; and really it was a great bore to have to sign so many. It's quite astonishing how many payments have to be made by a great company. Once or twice I ventured to ask what the money was wanted for, whereupon Stagg demanded whether I would give him my attention for a couple of hours, and he would explain. As that was out of the question, I declined any explanation at all, and knowing what a capital man of business Stagg was, I took his word for everything.

Sometimes I attended meetings of the board but not often. The Captain was always there—and, by the way, his name was invariably on the cheques I signed, for they required the signatures of three Directors. Sometimes one of the Baronets' names was there and sometimes the other's. Once or twice I saw the signature of one of the London speculators. The country gentlemen were, of course, too far from the field of action ; but occasionally they attended a meeting of the board when they were perfectly delighted with the flourishing state of our affairs as set forth in the glowing eloquence of our worthy Secretary. I suggested that Stagg ought to have an increased salary ; but Stagg declined it. I offered him shares and he refused them. No, "he was a man of business," he said, "and he was quite content ; and he would stick to his duties—duties that he owed to all parties."

One day at two o'clock in the afternoon I was waiting to drive

down to the club. My cab was at the door and I was dressed with my usual care. Only one thing detained me—I had promised Stagg that I would not leave home till he called, as he wanted me to sign something or other. He was to be with me at half-past one and it was now two. Very strange for so punctual a man to fail in his engagement.

Half-past two went by. My cab had made the circuit of the rather confined space of the Albany court-yard about fifty times. Three o'clock came and no Stagg.

"I'll wait no longer," I exclaimed, as I seized my hat and prepared to start.

"Is Mr. Poples at home?" asked an excited voice at this moment. An affirmative answer was given and in rushed a gentleman whom I recognised as one of the London speculators.

"Mr. Sharp!" said I, rather surprised to see him.

"Good God, where's Stagg?" was the reply.

"How should I know, my dear sir? I have been expecting him this hour and a-half and he has not come. But what's the matter?"

"Oh it's all true—all true!" he cried; and I thought he was mad.

"What do you mean? What about Stagg?" I asked.

"Bolted!" he exclaimed; "bolted, the fellow's a thief, a swindler, a—"

"Pray be calm," said I, though in a great fright myself now.

"What cheques did you sign yesterday?" he asked hurriedly.

"I recollect one of them was for a thousand, and that's all I do recollect," said I.

"Whose name was on it?"

"The Captain's."

"Of course—he's gone too. I tell you (if you don't *know* it, and as you're a young man perhaps you *are* only a dupe)" said he, while I felt inclined to strangle him. "I tell you that Stagg and the Captain and that moustachioed Baronet have bolted with every shilling belonging to the Company."

"Impossible!" I cried.

"Bah—anything's possible to great men or great scoundrels, and I tell you it's done. Moreover the news is all over London already."

"What can I do?" I asked, feeling sick and sinking into a seat.

"Beg pardon—Mr. Poples, I b'lieve," said a man with a hook nose, and a dirty piece of paper in his hand, entering the room.

"Warrant to arrest you, sir."

"What! Do you think I'm a thief?" I screamed in a fury.



"Blesh yer soul, no," said the man; "you're only suspected of owing Mr. Marquetrie, the upholsterer, three thousand two hundred and eight pounds, four and nine, and you're suspected of a little wish to make a trip over the water to the new Hemperor, and so I'm requested to perwent you—*that's* all."

\* \* \* \* \*

And "The North and South Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall, and General United Mining Company" is a burst bubble. And Stagg and the Captain and the Baronet are off to Australia—would they were in Norfolk Island! And the London speculators are in the *Gazette*; but they are not unused to that. And the country gentlemen are mortgaging every acre to meet their liabilities as directors, and it is doubtful whether after all they will not have to join me here.

Here! and where am I? In her Majesty's "Bench" across the water, whence nothing but "whitewash" can remove me; for are not my debts and liabilities thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-four pounds, besides the odd shillings and pence? and all because I did not know "what to do with my money!"

And Jenny Somers is going to be married!



## THE RIVAL COUSINS;

OR, MOTHER AND SON.

BY THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "KARAH-KAPLAN; OR, THE KOORDISH CHIEF," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

"WELL, Dockeray, it would appear that the governor is regularly stumped."

"Stumped, not he; on the contrary never was better off in his life. He must have made some pretty pickings out of his clients, I rather think."

"In that case, before he started, he might just as well have paid our salaries, for I have got an idea, that the sale of the effects he has left behind won't even cover the expenses of the inquiry."

"Why that is the worst of it, the leaving us to shift for ourselves; as for the other sufferers, they hadn't worked for their money with the sweat of their brows, or rather of their fingers; a set of lazy drones, who wanted a higher interest for their money than they could get in the funds; serves them right for being so grasping."

"What do you calculate to be the figure of what the governor has cut off with?"

"It's upwards of thirty thousand pounds as sure as my name is John Thomas; pretty confidence he must have inspired to get the handling of such a sum."

"And where do you think he has really gone to?"

"Why some people say to America, others to Constantinople, to offer his services, I suppose, to the Grand Turk; others think he has cut over to France; for my part, I opine for America. By Jove, he must have managed the affair not only very dapperly but very quietly, for although he started two days ago, his flight only began to be bruited about yesterday evening; indeed, I was taken quite aback when Dick Bayning mentioned the fact last night at the weekly meeting of the Sons of Bellona. That fellow always knows the first of everything that happens."

"Is he not on a paper?"

"So I was told; however, be that as it may, he is out-and-out the jolliest president that ever was at the head of the Sons of Bel-

lona—in fact the club never was in such a thriving state as at present.”

“But to think of ourselves, do you imagine there can be any good in our remaining here? For my part, I propose we mizzle.”

“No! Dockeray, that would be anything but politic; for if we quit our posts without receiving notice from the trustees that will be appointed, we shall never have a chance of getting our last quarter’s salary, should a dividend turn up.”

“I am afraid that anyhow the rhino will prove *non est inventus*, like the governor; still, as you think it better to do so, I’ll run the chance and stick to the office to the last.”

“Not many writs to make out to-day, I expect?”

“None at all. The sheriff’s officers will have a holiday until further orders, as far as we are concerned; they cannot complain, however, for we have given them plenty of business in our time. There’s old Levy, of Newman street, told me the other day that he made a better thing out of the governor’s *capias*’s than those of any other attorney either in Westminster or the City; but here comes Mr. Jones, he ought to know how matters stand, for he was very thick with the governor. I have an idea that he don’t think quite such double X of him as he used.”

The above conversation took place in the outer office of Mr. M’Diarmid’s chambers in Gray’s-inn, the morning after Blanche’s arrival in London. By the observations of the two speakers, who were the junior clerks of the establishment, it was evident that the surmises of the man in the fustian jacket were not far wrong, and that the attorney was in all probability at that very moment sailing for the United States, having forgotten, before his departure, to refund the large sums of money intrusted to his charge by a number of confiding clients.

On the entrance of the new comer, who was the senior clerk of the firm of M’Diarmid and Co., attorneys at law, and solicitors of the Court of Chancery, he was addressed by his two juniors in a much more familiar style than he was accustomed to.

“Well, Mr. Jones,” inquired the son of Bellona, “I suppose it’s no go?”

“Why, to say the truth,” returned the senior, “there’s no writ of error in that observation of yours, for Mr. M’Diarmid is not to be found; his house in Orwell Street, has been left in the charge of that old drunken sot, Larkup, who it appears will have to give up possession to-day, as the lease and furniture have been for sometime disposed of by private contract, so that the creditors will have no claim upon them.”

"But the salaries," cried the son of Bellona, "is there any hope of their being paid?"

"I would not give a brass stiver for our chance," returned Mr. Jones, "for all the tangible or convertible property that remains are the fittings-up and furniture of this office, together with some bundles of old papers, and the unsettled costs of a few writs, and I am afraid that very little of the proceeds will find its way into our pockets."

Mr. Jones was fully capable of knowing the truth of this assertion, having been cognisant from the very first of M'Diarmid's flight; in fact the worthy senior clerk had helped to arrange the whole affair with his employer, taking care to profit largely thereby, so largely indeed, that it was his own private intention to set up for himself, not however before the affair should have somewhat blown over—for Mr. Jones was a prudent man. "By the by," he continued, "have there been many people here this morning? as for the house in Orwell Street it was regularly besieged when I was down there just now."

"We have had exactly twenty inquiries as to the governor's whereabouts," said Dockeray, "bad news flies fast; some of the faces looked tolerably long, just as if their owners had been tapped on the shoulder by old Levy, and I've an idea that very few things are more unpleasant to the human feelings than that. But here comes another long visage—that makes number twenty-one."

This last remark was made in reference to a person who entered the office at that moment, and addressing himself to the senior clerk, inquired what truth there was in the report that had reached his ears of Mr. M'Diarmid having suddenly and unexpectedly left the country.

"I have never had the honour of seeing you before," returned Mr. Jones, "so, previously to answering your question, may I ask whether you are a client of the firm?"

"No, sir," replied the gentleman, "but I am acting for another party, Miss Delamere, niece to Captain Melville, lately deceased; you must be well acquainted with the latter name, as by the Captain's will Mr. M'Diarmid was appointed guardian to his, the Captain's niece."

"I am certainly acquainted with Captain Melville's name?" cried Mr. Jones, "he was one of the firm's largest creditors. I would not, however, give the knob of my stick for what his heirs will receive."

"Then it is true that Mr. M'Diarmid has absconded?" said Mr. Rimsdale, for he was the new comer.

"Absconded, hum," returned Mr. Jones, "*non est inventus* is the politer and more cautious term."

"Then Blanche Delamere is completely ruined!" ejaculated Mr. Rimsdale, "and thrown upon the metropolis without any resources. But allow me to inquire," he continued, "whether there be any hope remaining of a dividend being eventually paid?"

"If there be," suggested Dockeray, "it will be among the free and independent citizens of the United States."

"Or the inmates of the Grand Turk's seraglio," added the other clerk.

Several other persons entering at this moment, Mr. Rimsdale took his leave and turned his steps in the direction of his own house.

"How shall I break this sad intelligence to Miss Delamere?" he muttered, "and, oh! what shall I say to Mrs. Rimsdale?"

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## CHAPTER V.

### IN WHICH LORD ROCKFOREST FORMS CERTAIN PLANS.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, the sun was shining brightly, or rather would have been shining brightly, had not the misty haze, common to even the most aristocratic quarters of London in the month of January—as, indeed, more or less throughout the year—somewhat intercepted its rays, that a well frizzled valet knocked at the door of a room in a large house situated in Berkeley Square. He at first tapped lightly, but no answer being returned to his summons, he applied his forefinger to the panel, with a greater degree of force, when a voice from within was heard to exclaim, "Come in," in that half-smothered tone which proves that its owner is ensconced beneath the bed-clothes.

"What the deuce do you wake one at this hour for?" exclaimed the occupant of the bed, as the valet entered the room.

"It is eleven o'clock, my lord," answered the servant, "and your lordship particularly directed me to call your lordship at that hour."

"I must have slept confoundly ill then," observed his master, "for I feel as if every bone in my body was broken, and my head is splitting; but open the shutters and bring me up immediately a bottle of iced soda-water, and some lemon-juice."

The order being immediately obeyed the parched throat of the nobleman was cooled by the refreshing beverage, invented

by some philanthropist, who deserves a golden statue to be raised to his memory.

What must our ancestors have suffered after a night's debauch, for they were ignorant of the delights of iced soda water? Indeed, not much more than thirty years ago it was customary to relieve or rather attempt to relieve the racking head-ache caused by the overnight's intemperance, by drinking large quantities of small-beer in the morning. One circumstance, however, can be adduced in that respect in favour of former days, namely the fact of adulterated wine, spirits and beer being almost unknown; indeed it was possible to procure, even in London, liquors and food, that were not poisoned by noxious compounds. *Heu! pietas! heu! prisca fides!*

Having partaken of the soda water,\* Lord Rockforest proceeded to rise and make his toilet, then, having breakfasted with a far better appetite than was to be expected from his late suffering state, he began to peruse or rather glance over, a large pile of letters which were laid on the table.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, after having cursorily examined the contents of the greater portion of the epistles. "Oh! from old Foxdale, requesting me to make a diminution in his rent. How can he expect me to be such a fool as to accede to his request, when he knows his farm is in reality underlet? Any how, the affair does not concern me, but my steward, to whom I shall forward the letter, with directions to tell Foxdale, that if he considers his rent too high, he had better give notice to quit. From Jacob Stokes, the gamekeeper, Hallidon manor," continued the nobleman, "caught young Dale with a gun, and his pockets full of game, crossing a field—wishes to know whether he is to proceed against him. Of course. Why the fellow's father voted, after having promised the contrary, against the men I put up for the county—proceed against him—certainly! What business has an elector, who chooses to vote against his landlord's wish, to get himself into a scrape? Now that he has been fool enough to be caught tripping, he must suffer for it; although, in my heart of hearts, I am far from being an advocate for the game laws; indeed, candidly speaking, I wonder the farmers stand them. From Arthur," proceeded Lord Rockforest, opening another letter, "his Colonel is about to retire, and he therefore wants me to lodge the purchase money for his commission. By Jove, he is in luck, that brother of mine—not yet seven and twenty, and about to command his regiment, and that without having required the slightest interest to push him on; but although it has required no interest, it has taken a devil of a lot of money. However, he's a fine fellow, Arthur, although somewhat too much of a Puritan; so I do not



grudge what I have done for him, and the money for his Lieut.-Colonelcy shall be lodged this afternoon. Let no one assert that I am not a good brother. I may not, perhaps, be as pious as my fellow peer, St. Derwent, who refused the other day to advance his brother the sum of five hundred pounds, in order to help him to purchase his Captain's commission ; nor do I, perhaps, make such a great parade of virtuous sentiments as Lord Mortmain, who with an income of twenty thousand, allows his juniors a hundred and fifty pounds a-year. Poor devils ; how can they live upon such a sum, and look and *act* like gentlemen ? I have never treated my father's son otherwise than I should wish to be treated myself, were I in his place, and *vice versa* ; can any elder brother in this pious land say the same ? If I enjoyed the fat of the land alone, and only allowed my brother to pick up the crumbs, I should deserve to be treated like the rich man in the parable. What ! a letter from that pompous old fool, Maynton, requesting me to subscribe for the endowment of a chapel of ease, built by subscription in his district ; surely, considering that his living is above three thousand a-year, he might spare something out of it without applying to others. What ! another begging letter—the writer many years in his lordship's, my father's service, suddenly ruined—large family—dreadful misery, &c. &c. &c.—the old story. Still, as the poor fellow was once a servant of the family, he shall not starve ; so instead of subscribing for the endowment of a useless church, for Maynton's is never a quarter filled, I will send the money to where it will be of real service."

Having at length come to the end of the pile of letters before him, Lord Rockforest rang the bell.

"Is Dyson below ?" he inquired of the servant who entered.

"Yes, my lord."

"Tell him to come up-stairs immediately."

"Well !" cried the nobleman, as the man entered, "What news ?"

"Good, my lord," replied Dyson ; "could not be better."

"Let me see," said Lord Rockforest. "You hired a lodging in the same house with the girl—devilish bright idea that of yours—and at the same time you received *carte blanche* from me to spare neither expense nor pains."

"And I trust that your lordship will have no reason to be discontented with what I have done ; for instance, no sooner was I installed in my back attic, than I began to ingratiate myself with the people of the house, by doing little commissions for them. Well, the second day of my arrival, I saw the maid-of-all-work coming down stairs with a letter in her hand, which it appeared Miss Delamere had entrusted to her to put into the post-office. I immediately

offered to take charge of it myself, pretending that I was going to post a letter of my own. The girl was too happy to save herself a journey, and accepted my offer without hesitation. The letter was directed to the Rev. Mr. Hardy, rector of Scarthington; and I certainly did take it to the post-office, but not until I had made a copy for your lordship."

"Yes, Dyson, I am aware of all that; the difficulty, however, was to get at the answer."

"I have managed that affair too, my lord, for the answer arrived yesterday, and I have been on the look out ever since. Well, this morning the young lady went out very early, accompanied by the mistress of the house. The master was also absent, so that I took an opportunity of sending off the servant girl to a distance, and then, the field being clear, I quietly walked into the lady's room, and opening her desk, by means known best to myself, I soon found the letter in question, which, after condoling with her, &c., was to the effect, for I had no time to make a copy, that since she was determined to remain in London and try to procure a situation as governess or companion, he had enclosed some letters of introduction which would be of use to her, and the writer concluded by remarking, that should she fail in her undertaking, she was to remember that his house was hers, and—

"Never mind the rest, Dyson," interrupted Lord Rockforest, the girl will never require the parson's hospitality. I will manage that, for I can procure her the very situation she is looking for. My mother is in want of a person who can act both as a companion and governess to my sister, and Miss Delamere will just suit for the situation, patronised as she appears to be by the rector of Scarthington, and having been educated as a lady."

"You had better not delay then, my lord, for she is most uncomfortably situated at this present moment, for it appears that she was recommended to the lodgings by a gentleman with whom she travelled to London in the York Union, and at whose house she remained the first night of her arrival. Now the gentleman's wife, as ugly an old creature as ever breathed, is, it seems, of a jealous disposition, and will have it that her husband is sweet upon Miss Delamere, and having found out where the young lady is lodged since quitting her house—"

"Has set to persecuting her," interrupted the master.

"Exactly so," replied the servant, "and is doing all she can to make the place too hot for her; indeed, she appears to imagine that London is not large enough to hold them both."

"The vixen!" ejaculated the Viscount.

"That's just what all the neighbours call her," said Dyson ;  
"for Mrs. Rimsdale—"

"Mrs. Rimsdale!" exclaimed Lord Rockforest, "Is she the wife of Rimsdale, the house-agent in Manvers street?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bravo, capital, just the thing," cried the nobleman, triumphantly. "I know him well, he has often transacted business for me. Order my carriage to be brought round immediately, that I may proceed at once to Rimsdale and tell him that my mother is ready to engage Miss Delamere. The affair will be arranged in a few minutes, and when once she is in my mother's house, it will be very hard if I do not succeed in making the girl understand how conducive to her welfare it will prove to listen to my proposals."

A few days after the above conversation, Blanche Delamere was installed in St. James's Square, as governess and companion to Lady Rockforest's daughter."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW BLANCHE DELAMERE SUCCEEDS IN ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

BLANCHE had not been long in her new situation before she became almost reconciled to her destiny, for Lady Rockforest, although naturally of a cold and haughty disposition, did not forget that the young governess had been born and brought up in a very superior sphere of life to her present one, and in consequence the Viscountess treated her with as much kindness and affability as she was capable of. In the meanwhile Lord Rockforest had been compelled by sudden ill health to proceed to Cheltenham, almost immediately after Miss Delamere's installation in his mother's house, so that the execution of his plans was for the moment suspended. Consequently, as far as she was herself concerned, Blanche was comparatively happy ; she could not, however, help feeling much anxiety on account of her brother, whose prospects in life were now so completely altered, and who, she was aware, was left without any interest to push him forward in his profession.

But, although the young girl had found some favour in the eyes of Lady Rockforest, there were others in the house by whom her advent was regarded with eyes of jealousy and dislike, as will appear from the following conversation, which took place in the housekeeper's room, between the housekeeper, the two lady's maids, and the butler :—

"Well, ma'am, what do you think of the new governess?" said

one of the Abigails—Lady Rockforest's own—with a toss of the head, which evidently meant to imply that she had thought a great deal on the subject, and had her own private notions on it, which, however, she was prepared to render public for the good of the company.

"Think! what should one think?" was the answer, which, from the words uttered, would have scarcely seemed to imply much forethought, had there not been an accent in the tone which evidently meant a good deal.

"That she is a proud, upstart creature," replied the other sou-brette, who, being specially attached to the service of Miss Hallidon, was exceedingly indignant at the arrival of any interloper, as she had in turn termed the different governesses to whom had been entrusted the care of Miss Hallidon's education.

"That's my opinion, entirely," said Mrs. Grimmer, the house-keeper. "Why, will you believe it, she actually gave me an order the other day, as if she wasn't a hired servant like ourselves? Doesn't she receive wages like me, or you, or Mr. Sims, there? Well, for my part, I never could abide governesses."

"Really, Mrs. Grimmer," observed Mr. Sims, the butler, timidly, "I think you are too harsh in your opinion of Miss Delamere. For my part I consider she looks quite the lady, and, indeed, I understand she is one, only she has met with misfortunes."

"Oh, that's what they all say of themselves," exclaimed Mrs. Harris, Lady Rockforest's maid; there never was a governess yet as wasn't something quite prodigious once. Pah! it makes me quite sick to think of the airs they give themselves."

"At any rate," said Miss Betsy Hicks, "I'll try and make the house too hot for her, and unless I'm greatly mistaken she'll soon mizzle after those as is gone before her. Now, bless me if she isn't a ringing her bell; catch me answering it, that's all, though she pull away till doomsday."

The bell was rung several times, but no one stirred. At length a gentle knock was heard at the door, which opening, Blanche appeared. Not one, however, of the women servants rose on her entrance, but on the contrary fixed their eyes upon her with a stare of the most unmitigated impertinence.

"I am afraid my bell is not heard below stairs," observed Blanche, "so I have come down stairs myself to mention that there is no water either in my jug or tumbler."

"That doesn't concern me, miss," exclaimed Betsy Hicks, with an insolent toss of the head, "but Sally, the housemaid."

"In that case, would you have the kindness to inform her of

what I am in want of," returned Blanche, "and also to tell her that Miss Hallidon requires the same?"

"Oh, Miss Hallidon's jug is empty," cried Betsy; "in that case I will go up to her room directly, for it is my business to wait upon Miss Hallidon."

"Would you in the meanwhile give my message to Sally?" continued Blanche, pretending not to have noticed the soubrette's insolence.

"I am sure I don't know where she is," cried the maid, pertly.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Grimmer, in a similar manner.

"I think she is in the servant's hall," observed Mrs. Harris, "so that if you want her, miss, you had better go there yourself."

"No! I'll be hanged if Miss Delamere shall do such a thing," cried Mr. Sims, indignantly. "I beg your pardon, miss, but if you will leave the matter to me, I will take care that all you require shall be done immediately."

"Thank you, sir," returned Blanche, as she retired, in a tone so gentle and so ladylike, that even Mrs. Grimmer felt conscience stricken for the manner in which she had conducted herself towards the poor friendless orphan.

And Blanche! how bitterly did she feel her present lot, and how sad were the tears she shed when she found herself alone in her room.

Alas, that it should be so, but candour compels us to avow that in no country in the world are governesses in general so contemptuously treated, both by masters and servants, as in England.

Blanche had been about a month with Lady Rockforest, when, one morning after breakfast, as she was reading aloud, according to custom, the newspaper to the mistress of the house, she came suddenly upon the following paragraph, headed:—

#### GALLANT AND MERITORIOUS CONDUCT OF A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

"As his Majesty's frigate, the *Amphion*, was coasting on the 18th of October, ult., along the western shores of South America, she was suddenly overtaken by a terrific hurricane. Such was the force of the wind, that on its striking the ship she lay over with her guns under water, while the mizenmast and the fore and main-topmast went over the side.

"The fore and mainmasts still stood, supporting the weight of rigging and wreck, which, like a powerful lever, pressed the labouring vessel down on her side. To disengage this enormous top-hammer was an object more to be desired than expected. Yet the

case was desperate, and a desperate effort was to be made, or it was evident that before a quarter of an hour more all would be over, for every wave seemed to make a deeper and more fatal impression upon the ship, which descended rapidly in the hollows of the sea, and rose with a dull and exhausted motion as if she felt she could struggle no longer.

"Suddenly one of the mates, seizing a tomahawk, made signs to the captain that he would attempt to cut away the wreck, and proceeded in the most gallant manner to mount the weather rigging. Five or six seamen immediately rushed after the daring youth.

"On reaching the catharpens the volunteers found they had just foot-room. They then proceeded to divide their work, the men taking the lanyards of the topmast rigging, the mate the slings of the mainyard. The lusty blows dealt were answered by corresponding crashes, and at length down fell the tremendous wreck over the larboard gunwale. The vessel feeling instant relief, righted; but, alas! the glorious deed had been executed at a tremendous sacrifice, for the gallant mate was carried overboard with the wreck he had cut away, and was instantly engulfed in the foaming billows; the brave sailors, however, who had aided him, fortunately escaped the fate of their leader.

"The name of the young officer who thus devoted himself to the service of his country, and who was the means of saving both the frigate and her numerous crew, was Charles Delamere, son of the late Lieutenant Delamere, R.N., who was killed during a desperate action with a French corvette, in the year 1808."

The last sentence was not read aloud, for no sooner had Blanche glanced her eyes over it, than she fell back upon her chair in a state of insensibility.

"Good Heavens, Miss Delamere," cried Lady Rockforest, rising hastily, "what is the matter?"

"She is dying, mamma," cried Miss Hallidon, who, being in the room, had immediately run up to her unconscious governess, "for her hands are quite cold, and see how pale her face has turned."

"Ring the bell, instantly," said her mother, and at the same time that her daughter pulled down one bell-rope, she pulled down the other.

As may be imagined the servants from below soon rushed up stairs into the breakfast-room, and were soon so engaged with the scene before them that no one observed that a carriage had driven up to the street door, excepting the porter, who, being in the hall, was unaware of what had occurred in the interior of the mansion. The consequence was that Lord Rockforest and his brother, Arthur



Hallidon, entered the room without being observed, when the former, perceiving what was going forward, advanced towards Blanche, and taking her in his arms, proceeded to throw water upon her face, and attempt various other modes of resuscitation, to which it was evident he was by no means unaccustomed.

"Let all the servants, but one or two of the maids, retire," he exclaimed after a few minutes, "and let some one run to the doctor, and tell him to come over without delay."

The nobleman's commands were immediately obeyed, and the room vacated by all present, excepting his mother, sister, and brother, and the two lady's-maids.

"What is the cause of Miss Delamere's illness?" inquired Lord Rockforest of his mother, while the others continued their attentions to the still insensible girl. "I am sure you could not have occasioned it, for you could never have illtreated any one, much less a governess."

"You are right, Marmaduke," returned his mother; "for my part I cannot imagine the reason of this sudden faintness, for Miss Delamere was reading the newspaper aloud, and was apparently in perfect health when she was taken ill."

"Show me the paragraph she was perusing at the moment," said her son. "Ah!" he continued on looking at its contents, "I can easily understand it all, for the paper contains an account of her brother being drowned off the coast of South America."

"Poor girl," exclaimed Lady Rockforest, "that is quite sufficient to excuse what has happened, for excepting on such occasions as the present, I do not consider that a governess has any right to faint."

At this moment Blanche began to revive, and on the arrival of the doctor was entirely restored to consciousness, when the first object she beheld on opening her eyes was Lord Rockforest, standing over her and regarding her features with an expression of such sensual tenderness, that she involuntarily shuddered.

The doctor having directed his patient to be conveyed to her room, she was accompanied thither by the ladies of the house and their maids, Betsy Hicks all the time muttering to her fellow-servant, "Well, if ever I seed a governess give herself such airs, bless my stars, and such a fuss to be made about her too. Now I'm sure I might have fainted twenty times over without my lord ever giving himself the trouble even to send for the doctor. She shall pay me dearly for all this, that she shall."

"And me, too," said Mrs. Harris, in a very indignant tone; "why, had she been a countess she couldn't have made more of herself, and I ought to know something about the matter, seeing as I've lived with three titled ladies before I came here."

"I say, Arthur," said Lord Rockforest, "as soon as he was left alone with his brother, "what do you think of the new governess?"

"That she is a great deal too pretty to be here, Marmaduke," returned Arthur, "for I noticed the look you cast upon her as the colour was returning to her cheeks."

"Come, Arthur, no preaching; remember you are a soldier, and not a Methodist parson."

"It is neither my wish nor my intention to preach, my dear Marmaduke; only, if I have been rightly informed, it was through your recommendation that the lovely girl was received into this house."

"Well! and what harm was there in my advising my mother to engage a person who is in every way suited to fill the situation she occupies?"

"None whatever, if you were prompted by no ulterior design; but I was forcibly struck just now, firstly, by the manner in which you took her in your arms; secondly, by the exulting expression of your face when you heard that her brother, who it appears was her only protector, had been drowned; and thirdly, by what I have already mentioned, the look you cast upon her as she was reviving."

"By Jove," said Lord Rockforest, ironically, "I was not wrong when I hinted something about your being cut out for a Methodist parson, for you are already beginning with your firstly, secondly, and thirdly."

"A man may be honourable without being a Methodist, Marmaduke," returned his brother. "Remember that Miss Delamere is under the protection of our mother's roof, and that she is the companion of our sister."

"You are wasting your time, Mr. Morality, for in all probability I shall have forgotten even the existence of the girl before I leave the house."

"Be it so," returned his brother, with a mournful shake of the head, as if he doubted the truth of Lord Rockforest's assertion. He knew, indeed, the disposition of that nobleman too well to place any reliance upon what he had just said. Colonel Hallidon, however, determined from that moment to do all in his power to protect the young girl from falling a victim to the machinations which, he felt certain, had been prepared against her. The great beauty and evident innocence of Blanche Delamere, brief as had been the meeting between them, had deeply touched him; indeed there was a particle of very pardonable egotism in the feeling that prompted him to offer advice to his brother.

The mother, entering the room at this moment, brought tidings of Blanche being in a very dangerous state, caused by the revulsion

her feelings had undergone, and that in all probability it would be very long before she would be restored to health.

Lord Rockforest felt that some latent power was intervening between him and his intended victim, for her illness occasioned a second delay to his schemes. All the obstacles, however, which he had hitherto met with, merely served to increase his pent up desires, and he inwardly vowed that no stone should be left unturned that might tend to assist his projects.

Several weeks elapsed before Blanche was sufficiently recovered to renew her duties, and even then she had by no means regained her former strength. During the most dangerous period of her illness she had been visited by her old friend, Mr. Hardy, who had made the journey to London immediately on hearing of Charles Delamere's death, anticipating the effect that melancholy event would produce upon the now desolate orphan. The terms in which the worthy ecclesiastic spoke of the young girl, served to raise her exceedingly in the esteem of Lady Rockforest, who was already well disposed towards her, and even Mrs. Harris and Miss Betsy Hicks began to think that, after all, the governess might have been born and bred a real lady. As for Mr. Sims, the butler, he begged his fellow servants to remember that he had entertained that opinion from the very first, and as a grand climax, Mrs. Grimmer actually carried up to Blanche's bedroom, three several times, some soup of her own making.

There was one member of the family, however, who seemed more anxious about Blanche, than all the other inmates of the house, although he had never known her previous to the day on which he had seen her during her fainting fit. As long as Blanche was confined to her bed, the inquiries of Colonel Hallidon at the door of her room were incessant, and as soon as she was able to descend to the drawing-room, he was constantly at her side, either assisting her to turn over the leaves of a portfolio or reading aloud. To be brief, he became desperately enamoured, while Blanche felt towards him as she had never before felt towards mortal being. The progress of their love was unnoticed, as his mother imagined her son's attentions to be prompted by his naturally kind heart, while his sister had become so attached to her governess, that she considered it by no means extraordinary, but quite the contrary that her brother should be partial to Blanche. The Colonel's regiment had been quartered at Hounslow, the day previous to that on which Miss Delamere had been taken ill, and its proximity to London enabled the young officer to make frequent visits to St. James's Square.

Lord Rockforest also watched the progress of Blanche's recovery

with the same anxious eyes, but with very different motives, to those which actuated his younger brother, whose continual presence in his mother's house was most displeasing to the Viscount. As Blanche's convalescence approached, he determined to strike the decisive blow and carry out the intentions which had induced him to place her in her present situation. Nothing, however, in his outward behaviour towards Miss Delamere could have induced the young girl to entertain the slightest suspicion that the nobleman was plotting her ruin.

(*To be continued.*)

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## THE DANDY'S DREAM:

A LEGEND OF LONDON.

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BY ALFRED W. COLE.

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Mr. Chesterfield Suppleton lounged in his chair  
 At his club, with a weary and dandified air,  
 And he yawned, and he stretched, and gave many a twirl,  
 To his silky moustache and his favourite curl;  
 And he played with his watch chain, whence gracefully dangled  
 A dozen small "charms" of the latest new fangled  
 Invention and fashion—coins, keys, curiosities,  
 Horse shoes and monkeys, and little monstrosities,  
 And he listlessly sipped at his Chateau Margaux,  
 Unheeding its flavour, or ruby-like glow;  
 And he looked at the floor and he looked at the ceiling,  
 Without the least symptom of thought or of feeling,  
 Except of that *blasé* and vapid inanity  
 Which often afflicts poor young Pall Mall humanity,  
 And he said to himself with a ladylike sigh,  
 "Was there ever a wretchered fellow than I?  
 What on earth can I do?—where on earth can I go?  
 No opera open—the theatres all 'low'—  
 Can a desert be half so confoundedly slow?  
     Not a single invite  
     For this horrible night,  
 And the season (deuce take it all) just at its height."

And the thought of this terrible climax of ills  
 Mr. Suppleton's bosom with horror so fills,

That his eyes on the beeswaxed mahogany glare,  
And he looks like a statue of gloomy despair.

But of course it's no use  
To remain in the "blues,"  
So he takes up the *Globe*, and dips into the news.  
But reading's a work he  
So apt is to shirk, he  
Knows nothing at all about Russia and Turkey,  
Or cab fares, or "pikes,"  
Or the question of "strikes,"  
And so he finds nothing at all that he likes,  
But thrusts it away,  
And—as men *always* say—  
Says "There's nothing at all in the paper to-day."

And now the Chateau Margaux is done,  
The coffee-room's empty, and one by one  
The waiters away out of sight have slunk,  
To finish the wine that is left undrunk.

Back in his chair,  
Still lounging there,  
Mr. Suppleton sits with his "used-up" air.  
But he yawns no more  
As he yawned before,  
Nor stares at the ceiling, nor stares at the floor ;  
But he crosses his arms, and rests his chin  
On his chest, just over his brilliant pin,  
And his eyelids blink, and his eyelids close,  
And a sound proceeding from out his nose,  
Like a grampus troubled with asthma, shows  
Mr. Chesterfield Suppleton's taking a doze.

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Music's sound  
Floats around,  
Tapers flashing brightly,  
Pretty girls  
In many twirls,  
Spin about him lightly.

Merrily  
Off they fly,  
Scarce around them glancing—  
Such a pace,  
Modern grace,  
Allows to ladies dancing.

Round each waist,  
 Lightly placed,  
 Rests a cavalier's arm.  
 Supported so,  
 Away they go,  
 Not a damsel fears harm.

On ev'ry side  
 They seem to glide,  
 Right and left they're straying.  
 Who'd withstand  
 Weippert's band,  
 Merry polkas playing ?

The scene is a ball-room in Grosvenor Square,  
 And all the *élite* of the *beau monde* are there—  
 All polking and waltzing (though many do *these* ill),  
 Gallopading, quadrilling, and "popping the weasel,"  
 And swallowing ices, and flirting and smiling,  
 And hasty old Time, as he speeds on, beguiling,  
 And let cynical gentlemen sneer if they please,  
 (Though we don't write our legends for people like these).

'Tis a beautiful sight,  
 That flood of rich light,  
 And beauty and grace in a ball-room at night.  
 The jewels, the dresses,  
 The bright flowing tresses,  
 The lips, and the eyes, and the small hand that presses  
 So gently our own, as we whirl to the measure,  
 And the heart dances fast as the feet do with pleasure.

Alas ! alas ! that there should be,  
 In such a scene of revelry,  
 A sorrowing heart, an evil thought,  
 A wish that was not virtue-wrought—  
 A taint of passions that impart  
 A demon tinge to human heart ;  
 Alas, that forms so fair should hide  
 Hatred and envy, falsehood, pride,  
 The serpent lurking in the breast,  
 So meet a place for Virtue's nest.\*

Yet I fear it's quite true that a ball-room contains  
 More vices than virtues, more beauty than brains ;

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\* Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher ?



It's a very sad fact, it's revolting, it's cruel,  
 To think that those dear little creatures could *do* ill ;  
 Or even indeed that their hearts could conceive it—  
 To look in their faces no man could believe it.  
 But Beauty and Virtue, though often of course  
 Closely wedded, are apt to obtain a divorce ;  
 Virtue clings to the lips still, and manfully tries  
 To hold on as long as he can to the eyes ;  
 But the latter are apt to be traitors, revealing  
 The secrets that lips are for ever concealing.

See that sweet Lady Eleanor, beauty and grace  
 In her air, in her carriage, her figure, her face,—  
 A voice like a bell of pure silver in tone,  
 An eye and a brow a Madonna might own—  
 And can *she*, too—can even that exquisite creature  
 Be a trifle less perfect in heart than in feature ?  
 We'll see. There's her partner, the Earl of Roulette.  
 To drink and to riot, to gamble and bet,  
 To follow sad vices we only need hint,  
 As their names would look highly improper in print—  
 In fact to do all that we ought to leave *undone*,  
 The Earl of Roulette has no equal in London.  
 Lady Eleanor knows it, she thinks him a wretch  
 Whose neck, in strict justice, a halter should s retch.  
 The name of the man is the bane of her life,  
 She so hates him, and means to be shortly his wife !  
 Poor girl ! can't she help it ? *a mariage forcé* ?  
 Not at all, he's enormously rich, need I *more* say ?  
 Mansions, carriages, jewels, unlimited pleasure,  
 Eighty thousand a-year, who would miss such a treasure ?  
 Not the sweet Lady Nell, for mere love of another  
 Who once had her heart—yonder poor younger brother.

See that pretty young wife, too—a bride of last season—  
 Her heart even now is imagining treason  
 'Gainst yonder old grey head, who calls her his spouse,  
 And believes in her faith as he did in her vows.

See her “innocent” glance,  
 As she stops in the dance,  
 And leans on the arm of her whiskered *parti*.  
 How confiding—how tender—  
 St. Cupid defend her !  
 Or her faith and her vows, alas ! where will they be ?

See those scheming mamas bent on making up matches,  
 (Real *Lucifer* ones) looking out for good "catches"  
 For Janes and Jemimas—fair damsels who're told  
 To judge a man's worth not from merit but gold.  
 See that booby young lordling, who's managed to get  
 In two or three years so intensely in debt  
 To tailors and horsedealers, jockeys and Jews,  
 That the latter have even been known to refuse  
 His lordship's acceptance, though backed by the "Blues!"  
 See—here Mr. Suppleton gave a loud snore  
 And turned in his sleep, crying "Hold there! no more,  
 This horrible ball-room's becoming a bore."

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Make your game, gents, make your game—  
 Black or red, it's all the same—  
 Fifty you, sir—twenty you—  
 Blesh my soul, what shall I do  
 If I lose that pile of monies?  
 Make your game, gents, all the run is  
 Clear against the bank to-night—  
 'Pon my shoul I'm in a fright—  
 Make your game, gents—game is made—  
 Now then, here goes—who's afraid?  
 Red's the winner—"Devil take it,  
 Hang the bank! will no one break it?"  
 Out the little hand-rake creeps,  
 Raking gold up into heaps;  
 Slyly grins the Hebrew croupier  
 At the disconcerted troupe there,  
 Staking money for their pastime,  
 (Always vowing for "the last time,")  
 While their almost every stake  
 Feeds his ever ready rake.

There's young Snooks of the Guards,  
 Whose passion for cards  
 Young Snooks's professional progress retards,  
 As he pitches away  
 Each evening at play,  
 The amount of full three or four years of his pay;  
 And it's whispered, indeed,  
 That he's coming to need,  
 As the "Governor" somehow refuses to "bleed."

But Snooks is a "brick,"  
 And swears that he'll stick  
 To the cards and the dice-box, through thin and through thick.  
 So the lighter his purse  
 His passion the worse  
 To empty it quickly and cling to his curse—  
 Till to judge from his look.  
 Of credit forsook,  
 Mr. Snooks from a "pigeon" will soon be a "rook."

Beside him stands Mr. Aminadab Moses,  
 Resplendent in jewels and trinkets, who shows his  
 Bank-notes and bright metal all ready for play—  
 Spread out on the table, in tempting array—  
 And he plays and he loses with perfect *nonchalance*,  
 As one who cares nothing at all for the balance  
 Of luck either way,  
 And people *do* say  
 He only pretends to receive and to pay—  
 Being merely a "bonnet"—a cunning old boy stuck  
 To act in the *rôle* of a human decoy duck.

"Blesh my heart, Mr. Snooks,  
 How savage you looks!  
 Cleaned out I'm afraid—shall I lend you a twenty?  
 A fifty? a hundred? my dear, I've got plenty.  
 Just take a cool fifty,  
 'Twill be such a lift t' ye,  
 You'll find the luck change if you play with that money,  
 My gold always does win—it *does*—aint it funny?"

The fifty is taken and follows the rest,  
 And Snooks of the Guards on departing is prest  
 Just to scribble his name to a small I O U  
 For a hundred—well, well then, for eighty will do.  
 But business is business, and by it is meant,  
 In Aminadab's notions a hundred per cent.

There's a queer looking Guy,  
 With a sharp blood-shot eye,  
 And a coat and a hat rather wanting in lustre.  
 What a fuss the chap makes  
 With his trumpery stakes!  
 A guinea seems all the poor devil can muster.

Let's peep in his pocket a moment—let's pick it—  
 What's this? It's a neat little green-coloured ticket  
 Proclaiming the fact of a little advance  
 From a loan-lending "relative"—just a last chance  
 Which he's raised on his bed, for his clothes are all gone,  
 With his wife's and his children's, as well as his own.

What's this? A small pistol crammed full to the muzzle.  
 It's use to a peaceable mortal might puzzle  
 The wise; but the seedy man thinks it may settle  
 Accounts he can't pay in a costlier metal.

"A guinea! poor devil!" the croupier thinks,  
 As he watches the stakes and complacently chinks  
 All his *own* shining coins—"What a close-fisted fellow,  
 To risk nothing more than that one bit of yellow."

The queer looking Guy puts his coin on the black,  
 And for two or three seconds he sits on the rack,  
 Till the croupier's lazy voice begins,  
 "Black—red—black—red—black—red—*red wins.*"  
     Then the queer-looking Guy  
     Gives a sharp little cry,  
 As if something had stung him, and those who stand by  
     Think the fellow is mad,  
     Or it's "really too bad  
 To make such a fuss for a guinea, begad."

But the queer-looking Guy from the table has sped,  
 And five minutes after his spirit has fled—  
     Two bullets of lead  
     Have gone through his head—  
 The gambler has play'd his last *coup*, and *he's dead.*

And his wife and his children, half starved before,  
 Can fight with wolfish want no more.  
*Sans* bed, *sans* clothes, *sans* food, *sans* "tin,"  
 The Union kindly takes them in.

And, here Mr. Suppleton gives a twist  
 On his chair as he hastily clenches his fist  
 And mutters (still under his sleepy spell),  
 "For mercy's sake take us away from this hell,"

Scratching and fighting,  
 And screaming and tearing,  
 Kicking and biting,  
 And raving and swearing,  
 Shouting out "Murder" and roaring "Police."  
 Where the deuce have we got to? What wretches are these?  
 What a villanous hole! What a sight! What a smell!  
 What horrors it would'nt be decent to tell,  
     In this dark little court  
     Which an evil report  
 Assigns as the place where "low Irishmen" dwell.  
 From the cellars below even up to the tiles,  
 Swarming with filth is this den of St. Giles.

There's a husband whose notions of marriage consist  
 In crow-bars and pokers, to aid a strong fist  
     In thumping a wife  
     To an inch of her life,  
 With occasional change to a razor or knife.

There's a wife and a mother,  
 Who, somehow or other,  
 Has one little taste that she never can smother;  
     She cares not a pin  
     Who may think it a sin,  
 But she certainly owns to a weakness for gin.

There's her baby there, filthy and stretched on the floor,  
 And screaming for food—it's the last one of four;  
 For all of the others (though very long dying—  
 Starvation's slow work) are now peacefully lying  
 In yon burial-ground, where they pack up the dead  
 More close than the living are packed in a bed  
 In these "furnished apartments at twopence a head."

And is there, in short,  
     Not a spot in this Court  
 But Vice, Poverty, Filth (what a pleasant triumvirate!)  
 In all their most hideous aspects encumber it?  
 Is Poverty *always* a rogue and a sot,  
 And Virtue in tatters a thing that is not?  
 A fiction, a fable, a dream of the fancy,  
 Which no one e'er saw and which no one e'er can see?

Stitching, sewing, all day through,  
 Stitching half the night-time, too,

Creep within this crazy portal,  
 And look upon a half-starved mortal ;  
 See her long and bony fingers  
 Guide the point that never lingers  
 Till the long, hard task is done,  
 Till the wretched pay is won.

There's a bed of loose straw stowed away in a corner,  
 And whenever the starved-looking mortal has worn her  
 Weak eyes to such dimness that, even in spite  
 Of the guttering candle's magnificent light,  
 She can't see her thimble, her needle or thread,  
 She flings herself down there, and feeling half dead,  
 Is thankful such bedding her "income" affords,  
 And she isn't obliged to lie *quite* on the boards.

She's uncommonly plain,  
 Yet on looking again  
 P'rhaps she *may* have been pretty ; we *have* seen worse features.  
 Work, hunger and care,  
 With a lack of fresh air,  
 Play the deuce at eighteen with these delicate creatures.

Her eyes are not bad, but so sunk 'neath her brow ;  
 Her hair long and wavy, but lustreless now ;  
 Her mouth—yes, that's good, scarce a duchess could match  
 But her nose, why the bone is as sharp as a hatchet.  
 Her figure's all angles and flat—to be sure  
 Starvation is apt to impair the *contour*.  
 And that's not so uncommon, that pale, hollow cheek  
 In a damsel who lives on three shillings a-week,  
 And earns the three shillings, at least when they let her,  
 By making up shirts for a slopseller's "sweater."

And is there no end and no hope ?  
 And is it this wretched one's doom  
 For ever with famine to cope—  
 No rest but the rest of the tomb ?

Oh God ! in this glorious city,  
 The pride of this wealth-glutted nation,  
 Will not riches, nor power, nor *pity*  
 Save even one child from starvation ?



If *not*, let the proud city quail  
 And bethink her of Babylon's fall—  
 Lest the moral she read in the tale  
 Be *thy writing e'en now on the wall.*

Mr. Suppleton here again turns round  
 And utters a guttural, nasal, sound—  
 And his dream, for a moment at least, is banish'd—  
 The Court of St. Giles into air has vanish'd.

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Let toper's praise wine—  
 And no sentence of mine  
 Shall refuse its due meed to the glorious vine—  
 I confess that I long  
 To illustrate in song  
 The delights of a beautiful cup of Souchong.

It's ten thousand pities  
 No soul-stirring ditties  
 Are made on the drink that for "stirring" so fit is—  
 While Anacreon, Horace,  
 Tom Moore, Captain Morris,  
 Burns, Byron—all dig in the same well-known quarries,  
 All lauding the juice  
 Whose indiscreet use,  
 Though pleasant, sends many poor souls to the deuce :  
 While tea—the mild leaf,  
 Gives the senses relief  
 And never yet brought any mortal to grief.

But I'll leave it alone—lest my too partial praise  
 Bring disgrace on my head, and my unlucky lays,  
 In the hands of tea-totallers chancing to fall,  
 Be sung at a meeting in Exeter Hall!!

No matter—just glance at this family tea-table  
 Laden with ev'rything pleasant that's eatable—  
 Toast, muffins and cakes, preserves, biscuits and jellies,  
 How pleasant the sight is! How fragrant the smell is!

And see the bright faces, too, thronging the room—  
 Health, pleasure, contentment in all their full bloom—

And hark to the noise  
 Of the merry young boys,  
 And the silvery laugh of the girls' gentler joys—  
 And see the fond mother in matronly pride  
 Alternately gazing, all smiles, on each side—  
 And papa, too, who *wont* look the pleasure he feels,  
 For dignity *must* be maintained, and "loud peals  
 Of laughter are highly improper at meals!"

Dive into each heart there  
 And find we a part there  
 Which Virtue herself would reject for her dwelling—  
 Probe deep as you will  
 To the core—you shall still  
 Find traces of Love—Love, triumphantly telling.

So all is *not* black—all *not* tainted with evil,  
 In spite of our proneness to only believe ill  
 Of poor human nature, we find hearts and homes  
 Where Virtue still dwells and where Vice rarely comes—  
 Hearts warm with affection, with goodness and purity;  
 And homes where such hearts may repose in security—  
 Even *here*, in this city, we wrote half a page on  
 To vent our indignantly virtuous rage on!

"Good gracious! who's preaching? Where am I? Holloa!  
 I thought I was—somewhere—I really don't know—  
 I fear I've been sleeping—I'll smoke a cheroot—  
 Stay a minute—that foot's gone asleep in my boot."

And so Mr. Chesterfield Suppleton rose  
 At eleven o'clock from his two hours' doze:  
 The dream had all vanished—the charm was all broke—  
 Like the dreamer it soon was envelop'd in smoke.

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MORAL.

The reader who's come to the end of "our dream"  
 A "moral" will surely superfluous deem.  
 It's as plain as the sun—might be seen by a mole—  
 It is of our tale, not a part but *the whole*:  
 That for pleasure abroad it's in vain that we roam  
 For the truest of pleasure stays always at home—  
 That riches but tempt—want and poverty hurt you—  
 And there's nothing like Quiet, Contentment, and Virtue.

## THE RUSSIAN DWARF.

THE Count Strongonoff was a great man, a very great man ! His Countess was scarcely less remarkable among women. They flourished in the era of the great Empress Catherine.

The Count possessed some thousands of acres and fifteen hundred serfs : the Countess claimed as her own, her charms, and one sweet little dwarf. There were not in the wide-spread dominions of the Empress of all the Russias a happier couple than the Count and Countess Strongonoff. They seldom quarrelled, while each respected the peculiar privileges of the other, but these infringed, the Count and Countess acted much like ordinary people. The right which the Count regarded as most exclusively his own, was wielding the knout for the benefit of his serfs,—the Countess only claimed to caress her dear little dwarf when and how she pleased.

The Count was a tall man, of aspect fierce and warlike. His residence was somewhere between St. Petersburg and the great wall of China, but being unskilled in the geography of those parts, we might happen to be a thousand or two leagues out of our reckoning in attempting to be more precise. Count Strongonoff had nothing in common with that nobility which has sprung up in Russia in these latter days—mere Frenchified savages ; in him all the old national characteristics existed ; and he would well have suited the times of that Peter who reformed everybody save himself. He knew nothing of fashionable novels or opera dancers, and scarcely more of politics, having never been summoned to a Russian House of Lords. The objects of vertu that graced his drawing-room were rusty swords and ancient boar-spears ; his manners differed essentially from those of a fast man of modern days ; he never was known to wear pink gloves or to steal a door-knocker. We venture to sum up his character by calling him a Russian Sir Roger de Coverley. What if he did be-knout his serfs now and then ? the laws allowed it. He was, in truth, the Slavonian beau ideal of a peer. 'Tis a sad thing that versatility in the lot of humanity, even in Russia, where radical reform finds no favour in high places. After a time, that perfect concord which had so long subsisted between the Count and Countess Strongonoff became less harmonious. The Count was not a gentleman whose temper could be safely ruffled ; he had very strange yet speedy modes of settling such little matters, as in other countries produce much litigation ; they were Russian in design and execution, and seldom failed in

effect. The poor Countess was sadly perplexed; there was a too evident alteration in the conduct of her lord, but she was wholly innocent of offence, nor had she relaxed in her endeavours to please.

There was no getting at the cause of the "unpleasantness," for the Count was burthened with a fit of the sulks, which promised to be as impenetrable as a London fog, and as lasting as a Chancery suit. However well this might have accorded with Siberian tastes, our Countess was made of other stuff; she felt rather piqued at the Count's unaccountable conduct. She was usually meek as a Sister of Charity; now she resolved to play the heroine, at least during the Count's absence; but somehow or other her resolution was sure to dwindle into "thin air" the moment he made his appearance. In truth this was sage, for though the politest specimen of the old Russ extant, one would as soon have ventured to play with a wild boar as with the Count Strongonoff in a rage. But no mortal could have borne such conduct much longer, let alone a Countess. She was resolved to speak, and she did speak, but not until her tongue had refused its office on twenty-three different occasions. One day she observed the Count's moustache curl as though something in the shape of a smile lurked beneath; emboldened by this, she essayed to open a conversation.

"My dearest Count."

"Humph," said the great man.

"Why this protracted silence? Why this cruel behaviour?"

"Hum."

"What does Count Strongonoff mean? Am I thus to be insulted?" Symptoms of rain on the horizon of the lady's eyes.

"Ho!" drawled the gentleman, unmoved.

"This is unbearable, Count! The daughter of the Palatine Hookooitsh cannot submit to such indignity."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Count, with the most imperturbable nonchalance.

Now this was more than any lady, even in that land of quiet submission, Russia, could tolerate. The cloud just alluded to, burst, and tears flowed freely and fast; some few invectives, like occasional flashes of lightning, streamed amidst the storm, and altogether, few nations, however polished, could have exhibited a finer specimen of the row conjugal. The Count was no reed, and he bent not in the gale; like the oak of a hundred years, he braved alike the scolding and the tears, and the assault passed harmlessly by his placid brow. His answers were still confined to interjections and monosyllables. He realized the picture of a Tartar Socrates braving the rage of a desert Zantippe. Suddenly a change

came o'er the scene, caused, seemingly, by the opening of the door of the apartment.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Countess in an altered voice, "here comes dear sweet Platonoff."

"D—n dear sweet Platonoff," said the Count, for the first time uttering two words consecutively.

The door opened and in strutted a creature bearing some resemblance to humanity, though in height not more than two feet six inches. The age of the animal was uncertain, but the whiskers and moustaches (evidently fashioned after the Count's) and a bald pate, evinced that he was no chicken. In a word, the intruder was no other than Platonoff the dwarf, the highly-favoured pet of the Countess. To be equally communicative on another point, this duodecimo specimen of manhood was the cause of the Count's uncourteous behaviour to his lady. Against every rule of good breeding in Russia, he had become intolerably jealous of the little monster, and had long been concocting some plot against his welfare. His appearance at this inopportune season brought matters to an explanation and a crisis.

"To the Devil with him," said the Count, as the little creature flew to the arms of his mistress.

These words reached the ears of the Countess, and the consternation they produced would scarcely have been exhibited by an English lady, under the double threat of having her lap-dog hung and her pin-money cut off; she hugged her favourite to her bosom, and her tears flowed faster than before. "Poor, poor Platonoff," she exclaimed, "what can you have done to excite the Count's anger?"

"Cease this fooling, madam, if you please; you know I don't like to be trifled with," was the rejoinder of the jealous Russ.

Fortunate for Monsieur Platonoff was his lack of inches. Had any member of his household of ordinary stature been half so offensive in his eyes, little would Count Strongonoff have hesitated to suspend him on high; but he thought of the ridicule that would accrue to him were he to hang his lady's dwarf, and sadly was the nobleman puzzled what to do with a little varlet whom he certainly hated with an unmitigated rancour.

"Poor, poor Platonoff," again the lady sobbed.

"Curse Platonoff," exclaimed the Count fiercely. "This day is his last."

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked the Countess, without waiting to hear if her husband had more to say. A swoon of course ensued, during which the lady was carried to her chamber, and Platonoff—sad degradation for the favourite of a Countess—was put into a wine hamper and conveyed to the stables.

Count Strongonoff was not a man of half measures, he despised the *juste milieu* as a creation of French foppery; and either remained quiet or went the whole hog. Now it so happened that the Count had heard of that hard rider Mazeppa, and he longed to emulate the Palatine who turned the favoured boy adrift on a craft without helm, and for a grievance so similar to his own. Unfortunately, wild horses have become rare birds, and the Count neither had nor knew where to obtain one. As a respectable substitute, he summoned one of his serfs, on whom he fancied he could rely, and promised the man his freedom, on condition that he conveyed Mister Platonoff to that paradise terrestrial, Nova Zembla, and there left him to dwell (as the song says) in rugged caves, and consort with savage beasts. The Count gave the man a most significant hint that if he wished to save himself a part of the journey he would very well know how. The offer suited both parties, and Platonoff was packed for travelling.

Little time was lost, for in less than two hours after the scene we have described, Platonoff was borne off by the sturdy boor. The unfortunate Countess soon heard of her bereavement, but whether philosophy come to her aid, or she found another object on which to bestow her surplus affection, we know not; the only thing certain is, the event did not kill her, for we shall presently see her again figuring on the scene.

The man who had received the Count's commission was a much more knowing fellow than his lord had deemed; in fact, he was given to thought, a crime most singular and most heinous in a serf; and on this occasion he had a great deal of secret communing with himself. He reflected that dwarfs were too valuable a commodity in Russia to feed bears and wolves with; he also considered that, even if he reached Nova Zembla, he might find it no easy matter to get back again; in a word, he thought he could do better by taking another road. He had heard of the wonders of St. Petersburg, and he resolved to see them. Towards St. Petersburg then he directed his steps.

The little gentleman fared quite as well on his journey as could have been expected; his weight was not so burthensome that he was often required to walk. The Count had provided ample funds for a longer trip; and by easy stages they progressed, the little man reposing easily in a basket, which was slung over the serf's shoulders.

Platonoff was too sensible to repine much at the change in his circumstances, violent as the transition had been; he comforted himself as a hero, and neither sighs nor tears betrayed the anguish of his heart. We have a suspicion that he was a Mahomedan and Destinarian, and unlike most professors, acted up to his faith.



Be this as it may, he offered no opposition to the will of his guide, or rather his carrier, and in safety they reached the end of their journey.

Having rested awhile the travellers proceeded to see the sights, and our little friend produced no small sensation in the capital of Russia. Remarkable as this city is for dwarfs, it was declared by one and all that he was the "biggest beauty" ever seen. Crowds followed in his path; the police began to look suspicious, fancying that in Platonoff they beheld a compressed conspiracy; the city of the Czars was in a ferment; even the Court was agitated.

On the third day after the arrival of Platonoff and his conductor at St. Petersburg, they received a visit at their quarters from a gentleman whose appearance it is unnecessary to describe; his business he was not long in making known. He took the liberty of inquiring what had brought the serf to the capital, and what his object might be in staying there. These questions coming so suddenly on the poor fellow, produced a confusion in his manner that did not escape the keen eye bent searchingly upon him. A hint was thrown out respecting a passport—he had no passport. It was then gently intimated that he must accompany the visitor; who, brooking no delay, called in a couple of men, and consigned our two friends to their charge. It is almost unnecessary to say that they had fallen into the hands of the police. The whole story was soon gained from the serf. The two companions were separated; the serf was placed in confinement, but the fate that awaited little Platonoff can hardly be anticipated. He had treated this affair with the same coolness which he exhibited on all occasions, and he allowed himself to be placed in a splendid carriage with as much nonchalance as he had exhibited when put into the basket for his trip to Nova Zembla. After proceeding a short distance, the carriage stopped before a palace of immense magnitude and splendour, Platonoff was taken out with much ceremony, and ushered into a magnificent suite of apartments, where his soiled garb was stripped off, and as though by magic, he suddenly found himself arrayed in most costly habiliments; a mimic sword dangled at his side, and a warrior's plume o'ertopped his cap; obsequious lackeys attended around him, and everything betokened that he had become an important personage. An officer, adorned with stars and ribbons, and sparkling with gold and diamonds, now appeared to escort him farther. Room after room they passed through, each more splendid than the other, till at length they reached one for which art had done its utmost, seemingly the crowning glory of the whole; at one end sat a female who unencompassed with the gorgeousness which surrounded her, would have shone a queen, now she appeared a goddess. Even the

apathetic Platonoff was moved. The officer approached her, and kneeling, pointed to the dwarf. She beckoned him to approach, and he stood before the Empress Catherine, the terror of the world.

To this there is but little to add: the Empress had observed Platonoff and his companion passing beneath the windows of the palace, and was much struck by the appearance of the dwarf; she had directed one of the chiefs of the police to procure him for her, which he accomplished in the way we have seen. The little fellow won the Empress's regards, and remained long her principal favourite.

Of his court life we have nothing to say (but it may be read in the memoirs of the times), and the situation of the favourite of such a mistress may be easily conceived. Platonoff's companion, on his liberation, was presented with a few rubles, and permitted to enlist in one of the regiments of the Guards.

The day on which Platonoff was presented to his Imperial mistress was the day on which Polish nationality expired.

This, it may be supposed, has little connection with our narrative, but the supposition would be erroneous. After the triumph of Russia, Polish fugitives dispersed themselves over all parts of Europe. A nobleman, who had figured conspicuously in opposition to Russia, betook himself to Count Strongonoff for aid and protection, an alliance existing between their houses.

This could not remain long concealed from the Russian Court, which is said to have emissaries in the establishments of all the principal noblemen, and was deemed an offence of the deepest dye. It did not long go unpunished. An early visitor, who came uninvited to breakfast, announced, as the pleasure of the Empress, that the Count, for the good of his health, must pay a visit to Siberia, and resign his possessions for the good of the State. This came like a thunderclap on the nobleman, who had only on the previous evening given his lady the kiss of reconciliation. How strange are the freaks of fortune. Platonoff, whom the fierce Count had doomed to perish amidst ice and snows, was now in the seat of power and warm in Imperial favour; the Count himself, poor man, was on his way to as cheerless a home as the one he had destined for his wife's pet, trudging cheerlessly along the weary road, for no pitying serf carried him, nor, to tempt his conductor from the right road, was there a market where he would have brought a rouble, whiskers, moustaches, and all inclusive.

We might well at this point bring our strange eventful history to a close; but we have another surprising fact to relate. That very estate from which our fortunate little dwarf had been packed off as a tit-bit for an ice-bear, was presented to him, serfs and altogether, as a birthday gift by his royal mistress. Is not this enough to

make every six-foot fellow curse his altitude? Did ever the lustiest of Hibernia's sons hunt up such a fortune? Platonoff, in his prosperity, did not forget his first kind mistress. She had not been allowed to accompany the Count in his exile. He would not hear of her leaving the castle, where they had passed so many happy hours together; she was mistress there still, and enjoyed more freedom than when the place was her own. Her little benefactor, as often as her Imperial Majesty could bear his absence, would fly to the bosom of his beloved Countess, and it was even whispered by the dowagers of the Court of St. Petersburg, that he had designs on her hand. We must premise, that Russian ladies, whose lords are denizens of Siberia, civilly regard them as defunct, and the law sides with the dear creatures. Platonoff, however, had no thoughts matrimonial, which he proved by successfully using his influence for the recal of Count Strongonoff, who was allowed to reside with his Countess, a reformed man, we are happy to say, for he never cursed the dwarf to his face, and kept his sulks to himself. Platonoff, to reward his good conduct, intimated to him that he would not be forgotten in his will, and that he might look forward to the pleasure of again wielding the knout for his own especial benefit and profit.

Platonoff lived many years, but Strongonoff lived more, and when the first died and his will was opened, the second found that he was again master of his estate! How good! how gracious! The hearts of dwarfs may sometimes outweigh those of giants, as the smaller shells often enclose the larger oyster.

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## THE DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

A SKETCH OF YUCATECO LIFE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

IN my college days in Merida, I was in the habit, along with my companions, of running a good deal about the suburbs of that city. One of our favourite haunts was the portico of the *parroquia* (parish church) of Santa Anna; partly because this was a very romantic spot, but more particularly, I should imagine, because the little image of San Francisco de Paula that stood within the church was much frequented by the *niñas* of Merida. I know not why such especial devotion was ravished on this saint, but certain it is that he was a great favourite with the young girls—both those entering upon maidenhood, and those about to take their leave of it. This, however, is a matter foreign to our subject. Let us return to that.

In this portico of Santa Anna, we were in the habit of meeting, frequently, a retired army officer—an invalid—who had many traits of originality about him. He and I at length became acquainted, and by degrees our acquaintance assumed a character of confidence in each other, and from time to time we entered into conversation. The name of the *militaire* was Vasquez—Don Toribio Vasquez.

One evening I encountered Don Toribio in the portico when none of my companions were with me, and the following dialogue passed between us :—

“Señor Don Toribio, it appears to me that you are always contented. You have been very happy in your time?”

“Happy!” answered he with a grand sigh, “Ah! my young friend, you know little of my past life, or you would not say so.”

“How? Did anything unfortunate occur to you?”

“Caspita! Any thing unfortunate! Why, sir, I married a beauty that had never had the small-pox—ah! that I did!”

“Why, Don Toribio, I can see nothing that savours of bad fortune in that—nothing that should have rendered you unhappy.”

“Hear me, friend, I have not finished yet. If you will have the patience to listen, I shall tell you the whole story; for I have taken a fancy to you, my little fellow, and it may serve you for a warning when you go to get married yourself.”

“Very well, I will hear it with patience.”

“Well then, sir, I was just twenty-two, when the Devil put it into my head to go in search of a sweetheart, for the purpose—you know?”

"For the purpose of marrying her."

"Precisely so—for the purpose of marrying her. I had neither father, nor mother, nor grandmother, nor uncles, nor aunts, nor guardian, nor in short—"

"Any one to prevent you from carrying out your intention."

"Not a soul. I was absolutely free to marry when and whom I pleased—that is, with the consent of the lady herself."

"Of course."

"Certainly, of course that. Well, sir, to my story. In the neighbourhood of my house there lived a family where there were five sisters—young girls, of course."

"Young girls, of course."

"All of them. The eldest was of some age, industrious, talented, very much mistress of the house, of agreeable manners, graceful, discreet, and of such judgment—"

"Of great judgment, eh?"

"Extraordinary judgment!"

"Oh! then the thing was settled at once?" You made love to her—she reciprocated, and then—you married her?"

"Take your time, young sir. That lady had, in my eyes, one horrible defect."

"A horrible defect!"

"As a bad dream. She had a tall and handsome person, eyes brilliant and expressive, a small and curving mouth, a magnificent neck, fine proportions, a delicate foot, most beautiful complexion and—"

"Heo, Don Toribio! What defect had she then?"

"Why, sir, she had had the small-pox."

"She was pitted, eh?"

"No, I cannot exactly say she was *pitted*, but still there were some vestiges of it—and that was enough for me. On that account I refrained from paying her any particular attentions."

"Then you set your eyes on the second. Is it not so?"

"I shall tell you. The second possessed all the good qualities of her elder sister, both physical and moral. Moreover she was not at all marked with the small-pox. She had never had it."

"Ah! then it was a settled point at once—you married *her*?"

"No!"

"No! and why?"

"The girl had a slight falling of the eyelids that did not please me. It was not much, but still it had an effect upon her beauty that spoiled it for me."

"Don Toribio!"

"Well? Here I am."

"Why, Don Toribio—but never mind. About the third?"

"Oh! the third sister. She was even superior to the other two in all the qualities I have assigned to them, but—

"But what?"

"She wanted a finger from the left hand; and that, you see, destroyed the illusion. I could not help it, but I was set upon perfection."

"And the fourth?"

"The fourth was a sweet girl of sixteen years. She was beautiful, talented, educated in everything. She played the piano, sang like a nightingale, and—

"Vaya! The fourth caught you to a certainty?"

"Pardiez! it seemed destined there should be always something in the way to hinder me from getting a wife."

"How?"

"How? The villanous little chick wore false hair for the want of real?"

"What a misfortune! So young, so beautiful, yet bald. *Valga me Dios!* what a misfortune!"

"Stop, my friend! I have not said she was bald."

"What did you say then?"

"That which you have heard. I did not say she was bald, but her hair scarcely reached down to her waist, and I had a fancy for hair much longer."

"Carrambo! Don Toribio; you must have been a most difficult man to please. I can see it now. With such caprice nothing else would have satisfied you less perfect than the Venus de Medicis. I have no doubt now but that you remained a bachelor all your life."

"No, by my sins!"

"And who, the fifth sister?"

"Ah! she was the most beautiful of all—an angel. I was a year and six months in looking for a physical defect in her, and, to my delight, I could not detect the slightest."

"Well, what then?"

"Ah! what then, say you?"

"Yes; what was there against her?"

"Why, sir, she was foolish, ill-bred, conceited, vain, arrogant, ill-natured, irascible, a mad-cap, a flirt, a coquette, false, ignorant—

"Enough, enough, por Dios! You have said enough to prove she must have been the very Devil. Of course then you allowed her to go her own way. It is not likely you would have passed her four sisters—each of whom had nothing against her, but the slightest personal defect—in order to embroil yourself with this



*demonio*. Of course, none of the five satisfied you, and you went to pay your addresses elsewhere. Where did you go next to make love?"

"*Ay de mi! amigo*; I did not go anywhere. I wish with all my heart I had done so."

"What! you remained single then?"

"By my ill fortune, no! I married Doña Geronima."

"The fifth sister?"

"Yes, the fifth sister—that was her name."

"*Vamos*, Don Toribio! I do not wonder you have been unhappy."

"Friend. Do me the favour to have a little patience, and you shall hear the full extent of my misfortunes. I married her because my evil star so designed it, for I was in love to the finger ends with that beautiful creature. 'Come, Toribio!' I said to comfort myself, 'this girl is only a child yet (fourteen years she was), you'll be able to mould her to your own will, and the happiest results will be sure to follow.' Well. I took her to the church, and the priest (good man, he's not dead yet) married us. On the following day I desired to lay down the law in my own house, so that we might begin as I intended we should go on. The result was, that in less than three hours, my lady had fled to her mother's house, causing the greatest scandal, and carrying with her such reports as were never before uttered against a man of integrity. She declared that I was avaricious, stupid, tyrannical, and a thousand other precious things. My sisters-in-law, my most wise sisters-in-law, persuaded her to come back to me, telling her how shamefully she had acted. The result was she came back to the conjugal yoke, after, on my part, many offers of forgiveness for the past, and concessions for the future. She made an honourable capitulation; but for me, I may say, that I surrendered almost at discretion."

"From that time forward all was disorder. Fashions, gallants, waste, and all the plagues of Egypt rained upon me. The domestic government centred in her hands. She increased the number of our servants, and made me cut the most ridiculous figure in society. At the end of two years my considerable estate was nearly dissipated; and I began to feel the approach of poverty and misery. To all this I resigned myself; for, my friend, notwithstanding all, *that creature was very beautiful*, and I could not help loving her. It has always been my fate to love the beauty of the person more than the amiable qualities of the mind."

"But, Don Toribio, you surely see now how evanescent is beauty? You ought to consider."

"Consider! What call you to consider, my friend, when I?—but listen, and I shall detail to you the most terrible catastrophe that ever befel an honourable man. You have heard people talk, I suppose, of the year 1813? You have heard of the terrible epidemic, the small-pox, that then came into the country?"

"I have heard of it."

"Well, my wife was one of the first who caught the disease. She was brought within the shortest distance of death's door; but in the end, money—which is omnipotent, my friend—money cured her. She rose from her bed again; but oh! amigo, such a sight! It was enough to frighten the dogs and cats. I might describe her appearance in detail; but it will be enough to say that she, who before was so beautiful, was now the quintessence of the most finished ugliness.

"When she looked into her mirror, and saw the ravage the disease had made, her fury broke out beyond all limits, and she raged in a most fearful manner.

"Eh, señorita!" I said to her, as soon as she was fairly recovered; "the only chain that bound us together is now broken. I have suffered at your hands long enough. Long enough have I put up with your irregularities, your ill humours, your caprices, your extravagances, your flirtations, and the scandal you have caused me. I have endured all these, because you were then a beautiful woman, and in my impassioned soul, I loved you; but I am resolved to endure your nonsense no longer. You have lost all your beauty, and you are now a hideous thing for me to look upon."

"As I said this she sprang to the table; and, seizing a knife, ran at me like a fury, determined to stab me."

"Well?"

"Well. I caught hold of her arm; and soon wrested away the weapon. After that I very coolly took a whip, and gave her a sound chastizing which I repeated every day afterwards, until—"

"Until you killed her, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it. The lady is not dead yet, but, thank fortune, she is safe out of my way! She is shut up in the mad-house, the maddest lunatic to be found in that establishment."

"*Valga me Dios!*"

"After all these misfortunes I joined the army; and here you see me, young sir, a crippled and retired officer, without having preserved a single claco of the comfortable inheritance which my father left me."

"And your sisters-in-law, Don Toribio?"

"Oh! they are all well married. They are now respectable mothers, and received into the best society. The most beautiful of

all the family caused my ruin—partly because she had received a bad education from her mother, and partly because she had not had the small-pox before I married her. Therefore, my young friend, I would caution you never to marry a woman who has not already had the small-pox. *Antes que te cases, mira lo que haces.\** And thus ended our conversation, which may serve as a warning to those who are contemplating an entrance on the state of matrimony.

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## HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. GEIBEL.

WHAT though stern Winter menace oft  
 With rude and daring threat,  
 And scatter ice and snow around,  
 The Spring must follow yet!

And though before the sun's bright glance  
 Dull vapours thickly press,  
 With her fair light she yet shall wake  
 The world to joyousness.

Blow then, ye storms! Blow on with might!  
 I will not therefore fear,  
 With noiseless footsteps, after night,  
 The Spring shall yet appear.

The verdant earth then wakes again,  
 Nor knows what change takes place,  
 But with excess of joy o'erwhelmed  
 Laughs up in Heaven's face.

Bright garlands in her hair she twines,  
 Rosebuds and golden ears,  
 And bids the fountain run as clear,  
 As form'd of joy's bright tears.

Then hush! and howsoe'er it freeze,  
 My heart contented be,  
 A mighty morn, a May-day sweet,  
 The World some time shall see!

And if thou oft dost fear and dread,  
 As Earth had Hell become,  
 Do thou unshaken trust in God,  
 For Spring must surely come!

S. Y. N.

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\* Friend be wary,  
 How you marry.

# THERE IS A FAIRY IN EVERY HEART :

A FRENCH DREAM.

RELATED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

## CHAPTER I.

I WAS only sixteen, when the Fairy, of whom I am about to speak, appeared to me for the first time.

I recollect it was a beautiful evening in the month of May. I had wandered out into the fields—leaving the smoky town far behind me—and was roaming in all directions without any object before me, without a thought as to where I was going, or how I was to get home. I was dreaming—walking with my head in the clouds,—building golden castles in the air, and peopling them with all the persons I loved best. I sought the shadiest spots. The silence around me was a charm I would not have parted with for the grandest music in the world. The solitude, that alternately spoke and listened to me, and in all things sympathised with my troubled feelings, was a dear companion into whose ear I never tired of whispering all my sorrows, into whose tender eyes I could have gazed until nightfall.

It had been thus with me for some time past ; Melancholy had thrown her gentle arms round my heart, and, with soft lullabys, had cradled it off to sleep. When in society I seemed as one that was dreaming, and longed to be far away, in some secret spot, by myself ; and when I was by myself, I felt happy—so happy that I was loth to return to the world again as a boy is loth to return to school.

I saw the sun plunge, like a bold diver, into a burning sea of gold. I saw the shadows gradually walk down from the tops of the mountains, like black regiments of ghosts, and halt in the level plains below. I saw the lamps of the night lighted one by one in the great vault of Heaven, as if they were to burn there to keep watch over the dead body of the day. Each bush was musical with song ; and in all directions the nightingales were singing, like children retiring to rest, their evening hymns. I heard the trees shudder as the first chill of the evening crept over them, and I heard the long grass bend under the breeze, as if it were preparing to lay itself down for the night. The moon, which had risen burning red, as though blushing to meet the first gaze of man, was reposing, tranquilly and radiantly, upon a couch of fleecy clouds, from which its rays fell, like a long streaming veil of silver, upon the dark shoulders of the earth.

Thus I wandered for hours, and at random, opening my boyish heart to every floating sound, to every gush of music or perfume, when I perceived a group of young girls, who were returning to the town. They advanced running, dancing, and singing. Their song was one of hope and love, and their fresh voices vibrated, in the entranced stillness of the scene, like the distant sound of a rippling cascade. I hid myself behind a hawthorn hedge, and saw them defile before me, similar to a cloud of those white mists, which, during the night, dance on the surface of a lake, and vanish at the first break of morning. I could distinguish, by the light of the stars, the colour of their hair and the smiling beauty of their features ; I could hear the rustling of their dresses ; and as they flew, lighter than any blossom, before me, I was filled with an influence sweeter even than any of the perfumes that made of the surrounding atmosphere a garden.

When they had flown out of sight, I became seized with a strange sensation. I sat down on the trunk of a tree ; I clasped my forehead with my hands, and, shutting myself out from the world, I was buried instantly in a deep melancholy, listening, heaving with excitement, endeavouring to explain the confused sounds and sights that were flitting and swarming round my imagination.

What I experienced, it would be impossible to describe. I felt my heart being weighed down to the earth, and ready to burst with the load that was apparently kneeling upon it. I felt a pressure, a heaviness that threatened to suffocate me. It was as if a new source of pleasure had suddenly sprung up in my nature, and wanted to escape to embellish the arid path of my existence. At last I cried, and I cannot tell you what strange pleasure I derived from the flowing of my tears !

How long did I remain in that state ? When I arose, I beheld, a few steps in advance of me, a celestial being, who was gazing upon me with eyes of tenderness. A robe, whiter than the lilies, fell in graceful folds the whole length of her body, but still revealing on the grass, which they scarcely touched, a pair of naked feet, delicately small, and so dazzlingly white, with blue veins, they seemed like feet of living marble. Her fair hair circled lovingly round her neck, as if wishing to embrace it ; her cheeks had the freshness and beauty of the flowers which crowned her head as with a diadem ; her face and forehead had the whiteness of alabaster, in the midst of which bloomed her dark blue eyes, like a couple of violets in a field of snow, that had just opened at the first kiss of an April sun. Her arms were bare. One of her hands reclined gently on her breast, and with the other she beckoned me kindly towards her.

For a few minutes I remained dumb, fixed to the spot, wholly absorbed in the pleasure of contemplating her. She was so beautiful, so pure,—I felt etherealized by her presence. It seemed as if I was standing before an altar, and that I ought to kneel and pray, but I was afraid to move or speak, lest at the first sound she should vanish, and I should never see her more. She doubtlessly had come, like a good thought, from Heaven, for I observed that her beauty had none of the beauty of the daughters of this earth, and I could notice beaming round her a golden atmosphere which enveloped her as with a garment of light.

“Who art thou?” I said, trembling at my boldness in breaking the silence, and clasping my hands, ready to beg forgiveness for my impiety in addressing one so infinitely my superior.

“Young man,” she replied, in a voice sweeter than the softest murmur of a midsummer’s night, “I am the Fairy whom the king of all good geniuses locked up in thy breast at the moment of thy birth. I have been sleeping there ever since thou wert a baby in thy nurse’s arms. This morning even I was bound in the soft folds of slumber. That slumber, however, the first cry that has escaped from that breast has broken. I can sleep now no more. It is my duty henceforth to watch over thee.”

“My life,” she continued, as I listened breathlessly to her, “is made up of thy life. I am thy sister, and will be thy companion up to the day, when, falling away from thee like a faded flower from its stem, I shall abandon thee in the middle of the journey of which we shall have made the first half together. We shall not have far to travel, my young friend. The rose that lives but a morning is the image of my destiny. To love me do not wait until thou hast lost me, for not all thy tears, nor all thy regrets will ever revive me when once I am dead. Lose no time! My hand is armed neither with a magic branch, nor with an enchanted wand, and I have no other ornaments than the few flowers that wreath my temples; but I will endow thee with more treasures than a good Fairy ever threw into a king’s cradle. I will place upon thy forehead a crown which many an emperor would be happy to purchase at the sacrifice of his own; I will put at thy disposal servants and dependents such as are rarely seen in a royal court. If thy feet are tired, a carriage shall carry thee when thou wilt. If the earth is cumbersome to thy young soul, thou shalt have wings which shall waft thee, as quick as incense, to Heaven. Invisible and yet present, I shall follow thee everywhere. Even at thy bedside, when thou art prostrate with sickness, I shall watch with maternal fondness, and colour thy dreams, and pour wine into thy fainting heart. Everywhere, and at every moment, thou shalt feel my



joyful influence ; I will embellish every spot thy foot touches. I will hang thy naked walls with drapery, and change thy rags into princely raiment. At night, thy pillow shall be as a mother's lap to thee, and I will breathe my soul into the whole universe that thou mayest see a hundred rosy fancies every morning thou awakest. Our companionship shall be festooned with eternal roses. Our enjoyments shall know no morrow. Our longest feasts be without the repentance even of a headache. The whole firmament of our joint being shall be arched with one unchanging rainbow !”

“ Only my young friend,” and here she slightly paused, and a small accent of despair crept, like a serpent, into the fair bower of her words ; “ all these rich gifts that I bring thee with lavish hands, learn to appreciate them ;” seize them before they escape thy grasp, try to touch them without soiling them, try to enjoy them without exhausting their enjoyment ; husband them, and use them sparingly and prudently so that the stock may last thee for the remaining half of the journey thou art doomed to travel alone, without me. My beloved friend,” (her voice fell plaintively as she spoke the concluding words), “ I have already told thee, I have but a brief period to live ; but it depends on the love and gratitude thou wilt show me, to prolong my fragile and beautiful existence beyond its natural limits. Compare me to one of those tender plants which die, if deprived of the sunshine and care they need, and love and protect me accordingly. My feet are delicate, thou must not fatigue them too much in following thee. The bloom on my cheeks is more evanescent than that of the tenderest flower. If thou valuest it, thou wilt not expose it to every cutting wind, wilt not allow it to be dried up by too much heat, or to wither from too much shade. Watch over me, long and truly, as a thing thou dearly lovest. Recollect that, if neglected, I am soon lost ; and that, when lost, I am never regained. Watch over me unceasingly, so that when thou dost lose me, no remorse may poison thy anguish, and make thee grieve the more over my loss. So live in peace and purity that the recollection of me may always be a cheerful one, and that thou mayest bask in my memory, and feel a happy glow from it, long after I shall have ceased to illumine thy existence.”

Saying these words, like a guardian angel who leans over a child's cot, she bent towards me, and I felt her chaste lips upon my forehead. I opened my arms to seize her, but already had the beautiful apparition vanished like a dream.

Was it not a dream, in truth ? I still continued my walk through the wood, not knowing where I was going. At one moment I was running, like a child chasing butterflies ; the next, I was sauntering lazily along, like a child going to school. I cried, and should have

been puzzled to say why I was crying. I spoke to the flowers, the trees, the stars, and was astonished I received no answer. I felt a love within me that could love all things. The new source of pleasure I had experienced within me had seemingly burst through the rock of my nature, and was overflowing all objects. I was swimming in an endless ocean of joy—was flying through an illimitable space of happiness, such as I had never known before !

As daylight began to waken up the earth, it seemed to me as if I was seeing for the first time the beauties of creation. My eyes at length were opened ! my heart beat rapidly ! I breathed the air like one just escaped from a dungeon ; I ran wildly about like a dog let loose from his kennel, and at one moment I thought my soul was flying away from my body, light, free, and happy, and was ascending slowly to heaven with those mists which the sun was lifting from the hill-tops. From the height of the eminence where I stood, I threw a conquering look over the country as far as the horizon ; and in my pride I thought that the earth had been created expressly for me, and that I—I was master of all the world !

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## CHAPTER II.

I WAS scarcely thirty years of age, when the Fairy appeared to me for the second time !

I recollect it was on a sombre evening in October. I had left the town all by myself ; I was wandering I knew not where. I was unhappy, discontented, and spiritless. I had been in that state some time, and, without having any enjoyment for it, I was roaming wherever chance directed me in search of solitude.

The sky was low, and craped with mourning. A hissing wind seemed to take a cruel pleasure in cutting off the few leaves that were still clinging, as for their lives, to the trees. The hedges were bare. Now and then a lugubrious barking from some distant farm broke upon the chilling silence, and a slender thread of blue smoke was seen through the naked branches, crawling up into the lazy air. These were the only revelations of life in the gloomy landscape. However, a few birds flew hastily by, as if they wished to escape from the desolation of the scene ; whilst a few black crows loitered in the dead fields, seemingly enjoying the general gloom.

I sauntered from one dreary spot to another, joining the desolation of my heart to that which surrounded me. The melancholy of despair had frost-bound all my faculties, drying up the little life-blood that was left in me. I sat myself down on the trunk of a withered tree, and saw two old women creeping along over the

hard ground with slow and painful steps, bent double beneath a load of faggots, the miserable comfort they were carrying home for their winter's fire-side.

Most strange recollection! From this very place where I was sitting, and at this same hour, I remembered seeing, a long time ago, on a beautiful evening in the loving month of May, a group of girls who skipt before me, laughing and dancing, the very personifications of youth and happiness. I was only sixteen then, and the tree on whose dead trunk I was now reposing, was at that period in full vigour and budding promise.

My head lowered with this recollection, and my thoughts rushed rapidly through the long interval which had elapsed between that joyful evening in May and this chilly night of October. I fell into a deep reverie of my past life, and closed my eyes lest they should fall upon the contemplation of my own melancholy self.

When I arose, I saw, a few steps in front of me, a pale figure, who was gazing intently on me with an air of profound sorrow. She was so changed that I hesitated again and again, as though wishing to deceive myself that it could not be the Fairy I had seen before. There was no longer shining around her that luminous atmosphere which enveloped her, as with a garment of angelic light, on the occasion of her first apparition. Her robe was soiled and in rags, and partially disclosed her shoulders all torn and bleeding. Her feet were bandaged, and her long thin arms hung, devoid of life, by the side of her emaciated body. The heavenly blue of her eyes was veiled by the black clouds of sorrow that hung over them, whilst down her livid cheeks ran deep furrows, in which I almost fancied I could still see the tears. She held herself upright with pain, and, like a withered lily on a broken stem, was drooping to the earth, as though longing to hide in its bosom all her woes for ever.

"What dost thou wish of me?" I asked in a faint and faltering voice.

"My good friend"—and she spoke in sickly gasps—"the hour has arrived when we must separate. Before leaving thee for ever, I wished to bid thee an eternal farewell."

"Leave me! Leave me!" I shrieked out in despair. "Leave me before I curse thee. I ask thee, thou wicked Fairy, from whose mouth nought but toads and serpents have ever dropt, what hast thou done for me? Where are they all, those magnificent things thou didst promise me? I have looked for them in vain upon my journey through life. Where are those treasures thou didst promise to lavish upon my path? Instead of wealth, I have met with nought but poverty. Where is the crown you were to place upon my brow? What has become of the carriage that was to waft me up to heaven? The only crown I have had has been a

crown of thorns; and the only servants and dependants that have waited on me have been solitude and despair! Thou talkest of separation; but unless thou beest the Genius of Sorrow, what has there ever been in common between us? If it be true that thou hast followed me everywhere, and that everywhere I have felt thy influence, then I have but little to thank thee, either for thy company or patronage, and the sooner thou dost leave me, the better. Leave me, I say—leave me—thou accurst one—leave me for ever, for thou must indeed be the Spirit of Evil!”

“I am neither the Genius of Sorrow, nor the Spirit of Evil,” she replied, in a tone of deep despondency, “but it has ever been the destiny of man not to know me until he has lost me, ever his fate not to appreciate the value of my favours until he can no longer enjoy them: Friend, thou hast been ungrateful, like thy other brothers. Thou dost curse me, and I do not blame thee. In one brief moment, thou wilt know me, and then thou wilt wish, at the sacrifice of the many years still in store for thee, to see me once again such as you saw me for the first time. Thou dost ask with indignation what has become of all the riches I did prodigally promise thee? I have fulfilled all my promises; but thou didst disdain all the priceless treasures I lavished on thee with an untiring hand. For a carriage, I gave thee a young heart, that, fleetier than any steed, could have carried thee, if thou hadst wished it, beyond the limits of this earth. For servants, I gave thee Love and Faith, Hope and Imagination—but instead of retaining them as thy servants, thou didst allow them to become thy masters. Thy poverty, I endowed it with so much gaiety and happiness that many a despot, many a voluptuary would willingly have exchanged for it all their palaces, all their wealth. Thy solitude, I turned it into an enchanted land, which I peopled with fairy dreams. Thy melancholy, I have made thee love it with a poet’s fondness, and thou hast wept tears of love over it, so much so that henceforth thy greatest misery will be not to know what the luxury is to weep. I followed thee everywhere, and everywhere thou didst meet with kindness and welcome smiles. Thanks to my guidance, thy path was the path of happiness, with nought but friendly hearts to greet thee at every step. With me at thy side, Heaven seemed brighter to thy gaze, and as I led thee onward, flowers appeared to grow under thy feet. And thou, answer me, what use hast thou made of the gifts of my fond munificence? What single one hast thou kept of all my treasures? What now remains to thee out of the endless pleasures I have flung across thy existence? If thou hast preserved nothing—if thou hast lost, squandered, gambled everything away—is it me thou shouldst reproach? If thou hast not known how to enjoy anything, am I the person thou shouldst accuse?”

So saying, a brilliant light shone around her, and illuminated for awhile her haggard person. A thick film seemed to fall from my eyes, and turning inwardly into my heart, I saw there, in all its blackness, the folly I had been guilty of.

"Stop! stop! Oh, do not leave me!" I shrieked, in a supplicating voice. "Give me back all the gifts I have despised! Give me back both Love and Hope! Do not deprive me of all Faith, of all Imagination. Let me enjoy them but one hour; let me know once more what it is to believe, what it is to love, if only for one minute, and, dying the next, I will bless thee, Fairy, whoever thou may'st be, with all my heart."

"Alas!" she cried, "you will live, but I am dying. And it is doubtful which of us hast most reason to sorrow—you living, or I dying. Cannot you see my moments on this bright earth are numbered? Look at me—look in my face—see how I have suffered! Am I not the grim shadow of my former self? No wonder you shrink from me! For a long time I have been pining. been slowly withering away. A want of energy has poisoned latterly all my days. A feeling of listlessness has long deprived me of the pleasure of exercise. I move but with pain. My limbs are stiff and heavy, and my heart, that once did bound with the slightest emotion, now hangs heavy, like a lump of lead. Feel my hands, formerly so soft, they now have the dampness of death upon them. I am dying—and yet, if thou had'st only willed it, I should still have before me many long days. Thou hast been cruel to me, and hast killed me before my time. I have exhausted all my strength, have worn out my feet, in following thee. In vain I cried out for pity. You pushed me onwards, faster than I could go, and I was fain compelled to follow. I ran, limped, halted, fell down from fatigue, but rose and ran again, precisely as you bade me do. Winter or summer it was all the same. I was always at thy service; and often hast thou kept me out all night, in the cold and rain, when my weak state demanded both care and rest. In vain did I appeal, in vain did I call upon thee to tarry, to slacken the ardour of thy pursuits! Thou wert always deaf to my entreaties. In vain did I point out to thy notice, away from the dust and turmoil of the public road, some quiet retired spot where happiness was waiting for thee—thou didst only hurry me on to the nearest town, and force me, tired as I was, to take share with thee in its feverish excitements. The trial has been too much for me. I have shared all thy griefs and pains, all thy aches and troubles. There is not a morning care thou hast spared me—there has not been a midnight dissipation but what I have been dragged into it, with pale cheeks and crimson brow, and compelled to divide it with thee. How often have I dropt down with shame

and exhaustion, and resolved, as much from disgust as incapacity, for ever to abandon thee. But, ungrateful one, in spite of all thy cruelty, I loved thee, and one day's respite and kind indulgence were always sufficient to induce me to return to thee. But now, my hour has come. Friend of my heart, whom I have so faithfully followed, and whom now I leave only with my life, pity me and love me. I know thou wilt when I am gone. Open thy arms—I am dying, dear one—and press me lovingly to thy breast. It was in thy heart that I received my life; it is on thy heart that I wish now to meet my death."

"Thou must not die—thou shalt not!" I screamed with dying despair, as I opened my arms to receive her drooping frame; "but tell me, strange being, tell me before it is too late—speak, if for the last time,—and tell me who thou art?"

"I no longer am," she slowly uttered, "but I once was—once was **THY YOUTH!**"

Upon hearing these words, I wished to seize her and hold her in my arms for ever, but she had already disappeared, and in her place there lay on the ground, mingled with the dust, nothing but a few withered flowers that had fallen out of her hair. Not one of them had retained the smallest perfume!

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## A CONTRAST.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Two maidens on the sea-shore sit,  
The tears of one fall fast,  
One o'er the flood a rose-wreath holds  
And buds within doth cast.

Woe's very type, the one doth moan,  
With pale and trembling brow,  
"O sea, O sea, so sad and wild,  
How like my life art thou!"

The other, type of very joy,  
Shouts laughing at her side,  
"O sea, O sea, so clear and mild,  
My life's so like thy tide!"

On roars the sea, and o'er it sound  
Wailings and merry cheers;  
The dark waves roll and aye engulph  
The roses with the tears.

S. Y. N.



## NOTES UPON AUSTRALIA.

## CLIMATE.—PRODUCTIONS.

PLINY tells us of a certain hyperborean country, where, on account of its salubrity, the inhabitants rarely end their lives except by the voluntary surrender of them. Hyperbolical descriptions of the climate are given by some writers on Australia, though it ought above all other topics to be impartially considered. The climate of Australia varies according to the elevation of localities, but throughout the greater part of the year is mild and salubrious, its chief virtue consisting in a peculiar dryness of atmosphere that gives an elasticity to the spirits. The seasons are the reverse of ours; the shortest day is in June, the longest in February, which is the height of summer. At this season of the year, in the absence of wind, the heat is very oppressive, and apt to produce lassitude. The theometrical tables for the last ten years show slight variations, the highest temperature throughout the year (in the shade) 120, the lowest 50, and the mean about 70. The rainy months (or winter season) last from May till September; copious rains fall during this period, but frost rarely occurs; the annual fall of rain is about twenty inches. Africa has its simoom, and Italy its sirocco, Australia is not exempt from these hot winds. They blow from the torrid zone, and as they increase in virulence the atmosphere becomes charged with dust and the heat more intense. During their continuance a feeling akin to suffocation oppresses everyone; vegetation, roots, and birds, as well as beasts strive to secrete themselves from the blast. These visitations are the curse of the country. The annexed table explains the average state of the thermometer each month throughout the year:—

	Mean state.	Highest.	Lowest.
January . . .	75	82	68
February . . .	75	82	68
March . . .	71	78	61
April . . .	67	79	57
May . . .	61	70	48
June . . .	56	67	46
July . . .	53	65	42
August . . .	56	78	46
September . . .	59	79	43
October . . .	63	90	52
November . . .	68	97	61
December . . .	72	81	62

The inhabitants of Australia enjoy comparative immunity from illness: dysentery and ophthalmia are the most prevalent complaints—the former is produced by intemperance or injudicious diet, the latter by constant exposure to the sun. Influenza is likewise very prevalent among women and children, and the heat of the summer is found trying to infants. Opinions vary whether the climate is beneficial to pulmonary complaints, though it undoubtedly is a restorative to debilitated constitutions. The vegetable and animal productions of the country present many features worthy of notice. We preface them with the following terse description of Australian scenery:—

“Picture to yourselves in the midst of the ocean, surrounded with precipitous rocks, and nearly opposite to England, on the globe, a vast forest, diversified with mountains and valleys; innumerable plains without a tree; rivers, some of them consisting only of a chain of ponds; others of them, after running for hundreds of miles through extensive tracts of fertile soil, rapidly disappearing in the midst of arid sand, while others of them roll their majestic streams for a thousand miles, until they mingle their waters with the ocean; here and there, like an oasis in the wilderness, a solitary patch of cleared land, with a hut rudely constructed of slabs and bark in the rear; a tribe of naked blacks, carrying their weapons of war, roaming across the distant plains; large tracts of open forest land, resembling a gentleman’s domain in England, but occupied only by the kangaroo and the emu, which seem to claim and enjoy hereditary possession; lofty ranges of hills, covered with the most beautiful verdure to their very summits; extensive lagoons, darkened with legions of wild ducks and teal, the property of any man who may choose to shoot them; innumerable birds of the most beautiful plumage, chirping in every branch around you; flowers of every hue and shade of colour, strewing your path wherever you go; above you an Italian sky, without a cloud or speck, and the air you inhale pure and balmy; a fearful suspense pervading the forest around you, and vividly impressing upon your mind the idea of solitude and desolation—*this is Australia.*”—MACKENSIE.

The principal features of the landscape are verdant plains adapted for grazing or agriculture, wooded chains of hills and patches of scrub. The pastoral tracts usually rest upon alluvial deposits of fossiliferous formation, and are lightly timbered with the *encalypti*; the rocks that compose the mountain ranges are principally granite, iron-stone, and red porphyry. Valuable ores, but chiefly copper and lead, are discovered on their surface. The scrubby districts have a sand-stone bed, the foliage of which is stunted and can be easily overlooked. The plains of Australia are slightly undulating, covered with rich verdure and succulent herbs, affording most

nutritious pasture for stock. In some localities lupins and vetches are intermixed with the grass, which is matted together so thickly as to yield two tons to the acre. Fowls, ducks, and other animals often thrive on the herbage alone, and a highly respectable settler once informed us of a bullock, old and weak, that strayed away, was brought in weighing 700 lbs. In the heat of summer the herbage is dry, and cracks under foot like straw; at this period, as may be imagined, a spark incautiously dropped causes instant ignition. The settlers often set fire to the grass in sterile parts, for it clears off the noxious weeds, and makes the soil more productive. Low lands which have a light sandy look are considered most suitable for the culture of grain; in some districts a plough might be driven for miles without meeting any obstruction, and which will yield successive crops at the rate of twenty bushels an acre without requiring any dressing whatever. The soil produces an excellent quality of wheat, the best often weighing sixty pounds per bushel; prizes were awarded to the exhibitors of Australian wheat by the Council of the late Exhibition.

Although Australia possesses no indigenous vegetable productions fitted for the sustenance of man, the soil is capable of growing every variety of esculent plants. At various times individuals have imported different fruit, vegetable, and floral varieties, so that at the present period the gardens contain most of the horticultural products to be found in temperate zones. It is not necessary to state the specific size which fruits and vegetables have been known to attain; their successful culture is indisputable. Australian horticulturists classify the country into two regions, the hilly ranges called the upper, and the plains the lower. The apple, pear, cherry, gooseberry, strawberry, and filbert are cultivated in the upper; the plum, peach, lime, olive, citron, guana, fig, mulberry, and pomegranate are grown in the lower. It is needless to enumerate the various descriptions of succulents that may be reared; but all those vegetables that are produced in English market gardens thrive well, the soil often bearing three crops a-year. Choice flowers, shrubs, and exotics that are nurtured in English hot-houses arrive here at perfection, with hardly any protection from atmospheric changes. The adaptability of the climate for the culture of the cotton tree has caused its introduction in several districts, and it is anticipated that it will be henceforth extensively cultivated. Those plants thrive best that are in dark alluvial soil, and exposed freely to the sun. The trees grow most rapidly, for we saw some in the neighbourhood of Sydney that had only been planted six months, the size of gooseberry bushes, each bearing from 100 to 300 pods. In the antipodes nature exhibits sundry contradictions and dissimilarities. Their summer is our winter, their longest day our shortest,

the vegetable and animal productions display equal inconsistencies. Their trees shed their bark and retain their leaves, their flowers are without smell, their birds are without music, and their swans are black, and eagles white.

The arboreal productions of Australia have not such thick foliage, nor is the shade so deeply verdant as those of more frigid regions, the greatest portion of them are green all the year round. Those trees which do not shed their foliage throw off their bark instead, which probably has the same effect as that felt by deciduous trees. The forest trees are remarkably tenacious of life; they can withstand severe igneous mutilations without the loss of vitality, which may perhaps be attributed to the numerous coatings of bark, for however carbonized the exterior, the vegetative qualities within are but slightly affected by the fiery element that assails them without. The principal trees are several kinds of gum, mimosa, acacia, oak, stringy bark, iron bark, &c. There are different varieties of shrubs, some of which are very beautiful. The blue gum requires a humid soil, and grows to a great altitude; the wood is hard, heavy, and well grained; it is capable of receiving a high polish, and answers the purpose of mahogany. The white gum, which is more mollient, is fitted for carpentry. The stringy bark is very plentiful, and most serviceable to the settler; it saws and splits with facility, and is generally used for fencing and building. The wattle yields not only gum but bark well adapted for tanning; the gum is worth £2. 10s. a cwt., and the bark fetches £5 a ton; both are considerable articles of export. The tea tree is a very prolific shrub, but its leaves can no more be designated tea than a penny Havannah can be strictly termed a cigar. Bushmen have been known to use it as a substitute for the genuine article, but the Australian hyson is said to cause the most excruciating gripes. The chief medicinal varieties are the cascarrilla and sarsaparilla. The borea is likewise deserving of mention; the properties of this tree are peculiar, for its broad leaves impart to those who nip them an acute sting more allied to magnetism than the sensation caused by the sting of the wasp or nettle.

Australia furnishes few zoological specimens of note, and is free from animals of a ferocious species. The dingoe, or native dog, is the most destructive; their annual devastations at some out-station equals seven per cent. Night is their favourite time of attack, when, if unobserved by the watch-dog, they spring over the hurdles in the midst of the fold; the affrighted sheep usually rush simultaneously against the opposite fence, which gives way, and they become scattered in every direction. Blood seems the main incentive, for fastening themselves below the neck of the sheep, they will lacerate a flock with inconceivable rapidity. A cross

between the dingoe and sheep-dog prove serviceable watch dogs; but at most stations sleuth hounds are kept to run down the marauders. In some districts they have well-appointed packs of fox hounds, and a very numerous field occasionally assembles for hunting. Viewed at a distance, the dingoe resembles a fox, and often affords a hard run.

The kangaroo is the largest Australian quadruped. This animal has a peculiar method of flight, which consists in a succession of ungainly leaps. It mostly subsists on herbs and indigenous roots; there is, likewise, a species of grass, the tufts of which it is partial to. These animals, formerly so plentiful, have now mostly retreated far beyond the confines of civilization. Settlers usually hunt them with dogs of a cross breed, between the mastiff and greyhound. Huntsmen cannot keep pace with the kangaroo unless they are well mounted, for they have to follow them as the crow flies over a rough country. The "old man" kangaroo is a tough opponent, for when brought to bay, standing erect six feet high, he shows fight, often lacerating the entrails of dogs with his sharp fore claws. The females carry their progeny in a pouch that envelops the teats, to which the young ones adhere till weaned; and under such circumstances, when pursued by hunters, evince piteous maternal anxiety, and only when hard pushed drop their litter.

Another singular marsupial is the wombat, which burrows like a badger; its carcase sometimes weighs 100 lbs.; the flesh has the flavour of mutton. The bandicoot is analogous to the kangaroo, though smaller; it is very predatory, having, like Reynard, a predilection for poultry. The opossum is of a similar species, but more resembles the squirrel in its habits. It is hunted by moonlight; dogs are sent out to its locality, and sportsmen shoot it from its perch, which is generally high up in the thick foliage of trees. The fur makes warm rugs and cloaks; bushmen sew the skins together and use them for blankets. The principal members of the feathered tribe are that *rara avis in terra*, the black swan, the emu, bustard, pelican, eagle, heron, and crane. There are, likewise, several kinds of duck, of which genus the platypus is the most remarkable. This bird is a mixture of the bird, beast, and fish; it floats and feeds on the water, yet burrows in the ground; it also lays eggs, and when hatched suckles its young. Its body is about eighteen inches long, covered with thick fur, like that of an otter; its forefeet are webbed, the hind ones have claws, and, still more contradictory, on the head is grafted a beak. This latter circumstance gave rise to a colonial riddle—"Why is a dun like a platypus?" "Because it is a beast with a bill." Quails, pigeons, plovers, and other birds of known varieties, might be enumerated; in addition to which, there are several that derive their appellations

from peculiarity of plumage or cadence;—these are the whip bird, soldier bird, mutton bird, razor grinder, bell bird, and the laughing jackass; the latter, which may be likened to a jackdaw, possesses considerable powers of imitation, giving utterance to a droll note like that of a derisive laugh. It is said to be a good clock for working people, as it is supposed to give vent to its risibility about the time people commence, and when they leave off work. There are stated to be fifteen varieties of snakes, varying from a foot to five feet in length. Some have the appearance of rotten wood, and when trod on are dangerous, but will seldom molest any one if they can possibly escape to their hole. The most venomous is the black snake, which frequents swampy ground. When bitten by any reptile, the best remedy is to strap a bandage round the parts affected, then cut off the flesh around the wound, and suck the venom from it; if done immediately, dangerous effects need not be apprehended.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MODEL SPEECH OF A MODEL LORD MAYOR.

*(REPORTED NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME.)*

WE have dined three times this year at the London Tavern (and capital dinners they were). Each time, curiously enough, a certain Lord Mayor has been in the chair, and each time, still more curiously, we have heard from him the same speech.

We now print this speech for the benefit of future Lord Mayors :—

“Once upon a time there was a great merchant in the City, who was highly respected. This merchant, after a life of prosperity, met, in his old age, just as he was about to sit down in his comfortable arm chair, and enjoy his port wine, with a great disaster—his ships sank, or his house took fire, or the bank broke, as banks sometimes will—and he was left without as much as a Pennsylvanian Bond to bless himself with. His friends, strange to say, did not desert him in his adversity, but interested themselves, like true friends, all the more warmly in his behalf. They raised subscriptions everywhere, and, amongst others, they applied to a Quaker. The Quaker listened, pursed his eyes, then eyed his



purse, and then listened again. He held his tongue, as Quakers sometimes will, and did not move a feature, not a finger; he did not seem moved even to the extent of a shilling—a miserable shilling! At last he was asked if he did not feel for this poor merchant, when he replied:—‘Yes, friend, I do feel for him—and I feel deeply—perhaps not to the bottom of my pocket, but a good way down it—and I tell thee that I feel five hundred pounds for him, and now I want to know how much dost thou, and thou, and thou (pointing to each of his questioners), and thou feel? It’s useless thy feeling, unless thou dost feel as I feel.’ Now, gentlemen, it is the same with the Charity for which I am collecting subscriptions this evening. I tell you it is useless your having a great sympathy for this charity, and feeling deeply for it, unless you feel as the Quaker felt. I do not mean to say you can all feel £500, as the Quaker did; but you can feel your £200, or your £100, or suppose I say your £50—or come, even lower than that, your £25—or at all events I am morally certain there is not a man here present but who, with the greatest ease, can feel his £5, and, mind you, be all the better for the feeling afterwards. But it is arrogance on my part, downright impertinence, to say, in a noble cause like the present, how much you *will* feel? No, gentlemen, I would rather sit down, and leave the claims of this meritorious institution to your own private and generous feelings. Only recollect—once more—the Quaker felt £500.”

This speech is always received with the greatest applause, and followed with the happiest results. The subscriptions pour into the secretary’s lap so fast, he can hardly hold them all. It is certainly the most *feeling* speech, in every respect, that we ever listened to; and, as we have said above, we have already listened to it no less than three times, and, each time, with increased effect—or rather, increased effects. The worthy Lord Mayor (whose name it would not be fair to mention) seems to get more perfect each time he recites it.

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## THE BRIDLE ROADS OF SPAIN.

SPAIN still continues a land unknown to the great bulk of English tourists, in spite of all that science has done for modern travelling. The truth is, that although the coasts of the Peninsula have long been accessible to our steamers, the interior of the country has undergone scarcely any alteration during the last half century. Travelling, in nearly every part of Spain, is very expensive. Public conveyances are only to be found on the great thoroughfares, and they are both costly in their charges, and far more leisurely in their movements, than suits the tastes of English travellers. Add to this, that the inns are anything but clean; that the cookery—we speak from bitter experience—is positively bad; and that the wine, except in a few favoured districts, is very indifferent; and we sum up the principal inconveniences which the adventurous traveller must make up his mind to encounter in a tour through Spain. Of the dangers incident to Spanish travel, which are still considerable, we need not speak. And yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, and many more which will readily occur to the mind of the Peninsular tourist, Spain possesses attractions of a kind so peculiar to herself that a good book of travels in that country, be it grave or gay, is ever sure of a ready welcome.

The volumes before us are of the latter class.\* The author is Mr. George John Cayley. That gentleman, as most of our readers are probably aware, is the author of a quaint and clever poem, entitled "Sir Reginald Mohun," which appeared two or three years ago. He was sent to the Peninsula for the benefit of his health in the autumn of 1851; but tiring apparently of the monotonous existence to which an idle Englishman is condemned at Cadiz and Seville, he resolved to penetrate into the interior of the kingdom in quest of adventures. Like the knight of La Mancha he wisely resolved that a faithful companion in arms should accompany him, and being joined by a friend from England, the two adventurous travellers soon decided on the plan of their journey. They each purchased a pony and a revolver, and having arrayed themselves in the humble garb of artists, they sallied forth from Seville one fine spring morning upon Spain at large as Mr. Cayley expresses it to his fair correspondent. We must inform our readers, by the way, that our traveller's narrative is contained in a series of letters, addressed to a young lady in

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\* "Las Alforgas; or, the Bridle Roads of Spain." By GEORGE J. CAYLEY. Two Vols. London: Bentley.

Yorkshire, whom he calls "Mabel," and at whose suggestion, he informs us, they have been published. Mr. Cayley, we think, has acted wisely in following this advice. Although egotistical at times, as young gentlemen will be when they are fortunate enough to have a lady correspondent, these letters are never tiresome. It is difficult, says a great historian, to speak of oneself without vanity, and this difficulty is increased in no small degree in the case we have described. But after all egotism is not a fault in letter writing so long as the writer contrives to amuse or interest us. We can say, with a clear conscience, that Mr. Cayley does both. He religiously avoids politics, political economy, and statistics of all kinds, and in this age of facts and figures we have every reason to be grateful for the omission. Neither does he weary us with elaborate descriptions of places and things which most of us have seen and all of us have heard and read of to repletion. By far the most interesting portion of the book consists not of descriptions of palaces and pictures, but of the traveller's own experience in their adventurous ride from Seville to Saint Sebastian.

Spain has always been famed for its robbers. It is a curious but melancholy fact, of which Romans and Goths, and Moors and Franks have each in turn complained. Marius in the plenitude of his power failed to extirpate the breed, and Maria Christina and her daughter have been equally unsuccessful at the distance of some twenty centuries. At the very outset of their journey our travellers were compelled to shoot a real Andalusian brigand to whom they refused to pay black-mail. This exploit was performed by Mr. Cayley's friend, who appears to have exhibited great courage and self-possession upon the occasion. They were resting by the wayside, and Mr. Cayley had gone to look for the ponies, which had strayed from the road, leaving his friend in charge of the baggage. While thus absent he was alarmed by the report of a pistol in that direction. He describes below what followed:—

#### AN ANDALUSIAN BANDIT.

"Approaching cautiously, I could see nothing of H——, and the terrible idea flashed across my mind that robbers had found him alone guarding the baggage, and had shot him. Then it occurred to me, that when they found two alforjas, they would presume he had a companion (who might institute a search unless also disposed of), and were therefore perhaps lying in wait among the low brushwood to shoot me also, as soon as I should come within range.

"I therefore approached by as open ground as possible, that they might not get too easy a shot at me; and, when I came as

near as I thought safe, I shouted his name. After an anxious moment or two an answer was returned in well-known accents which relieved me from my apprehensions. Still the shot was to be accounted for.

"Has your imagination prepared you for something dreadful? Mine had—something like what follows.

"I approached the spot, and found H—— sitting among the cloaks and luggage; smoking, but I saw in an instant by the expression of his face, and the nervous twitch of his lips, which made the cigar end shake, that something serious had happened.

"'I have been and done it, and there he lies, poor fellow; but it was his own fault.'

"'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, as, turning where he pointed, I saw at about seven yards' distance the foot of a man sticking out of a plot of brushwood. 'Good heavens! is he dead?—what is the meaning of all this?—what has happened?—and here is another saddle!—and what is that grey horse?'

"'I will tell you, but in the meanwhile we had better pack our beasts and be off as quick as we can. I was sitting here about a quarter of an hour ago, when this man came riding across the dehesa, and, seeing me, turned this way. I had loaded my long pistols, and had one of them ready cocked in my hand, under a fold of the cloak I was lying on. After asking me a good many impudent questions, which I answered with as much patience as I could, he said at last—

"'Ah! I see you are a foreigner, probably on a long journey. *Es regular que tienes dinero* (it is to be supposed you have money). That is what I am come for, with your permission. I am Pedro Paredes, for that which your worship may please to command—a notable bandit, at whose name the civil guards tremble.' Saying this, he unslung his escopet from the hinder peak of his saddle, and dismounted to take a steadier shot in case of need.

"'Instead of getting up, I pulled the saddle bags and cloaks into a heap, and, lying on my stomach, presented the muzzle of my pistol over the battery. "Now then, you impudent rascal," I said, "lay down your gun and go away, or I'll shoot you before you can coax your rusty old piece to go off. And I should advise you never again to try your hand on Englishmen with English pistols."

"'He hesitated and turned pale, and was stepping back, when I said, "If you move without leaving your gun, I fire. Here, I have the advantage—at a distance, you might."

"'No English dog shall make a jest of the Andaluz,' he said, a sudden fury flushing his face. He presented his gun as quickly as he could, and we both fired at the same moment, but my pistol had been on his heart during the discussion, and through his heart it went—but I had a nearish escape—look at the rim of my hat.'

"Sure enough, there was a round hole in the broad upturned brim of the Calaniés.

" 'Thank God you are no worse, but what are we to do?'

" 'We had better leave him as he is; he has fallen with the gun clutched in his hand. If we don't disturb him, and they find him after a day or two, with money in his pocket, and all those silver buttons on his clothes, they will think he has destroyed himself; I have unsaddled his horse, and turned him loose. He will probably stray away, and not attract immediate attention; we must throw the saddle and bridle into another bush. There now, we had better put earth between us, as they say.'

"I could easily perceive that he was deeply shocked, though the excitement gave a sort of painful levity to his manner.

"Before mounting, I went to look at the corpse, the first I had ever seen of one who had died a violent death. He had staggered backwards and fallen flat on his back, his arms and legs stretched out—one hand grasped the barrel of his escopet, and the other a bunch of slender palmita stems, whose fan-like heads, rustling to the almost imperceptible breeze, seemed as if the dead hand stirred them. I bent aside a bush of rosemary which shadowed the face. One eyelid was propped up by a rosemary sprig, and the eye beneath still glared upwards with a glazed and stupified look of fierceness and terror. In bending the bush back to look into his face, I had stirred the sprig, and at first it seemed that he was alive. However, letting go the twigs in my horror, I saw how it was.

"He was a fine, handsomish man, of about twenty-two or three, with marked and striking features, denoting, however, more strength of passion than intellect. The healthy sunburnt browns of his swarthy face were turned to ghastly yellows on the bloodless and ashy skin. The bright-coloured facings and glittering silver tags and brooches of his dress, too, added a painful contrast of holiday splendour to the faded hues of death."

This adventure occasioned them no further trouble. There are no coroner's inquests in Andalusia, and the robber being found dead was concluded by the authorities to have met the fate he merited.

We shall now describe a *rencontre* of a different kind. The two travellers had arrived very tired and ravenously hungry at a small inn near Ronda. The waiter told them that there were two countrymen of theirs who had arrived that afternoon—one of them a young and very handsome youth—and that if they chose the two parties might sup together. Our tourists assented with some reluctance, for Englishmen abroad avoid each other with studious care; but the grateful odour of the supper over-

came their scruples, and they were forthwith introduced to the presence of the strangers, who are thus described:—

#### A HONEYMOON IN ANDALUSIA.

“A tall, lathy, good-looking man of five-and-twenty, dressed in the dark *samarra* (lamb’s-wool jacket) and black-leathered riding trousers, black silk faja, and a jaunty Calaniés of the last fashion, sat smoking the cigarillo of patience, and watching a stout earthen jar among the embers before him. His companion who fully came up to the mozo’s description, as ‘a very pretty young gentleman,’ seemed about fifteen.

“He was apparently wearied with the day’s journey, and leaned with his glossy auburn curls spread on the shoulder of the other, who held him tenderly with an arm round his waist, and now and then blew away the smoke, and peeped down into the innocent, sleepy face. He seemed to take very little notice of the garrulous relation of the mozo. However, at length he cast his eyes across the blaze, and our glances met.

“‘Adios, Senor A——; m’alegro muchissimo de ver a Vmd.,’ said I, for I saw it was no other than A——, who was a great friend of mine at Cambridge, though I have seen very little of him since.

“‘Adios, Senor,’ he replied in Spanish; ‘tambien m’alegro yo, pero francamente no m’acuerdo de Vmd.; tampoco sabre como Vmd. conoce mi apellido.’

“‘Tuve el gusto de pasar dos o tres anos de mi vida con Vmd. en la universidad de Cantabrigia y me llamo Jorge Juan Cayley.’

“At this he started and laughed so loud that the sleepy boy started up, and we shook hands over the fire. At this moment H—— came up, too, who was also a great friend of his. Amid the general ebullition of cordiality, the mozo, who had almost despaired of establishing any sort of relations, but now concluded that his representations had suddenly taken effect, conceived it a fit time to effect a coalition of suppers. His suggestions were at once agreed to, and in the meantime A—— introduced to us his younger brother, Juanito, who blushed and shook hands—very soft hands, more like a lady’s than a boy’s. But I was busy asking A—— fifty questions, and took no notice of that or the blush, and went on.

“‘Why, I thought you were to have been married to the lovely Lady Jane before this. I heard it was to be in November for certain.’

“‘So I was; but she had the scarlet-fever, poor child.’

“‘And so you left her to recover at her leisure, while you travel about to amuse yourself!’

“‘Not exactly—but they are dishing up the olla, so let us to supper.’



"We supped in a spacious apartment up-stairs, whose walls were hung with frying-pans and gridirons, and other utensils of cookery. On inquiry, we were informed by the handmaid, that in the summer families come here from Ronda; for it appears, that when the inhabitants of the sultry plains are baked out of their cities, and come to Ronda for fresh mountain breezes, the inhabitants of Ronda retreat to a still loftier level, and this is then used as their kitchen.

"It came out, in the course of the meal, as the superior perspicacity of my Mabel may have anticipated, that Master Juanito (who had got into a great perplexity under cross-examination about Eton, whence he was said lately to have emerged, but of which seat of learning he seemed to have preserved very limited and equivocal recollections), turned out to be no young gentleman at all, and, by way of explanation, was, to his great confusion, introduced to us as Lady Jane A——.

" 'The fact is,' said A——, 'Johnny, like most other new-married young ladies, had a strong desire to travel, and do something strictly romantic. I, who had observed in the course of my European experience, the misery and bother of trailing about a cumbersome train of serving-men and women, immediately laid it down as an irrefragable axiom that nothing romantic could possibly be done with a courier and lady's-maid.' "

Mr. A—— adds : —

" 'The principal romance of the journey was at Baza, where the posadero's pretty daughter made most serious love to Master Johnny, so that the young lady's *novio* was terribly jealous, and I thought there would have been bloodshed; for, though you would hardly imagine it of the young man, now he is so mild and modest after being found out, he then, when his imposture was unsuspected, played the successful lover with a most theatrical and coxcombical swagger; pointing also his discourse with many appropriate expletives, of whose meaning he is wholly unaware, but which he has learnt on the road to introduce with great effect into the genteel, school-room Spanish which he brought out with him. From Granada we are on our way to Seville. To-day we left Ronda. You are now in possession of our history, and we have a fair right to *your* adventures.' "

Unlike the bulk of Spanish tourists, Mr. Cayley does not fill up his pages with elaborate descriptions of the great sights of Spain. He was disappointed with the Alhambra, and also with the famous cathedral of Toledo, and he does not hesitate to tell us so. The

Escorial, too, he dismisses most irreverently with the following frank confession. "The fact is, we were weary of this great magnificently ugly place before we had half done it, and were very glad when we were allowed by our guides to go away."

It requires some amount of moral courage to give vent to sentiments like these, and we give the writer all credit for his manliness in refusing to get into raptures upon every occasion that his guide and his guide-book required him to do so. The truth is, that Mr. Cayley interests us much more about the persons he meets with, than about fine churches, palaces, and pictures. The following portraits of the royal family of Spain, whom he met accidentally at Aranjuez, are dashed off after his own free and easy fashion:—

#### THE TWO QUEENS.

"Just as we were moving away, there was a trampling of horses in the distance, and the royal *cortége* of trundling carriages and trotting guards came by. We saw Her Catholic Majesty very tolerably as she passed. But our acquaintance was not to be so transitory. The whole line wheeled round in a semicircle, and drew up before a house in the great *plaza*, next the garden.

"An old lady and a bald-headed gentleman came out on the balcony over the colonnade. These were the Queen Mother and Senor Munoz. We drew near to see and hear what passed, and stood, with our hats off, under the colonnade, within three or four yards of the Queen's panel, while she talked over our heads to her relatives on the balcony.

"She spoke in a clear, pleasant, natural voice, so that every word could be heard both by those above and below. The matter was entirely domestic: inquiring about Christina's children, who had the measles (which, by the way, accounted for this sort of visit, by the fear of the little princess of Asturias catching them); she related how her own baby had been, and took it from the gaily-dressed Asturian nurse, and held it up to be looked at.

"As far as I remember, the presumptive heiress of all the Spains had slept rather badly the night before, and certainly seemed sleepy now. The Queen is a prettyish, ladylike woman and looks about twenty-five. Her nose certainly is not a very choice feature, but not near so bad as those frightful snubnosed caricatures on her coins would lead one to expect.

"There was something singular in the perfectly easy, unembarrassed and unaffected manner in which she talked of her household interests before a gathering crowd of her subjects; as if she saw no reason why a queen should pretend to be more than a woman, or be ashamed of her maternal anxieties and filial duties. But kings

and queens are accustomed to live in public, and I dare say she thought no more of the hundred and fifty people or so who surrounded her than if they had been half-a-dozen busts in her own bed-room."

No one can write a book upon Spain without saying something about bull-fights. Mr. Cayley witnessed two of these exciting but savage exhibitions, and then made up his mind that they were very horrid, and not suited to English tastes—a conclusion in which we entirely agree with him. If any of our readers doubt, let them study the subjoined brief but bloody narrative of

#### A BULL FIGHT AT MADRID.

"The bull-fight I mentioned as in prospect, came off pretty well, but not brilliantly. The weather had been coldish, and the *ganado* were sulky and truculent, instead of being brisk and furious, which is the most favourable as well as safest phase of taurine humour. They showed a disposition to be wary and false, running at the men rather than the gaudy draperies flourished in their faces to draw them.

"The audience were not in good humour, especially some *aficionados* near us, who seemed greatly to disapprove of the performance of one of the *picadores*.

"There was a very savage beast in the arena, who had made terrible havoc among the horses; and this *picador*, who had been the most unfortunate, was manifestly disheartened, and seemed divided in his mind whether to be more afraid of the bull below, or the taunting remarks which rained upon his head from the indignant galleries.

"His reputation was at stake, and I felt sorry for the poor fellow. He spurred his bleeding and disembowelled horse, and went to the charge apparently with an uncomfortable presentiment. The bull rushed at him with a tremendous impetus, which his lance was powerless to resist. The horns were plunged into the breast of the horse, who reared and fell backwards with his rider all of a heap. The *chulos* did not come readily enough to distract the bull's attention, and he trampled and gored his victim at leisure.

"The wretches near us cried, "*Bravo toro m'alegro*. It serves you right for pricking so badly." But when the *picador* was taken up senseless, with his face covered with blood, and carried round on a shutter, they, thinking he would probably die shortly, reconsidered the poor man's feelings a little, and how unpleasant it must be to perish in the hour of his ill-success, in the midst of outcries and execrations on his want of skill and courage; so they

changed their cries of *m'alegro* for "*Que lastima !*" (what a pity), a mildish reparation under the circumstances.

"The whole affair, from beginning to end, was infinitely more bloody and horrid than anything in the sample at Seville, which I remember describing with tolerable accuracy. It has quite satisfied us that bull-fights are not to our taste, and we never intend to go again. One of the bulls had a marked objection to fight, though he was strong and active, as plainly appeared by his jumping over the barrier (about six feet high) five times in rapid succession. However, when he found he could not get away, he fought bull-fully.

"There was another bull-fight yesterday, in which two men were killed. All Madrid is saying, "*Que lastima !*" about it to-day. They say the bulls are in a very exceptionally dangerous frame of mind this season."

In conclusion, we repeat that Mr. Cayley has done wisely in acting on the advice of his fair correspondent, to whom the contents of these volumes were in the first place addressed. It appears that he and the companion of his travels entertained the notion of publishing two or more bulky tomes, containing an elaborate account of all they saw, and heard, and thought of Spain and its inhabitants. This design, we presume, has been abandoned. Whether Mr. Cayley would have been equally successful in a work of more pretension we shall not undertake to say, we can only cordially thank him for the very entertaining volumes he has given us. They will fully sustain the reputation of the author of "*Sir Reginald Mohun.*"

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## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

## HOME.

**AFTER** a session of unusual length, Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of August. The Parliamentary campaign which has just closed is remarkable in various points of view. When the session commenced in November, the measures of the Derby administration were looked for with an unwonted amount of interest ; and an Opposition, composed, indeed, of a variety of different sections of politicians, but powerful from the weight and experience of its leaders, and from its numbers, was prepared to try conclusions with the so-called Protectionist administration. Mr. Disraeli very soon gave them an opportunity of doing so, and his defeat, and the formation of the Coalition Cabinet, was the result. There is no denying that the Aberdeen administration was open to attack from the motley materials of which it was made up ; but notwithstanding its various defeats throughout the session, it has managed not only to maintain its ground, but apparently, also, to consolidate its strength. But it is questionable whether this circumstance is owing to its own inherent vitality, or to the evidently disorganised condition of Lord Derby's followers. Upon no question have the latter cordially united since the accession of Lord Aberdeen, and to this circumstance his administration is doubtless, in a great measure, indebted for its stability. Of the chief measures introduced during the session, we have spoken upon former occasions. The re-imposition of the Income-tax, the New India Bill, and the failure of Mr. Gladstone's financial schemes are now all matter of history. Among matters of less striking interest, the closing of the Metropolitan Graveyards, the settlement of the Cab question, and the opening of Kew-gardens to the public on Sundays may be mentioned to the credit of the present administration.

The great event of the month has been the Naval Review at Spithead, where a powerful fleet, consisting of a larger proportion of steam ships of war than were ever collected together on any former occasion, performed a series of brilliant evolutions in presence of the Queen of England, and an immense concourse of spectators. The success of this novel exhibition was unequivocal, although some of the larger vessels are still without their proper complement of hands, owing to the universal and still increasing demand for labour of every description. In the event of war, we fear that much difficulty would be experienced in obtaining a sufficient supply of sailors for our fleet. Since the Australian discoveries took place, the demand for shipping to that quarter of the

globe has been so enormous, that a universal rise, both of freight and wages, has been the result. In the meantime, the greatest activity prevails at the dockyards. It appears to be now a settled point that screw steamers are likely to prove the most efficient vessels of war that have hitherto been constructed by the ingenuity of man; and of these no less than twelve have recently been ordered to be built with all despatch. But without men, our ships are useless; and we trust that some effective means may yet be devised for obtaining a requisite supply in case of need, without resorting to the odious expedient of the pressgang.

The breaking up of the Camp at Chobham has been regarded by the London world with some degree of regret. The experiment most fully answered the purpose for which it was intended. The British soldier, although thoroughly inured to discipline, and perfect in the performance of his individual duties, is too little accustomed, in this country at least, and in most of our colonies, to operations on a great scale. Our continental neighbours in France and Germany consider this an essential part of military training, and hence the annual grand reviews at Paris and on the Rhine, to which our cockney tourists flock in thousands. The result has clearly shown that our soldiers can very readily adapt themselves to this species of display, for all accounts agree in bearing witness to the precision and rapidity of their movements, and the alacrity with which they betook themselves to roughing it in camp, in spite of the hard work and the bad weather which they were called upon to encounter. But the most pleasing feature of the Chobham experiment was the excellent understanding between the military and the civilians of all classes, who flocked from every quarter to witness the successive operations of the troops. It is highly creditable to the latter that, during the whole period of the encampment, nothing occurred to disturb the general harmony. The British sightseer is proverbially not the best-mannered in the world. He will thrust himself into places where he has no right to go, and he will put questions which he has no right to ask. We can easily imagine how both officers and men at Chobham must have been beset by inquisitive elderly gentlemen, and ladies, we fear, of all ages. We can imagine a score or two of uproarious school boys let loose for a holiday, and ripe for any conceivable mischief, finding their way into all manner of forbidden places. We can easily imagine that such petty annoyances might, in the absence of forbearance and good temper, have led to most unpleasant consequences. Twenty years ago we might have had a different tale to tell. As it is, the civilian and the soldier have parted company at Chobham upon most excellent terms—better, perhaps, than they ever knew before.



## COLONIAL.

THE news from Australia this month is only a repetition of the intelligence which has reached us from time to time for upwards of a twelvemonth. From Victoria we still have astonishing accounts of the productiveness of the mines, and of the almost incredible influx of population. House-rent in Melbourne is enormous, and it is still rising, owing to the unabated flood of immigration which continues to pour in from all quarters of the globe. In spite of all the warnings which have been given however, thousands of persons flock to this land of promise who are utterly unfitted for the rough work before them. We allude to educated persons of both sexes without capital and unaccustomed to manual labour, who vainly seek a market for their talents or acquirements in a field where for such commodities there is but a very limited demand. To the mechanic who is possessed of health and industry, and to the agricultural labourer, the gold regions of Australia offer advantages superior to those of any other country. But it is only this class who can calculate upon thriving in Victoria, at least in its present rude state of transition to a higher and more permanent phase of civilisation. From Sydney we learn that the general prosperity of the colony had generated a spirit of speculation throughout all classes of society, and that various railroads had been projected. Politics and constitution making appeared to be neglected for the present, in the all-absorbing pursuit of gain.

From India we have the welcome tidings that the Burmese war is at length at an end. The king of Ava has sued for peace, and he is to have it. Although we very often differ from Mr. Cobden we are inclined to think that he has taken a rational and business-like view of this tedious contest. We believe it is one in which neither the honour of England nor the interests of India were involved. We know that Lord Dalhousie engaged in it with reluctance, and we rejoice therefore that he has taken the earliest opportunity of bringing it to an honourable termination. Let us hope that our experience of the Burmese may teach us more circumspection for the future. We have much to lose and nothing to gain by a war with that singular people, and we question whether the annexation of Pegu is worth the price that we have paid for it.

From our North American provinces the latest intelligence is highly satisfactory. The demand for labour, owing to the rapid progress of public works in Canada, is still great, and a correspondent of the *Times* asserts that that country now holds out superior inducements even to Australia to the agricultural emigrant. The harvest both in the British provinces and throughout the United

States promises to be abundant, a circumstance of much importance in the present state of the grain markets throughout Europe; although should there be a large and general deficiency throughout the old world, we cannot expect it to be fully supplied by American imports. We cannot lose sight of the fact that, during the last four years we have derived our largest supplies of foreign wheat from France, a country which is, at this moment, importing grain from England.

From the West Indies during the past month there has been no news of importance. In Jamaica the dead lock between the Assembly and the Council still continues, and it remains to be seen whether Sir Henry Barkly is equal to the task of setting the machine of government to work again. If the new Governor fails in accomplishing this necessary duty, there is but one alternative left—the constitution of Jamaica must undergo a thorough revision, perhaps a total change. It is impossible that the present state of matters can be suffered to continue. We cannot allow this fine colony to go to wreck and ruin without making a resolute effort to save her; and for the peculiarly difficult and delicate task of restoring harmony in her councils no one could have been more appropriately selected than Sir Henry Barkly, whose past career in Guiana is the best guarantee for his success in Jamaica.

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#### FOREIGN.

THE Turkish question, notwithstanding all that has been predicted on the subject of its speedy settlement, has not advanced one step since we last addressed our readers. A proposition has, indeed, been forwarded by the four Western Powers to the Sultan, and its acceptance, it is said, will insure an immediate adjustment of the dispute. But in the first place it has not, so far as we at present know, been accepted by the Porte; and in the second place, although it were accepted, the main difficulty would still remain to be overcome. The truth is that this proposition, of which we have heard so much, was drawn up by the present French Minister for Foreign Affairs *before* the invasion of the Danubian Principalities, and therefore it contains no stipulation regarding the retirement of the Russian troops from that quarter. Now we have been led to believe, that a withdrawal of the invading force from the Turkish territory is held both by our own Government and by that of France to be a *sine quâ non* of any settlement that may take place. The language both of Lord John Russell and of Lord Clarendon is identical upon this essential point; and yet, although the Porte may be prevailed upon to accept the terms in question, the princi-

pal matter in dispute will still remain to be disposed of. The universal disappointment evinced at the very meagre and unsatisfactory statement of Lord John Russell before the rising of Parliament, appears to negative the notion that the people of this country are profoundly indifferent to foreign politics. In fact our commercial interests are too directly concerned in the settlement of this dispute to allow us to remain indifferent. Our trade with the Danube is rapidly increasing in importance, and the unjustifiable conduct of Russia in impeding the navigation of that river may oblige us before long to interfere for the protection, not of Turkish, but of British interests.

In the meantime the delay which has occurred in the adjustment of the quarrel has created a profound feeling of discontent at Constantinople. The old Turkish party, justly indignant at the violence of Russia, are eager for war. The army on the Danube, commanded by Omar Pasha, is animated by the same spirit, and as his outposts are almost within sight of the Russian lines on the opposite bank, a collision may any day take place which may at once bring matters to a crisis. A morning journal, which is said to represent the opinions of Lord Palmerston, asserts that the Russian forces will withdraw from the Principalities on or about the 10th of September next. We trust the writer may prove a true prophet; but in the meantime we must withhold our belief in the just intentions and moderation of the Russian Emperor.

Looking still further east we learn that the great rebellion in China threatens to overturn the present line of Celestial rulers, and to introduce not only a new dynasty but a new religion in that vast and unknown empire. The insurgents have now made themselves masters of Nankin, and to use their own inflated language, they only await the mandate of Heaven to move against the capital of China. The leaders of the movement profess Christianity, and the chief of the insurrection claims a divine origin for himself, asserting that he is at once the true descendant of the ancient royal line of China, and a younger brother of the Saviour of mankind. How far this assumption of divinity may have contributed to the success of his enterprise it is impossible to say, but we may observe that revolutions in the East are seldom accomplished without resort being had to pretensions of this character. From the papers lately presented to Parliament on this subject and which are exceedingly interesting, we learn that the British authorities in China have wisely resolved from taking any part in the present contest. It is not difficult to perceive, however, that their sympathies are with the insurgents.

# THE BRITISH JOURNAL,

*&c.*

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## THE WAR IN CHINA.

WHILE the interest of European politicians has been fixed for the last few months upon the progress of events in Turkey, a contest has been raging still farther eastwards, which may probably effect a complete revolution both in the government and in the religion of the most populous country on the face of the earth. Within the last two years we have heard of an insurrection having broken out in China, and from time to time accounts have reached us of the successes of the rebels. Of the cause of the movement, however, and of the objects of its leaders, we have, until lately, been kept in profound ignorance. It is only very recently that authentic intelligence has reached us upon these points, and it is our present purpose to lay before our readers a brief detail of the causes and the progress of this extraordinary movement so far as these have been ascertained. Whether we regard it in a political, a religious, or a commercial point of view, the final issue of the struggle is a matter of deep interest to the western world, and more especially to England. It depends in all probability upon the final success or defeat of the insurgents, whether our relations with the celestial empire shall become indefinitely extended, or whether they shall be subjected to restrictions still more harassing than those they have hitherto experienced at the jealous hands of its present rulers.

It appears that the insurrection broke out about three years ago in the south-western portion of the empire, and that the rebels have slowly advanced from that quarter to the north and the eastward, until they now threaten the capital of China. Indeed it is far from improbable that it is by this time in their hands. The remarkable success which has hitherto attended the operations of the rebels proves, beyond all doubt, that they are skilfully directed, and we

now learn with surprise that their leaders are men ~~not of the sword~~ but of the pen. A small knot of disappointed *litterateurs*—and the fact is significant of the age in which we live—are at the head of the movement which threatens to overturn the present dynasty of China, and to change the entire aspect of that mysterious country. Literature, we all know, is the most honoured of all pursuits in the celestial empire, and it appears that certain defeated candidates for distinction and emolument in that profession conceived the bold design of avenging their supposed wrongs by revolutionising the Government which had ignored their merits. This wild and seemingly desperate enterprise they have all but accomplished. In spite of the martial efforts of the Imperialists, and the fierce proclamations in the *Pekin Gazette*, written, as they purport to be, with the Emperor's own "vermilion pencil," the rebels were, by the latest accounts, in possession of the second city of China, and were preparing to march upon the capital whenever "a mandate from heaven" should direct them to proceed.

Religion is a powerful element in the present movement, perhaps the most powerful of all, and the insurgent chiefs have availed themselves of it with consummate skill. Their leader not only claims to be the true descendent and representative of the ancient royal line of China, but he appears also as the prophet and the teacher of a new faith. That faith is Christianity, not in its pure form, but adopted to the exigencies of its propagators, and to the prejudices of the people to whom it is addressed. The adventurous chief who has embarked on this extraordinary mission is the claimant not only of the imperial crown of China, but of universal empire. Even the "great but distant English nation" owe him, according to the doctrines of his adherents, some undefined species of allegiance. The accounts respecting the age and personal appearance of this important personage vary considerably. All agree that he is named Taeping; but while the British authorities represent him to be a youth of two and twenty, the most recent French writers inform us that he is a man of martial aspect, with sunburnt features, and about forty years of age. We may add, that as no European appears to have seen him, we cannot place implicit reliance upon either of these descriptions. The only characteristic trait of the insurgent chief which we can glean from the papers that have been lately presented to Parliament on the subject of the civil war in China is, that although he proclaims himself a Christian, he betrays a truly Turkish jealousy of the ladies of his suite. Even to look upon any of them is a crime to be punished with instant death. This capricious and most arbitrary law, which occurs in the very midst of a series of proclamations all breathing the purest Christian philanthropy, proves that he at least holds out no bright

example of self-denial or charity to his adherents. And yet this licentious leader does not hesitate to proclaim himself to be a younger brother of the Saviour of mankind, who has been sent by the Divine Author of his being to conquer and convert the three hundred millions of idolaters who dwell within the circle of the great China wall.

The Governor of Hong Kong, Sir George Bonham, informs us that there is no doubt as to the true origin of this remarkable adventurer. In a despatch to Lord Clarendon, dated the 6th of May last, he says :—" There was little attempt at mystery as to Taeping's origin on the part of the insurgents. It was admitted by several parties that he was a literary graduate of the Canton province, who, being disappointed in his literary honours, took to what the Chinese are in the habit of calling ' strange doctrine ;' that is, he studied the missionary tracts, copies of which were procured, there can be little doubt, from the late Dr. Gutzlaff's mission."

This is literally all that we know of the leader of the Chinese insurrection. Next in rank to him, but claiming neither royal nor divine descent, there are four princes, one for each quarter of the compass, and a fifth, who is styled Assistant Prince. Under these chiefs there are a host of subordinate officers of different grades, most of them natives of the same province, with their leader, and who have followed his various fortunes since he first set up the standard of rebellion. The contest was for some time regarded with but little interest by the representatives of the European powers in China, but the advance of the rebels upon Nankin at length obliged them to take precautions for the safety of the lives and property committed to their care. A detachment of the insurgent force appeared before that city on the 11th of March last, and the Imperialist troops entrusted with its defence seem to have fled at the approach of the enemy without the faintest attempt at resistance. On the fall of Nankin a species of Government was established by the rebels, and the most interesting of the papers before us consists of accounts of various interviews, in that place, between the British authorities and the insurgent chiefs. The following is an extract from the description of a meeting between Mr. Interpreter Meadows and two of the rebel princes.

" On the 27th of April, 1853, I, in conformity with instructions, landed, accompanied by Lieutenant Spratt, and requested to be conducted to the highest authority to whom immediate access could be obtained. After about half an hour's walk, led by one or two volunteer guides, and surrounded by numbers of the insurgent troops, we were stopped in front of a house in the northern suburb. Our attendants here ranged themselves in two rows, forming an avenue of ten or fifteen yards in length from the door of the house



to ourselves. Two persons, clothed in yellow silk gowns and hoods, then appeared at the threshold, and the soldiers about called upon me to kneel. This I refused to do, but advanced, and uncovering, told the two persons that I had been sent by Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary to make inquiries and arrangements respecting a meeting between him and the chief authorities at Nankin. As they retreated into the house without giving any reply, while the summons to kneel was being continued, I, after recommending that gentleman to disregard the requisition, deemed it advisable to follow the chiefs without awaiting invitation. I accordingly entered the house, and advancing to the spot where they had seated themselves on the *only two chairs in sight*, again informed them of the purpose for which I had come. Before I had well finished I heard scuffling and angry shouting at the door behind me, and the chiefs crying out *Ta* (beat); two or three of their armed followers commenced beating the man who had been most prominent in guiding us there. One of the chiefs, whom I subsequently ascertained to be known as the Northern Prince, then asked if I worshipped 'God the Heavenly Father?' I replied that the English had done so for eight or nine hundred years. On this he exchanged a glance of consultation with his companion (the Assistant Prince), and then ordered seats to be brought. After I and my companion had seated ourselves, a conversation of considerable length ensued between myself and the Northern Prince, the first in rank of the two; the other, the Assistant Prince, listening and observing attentively, but saying nothing to me directly, and only making a short remark when looked to or addressed by his superior."

The conversation appears to have turned chiefly upon religious topics, and the Prince stated that as children and worshippers of one God mankind were all brethren. He then inquired whether his guest was acquainted with the "Heavenly Rules." Mr. Meadows says:—"I replied that I was most likely acquainted with them, though unable to recognise them under that name, and, after a moment's thought, asked if they were ten in number. He answered eagerly in the affirmative. I then began repeating the substance of the first of the Ten Commandments, but had not proceeded far before he laid his hand on my shoulder in a friendly way, and exclaimed: '*the same as ourselves! the same as ourselves!*' while the simply observant expression on the face of his companion disappeared before one of satisfaction, as the two exchanged glances. He then stated, with reference to my previous inquiry as to their feelings and intentions towards the British, that not merely might peace exist between us, but that we might be intimate friends. He added we might now

at Nankin, land and walk about where we pleased. He recurred again and again, with an appearance of much gratitude, to the circumstance that he and his companions in arms had enjoyed the special protection and aid of God, without which they could never have been able to do what they had done against superior numbers and resources; and, alluding to our declaration of neutrality and non-assistance to the Mantchoos, said with a quiet air of thorough conviction: 'It would be wrong for you to help them; and what is more it would be of no use. Our Heavenly Father helps us, and no one can fight with him.' In reply to my inquiries respecting Taeping, the Prince of Peace, the Northern Prince explained in writing that he was the 'true Lord or Sovereign—that the Lord of China is the Lord of the whole world—he is the *second son of God*, and all the people in the whole world must obey and follow him.'" To this extravagant claim the British envoy made no reply. He subsequently had interviews with several other of the insurgent chiefs, and even with the second in point of rank, who condescended to come on board the British steamer, which carried the Governor of Hong Kong and his suite to Nankin. But throughout the whole of these transactions the rebel leader remained invisible.

On the day following the interview to which we have referred, a despatch was addressed by the chiefs to Sir George Bonham, as representing "the great English nation," who remained on board the steamer *Hermes*, without landing at Nankin as he once contemplated. We subjoin an extract from this document, as both the matter and the style may prove interesting to many of our readers. We have read many European state papers much less clearly and forcibly expressed. After stating that their chief had obtained the decree of Heaven to assume the government of the Empire, the authors of this epistle proceed:—"We humbly conceive that when the will of Heaven is fixed, man cannot oppose; and when views and feelings are correct, corrupt imaginations cannot prevail; hence it is that honest birds select the tree on which they roost, and that virtuous ministers choose the sovereign whom they intend to serve. But alas, these false Tartars have displayed their unruly dispositions in fraudulently depriving us of our lawful patrimony; at home they have injured the subjects of our state, and abroad they have warred against foreign states. On a former occasion your honourable nation, with upright views, marched into our territory, for which you doubtless had good and sufficient reason; but the impish Tartars opposed your entrance, which the inhabitants of China viewed with displeasure; but now our royal master has received the command of Heaven to punish offenders, to show kindness to foreigners, and *harmonise them with*

*the Chinese, not restricting commercial intercourse, nor levying transit duties on merchandise* while he leads forward his martial bands, to the number of hundreds of myriads, overcoming every opposition; from which it is clear that both Heaven and men unite in favouring his design. But these fiendish Tartars, finding their strength gone, and their resources exhausted, have attempted to drive on your nation to exert themselves on their behalf, unabashed by the recollection that on a former occasion, when matters went easily with them, they made it their business to oppose you, and now when they are in extremities, they apply to you for succour, wishing to set our two nations at variance, in order to avail themselves of any advantage arising therefrom. This we presume, is already seen through by you. If," continues the despatch, "you still wish to lend your aid to the fiendish Tartars, and regardless of the old grudge which you have against them, willingly allow yourselves to be infatuated by their roguish and stupid tricks, we wish that you would return an answer to that effect that we may know your intentions," &c.

In explanation of this manifesto, we may state that after the fall of Nankin urgent applications for aid were made by the Chinese authorities to the British Consul at Shanghai, and to the Governor of Hong-Kong. To these representations it was replied wisely, but we fear not truly, that it was a fixed rule of British policy to abstain from all interference in the intestine quarrels of foreign states, and that the English would therefore remain perfectly neutral in the contest. A message to the same effect was conveyed to the insurgent chiefs at Nankin, and we sincerely hope, though we can hardly believe, that this prudent determination may be maintained. The history of our progress in the East abounds with similar instances of wise resolutions suddenly broken through causes too various to enumerate.

The fact of these repeated solicitations having been made to the British authorities, would lead us to conclude that the Government of Peking is far from confident as to the result of the struggle. As to the resources at its command, we have no means of forming a correct opinion, but the progress of the rebellion would lead us to infer that they are inferior upon the whole to those of their opponents. Sir George Bonham estimates the number of regular troops in the insurgent camp at not more than 30,000; but he supposes that volunteers and camp followers swell their numbers to upwards of 100,000. Of these 30,000 had been left in possession of Nankin at the date of the latest despatches, while the remainder of the force had proceeded northward in the direction of the Chinese capital. The main body of the rebels, it was supposed, had taken up their position at the confluence of the Yellow River with the grand canal, about four hundred miles distant from Peking,

whence an Imperial army was hastening to oppose them under the command of a prince of the reigning family.

Upon the issue of the encounter which was expected, and which has probably by this time taken place, the destinies of China appear to hang. And we may observe with reference to this point, that although the British authorities have very wisely and properly declared their intention to observe the strictest neutrality throughout the contest, it is impossible not to perceive that their sympathies are with the insurgents. Nor is it by any means difficult to account for this. When we consider the serious annoyances and obstructions to which our commerce has from time immemorial been subjected at the hands of the rulers of China, we need not be surprised that the possible advent to power of a dynasty which promises to open up this immense country to European enterprise, is viewed with secret satisfaction. Nor can we lose sight of the great and interesting fact that the religion professed by the followers of Taeping is Christianity, and that, in the event of their success, a new and boundless field for missionary exertion will be immediately opened up. China, in short, which has for so many centuries remained a sealed book to the rest of mankind, promises at length to reveal her hidden wonders. It would be idle to speculate on the results of a revolution of which history contains no parallel, but from the liberal tone of the addresses to our countrymen by the insurgent chiefs, especially as regards the removal of obstructions to commerce, we are entitled to assume that in the event of their success important changes will be effected in the foreign relations of the country which are likely to prove highly beneficial to British interests.

We have said that the religion professed by the insurgents is Christianity, but we must not at present form too sanguine anticipations upon this important point. We do not yet know how far the acknowledged leader of the insurrection is sincere in the faith of which he claims to be the living representative upon earth, nor have we as yet any means of ascertaining the degree of belief in his divine character with which this enterprising impostor has inspired his followers. The audacious assumption that he is the second son of God must startle every true believer, and convince us that he is both a false prophet and an unscrupulous adventurer. If we had any doubts upon these points, the following extract from one of the insurgent publications, which professes to furnish a history of the past life of the rebel chief, must entirely remove them. The passage is translated literally from the original:—

“For the last 700 years people have lost the knowledge of God, on which account God in his displeasure sent his son into the world” (the insurgent chief Taeping is here meant), “first, to study the Classics, and then, in the year 1837, took him up into

Heaven, where he instructed him in celestial matters; having thus taught him he gave him books and doctrines. God likewise gave him a seal and a sword, with power and might irresistible. He also commanded him, with the elder brother, even Jesus, to exterminate fiendish influence, having an angel to assist him. The powers of Hell and principally that old serpent the Devil, viewed this undertaking with envious eye; but God, with a high hand, caused his son (the chief) to prevail over the demons. After the conquest of the devils he ascended again to Heaven, where God bestowed upon him great authority. His celestial mother was merciful and gracious, noble and beautiful beyond compare. The heavenly sister his wife, was clever and thoughtful, and constantly exerted her brother (the chief is here meant) to ease and cheerfulness. God has now appointed his son to endure for ever, to scatter demoniacal influences and display his power and might; also to judge the world, and to apportion the righteous and the wicked to Heaven and Hell. Heaven thus interferes and takes the superintendence of affairs, so that all the people in the world may come and acknowledge his sovereignty."

Such are the extravagant pretensions of the rebel chief. We are bound, however, to admit, that setting these aside, the doctrines promulgated by his followers inculcate, generally speaking, the purest Christian morality. These are contained in a series of pamphlets, some of which are pronounced by the interpreters as being sufficiently orthodox even for Missionary purposes. The strict observance of domestic duties is particularly insisted upon in these publications, and we cannot help contrasting the pure precepts which they contain with the apparently unlimited license practised by their chief teacher. "Questionable though it be," says the Rev. Dr. Medhurst, "the form of Christianity which the insurgents profess is far better than the stupid idolatry hitherto practised by the Chinese;" and with this sentiment it is impossible not to agree. It is a step, and an important one, in advance, and we trust that it may eventually lead to the knowledge and the practice of the true religion throughout the most extensive empire in the world.

Should the Imperialists prevail in the struggle, we fear the consequences may prove extremely detrimental to the interests of our countrymen. It will not be forgotten that aid was sought from us in vain at a time of desperate need, and that to all appearances our sympathies were with the insurgents. Their religion, too, will be regarded as identical with our own by the authorities at Peking, and it is but too probable that our commercial intercourse with China will be clogged with restrictions more oppressive than those which now check its progress. In the meantime we cannot but commend the wisdom of Sir G. Bonham in strictly abstaining from all active interference with the combatants on either side.

# THE RIVAL COUSINS;

OR, MOTHER AND SON.

BY THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "KARAH-KAPLAN; OR, THE KOORDISH CHIEF," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER VII.

LORD ROCKFOREST RECEIVES A MOST UNEXPECTED VISIT FROM  
MESSRS. RICHARD FOWLER AND ROBERT FITZVILLIERS.

ON a lovely afternoon, towards the end of the month of May, Lord Rockforest was seated at the window of a villa looking upon the Thames, a couple of miles above Richmond. The room occupied by the young nobleman was furnished in the most elegant and luxurious manner; the boudoir, indeed, of the most finished Parisian *petite-maitresse*, would have lost by the comparison. Nor was this magnificence confined to a single apartment; for money had been expended with a most lavish hand, guided, however, with the most perfect taste upon both the interior and exterior of the building, which, although small, was the *ne plus ultra* of a cottage *ornée*. It was situated in the centre of a delicious flower-garden of nearly an acre in extent, and surrounded on all sides by a paling, within which was planted a hedge of laurels, so thick as to intercept the view from the ground-floor windows on every side, excepting that looking on the river.

It was, indeed, exactly the spot which a newly-married couple of romantic disposition would have selected to pass the remainder of their life; or, in other words, the honeymoon.

As we have already observed, the month of May was drawing to its close; and the summer not having set in with its usual severity, a soft balmy air pervaded the atmosphere, refreshing with its fragrant breath the fevered forehead of the noble proprietor of the villa.

Although, to a superficial observer, Lord Rockforest would have appeared absorbed in the contemplation of the charming scenery before him, his thoughts were far away, or, more strictly speaking, as will be soon perceived, a short distance off. Ever and anon he cast a hasty glance at a clock of Sevres china, which stood on the mantle-piece; while, at the same time, an expression of impatience passed over his countenance as he marked the hour.



"Half-past four!" he at length exclaimed, rising from his chair, and pacing the room. "By Jove, if that fellow Dyson has made any mistake, I'll discharge him."

And again he resumed his seat.

Just as the time-piece was striking the three-quarters, the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching.

"At length," cried Lord Rockforest, as his features were lighted up with unusual animation, "at length she comes."

After the lapse of a few minutes, the door was opened by an old woman-servant, and Miss Delamere entered the room.

"Where is Lady Rockforest?" she inquired, after returning the nobleman's salutation. "I expected to find both her ladyship and Miss Hallidon here."

"Is Lady Rockforest returned from her drive?" inquired the viscount of the servant.

"We are expecting her ladyship every moment, my lord," was the answer.

"In the meanwhile, Miss Delamere," said the nobleman, "pray be seated. I trust by this time," he continued, "that you are entirely recovered from your late illness?"

"You are very kind, my lord," returned Blanche; "I am happy to say that my visit to the country has completely restored me, and I now feel as strong as ever."

"The air about Richmond is peculiarly healthy," observed Lord Rockforest, "while few spots in England can boast of such attractive scenery. I presume, Miss Delamere, that you would have no objection to reside here altogether?"

"I was brought up in the country, my lord, and naturally prefer it to London, or any other large town."

"I do not wonder at your taste," said the nobleman; "for I, myself, when I was first launched upon the wide ocean of London, pined for the picturesque hills of my native county. But might I ask you what you think of this villa? Although smaller than that belonging to my mother, it is, in my opinion, far more tastefully arranged. How do you like this room?"

"It is, indeed, beautiful," returned Blanche.

"There is not a chamber in the villa that is not equal to this saloon; pray allow me to act as your cicerone until my mother's return, and to have the pleasure of showing you the house."

With these words the viscount rose, and, followed by Miss Delamere, proceeded over the villa.

The nobleman and the young girl having mounted a marble staircase, entered a room situated just above the saloon, and the window of which, like the one below, overlooked the river.

This chamber was the perfection of luxury and good taste com-

bined; the walls were hung with tapestry of white silk and gold; the ceiling, also, was covered in the form of a tent top, with the same rich materials. On the mantle-piece, which was of Roman pavement, stood a magnificent French clock, flanked on either side with beautifully worked chandeliers; bronze ornaments most delicately chased covered the *gueridon* and other tables; and exotics of the rarest kind, growing in cases artistically constructed of bamboo, sent forth the most exquisite perfumes through the boudoir.

"What do you think of this room?" inquired the nobleman, fixing his eyes upon the countenance of his companion.

"It is, indeed, beautiful," said Blanche, "and as tasteful as sumptuous."

"Would you dislike being the possessor of such a place?" inquired Lord Rockforest.

"It is so very unlikely," returned Miss Delamere, smiling, "that I should ever have such a residence that the wish could not possibly enter my imagination."

"Miss Delamere, you are too modest," said the viscount; "this villa is but a humble cottage in comparison to the palace that ought to call you its mistress."

There was an expression in the tone of Lord Rockforest's voice as he pronounced these words, that caused a sense of uneasiness to come over Blanche, and turning away from the speaker, she moved towards the door.

"Lady Rockforest will arrive directly," she observed, "and I ought to be down stairs to receive her."

"One instant, Miss Delamere," cried Lord Rockforest; "I have something of the utmost importance to say to you. Nay, listen to me, though but for a few minutes, loveliest of women," he continued, as Blanche's countenance gave most unequivocal signs of astonishment, "while I tell you that I love—adore you."

"My lord!" exclaimed Blanche, indignantly.

"O do not start and look so angry," cried the nobleman; "for what I have done has been through adoration of you."

With these words he grasped her hand, which Blanche hastily drew away, and then sprang towards the door.

It was locked; for on entering the room, Lord Rockforest had turned the key unperceived by the young girl.

"What is the meaning of all this, my lord?" said Blanche, sternly. "I must insist upon your opening the door instantly, or I shall call for assistance."

An almost imperceptible smile played over Lord Rockforest's face, as the young girl gave utterance to this menace.

"Before I comply with your wishes," he said in a gentle voice. "you must listen to what I have to say."

"Not a word, not a syllable," cried Miss Delamere, attempting to force open the door; "my lord, if you are a gentleman, you will not detain me a moment longer."

"Miss Delamere," exclaimed the nobleman, speaking in the most impassioned manner, "you must pardon my not obeying your commands in this instance, for my love, my ardent love, must prove my excuse. Yes; I love you as man never yet loved woman; I have loved you ever since I first beheld you."

Blanche did not stay to listen to these words, but hastening to the fire-place, she put her hand upon the bell handle.

"Unless your lordship opens the door instantly," she said, "I will ring."

"'Twill be useless, Miss Delamere. This villa is mine, and all its inmates are devoted to me. Pray pardon me, dearest girl, the innocent stratagem which has caused you to grace this abode."

"What mean you, my lord?"

"Will you listen to me calmly for a few minutes, while I explain all?"

In answer to this appeal, Miss Delamere proceeded to ring the bell with all her force.

No one answered the call. Again and again she rang; the same issue followed.

"Lord Rockforest," exclaimed the young girl, bursting into tears, "this conduct is unworthy of a man of honour. I now see through all that has occurred; the carriage I met while walking in the grounds of Lady Rockforest's villa, and which the driver, your servant, informed me had been sent by her ladyship's order, was evidently a snare to lure me hither."

"I must plead guilty to your accusation," returned the nobleman with a smile; "there are, however, extenuating circumstances in my favour; for your beauty, your grace, your accomplishments have driven me nearly mad with love. You must, you shall listen to me," he added. "You have seen this villa; say but one word, and it, the surrounding grounds and all they contain shall be yours. Say that word, dearest Blanche—say that you will try to love me."

As the nobleman spoke, Miss Delamere cast her eyes towards the window, and she perceived a skiff ascending the river, just opposite the house. She darted forwards, and hastily throwing up the sash before the nobleman could prevent her, screamed out, "Help! Help!"

Blanche's cry for succour was heard by the occupiers of the skiff.

"I say, Bob!" said the steerer, "did you hear that cry?"

"Yes!" returned his companion, resting on his skulls, "and I also saw her face, and am certain she is—"

"Our fellow-traveller in the York Union."

"Exactly so!"

"Whom they are murdering upstairs in that house?"

"Or, at any rate, ill-treating."

"Bob!"

"Dick!"

"Are you a man?"

"I should hope so!"

"Then —"

"Then, what?"

"Let us land and knock at the door."

"But if they refuse to open; which is more than probable?"

"In that case we must take the liberty of opening for ourselves."

"Hum!"

"Any how we can call for the police."

"The police—here—in the country?"

"At least, we can get some reinforcement, for this affair looks suspicious."

"Well, pull to shore."

And with these words, Messrs. Richard Fowler and Robert Fitzvilliers, for such were the occupiers of the skiff, leaped on shore, and hastening towards the front doors of the villa rang the bell.

Several minutes elapsed without any answer being made to the call. Again and again did they ring, and in addition, proceeded to beat a peal against the panels, loud enough to have awakened a dead man from his slumbers.

At length a window on the first floor opened and a man's face appeared.

"What on earth are you kicking up such an infernal row for?" said the owner of the face, who was no other than Dyson.

"We want to see the master of the house," returned Fowler.

"Master's not at home."

"Who then is ill-treating that young lady, up-stairs?"

"What young lady?"

"You know very well whom I mean!"

"There is no young lady in the house," surlily responded the valet.

"We have eight proofs to the contrary. Our four eyes, and our four ears, and, in consequence, if you do not at once open the door we shall break it open."

No sooner had the comedian given utterance to this menace,

than the muzzle of a double-barrelled pistol appeared at the window.

"Only just try to do it, my fine fellows!" cried Dyson, sarcastically, "that's all."

Messrs. Fowler and Fitzvilliers backed a pace or two on perceiving the hostile weapon; the former, however, instantly recovering his courage, turned to his companion.

"Bob!" he said, in a loud voice, "just start off towards those houses on the hill and tell the inhabitants that murder is going on here. I'll stay till you return."

His companion had already made several steps in the direction pointed out, when a voice from the interior of the villa caused him to halt.

"Open the door," said the voice, "and let the fellows in." In a few minutes the two actors were ushered into the drawing-room, where they found Lord Rockforest seated in an easy-chair, with his back to the window.

"What is the meaning of this insolence?" he exclaimed. "Are you aware, that if I choose I can have you both sent to gaol?"

"Our apparent intrusion," returned Fowler, somewhat taken aback by the nobleman's self-possessed demeanour, "was occasioned by the appearance of a lady, personally known to us, at a window on the first floor."

"Well, and what of that?" cried Lord Rockforest. "Cannot I look at the river without every babbling idiot that passes taking upon himself to make a disturbance at my house door?"

"But the lady cried out for help," insinuated Mr. Fowler, "and in such a case it is the duty of all who call themselves Britons, to afford aid and assistance; 'For he that layeth his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness is a wretch, whom it were gross flattery to call a coward!'"

"The age of chivalry is past," said the nobleman, with a sneer, perceiving, by the quotation, what was the speaker's calling, "excepting, perhaps, in the mind, of some strolling mountebanks, who dignify themselves with the name of dramatic artists."

This sarcasm raised the choler of the actors to its highest pitch.

"We are no mountebanks!" exclaimed Fitzvilliers, in an angry tone, "but two honest Englishmen, who have chosen the stage as a profession, and do not consider themselves humiliated thereby."

"Pardon me, my good man," observed Lord Rockforest, "are you come here to have a dissertation on the drama, for if so, I must request you to call when I am not engaged, there is the door, gentlemen?"

"We shall retire as soon as we have had an explanation concerning the young lady up-stairs," sturdily responded Mr. Fowler.

"Do you unite the profession of Bow-street runner with that of actor, Mr. What's-your-name?" said the Viscount.

"No, sir," returned the actor, "but I know enough of law to be aware, that when murder or violence have been committed any one may arrest the felon; and such being the case, unless we receive a proper explanation of the late scene upstairs, one of us will remain here, while the other proceeds to Richmond for a couple of constables and a warrant."

An expression of impatience passed rapidly over Lord Rockforest's countenance.

"Do you know who I am?" he exclaimed, rising angrily from his seat.

"No," was the answer, "but that will not hinder my finding my way back here with the constables."

"To prevent any mistake," said the nobleman, "tell the magistrate to whom you apply for a warrant, that the owner of this villa is Lord Rockforest, and that I am that owner, accused of I don't know what, by a tattermation of an actor—go, sir, pray do not let me detain you; your friend can remain here until your return."

The calm sarcastic tone in which these words were spoken had a visible effect upon the two young men, and it was in a much more submissive tone than the one he had hitherto used that Mr. Fowler addressed the Viscount.

"My lord," he observed, "I beg pardon if I have offended, but really your lordship must own, that when one sees and hears a lady at a window crying out for help, one naturally cannot help imagining something extraordinary to have happened."

"You are not wrong in your surmises," returned Lord Rockforest, much less haughtily than before, "and I do not disapprove of the sentiment that has prompted you and your friend to act as you have done; and as you now choose to couch your language in a more respectful strain, I shall do you the honour of explaining the mysterious spectacle you witnessed just now."

On hearing these words Mr. Fowler gazed with a surprised air at his companion, and exclaimed:—

"Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
I thought that all things had been savage here;"

"My lord, I trust you will, considering the circumstances, excuse whatever we may have said that we ought not."

"The lady you perceived and heard just now," continued the Viscount, "and whom you assert to be personally known to you."

"We travelled with her in the coach," observed Fitzvilliers.

"In the York Union, which took her up at Scarthington last January," added the nobleman, with admirable presence of mind.



"Exactly so," returned both the young men, evidently taken aback.

"That lady is under the especial care and protection of my family," continued Lord Rockforest, "in consequence," here his voice appeared to falter, "in consequence, poor child," here he wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, "of a malady with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict her."

"A malady!" echoed the two actors.

"The most terrible by which mortal can be visited—her reason is gone."

"What, mad?"

"Yes, mad, irrevocably mad," said the Viscount; "her father was so before her."

"How dreadful!" cried Fitzvilliers. "So beautiful a creature, and who appeared so sensible when she travelled with us."

"It is but very lately that she has been in this melancholy state," observed the nobleman, "which was brought on by a disappointment in love."

"Poor girl!" cried Mr. Fowler.

"She speaks much of her father; says she hears  
There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats her heart;  
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense."

"You have described her state more perfectly than any words of mine," replied Lord Rockforest. "Yes, poor Blanche is mad." And the nobleman hid his face in his hands.

"Pray pardon our intrusion, my lord," said Fitzvilliers, "for we were utterly unaware of this state of affairs."

With these words he bowed, and was retiring with his friend, when a noise, as of a door bursting violently open, was heard upstairs.

"Damnation!" cried the Viscount; "she has broke loose." The noise increased, footsteps were heard descending the staircase.

At this moment Dyson entered the room pale and breathless.

"She is coming down stairs, my lord," he cried. The words were hardly out of his mouth, before Blanche entered the room.

No sooner did she perceive the two actors, than, although she did not at once recognise them, she ran towards them, and entreated them to protect her.

"Let me conjure you," she said, "to assist me to leave this house."

Lord Rockforest, unperceived by the young girl, gave a shrug and shook his head.

"Pray be calm, miss," said Fitzvilliers, "no one intends you any harm."

"What, are you in the plot, too?" exclaimed Blanche.

"There is no plot contemplated, miss," said Fowler, "pray, pray therefore be calm."

"What, no plot!" cried Miss Delamere, "when I have been lured hither under false pretences, exposed to insult, and deprived of my liberty. O let me entreat you, gentlemen, to assist me in quitting this house."

At this moment Miss Delamere, perceiving by the reflection of a mirror that Lord Rockforest was making signs behind her back and pointing to his forehead, the real state of the case was instantly impressed upon her mind.

"I see it all," she exclaimed in an agonised voice, "Lord Rockforest has made you believe that I am mad."

"Do not agitate yourself, I beseech you," observed Fowler, "pray, pray be calm."

"O yes! miss, pray be calm," added Fitzvilliers.

On hearing these words from those at whose hands she had expected to receive protection, Blanche threw herself upon a chair and burst into tears.

"Gentlemen!" whispered Lord Rockforest, "might I request you to take your departure, for your presence only serves to excite the poor girl's mind."

On receiving this invitation to retire, the actors, having saluted the nobleman, were moving towards the door, when Blanche took hold of Fitzvilliers' arm.

"I can assure you I am not mad," she said, "you are deceived by a cruel artifice; but," she added, gazing more fixedly upon the young men's countenances, "we have met before; yes, we travelled together in the coach from Scarthington last January."

"She speaks very sensibly for a mad woman," thought Fowler, "and cannot be very bad, as she recollects us."

What might have been the issue of Blanche's last appeal is uncertain, for at this moment a cabriolet drove up to the door of the villa.

"Arthur, by all that's infernal," cried Lord Rockforest.

With these words, he hastily quitted the room, leaving Blanche alone with the comedians.

"Bob," cried Fowler, addressing his companion, "I declare we have been humbugged, and I'll be bound the lady is no more mad than either you or I."

"O no!" said Blanche, fervently, who the moment she had heard Lord Rockforest pronounce the name of his brother, knew she was safe. O no! and here is one who will answer for my intellect."

As she spoke Colonel Hallidon entered the room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

BLANCHE RECEIVES ANOTHER DECLARATION OF A VERY  
DIFFERENT NATURE.

A VERY short time was required to inform the new comer of the events that had taken place, and to acquaint him with the conduct of his brother ; before, however, the account was brought to a close, the noise of wheels was heard without, and a carriage was seen driving rapidly from the villa.

"It is my brother," exclaimed the Colonel, "and I do not wonder at his hasty departure, for his breast would have been encircled with triple brass had he dared to face you, Miss Delamere, after what has occurred."

"He must, indeed," cried Fowler :

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted.  
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Hallidon, as the comedian brought his quotation to a conclusion, "allow me, in the name of Miss Delamere, to express my grateful feelings and admiration for your generous behaviour ; if I can be of any service to you, pray let me know."

"You can indeed do me a great service, sir," returned Fowler. "and at the same time be procuring for yourself an amusement not always within the reach of mortal man. You see, sir, my friend and myself are at present engaged at the Richmond Theatre ; next Monday is my benefit, and if you would do me the honour of patronising the performances, I should feel most proud."

"With the utmost pleasure, my dear sir," returned the Colonel, "and not only shall you have my patronage, but that of the officers of my regiment, the —th Dragoons, now quartered at Hounslow."

"You overwhelm me," said the comedian, delighted at the answer ; "is there anything in the world I can do to serve you in return ? Ply me, try me, prove ere you deny me, if you cast me off you blast me, never more to rise. By the by, is there any particular piece you would prefer ?"

"I leave the choice of the performances entirely to your discretion," replied Colonel Hallidon with a smile.

"In that case," said Fowler, "it shall be, let me see, ' Theatre Royal, Richmond, under the patronage of the Colonel and Officers of the —th Dragoons, and for the benefit of Mr. Fowler. On Monday next will be performed, the "Merchant of Venice"—

we stick up, you will perceive, for the legitimate — ‘*Shylock*, Mr. Fitzvilliers,’ my friend here; ‘*Gratiano*, Mr. Fowler. After which a comic song by Mr. Fowler; to be followed by the laughable afterpiece of “*Paul Pry* ;” *Paul Pry*, Mr. Fowler. After which a comic hornpipe by Mademoiselle Rosetta Luneville, of the Academie Royale, Paris, and Mr. Fowler. To conclude with the “*Sleepwalker* ;” the *Sleepwalker*, Mr. Fowler.’ What do you think of the bill of fare, sir, does it give satisfaction, or would you like something more ?”

“What you have mentioned will do admirably,” returned the Colonel, “and I am sure that we shall derive the utmost satisfaction from witnessing the performances of yourself and your friend.”

“You do me proud,” observed Fowler, with a low bow, “I am sorry, however, that you will only behold us upon the boards of a provincial theatre, for by rights we ought to be topsawying it at Old Drury or the Garden; but the jealousy of others has kept us in the background :

—— O my lord, beware of jealousy,  
It is a green-eyed monster.

As it is we will do our best to amuse the nobility, gentry, the public at large, and our friends in the humble temple allotted to the dramatic muse in the poor town of Richmond :

——— Richard appear,  
Richmond is hoarse with calling thee to arms.”

“Would you prefer the stage-box or a box in front ?”

“Whichever you consider the most suitable for my party and myself,” returned Colonel Hallidon; “as I have already observed, I leave everything entirely to your discretion.”

“And you will have no reason to complain,” said the comedian, pulling out a card; “there is my address, sir, in case you should change your mind and desire some alteration in the list of performances. Miss, I have the honour to bid you farewell; be assured that both my heart and hand are at your service, whenever you may choose to command them.”

After mutual interchanges of good wishes, the two actors proceeded to their skiff, and in a few minutes were seen rapidly descending the river.

That same evening Arthur Hallidon and Blanche might have been perceived walking in the grove behind Lady Rockforest’s villa. The sun had not long set, and a balmy softness pervaded the air. It was one of those evenings which seem expressly created for the purpose of affording two young lovers an opportunity of pledging their vows to each other.

It was evident from the manner and gestures of Colonel Hallidon, that he was attempting to persuade his companion to take some step to which she demurred.

"Blanche," he was saying, "I love you, as you well know, with a true, honourable love; I offer you my hand and name, and you refuse them; you cannot therefore love me in return."

"Nay, Colonel Hallidon," returned Blanche, "speak not so, for you well know the state of my heart and feelings, but at the same time you must be aware that my present position precludes all possibility of my listening to your proposal."

"And why," said Arthur, "should your position be a bar to our marriage?"

"Because the governess of Lady Rockforest's daughter can never be the wife of Lady Rockforest's son."

"Even granting, which I do not, that a governess is an inferior member of society, you, Blanche Delamere, can by no means be counted in the category, for you were not born to be a governess, but belong to an old, honourable family, with which the most ancient peer of England might form an alliance without derogating one iota in the estimation of that fraction of society which chooses to denominate itself the world."

"Anyhow, Colonel Hallidon, I can never be your wife without the sanction of your mother, and you so well know that she will never grant that sanction, that were I to accept of your generous offer, you would be forced to keep our marriage secret."

"But my mother has, in reality, no right whatever to forbid my following my own inclinations with regard to my marriage."

"The Bible commands us to honour our father and mother," observed Blanche.

"Yes!" returned Arthur, "to honour, that is the word, but there is nothing in the sacred writings which enjoins blind obedience to one's parents' will. A man is bound to honour the authors of his being, as long as they live, but as soon as he becomes of age he is responsible for and therefore master of his own actions, and has a right to do what he considers best, provided he transgress neither the law of God or man. I am aware that both in the present day, and in ages past, parents usurp and have usurped an authority to which they have no claim, and prevent their sons and daughters from following their inclinations in a case which most essentially concerns their happiness; and, alas, how much misery is caused by this interference, how few really happy marriages take place, how seldom is one united to the object of one's choice. Did parents but allow their children more liberty to act for themselves in the selection of a partner for life, how much anguish and heartbreaking would be spared to mankind."

Blanche answered not, for the force of this reasoning was so apparent that she could not find a word to oppose to it.

"Can you any longer refuse to accept of my hand," continued Colonel Hallidon tenderly, "now that I have proved to you my right to act according to my own inclinations."

"You have certainly that right," returned Blanche, "but at the same time I must still refuse; for to accept your proposal would be to ruin your prospects. Nay! do not attempt to alter my determination, for were you irretrievably to offend Lady Rockforest, and in the present case you would do so, it would be your ruin. O no! Arthur," she continued, with an impassioned warmth, "I love you too well to injure you. Let me entreat of you to leave me, and—" here her voice faltered—"to forget me."

"Never!" cried Colonel Hallidon, "for to me poverty with Blanche Delamere, is far preferable to unlimited wealth apart from her. You must, you shall be my wife. Nay, do not quit me; listen to me but a few minutes more—Blanche, Blanche—stay, I entreat you."

His words, his prayers were vain, at least for the time, for Blanche had hastened away and re-entered the house. She had flown, for she felt that were she to listen a moment more to her lover's persuasive accents, she could no longer refuse to accede to his wishes.

"Come what will," exclaimed Colonel Hallidon, as he left the spot, "she shall be my wife. I might search the world through and not find Blanche's equal."

END OF BOOK I.

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## THE FIRST TOUCH OF COLD ;

BRING

AN ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE FIRST BUDDING SYMPTOMS  
OF WINTER AS OBSERVABLE IN LONDON.

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BY HORACE MAYHEW.

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How nimble the first touch of cold makes everyone ! Cheapside is in a perfect trot—Fleet Street is in a state of double-quick march—and in the Squares you see heavy, prim people cutting off the corners in a brisk canter, who would be too proud to move off the pavement at any other time. The whole circulation of London is quickened. Butchers, with hands as red, and nearly as big, as some of the joints hanging before them, keep moving up and down in front of their shops with a rapidity and perseverance only to be surpassed by the white bear, that animated polar pendulum, who is always vibrating, as regular as clockwork, before the bars of his den in the Zoological Gardens. Old and young are all on the busy move, as if some one was behind them, pushing them on. Elderly persons shuffle their tottering way onwards, stamping the ground, like Balfe in the orchestra, when a fiddle goes wrong. The postman knocks twice as loud. Milkmen shriek out “Mi-i-ilk belooow !” with more than two-fold harmony, as though they were afraid of their watery wares getting frozen if they were kept waiting at the area-gate a single moment. Omnibus conductors dance with new life on their lofty brackets, the chill of which is taken off with a bit of straw. There is a greater acquisition of whistlers, too, in the street. There must be some secret charm in the act of whistling—it is always resorted to by persons who are very cold, and yet, strange to say, likewise resorted to by them when they have burnt their fingers. Little boys skip about, turning wildly round and round, and flourishing their arms, like those wooden figures we see put up as weathercocks on the roofs of suburban villas and beer-shops. The cold weather has endowed them with double their usual *gaminerie*, for somehow little boys, it would seem, are never so impudent as in frosty weather. Shabby-genteel persons, who have no gloves, go through a violent action of washing their hands in the street to keep them warm, and stop occasionally to blow upon their cold-bitten fingers, as if the heat was really too much for them. Cabmen sit frozen-like on their boxes, with their hands fixed in their large pockets, and their whips sticking through

their yawning elbows, the lash hanging lazily down like the line of an angler who has fallen half asleep.

The costumes in the streets are very characteristic. Everybody has been taken by surprise, and the consequence is you see a sad confusion of the seasons in the dresses of the multitude. They are half summer, half winter, only much more summery than wintery. Observe that poor young lady with her thin muslin dress, and a scarf so gossamery that it might be drawn through a wedding ring; how woefully pinched with the cold the latter seems, being drawn as tight as it can be round the lady's shoulders, as if it was endeavouring to keep itself warm by the mere closeness of contact. The same with all the kerseymere coats that are buttoned up close to the gentlemen's chins. How melancholy, too, that old, yellow-faced East Indian looks, who is hobbling across Hanover-square in a pair of nankeen trowsers, which the wind persists in blowing round his oriental legs! and that wretched Lascar, also, in his scanty bed-curtain attire—it makes you shiver to look at him!

The print shops are [now actually approachable, and you can admire, at your leisure, without fear of losing your pocket-handkerchief, or any material rib-injury, the numerous portraits of "The Duke," that libel him as great man was never libelled in a shop-window before, but fortunately all contradict one another. Punch, that veteran upholder of the legitimate drama, has a smaller audience round his portable theatre than usual; but his ever welcome nonsense (we often wonder who was the author of it?) is performed to the accompaniment of a small "tramp chorus" of chilly feet, as though his juvenile admirers were all practising, with one accord and one pair of boots, for the treadmill. Policemen are a shade more visible. They do not dawdle along, as though they were tired of dragging their uniform existence behind them, nor are they to be seen standing still, like stationary "Blue Posts," at the corners of streets and public-houses, but they actually walk a good active walk of, at least, three miles an hour, occasionally stopping in their rambles to tell an unfortunate apple woman "to look alive there, or else they'll soon make her," which, we are sure, is particularly kind of them on a day so cold as the present.

Coal cellars are guaged, and wraprascals and dreadnoughts, that have been slumbering for the last six months in out-of-the-way drawers, are suddenly pulled out of their beds, and receive a good shaking, in order to see if they will weather the severities of another winter; mysterious visits are paid "round the corner;" there's no knowing for what purpose, only the mysterious visitor generally returns more heavily laden than when he went out. Furthermore—and this incident may throw some little light on the darkness of the subject—a young medical student excites great

merriment at Guy's by appearing in public with a rough *paletot*, on which is pinned a curious pasteboard document that reveals the popular name of "JOHN SMITH." Slender clerks, with slender salaries and slender clothing, avoid thorough draughts; and aristocratic coachmen wake up their thirteen capes of great coats for the ensuing winter campaign.

Confectioners take down the sign of "ICES" from the window, and hang up "SOUPS" instead. Tailors rush about quite agitated for winter orders, and old bachelors get ready their flannel waistcoats and jars of cherry-brandy. Horses begin to look up their old shoes, and drop in at the nearest farrier's to get their last pair fresh soled and heeled. Handsome fronts are torn down from fashionable steel grates, and, like rejected MSS. (may my vanity always be spared such unflattering *auto-da-fés*!) fall paper-martyrs to the flames. Thrifty housewives, who only light their fires by the calendar, break through their resolutions for once, and allow their poor shivering husbands after dinner "a bit of coke"—that chilly substitute for a fire, that asthmatic Phoenix that rises from warm men's ashes. Troublesome, bothersome boys, who have no eyes for beauty, get rapped over the knuckles for using the Bright Poker. The "last fly of summer is left sticking alone" on the Italian fly-papers, that look for all the world like the back of a sheet of postage stamps that, in their ardour, were melting to run "On the Queen's Service;" and curiously-cut fly-catchers are pulled down from the ceiling. The big muslin bag is taken off the chandelier, and picture frames glitter again in all their golden glory. Long coal-waggons are busy all day long, shooting up, a horse at a time, from those perpendicular dark cellars called "courts" that line the Thames side of the Strand, and quite stop the traffic by the tight living chain they throw across the road. It is generally about this time that the City makes its annual election, for the Cold and the new Lord Mayor generally come in together; but we are further reminded of this interesting fact, by the glowing circumstance of the "Best Lord Mayor's" being advertised "cheaper than ever," and "screened" too; though as far as that goes, it is very doubtful whether there ever was a Lord Mayor yet who was hauled over the coals, but what he was sure to be "well screened." It is, also, about this period that you will observe peeping over the parlour blinds a number of anxious faces with violet noses flattened against the window, watching intently, with pencil on lip, the counting and weighing of the sacks. Take care how you walk; the pavements are quite dangerous from the quantity of iron plates that are left open to tempt little children, who will play at hoop, to shoot themselves, like a small hundred weight of coals, into them. Old peevish

gentlemen grumble at having to climb over the numerous Pyrenees of Wall's-end—a cockney chain of the Schwartz Mountains—that rear their high knubbly heads, in almost every street, from the railings to the kerbstone, and, at every fresh slip they make, they declare “it’s infamous!” and vow they’ll summons the master of the house, or else “they’ll know (and let us hope they will) the reason why.”

Muffs suddenly emerge from their tin hiding-cases. Boas and tippets are likewise released, and many are the lamentations of young ladies upon finding that what was a “lovely” sable last March is nothing better than a mangy bell-rope now; or, at the best, a dirty yard of mock sausages, only fit for a Christmas Pantomime—“It’s all those moths!” is the universal cry. Furriers are no less delighted than the tailors with the cold; and ferocious lions and leopards, with red morocco tongues, are seen to prowl at certain doorways in Regent-street, seeking whom they can devour. The streets are so clean they look as if they had been hearth-stoned. Maids-of-all-work, as they run for the beer, roll their hands up in their apron, and pin their crimson, mottled arms close to their sides to prevent their catching cold. Cutlers rub up their last year’s skates. Chemists put forth magic receipts for “chilblains;” and the fashionable footmen, with their dazzling silk calves all exposed, do not stand so upright on their footboards as they “used to was” (the expression is not ours, but belongs legitimately to a popular comedian, so “whatever is, is Wright’s”). King George the Fourth does not look very warm in Trafalgar Square; and you cannot help feeling an extra chill yourself as you notice the pitiable shift the poor Duke is left in opposite the Royal Exchange. The aquatic birds, also, in St. James’s Park, begin to think that the ornamental water is not much improved by the quantity of freeze-work, and the ducks patrol up and down the gravel walks, like a band of frozen-out gardeners. It fares very little better with the chilly canaries that are exhibited in drawing-room windows in bright brass cages—they roll themselves up to a large yellow worsted ball of unhappiness, and are so ruffled with the cold that they will not even console themselves with a pipe. Beggars are “remembered” a little more than usual, though the act of pulling off one’s glove in frosty weather is rather a drawback against charity, especially if the hand inside happens to be rather close-fisted, a manual defect that generally prevents a man putting his hand into his purse, when the opening happens to be as narrow as his own mind. But a humane person, who is hurrying home to a warm fire and a good dinner, cannot help thinking “Well, it cannot be pleasant to be out on a night like this—besides the cold sharpens the appetite, and, with a sharp appetite,

it must be terrible to have nothing to gratify it with"—and so in all likelihood, a beggar gets "a penny for his thoughts." The sum is not much, but if laid out with prudence and foresight, will purchase a great deal; for instance, as the advertisements tell us, you can get as many as "FOUR FIRES FOR ONE PENNY!" and yet lodging-house keepers will declare, as usual, that "coals never were dearer," and will have the impudence, doubtlessly, to charge young gentlemen in lodgings 3s. 6d. a-week for firing, and at a time, too, when many patriotic hyper-philanthropic people would set the Thames on fire for an infinitely less sum.

The cold has its comforts in the many happy contrivances it pinches one to resort to in order to keep it out. Amongst these, the fireside stands forward with the brightest glow, with the most cheerful warmth. It is the great centre of attraction then, when the family circle describes itself around the polished fender, and fat papas enjoy their "forty winks" after dinner, by the warm side of the mantel-piece, whilst their "good girls" give them a "little music." Elder wine is mulled once more; cards litter the table for many a round game, and little fortunes in coppers are lost and won again; or else the mother and sisters sit round the lamp, working with their needles silently, the silence being only broken by a demand now and then for the scissors or to pass the thread—whilst some good-natured rarity of a brother reads out the last new novel to them. Old gentlemen sit up rather late over their grog, baking their slippered feet on the fender, telling marvellous stories (for the hundredth time), of the days "when they were young," and are only got to bed by the housemaid making, for the third time, her appearance, in curl papers, at the door with the warming-pan in her hand.

On most natures the cold acts generously, inducing men from what they feel themselves, to think of the feelings of others. The poor-boxes of the different police-offices feel the benefit of this more and more as the cold season advances, and charities invariably recruit fresh subscriptions if they tap at men's hearts, when beating under the warmth of "an extra blanket." The cold may make a man close his door, but it is a question if it doesn't open his heart all the wider.

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## NOTES UPON AUSTRALIA.

## NATIVES.

The Aboriginal population of Australia exhibit as striking peculiarities as its animal productions. They are universally admitted by travellers to be most hideous specimens of humanity. The men have a profusion of long curly hair and high cheek bones; in build they are muscular and active, but without the stamina capable of enduring protracted exertion the same as a European constitution. The women are diminutive in stature, and wear the hair of the head clipped; short, sunken eyes, pointed chins, and prominent teeth rows are their chief peculiarities. Both sexes have distended nostrils, through the cartilage of which they usually thrust a piece of bone or reed as an ornament. The aspect of the women is, if possible, more revolting than that of the men, the physiognomy of some bearing a striking similitude to that of apes. They stoop exceedingly, produced from the practice of carrying heavy burdens. Children they strap to their shoulders, in which position the dinky Cupids can obtain the lactiferous fluid. They have very singular notions of beauty, for they scarify the back and loin, inserting underneath the skin pieces of charcoal the size of a bead; thus encased, these projections are esteemed personal adornments. In the settlements both sexes are obliged to wear a covering. Cast off clothing is highly prized, but a blanket, or opossum rug, is usually thrown over them. They live in what are termed "whirleys," which are fragile erections made of rushes or bark, disposed in a conical shape, and about the size of an oven. A brush fire is generally lit at the entrance, which fumigates the interior, consequently coatings of soot become engrained upon the skin, producing cutaneous eruptions, while lice freely multiply upon so genial a soil.

It is rather an amusing sight to see the native and his "lubra," or wife, attended by mangy curs, parading the streets of the Australian capitals. The male walks behind with a long wand in his hand, with which he occasionally taps the head of his wife when he wishes her to stop or turn in any direction; they are the mendicants of the country—the man solicits food, the weaker vessel carries it. A felonious disposition is the worst trait in the native character; their remarkable power of pedipulation is a serviceable agent to them, for any small article which excites their cupidity they can take up with the toe, pass it up the back, and then conceal it in the girdle. They are very shrewd, none can



detect a ridiculous trait quicker or more cleverly expose it than a native; a cast of the eye, stammering, or any peculiarity in the voice or attitude is caught up by them instantly and mimicked to perfection. As a body they are extremely averse to systematic labour, their laziness is almost as incredible as the endurance of the women. We have frequently met natives returning to their whirleys after a foraging expedition to the town, the wife staggering under a heavy load of supplies that would weigh down a donkey, whilst her spouse, attired in parti-coloured garments, would be coolly smoking a pipe and hurrying her on with a stick.

When one takes into consideration the harsh measures that attend the hymenials, the complete supremacy which these lords of creation exercise over their partners is not surprising. The mode of courtship is peculiar. At certain seasons of the year men who have had the front teeth knocked out, which is a sign of puberty, patrol the country in quest of "lubras." Some, to heighten their personal attractions, decorate the hair with kangaroo teeth, and likewise besmear the eyelash and cheek with red ochre or pipe-clay, while others, carrying dandyism still further, wreath the wild dog's bushy tail around their brows. Thus adorned, these worthies with clenched waddies pry inquisitively everywhere for comely damsels. At their approach the dusky beauties flee in dismay, when overtaken by their *inamoratos* a tap on the skull silences remonstrances, and they are carried off, like the Sabine women of yore, to the camp of the tribe. One night we had a case of the "unprotected female" under our window. The wench had secreted herself behind some boarding, from which retreat two suitors were trying to dislodge her; during the abductive attempts she set up a screeching sound, reminding me of a tiger-cat at bay, and after a vigorous resistance they succeeded in taking her captive. Polygamy is not universal, but the men can divorce themselves at their pleasure. The Sultan does not hold more despotic sway over his harem than the black savage over his dingy seraglio; the slightest provocation which may ruffle the temper of their lord and master brings down upon them condign punishment, and deep indentations of the skull are evidences of matrimonial broils. The native women attain puberty at an early age, they marry at thirteen, and are often mothers at fourteen, but the glow of their youth, like the day of their climate, passes suddenly away without twilight, for at thirty they are in the vale of life.

In their diet they are by no means fastidious—whales, horses, dogs, reptiles, grubs, roots, are alike palatable to them. Should cattle die, the natives hasten from all quarters to devour it. A dead hack is a gastronomic delicacy; stripping off the skin and amputating the limbs, they voraciously swallow putrid lumps, con-

voying the remainder home; but a dead whale is the *ne plus ultra* of edibles. When one is killed numbers hasten to the beach, pounce upon the offal, and cutting off lumps as large as they can convey, swim with it ashore, while others mount the carcass and slice off another cargo. The affair literally gets wind, some give information to their neighbouring friends whilst others carry huge pieces to their "lubras" upon their heads, putting out their tongues ever and anon as the delectable gravy melts downwards. Then is blackee in his element! no alderman of forty years, standing ever devoured green turtle with greater gusto than do these savages the *morceaux* of the whale, nor do they cease eating till nature is exhausted, when those that are able bury the remains, which are disinterred when appetite returns. It is asserted that they eat ants and even maggots, facts which might be questioned were it not for the indisputable nature of the testimony. Mr. Leigh gives a very graphic description of performances of this kind, which he witnessed:—

"I observed, as I walked along, that the natives frequently stopped and examined a tree, and then went on, I watched one of them, and found that he forced a little stick into a hole in the tree, whence he drew it two or three times, and sucked the end of it. I had little doubt that he had discovered wild honey, but resolving to ascertain the fact, I got a little twig resembling his, and used it as he did. When I withdrew it, I saw nothing on the end of it; yet not trusting to sight alone, I put it to my tongue, but it had no taste. Supposing therefrom that I had not guided the stick aright, I made two or three more attempts with as little success. My black squire was all the time watching my movements, and when he saw me suck the bare end of the stick and look so wise about it, he laughed to that degree, that he was unable to support himself. I now began to suspect that it was all a joke; but on seeing me turn to go away, he pulled me back, and was about to introduce his stick, when I discovered that it had a little fish-bone hooked at its end; and the reason he put it into his mouth appeared to be, to keep a bit of grass firm with which it was bound on. He now forced it as far into the tree as it would reach, and on withdrawing it, there was on the end an enormous maggot, nearly the size of my thumb. This proved to be the object of which he was in quest. He offered it to me, and I accepted it to put into my 'pot of preserves,' and off we both started.

"The chief amused himself by pushing down the dead young gum-trees, and searching at their roots for the aforementioned maggots, which he devoured with great gusto. Again, he would knock off a piece of bark from a tree, where my utmost scrutiny

could not detect anything, but where his penetrating eye discovered the abode of the maggots. Then was brought into play the little stick which drew the skulking caitiff forth."

Ants they take by the handful from their hills, and sifting the dust through their fingers, accumulate a ball of them in the palm which they bolt without compunction; this device is almost equal to that of the anteater who lays his tongue on the hillock and waits till it is covered. The vegetable kingdom does not afford them edibles so varied; the favourite root is an oxalis resembling a carrot and tasting like a cocoa-nut. It is discovered by its leaf and lies about seven inches under ground. Many Europeans who have been lost in the bush, might have existed had they known where to find this nutritious vegetable.

In cooking they display considerable ingenuity, opossum and roots undergo a curious culinary process. A hole is first dug in the ground in which are deposited heated stones, these are covered with moist leaves and twigs. On them is placed the opossum, over which is strewed another layer of leaves, finally surmounted with turf—the secret of its cooking being a condensation of steam. We have seen opossum thrown unskinned on to a fire, when singed taken off, the steaming entrails abstracted, thrown again on to the cinders and pulled out when imperfectly grilled, limbed to pieces and greedily devoured. Kangaroo is esteemed the choicest meat. It is somewhat similar in flavour to venison; the native mode of cooking it is very original. A steak wrapped up in a leaf is placed in the hollow of a stone, the surface of which is covered over with another. These stones submitted to the action of a strong fire become heated, thoroughly cooking the meat without the loss of its juice. There does not exist any indigenous vegetable from which spirit can be extracted, and the colonists are forbidden to supply them with fomented liquors. The natives, however, who are well acquainted with the nature of the sensations attending inebriety, obtain, as a substitute, old sugar bags or molasses casks, which, being steeped in water, produces a fermented liquor, and which, if taken in large quantities, affects the brain.

The denizen of the wilderness, who is solely dependent on his own energies in the chase, is a different being from the indolent race who loiter about the settlements, subsisting on occasional donations.

Major Mitchell gives an admirable description of an aboriginal in his native state, whom he saw during his expedition into the interior. "I observed," says he, "a native on the opposite bank, and, without being seen by him, I stood awhile to watch the habits of a savage man at home. His hands were ready to seize, his teeth to eat any living thing, his step was light and soundless as

that of a shadow, and gave no intimation of his approach ; his walk suggested the idea of a prowling beast of prey, every little tract or impression left upon the earth by the lower animals caught his keen eye, but the trees overhead chiefly engaged his attention ; deep in the hollow heart of some of the upper branches was still hidden the opossum on which he was to dine ; the wind blew cold and keenly through the lofty trees on the river margin, yet that brawny savage was entirely naked. Had I been unarmed I would much rather have met a lion than that sinewy biped ; but I was on horseback with pistols in my holsters, and a broad river was flowing between us from a high bank. I ventured to disturb his meditations with a loud holloa ; he stood awhile looking at me, and then fled with an easy bounding step, exhibiting that unrestrained facility of movement incompatible with dress of any kind."

The principal native weapons are the spear, club, boomerang, waddy, and shield. The spear is generally about five feet long, pointed with a jagged flint or emu bone ; to add greater velocity, the end of the spear is placed in the notch of a short stick called the waramerah, which gives it the impetus of a catapult. The boomerang is a flat curved piece of wood, about thirty inches long, the concave part being about half an inch thick, and the convex edge keen ; this weapon, thrown to a distance, will hit its object with unerring precision and return to the hand again. It cleaves the air with great velocity, and then describes a series of curves ; but the principle of its projection is a mathematical problem. The shield is circular, constructed of bark or rushes, intended for warding off spears. The waddy is about the size of an Irishman's shillalah ; one end is pointed, which is used for climbing trees. As they ascend, they make an incision in the bark for the toe, and another for the hand, and in this manner they will fearlessly ascend with the agility of a monkey, lofty and perpendicular trees, devoid of knots or branches. The waddy is likewise the weapon of honour. The duellists have a peculiar method of reparation. The challenger bows his skull to the other, who instantly inflicts a crack that would floor an ox, but which seldom unsenses the other. The challenger then presents his cranium, which receives a similar complement, and blows are mutually bestowed and received till the honour of either is satisfied.

The forests of Australia being not very abundant in game, and the native weapons inefficient, they are obliged to use the greatest dexterity in the capture of food, and are frequently subject to considerable privation. Kangaroo, banderoot, wombat, walloby, and opossum, may be considered their staple food. The latter animal is generally found in the hollows of trees, and to capture them the native will climb to a perilous height, trusting to the most fragile

branches as he steps from tree to tree, with a hardihood sufficient to make the spectator's blood curdle.

Kangaroo is either speared, trapped, or run down. The latter mode of capture tests severely the native stamina and skill in tracking; at the first onset the kangaroo leaps far a-head; the persevering hunter follows coolly in the track, allowing the fugitive no time for repose. The chase sometimes continues day and night, till the exhausted animal yields to the superior endurance of the human constitution. To obtain waterfowl, they cover their heads with rushes and wade unperceived in the water, till they come within reach of the unsuspecting birds, whom they suddenly immerse and fasten to the belt; in this manner they will secure a flock in succession ere they emerge from the water.

In catching land-fowl, such as turkeys, they exercise equal ingenuity. Procuring two long poles, to one they fasten an insect, to the other they attach a running noose of bark fibre, or sinew; shrouded in a moveable bush, they slowly approach, and ensnare the unsuspecting fowl when it seizes the bait. The tribes which dwell on the banks of the river Murray subsist mostly on fish, which they catch in nets of bark fibre, or with lines of bark; another favourite method is to stir up the mud, till the impurity of the water causes the fish to rise to the surface, when they are easily seized. Many of the women are without the two first joints of the forefinger of the left hand. This mutilation is attributed to the joints being in the way when handling the lines; others suppose that they are cast into the water as a propitiatory offering, that they may be successful in their piscatorial occupations. Fish nets are made of flax, which grows wild on the river banks.

In crossing rivers, they strip sheets of bark from the nearest trees, usually the bluegum, on which fragile material they will ferry across the widest inland channels in safety. Boats intended to serve for a longer period are made of larger sheets of bark, sown together with the sinews of animals, the ends filled up with clay.

The aborigines are very superstitious, but the substance of their creed is not distinctly understood. In some tribes they have wise men amongst them, who profess to control the wind and rain at pleasure, and likewise foretell events. Dreams are considered ominous. They suppose that death generally proceeds either from magic, or the loss of the kidney fat; and should they dream that the latter event has happened to them, they are apt to give themselves up to a fatal despondency. Their ideas of futurity are very crude; singular notions of resurrection are entertained by them. They say, "Lay down black fellow, jump up white fellow;" thereby implying the Platonic doctrine of transmigration. A friend of ours in an overland expedition had a novel adventure, originating

in this hypothesis. Passing an encampment of natives, he entered a whirley to light his pipe. Seated in a corner was a decrepid, toothless old woman, of unparalleled ugliness. On seeing him her dim eyes sparkled with a strange lustre, and raising herself from her recumbent position, before he could anticipate her intention, with a transport of passion, clasped his neck, uttering the tenderest epithets and caresses. Naturally disgusted, he extricated himself from her loathsome embraces, and then gathered from her that she took him to be her deceased son Rayjaub, who had crossed the water "white fellow," and ere he had time to retreat, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of both sexes, who claimed a relationship with him. As he stoutly denied this affiliation, the old woman proposed that he should take off his shoes and exhibit his feet, for her deceased son had a peculiar mark on his instep. To this mode of adjudication he willingly assented, when, to his astonishment, a scar on the foot was apparent. This was considered circumstantial evidence; and being some distance from the nearest settlement, he had no alternative but to affect acquiescence, and avail himself of the first opportunity for escape. The *lex taliones* is a chief feature in their criminal code; for any native found guilty of murder dies likewise. Spears are often thrown at him by the warriors of the tribe. The only protection allowed is a small shield, but by dexterity he sometimes avoids the darts intended for his destruction.

Their endurance of pain almost realizes one's notions of Spartan fortitude. During encounters they inflict wounds fatal to any but an aboriginal, but surgical cases they simply bandage with leaves trusting to their constitution for its efficacy.

On the death of relatives, to signify their bereaval, they bedaub themselves with paint, and likewise abstain for a period from washing, which can be no very great hardship, cleanliness being by no means habitual to them. Some tribes bury their dead; others burn them, or else make a wicker covering in which they enshrine the corpse and its worldly effects, suspending it from one tree to another; however much the deceased's property may be coveted, none dare commit sacrilege, lest the shadow of the departed should haunt them ever after. Infanticide is frequent, especially toward deformed children, and mothers, instead of giving their infants the benefit of Christian burial sometimes carry the corpse about with them, thus making their wallet a charnel depository. We saw one of these disgusting mummeries—the shrivelled picaninny might have been taken for a log of mahogany but for the abominable odour it emitted.

The aborigines rarely assemble together in any numbers for deliberative or other purposes, except at "Corroberys." It is con-



jectured that these night fetes, which happen at new and full moon, are dramatic entertainments, commemorative of the deeds of their forefathers. On such occasions large fires are made, and natives decorated with leaves enter the arena and commence a series of gyrations somewhat slow at first but gradually becoming more rapid and eccentric. The squaws, with bull's hides stretched over their knees, are seated in a circle, the beating of these hides produces a sonorous noise, and the guttural accompaniment adds to the clamour. The favourite *pas seul* of the dancers is placing the legs wide asunder and maintaining gravitation on the toes; as the dance proceeds the music becomes louder and the actors more excited, in springs and kicks eclipsing the Highland fling, while they meantime flourish spears and waddies, as if they proposed to inflict deadly wounds upon each other, till finally worked up apparently frantic, the scene resembles a Satanic revel enacted by imps of Hell.

The extensive tracts of country becoming occupied by settlers is gradually causing the natives to penetrate farther inwards in search of game for subsistence; but many still loiter about their ancient hunting grounds, endeared to them by early reminiscences. It is surmised that the race will ere long be extinct; those who reside near stations grow fat, but mostly cease propagation. The use of tobacco and spirits is very detrimental to their constitutions, but the introduction of the white man's diseases, and an inefficient mode of pharmacy is the chief cause of mortality. Dr. Johnson has said that much "might be done with a Scotchman if caught young." The different colonial governments have endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the aboriginies, and native schools have been instituted for the education of their children; but the seed of instruction has been sown on a stubborn soil, for when the pupils have attained the age of maturity they have mostly forsaken civilisation. Philanthropical measures have hitherto failed, and experience shows that it would be as difficult to wash out the dark dye of their skins as eradicate their naturally erratic propensities.

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## CORPORAL ROGERS'S YARN.

A LEGEND FOR THE MARINES.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

'Twas a moonlight night,  
The breeze was light,  
And the ship spread out her wings of white;  
And the waves of blue  
Their spray upthrew  
As over the surface the brave ship flew.

Yet it wasn't quite night, for the sun had just set,  
And a glimpse of his radiance was lingering yet  
Away in the west where he'd turned into bed,  
Donning his nightcap of fiery red.

It was just half-past six, or a few minutes later,  
And in latitude somewhere about the equator.  
The ship was a frigate, a seventy-four,  
The Bellerophon—such was the title she bore—  
But which Jack, who considered it rather a tough one,  
Despising the classics, pronounced Belli-rough'un.

The Captain had dined and was sipping his claret,  
With the Doctor and Second-Lieutenant to share it—  
The first "luff" was keeping his watch up above,  
Thinking of nauticals less than of love.  
Two or three Middies were lounging about  
Chaffing the bo'swain and "drawing him out,"  
And away on the forecastle deck were a few  
Of jolly old "Salts" in their jackets of blue—  
And here and there sprinkled among them was seen  
A red-coated, stiff-collared, pipe-clayed marine.

Of the latter class Corporal Rogers was one—  
A solemn-faced, steady-paced son of a gun—  
And in using this term I must beg to disclaim  
All intention of coarseness—I give but the name  
Which belongs to all men of the musket like Rogers,  
Who I've mentioned was one of the salt-water "sodgers."

The Corporal's height was five-feet nine,  
And his figure was reckoned remarkably fine  
By envious pirates and raw recruits  
As he stood in his regulation boots,  
For his waist went in and his chest stuck out,  
Creating a half suspicious doubt  
Whether Corporal Rogers a stomach possess'd,  
Or whether he wasn't all legs and breast.  
But the Corporal's shoulders were broad and square,  
And he carried them quite *à la militaire*,  
And his face was long and his hair was red,  
And cropped exceedingly close to his head.  
And his cheeks of whisker and beard were bare,  
And his eyes had a steady unchanging stare,  
And his heart was supposed to be as hard as a flint or  
As cold as a Highlander's legs in winter.

A different man was one Bill Swab,  
A short thick tar, with a small round "nob,"  
With a bristly crop on his cheeks and chin  
And no more waist than a rolling-pin ;  
And legs that were capital legs to go  
But certainly never were made for show,  
For though they were active, free, and handy,  
Bill's enemies might have pronounced them bandy.  
But little cared Bill for their shape or beauty  
So long as they carried him through his duty.  
And Bill was a topman, the ship couldn't match him ;  
There wasn't a lad in the frigate could catch him  
When bowling aloft, in a calm or a gale,  
To shake out a reef or to shorten all sail.

"Now who's the chap has a yarn to spin ?  
Here, Corporal, now, suppose *you* begin ;  
Just give us the tale about Madame Che-fou,  
Her as was so very fond of you  
Because your cheeks was so smooth and shiny  
When you and I was away in Chiney."

Thus spoke Bill Swab to the stiff marine,  
But the Corporal wasn't so *very* green  
As not to see through the topman's "chaffing"  
And how all the other Jack Tars were laughing.  
And so the Corporal's curt reply  
Was he'd see him "*blessed*" if he'd comply.

“ Well, well,” says Bill, “ then I’ll tell you what,  
It aint a very glib tongue I’ve got,  
But if the Corporal there *wont* tell  
The tale himself *I* may as well ;  
So come alongside if you want to larn  
What I calls the Corporal Rogers’s yarn.

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## THE CORPORAL’S YARN.

In course you’ve heard of the Chinee war,  
And how we thrash’d the pigtails—  
And a precious queer set them fellows are  
With their bumble feet and their big nails;  
And the rummest lingo you ever heard,  
And the rate they chatters it, too,  
You couldn’t make out a single word  
If you tried till all was blue.

I don’t know what we fought about—  
But that’s neither here nor there—  
For in course there can’t be ne’er a doubt  
That we’re *always* right and fair.  
’Twas something about some smoking stuff  
We sent ’em and they refused it ;  
It wasn’t baccy—but good enough—  
And the pigtails always used it.

But the pigtails said they’d take no more  
Because it made ’em silly ;  
But that was gammon, and so we swore  
We’d force them, willy nilly,  
To smoke whatever we sent, d’ye see ?  
And fair enough, I’m thinking,  
For didn’t us always take their tea  
Though it’s wishy-washy drinking ?

Well, away we sailed for Chinee-land,  
And a jolly lot we were ;  
The fleet wasn’t over large or grand,  
But for that we didn’t care,  
For the pigtails aint much hands to fight  
Though they’ve tidy legs to run,  
And whenever the enemy heaves in sight  
They sails right off like fun.

Sometimes they fires a shot or two  
To make believe they're plucky,  
But as soon as ever one's fired by you  
They up and cuts their lucky.  
And so it aint like war at all,  
It's more like hunting rats,  
Where the pigtails bolt, and squeak, and squall,  
And we follows them up like cats.

Well, the Corporal there, he sailed with me—  
Leastways I sailed with him—  
And a better shipmate cant well be  
For all he looks so grim.  
There aint a lad I've ever seen  
That's handier or readier ;  
There aint a seaman or marine  
Will fight more cool or steadier.

He aint afraid of gale or gun,  
Or both of them together,  
And a red-coat often don't mind one,  
But cant stand dirty weather.  
But, bless your heart, the Corporal there  
He aint afraid a rap,  
It's all the same, come foul or fair,  
He's a reg'lar plucky chap.

If Corporal Rogers *has* a fault,  
It's his being braced so tight ;  
But then, you know, he aint a " Salt,"  
And so it's pr'aps all right.  
At all events, he likes his grog  
And a lass, when she's a true one,  
And so he is a jolly dog,  
Though his jacket aint a blue one.

But somehow I'm a sailing loose,  
Not minding of my hel-m,  
But these here yarns, they're just the deuce  
When a chap begins to tell'm.  
They steers you here and steers you there,  
To s'utherd, or to nor'ard.  
To east'ard, west'ard, everywhere,  
Except the right course—for'ard

Well, here I go, then, like a book !  
We batter'd many a town.  
And many more we *should* have took,  
But the pigtails burnt 'em down.  
For Chineese towns are built of wood,  
And it's just a hundred pities  
To see the timber, bad and good,  
They waste in building cities.

I take it, timber, mates, was meant  
For ships, and nothing more,  
No more than gales and squalls is sent  
For them as live on shore.  
And when the timber's used to make  
The landsmen's towns, my notion  
Is just this here, that what they take  
Is robbing of the ocean.

One day the pigtails showed some fight,  
And pretty strong they muster'd,  
Though, in course, we weren't the men to fright,  
For all they looked and bluster'd.  
They blazed away, and so did we,  
And we swore we'd change their notes, too,  
As we pull'd towards shore on the Yaller Sea,  
For I was one of a boat's crew.

We pulled away, we reached the shore,  
We jumped with a cheer on land,  
And we fought, as we never fought before,  
The pigtails hand to hand.  
The fellows didn't fight so bad,  
Though they hadn't got no gumption,  
And to say that's just the thing we had  
I hope aint much presumption.

For gumption, mates, is next to pluck,  
(The Captain calls it science)  
The thing to which I've always stuck,  
And placed the most reliance.  
And so the pigtails got confused,  
And cut and screamed terrific,  
It warn't so much the force we used,  
But we did it scientific.



The pigtails ran and we gave chase,  
And we'd need of all our sail,  
For when these chaps wont show their face,  
'Taint long you see their tail.  
They *can* just run, such chaps as those  
Aint easy ones to follow,  
I never see such bumble toes—  
They beat a steamer hollow.

And so 'twas few enough we caught,  
When once they showed their starns,  
Though some of us weren't easy matched,  
In anything one larns.  
As British seamen—such, my mates,  
As reefing, steering, gunning,  
And broadsword fighting—anything,  
But turning tail and running.

We don't larn that—in course we don't—  
We fight, and we give quarter,  
But as for running, *that* we wont,  
On land nor yet on water.  
We *may* be beat at times, but pr'aps  
There isn't e'er a man here  
That has been yet, for we're the chaps  
That can sing "Rule Britanyer."

Hows'ever, mates, I said before,  
And to say it's fair and right,  
Just this one time in all the war,  
The pigtails did show fight.  
And somehow, as they blazed away,  
They managed now and then—  
Though, how they did it / can't say—  
To hit us British men.

And some was wounded, some was dead,  
Though most was safe and sound,  
And some, 'twas very strangely said,  
Was nowhere to be found.  
The Corporal Rogers was in the list—  
Not that of killed and wounded—  
But that of men that we somehow missed,  
As the Corporal there we soon did.

So a party soon was sent to search  
    (The first-lieutenant sent us)  
For our messmate as was in the lurch,  
    What they calls the "*non inventus*."  
But high and low we searched in vain.  
    For we wished to see him righted.  
One thing at last was very plain—  
    The corporal wasn't sighted.

And so we gave him up for dead  
    And felt uncommon glum,  
Though all of us, his shipmates, said  
    'Twas really very rum  
Wherever he'd contrived to stow  
    His body and his bones,  
Supposing he'd been made to go  
    The course to Davy Jones.

Hows'ever, he was really gone,  
    The ship's crew couldn't find him,  
And there wasn't e'er as good a one  
    'Mongst those he left behind him.  
We said he was a heart of oak,  
    And we thought it such a pity  
That the Corporal there had been bespoke  
    For storming of the city.

Lord! if we'd only known the fact—  
    What *was* the Corp'ral's plight—  
Our grief would very soon have tack'd  
    And sailed right out of sight.  
The Corporal wasn't dead at all,  
    And wounded very little,  
And *hadn't* he the luck to fall  
    In a precious nice hos-pittal?

You see the Corporal got a ball  
    Which gave his pluck a damper,  
And made the Corporal what I call  
    Not right on his top-hamper;  
He reeled a bit and couldn't steer,  
    His head went spinning round,  
He tried to stand—felt very queer—  
    And tumbled to the ground.

He can't just tell how long he lay  
 Because he lost his senses  
 (What women calls a faint-away,  
 Though often they 're pretences).  
 But, when his daylights opened next,  
 He says—and I don't doubt him—  
 He felt a little bit perplexed  
 At what he saw about him.

For first he saw a she-Chinee  
 A-looking in his face,  
 And he wondered who the deuce was she  
 And what was that same place?  
 For he wasn't lying where he fell  
 But stretched upon a bed,  
 And in a reg'lar house as well,  
 With a shelter overhead.

The she-Chinee she gave a cry,  
 Though she did it mild and soft,  
 As soon as ever the Corp'ral's eye  
 Showed he wasn't gone aloft;  
 And *then*—the Corp'ral needn't blush,  
 It's nothing very wicked  
 I'm going to tell—but messmates, hush!  
 Why then she kissed his thick head.

In course the Corporal thought this queer,  
 But his blushes didn't shock her,  
 So he cried, "Oh, dear! what place is here?  
 Is it Davy Jones's locker?"  
 But the she-Chinee she only laughed,  
 For want of knowing better,  
 And she really was a tidy craft,  
 And the Corp'ral don't forget her.

But, lord! she couldn't talk a bit  
 Except her crackjaw stuff,  
 And the Corp'ral says she chattered it  
 All day and night enough;  
 For women's tongues you cant well baulk—  
 It's a very well-known thing—though  
 Sometimes it's nothing else they talk  
 Except a foreign lingo.

So the Corporal he not knowing her's,  
 And she not knowing his'n,  
 The Corp'ral never his tongue he stirs  
 But keeps his thoughts in prison ;  
 Till finding this a hardish matter  
 The Corporal, thinks he,  
 " I'll make her in *my* lingo chatter  
 Or else I'll learn Chineese."

She tried to teach him hard enough  
 But he couldn't even thank her—  
 The Chineese lingo was so tough  
 His tongue remained at anchor.  
 But when the Corporal took *his* turn  
 And tried his hand at teaching,  
 The English warn't so hard to learn  
 And the port not long in reaching.

And when the Corporal asked the lass,  
 Just chance-like, " Who are you ? "  
 She answers him as bold as brass,  
 " My husband's name's Che-fou."  
 And the Corporal then he gave a stare  
 And he felt his blood all tingle,  
 For, you see, till then he warnt aware  
 As how she wasn't single.

And he says, with just a little sulk,  
 " This here's a pretty mess :  
 It's true you picked me up a hulk,  
 When I was in distress :  
 But you shouldn't have hid your colours thus—  
 It warnt the proper tack—  
 And *wont* there be a pretty fuss  
 When old Che-fou comes back ! "

" Che-fou a fool—Che-fou not care—  
 Che-fou not man I love—  
 Che-fou not got red, pretty hair—  
 Che-fou's head bare above.  
 You pretty face—you nice long nose,  
 Not flat like poot Chineese—  
 You shiny cheeks, you good long toes—  
 You just the man for me ! "

In course the Corporal couldn't feel  
 Nohow but rayther flattered ;  
 Though it likewise puzzled him a deal  
 To know if Che-fou mattered—  
 That is, if he'd a need to mind  
 At all about Che-fou,  
 Seeing he'd left his wife behind,  
 And gone where no one knew.

He warnt quite satisfied as yet,  
 His conscience wasn't easy,  
 And his temper, too, was apt to get  
 At times a trifle breezy.  
 Till one day thinking what he'd do—  
 What course he'd steer for next—  
 He jumps and cuts a caper too  
 At what he recollects.

“ Aint she a heathen ?—then its clear  
 She cant be married right—  
 There aint a single parson here  
 To tie a couple tight.  
 She aint Che-fou's no more than mine,  
 Nor yet this place they say's his—  
 For Victory's my right divine—  
 Che-fou may go to blazes ! ”

So after this—and very true  
 I think the Coporal's views was—  
 He thought no more about Che-fou  
 Until at last the news was  
 Che-fou was coming back one night—  
 And sure enough he came—  
 And our frigate also heav'd in sight  
 That day—the very same.

“ Oh, dear ! ” the female cries, “ Oh, dear !  
 Oh, dear, what will become of us ?  
 Che-fou's half mad—oh lord, I fear  
 He'll go and murder some of us ! ”  
 Che-fou walked in—the female cried,  
 “ Oh Corporal, he'll kill you ! ”  
 The Corporal marches to his side  
 And says, “ Old buffer, *will* you ? ”

"I'll tell you what it is, Che-fou,  
Just mind yourself, old codger,  
Or it's shortish work I'll make of you,  
For I'm a British sodger!  
This lady's going away with me  
And I'll make the chaplain christen her,  
And as for you, my man, you see  
I'll take *you* as my prisoner."

Che-fou looked blue, and so would you  
If *you'd* been in his place;  
But he saw that blusterin' wouldn't do,  
So he pull'd a dismal face.  
And he tumbled on his marrow-bones  
And begg'd him not be hard on  
A poor Chinee, and with sighs and groans  
He axed the Corporal's pardon.

So then the Corporal made amends  
And treated him quite hearty,  
And Che-fou he sent for all his friends  
And made a jolly party.  
And the Corporal kissed *her* just once more  
And made Che-fou half boosy—  
And then the Corporal left the shore  
And joined the "Arethusy."

Thus ended the "yarn," which I give you *verbatim*,  
In the words of Bill Swab—the young ladies will hate him  
For coarseness I fear; but the coarseness they *ought* to call  
Rather a form of expression that's nautical—  
And I trust that Bill's words, as I couldn't well mend them,  
Have nothing, in meaning at least, to offend them.

And now still over the azure wave  
Speeds onward the stately ship and brave;  
And the bell strikes "eight" and away they go,  
Bill Swab and his mates to their "watch below,"  
And they sleep as men sleep who have no cares—  
May all of our slumbers be light as theirs!

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## MORAL.

It's remarkably clear from this "yarn," or this song,  
 That the Corporal's deeds were decidedly wrong ;  
 But instead of refraining when seeing the evil,  
 He tried that sad subterfuge—cheating the Devil.  
 Now I'll give you a warning—a true golden maxim—  
 ('Twill keep a man straight when the same wish attacks him)  
 And long long may the words to your memory stick—  
*It's a dangerous game playing chess with Old Nick !*

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## LITTLE INCIDENTS ALONG THE LINE.

## NO. II.—THE SOOTHING EFFECT OF THE NEW CAB ACT.

*(A Little Anecdote—Positively Founded on Fact.)*

THE New Cab Act has had a most soothing, humanizing effect. I am not generally fond of quotations, especially from the Latin Grammar, but on this occasion I cannot resist the temptation of saying that Mr. Fitzroy's act most decidedly

"Emollit mores (*of the Cabmen*), nec sinit esse feros."

It has unquestionably softened their manners, for there is not the smallest toss-up of a doubt that ever since the new Act has been in operation, the cabmen have been, by no means, so cabmenlike or fierce as they were. They are, on the contrary, quite lamblike in their gentleness. Formerly they would neither be led, nor persuaded, nor driven. Now they will do whatever you like—with this difference, that they will drive you, and happy to do it, instead of being driven. They have sloughed off their old manners and their old clothes, and have come out, as gay as butterflies, with a bran-new suit of each. As for drinking, nothing ever passes their lips, excepting it is a "Here we are, sir!" drawn excessively mild. However, I cannot better illustrate the wonderful metamorphosis that has taken place in their whole nature than by recording the following extraordinary, almost incredible, fact:—

A cabman, upon alighting from the Great Western Line, had been extremely civil to me. He had touched his hat each time I had spoken to him—he had called me "Sir"—he had sprung up

and down from his box with an alacrity worthy of a young Hernandez in the Ring—and, when it had come to the settlement of the Fare, he had taken exactly what I had given him without a murmur, without a demand for another sixpence, without the slightest expostulation as to stoppages or back fare, without even as much as putting the coin in the palm of his hand, and looking contemptuously at it, as if the piece of silver was unsavoury in the sight of his epicurean nostrils, and he begged it might be removed.

The cabman had not only surprised, but charmed me. To testify my approbation, I asked him whether he would have anything to drink? The poor fellow looked confused, scratched his head, half blushed, and, turning away his abashed features, said in a reluctant tone:

“Well, sir, if I takes anythin’, it must be, if you please, sir,—a bottle of soda-water.”

A BOTTLE OF SODA-WATER!!!

I nearly smashed a sheet of plate glass that was behind me—almost as big as a counterpane—by falling back with astonishment.

But, what is still more extraordinary, the cabman actually drank the soda-water!!! I stood by, and saw him do it! I saw him with my own eyes—and if any one doubts my word, I am ready to go before the Lord Mayor, and make an affidavit of the fact.

This cabman is still alive. I saw him but yesterday, opposite St. Clement’s Church. He was peacefully seated on his box, a top-coated monument of patience, reading “*Mogg’s 125,000 Cab Fares.*”

A flower was in his button-hole.

He looked happy and contented.

I have no doubt there are, now, thanks to Mr. Fitzroy, hundreds of cabmen like him.

PETER, THE LITERARY HERMIT.

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## EDITH ; OR, THE DARKNESS BRIGHTENED.

I REMEMBER so often when I was a child wondering how it was that everybody seemed to have so much to say about their own lives ; so many things seemed to have happened to them, and so many things they seemed to have done, while, in my little life, since its commencement, no single event that I could recollect had ever happened. And, indeed, we lived so quietly, my father and I, in our little cottage at Newlands, that I feel now, in looking back upon that dear old time that the only wonder was how the one or two events that did in the course of time come to us, ever managed to creep in. For it was such a quiet life ; and I, living alone with my father—my mother had died soon after I was born—had grown to be such a silent, quiet, unchildlike child, that I feel amazed even yet when I think that my first event owes its origin to some wild frolicking of mine, in a little wood close to our house, where my father and I often used to go and take quiet walks together. I suppose, not being very used to running about, I must have been very awkward at it, for it happened, when I was about eleven years old, that one glorious spring day, as, full of unwonted life and joy, I was chasing in this wood a poor little frightened hare, my foot slipped in springing across a narrow stream, and I fell backwards into its rocky bed with such violence, that the pain almost immediately made me insensible.

I was very much hurt, and was very ill that day and for many following days, never being allowed by the doctor who attended me to make any attempt to rise from my sofa. Still, as he always said that I should get up presently, I never supposed that there was much the matter with me, and, indeed, though at times I suffered a good deal of pain, I was well content to lie there for a little while, for my dear father was so good to me, and so much with me, that I was very happy, and the confinement was far easier for me to bear than it would have been to most children.

One day, after I had been ill about a fortnight, I was lying on the sofa, with my father sitting beside me, before an open window in the drawing-room, as I always did for an hour or two when the weather was fine. My father had been reading to me, but the book had been closed some time, and for half an hour neither of us had spoken. I was in a listless mood, watching, with half-closed eyes, the sunshine, and the green waving branches of the trees, with the cool shadows that they threw upon the lawn, and listening dreamily to the lazy hum that was in the soft summer air, that soft, quiet

sound was almost sending me to sleep; I think, when I was startled by a long, warm kiss upon my forehead.

"Is it very hard to you to lie here, Edith?" my father asked, very tenderly.

"Hard! Oh, papa, I'm quite happy."

"And yet you're ill, dear, and in much pain often?"

"Yes," I said, hesitating a little, "I don't quite understand it; but—but it seems all so beautiful, and you're so good to me, father, dear," and I kissed the hand that was holding mine so fondly.

"You like it now, darling, for a little while, but if I were to tell you," and his voice trembled a little—a very little, "that you would have to lie here for many months, all through the beautiful summer that you are so fond of, how would my child bear that?"

I looked up quickly at him, but for a moment I could not speak. A dread of something of which I feared to think seemed choking my voice.

"Papa," at last I said, very quietly, for I was trying hard to steady my voice, "tell me—I would rather know at once—shall I always lie here?"

"Always! no, I trust to God not, my dear child. No, no, Edith, it isn't so bad as that. A year or so you may have to lie down, but after that I hope we shall have you running about again. That fall had done some injury to your spine; but both Mr. Elliott and Dr. Cumming assure me that there is no fear of your getting perfectly well in a little while. Why, Edith, my darling, you bore it so well when you thought you would never recover; you are not crying now?" and he kissed away my tears, soothing me so gently.

It was so foolish to cry, and yet I could not help it; for as I looked out again on the sunny grass-plot and the waving trees, I thought that it would have been better to die at once, than lie always there, a poor, helpless, deformed thing, in so beautiful a world.

"Edith," my father said softly, as he bent over me, "you must get well and strong soon; and be my little companion again, for you are your father's best comfort, my own darling."

He laid down his head upon my pillow; and with his arm round me, and my cheek on his, we lay together silently for a long time.

And so, as I said, this was the first event in my life.

The second was one which had an influence over all my future life—it was the arrival in our neighbourhood of a Mr. Herbert and his family. They came to reside at a house within half a mile of where we lived—a great old house, called Grafton Hall, which for many years had been unoccupied, and seemed to run a fair chance of being allowed to fall into ruins; but before it had quite reached

that condition Mr. Herbert bought it, and as soon as it was put into thorough repair, he and his wife and daughter took possession of it.

We soon became acquainted with them. My father called on them, and presently, having heard from him about my accident, Mrs. and Miss Herbert kindly came to see me. I well remember that day, and the first sight that I ever had of Catherine Herbert; well, indeed, I might remember it, for such a face as hers, had I never seen it again, was not one ever to be forgotten. Any woman so beautiful I had never then, nor do I think I have ever since seen. Perhaps I should not call her a *woman* at this time, for she was scarcely sixteen, but at a first glance she appeared some years older than she was. She was rather above the middle height, with a slight bending figure that was the very ideal of grace and elegance. Her features were very regular and delicately chiselled; but it was not in that that her chief beauty lay. There was such a brightness about her, such an overflowing of health, and life, and happiness, she was the personification of a youthful Hebe; there was health, and beauty, and joy, and grace in every movement, in the tone of her voice, in her bright, sweet smile, in the deep lustre of her glorious eyes. I think no woman ever had such eyes! From under their dark brows they seemed to shoot forth actual flashes of light. So full of intelligence, too, the face was—the brow so frank and open—the mouth, with its delicately curled lips, so full of sweetness and decision—the wonderful eyes beaming so brightly with love, and hope, and joy. Ah, she was so beautiful, and so careless she seemed of her beauty, when I would have given half my life for the twentieth part of it.

She came that day, and sat down by my side, and while the others talked to my father she talked only to me; talked so kindly, and gently, and sweetly that, in spite of my timidity, I found myself talking to her in return, and when they rose to go, I scarcely could believe that half an hour had passed.

“You must let me come again to see you, will you?” Miss Herbert said, and she took both my hands in hers.

My look of sudden delight was a better answer than the confused words with which I tried to thank her.

“Then remember I shall come very soon;” and bending down suddenly she kissed my forehead; then, with a bright smile, she left me to think and dream of her until she came again.

Thus commenced my acquaintance with the Herberts. Catherine repeated her visit very soon, as she promised, and before many weeks a day hardly passed without my seeing her sweet, bright face by my couch, for she was quite alone at home, and her kind

heart was touched, I think, by seeing the intense delight her visits gave me. Indeed to me a new life seemed to have opened. My love for her was a kind of childish worship. Her exquisite beauty alone would have won my heart ; but when she came to me day after day, with her sweet words, and still sweeter caresses, bending over me until her long dark ringlets fell over my face, I felt as if the whole torrent of love that I poured upon her was not enough to express the fulness of my gratitude.

During her long visits—they were seldom shorter than two or three hours—we often used to read aloud, she reading to me generally while I worked, and often she would sing to me for an hour together, quaint old songs and ballads for the most part, singing them so charmingly in her sweet clear voice. Then she would talk to me about her own home, speaking much in particular about a sister she once had who died, and of how she had loved her, and mourned for her when she was gone. She told me, too, and it made me very happy, that I often reminded her of this sister, for she had always been a little delicate thing, and had lain down long before she died, getting daily feebler and paler until the end. She had been used to read and sing to her, too, as she read and sang to me now, and in the bright warm days to carry her in her arms out into the sunshine, and let her feel the soft air upon her face, for she was quite a little child. And she told me of her death, how she had died with her arms round Catherine's neck, looking lovingly to her even to the last. And I thought that it would be very sweet to die so, with Catherine's face looking down upon me like a dear angel's.

She often spoke, too, of her elder and only brother, who was now in his last year at Oxford. Her face always lighted up with enthusiasm when she talked of him, of how good and noble he was, and how kind he had ever been to her, and how she was counting the weeks until the summer, when he was coming home, though his stay was to be only a very short one, for he was going at his earnest desire to travel for a year or two, and was anxious to set off while the fine weather lasted.

Of these and many other things she talked to me, I always liking best to have her talk, and let me only listen to and look at her. And so the winter months passed away very happily to me.

One bright spring day by staying too late near an open window I caught a severe cold, which brought on a low fever, and in my weak state reduced me so much that for more than two months I was unable to be moved from my room. It was a very weary time to me, for soon after I turned ill Mr. Philip Herbert came home, and while he remained, of course Catherine was almost



entirely occupied with him. Yet she rarely missed coming every day to see me, though only for a short time ; and often I know she gave up a ride or a walk with her brother that she might come to me. But I was so unhappy on discovering this that I made her promise never to do it again. Mr. Herbert was once or twice at our house calling on my father, but of course I did not see him. He stayed at the Hall for six weeks, and then went to London, in order to make his preparations for starting.

Mr. Elliott had intended that I should begin to be raised from my couch after I had lain down about a year, but my illness and subsequent weakness delayed it for some months, and it was late in the autumn before the attempt could be made. I recovered my strength, too, so slowly that it was another year before I was able entirely to leave my couch. When I grew well again, instead of Catherine coming to me, so much as she had formerly done, I used very often indeed to go to the Hall. Catherine had appropriated to herself a little room, high up in one of the turrets, and converted it into a very charming boudoir ; and here, or wandering about the park, we always used to spend our mornings, for a day rarely passed that we were not together. It was a very happy time, to me at least, during those years.

When I was about fifteen Mr. Herbert returned home. He had been away for three years, and it was his intention now to remain for a few months at Grafton Hall, and early in the winter to go to London to study for the law. The first time that I saw him was on a June morning, two or three days after his arrival. I had made an appointment with Catherine to spend the morning with her, but I had been late in leaving home, and when I had nearly reached the Park gates, I suddenly met Catherine and Mr. Herbert coming towards me on horseback. Catherine stopped her horse the moment she saw me, and exclaimed gaily :—

“ So here you are at last, Edith ! I waited for you so long that I thought you had forgotten me altogether, and at last, as Philip wanted to call on your father, I said I would come along with him, and find what had become of you. But I'm glad you're not so naughty as I thought you were !”

“ Indeed, I'm very sorry ; you shouldn't have waited for me, Catherine,” I said.

“ Don't mind my having waited, dear. That was of no consequence in the world ;” she answered affectionately, then turning for a moment to Mr. Herbert, she added, “ I must introduce you two ; Edith, this is my brother. Philip, Miss Edith Grey.”

As we bowed to one another, I was able to give a hasty look at him for the first time. He was very handsome, with rather high

features, like his sister's, and very dark chesnut hair, which he wore longer than is usual; but the whole face was strangely disfigured by a pair of huge green spectacles which completely enclosed the eyes. In figure he seemed very tall and well-made, and looked extremely well on horseback.

"Now that I've found Edith," Catherine said, "I shall carry her back with me, and you must make your call by yourself, Philip."

"Then I'm to have no ride with you to-day, Kate?"

There was a good deal of irritation in the tone, and as I glanced quickly up, I saw that his lips were compressed as if he was vexed.

"Oh, Catherine, pray don't put off your ride on my account!" I exclaimed, earnestly. "Indeed, I hope you wont do it. I'll just walk in the park for a little before I go home; and you know we can meet to-morrow, or—or, any day that you are disengaged;" and at every word I became more confused, for I saw Mr. Herbert jerking his bridle as if impatient to be off. But Catherine only laughed at my eagerness.

"You're a foolish little thing, Edith; but I'm not quite so bad as you suppose me. No, no, I was coming for you, and having got you I want nothing more; and as for Philip, he's in no need of me, for, indeed, he's hardly been free from me since he came. So rein in your bold steed no longer, brother, but away with you at once."

"Then good by, Kate, since you will have it so."

He raised his hat to me—shook his head in half serious threatening at his sister, and then putting spurs to his horse was quickly out of sight.

"I'm beginning to think that brothers are nearly as bad as lovers," Catherine said, half seriously, as she looked after him. "There's Philip will be out of temper with me for the next hour, because I hadn't the rudeness to leave you and go with him."

"I wish you had gone, Catherine!" I said, quite despondently. "You made me quite unhappy by insisting upon staying with me."

"Now this is too bad to be scolded by you both," she cried; "but never mind, I'll have my own way, and you needn't tell me, Edith, that you are not glad to have me, for I wont believe you."

I raised my hand to meet her's, and pressed it warmly as an answer, looking up into the dear kind face that was looking down so lovingly on me.

After Mr. Herbert's arrival my visits to the Hall were generally

made in the evenings, as Catherine was always more disengaged then than during the morning. These evenings were spent sometimes alone with Catherine as before, but more frequently we were joined by Mr. Herbert, and we often took long walks in the park all together, he talking with animation about much that he had seen in his travels, while I walked by Catherine's side, listening with real pleasure, though seldom speaking. Indeed, he principally addressed himself to Catherine, so there was no reason that I should talk, and I was always happier when I was allowed to be silent. There was a great enjoyment to me in these quiet walks in the calm summer evenings.

One day when I was there, after Mr. Herbert had been at home about a month, it happened to be very wet—the first wet day we had had for a long time, and our walk which had become almost a daily thing, had to be given up. Catherine and I had been some time in the turret-room together, and when we returned to the drawing-room we found only Mr. Herbert there. He was reading, and seemed so engrossed with his book that he took no notice of our entrance, and we had settled to our work, and worked in silence for a quarter of an hour without his once raising his eyes. Catherine sat very demurely for some time; but she was not much of a friend to silence at any time, and to night she happened to be particularly lively, so, seeing that he remained immovable, she at last threw down her work, determined to make an attack upon him.

“ Philip !”

“ Well, Kate.”

“ Are you never going to speak again ? Here's Edith says she's quite tired of seeing you sit there as—”

“ Oh, Catherine !” I exclaimed, the blood rushing to my cheek.

She laughed gaily at me, and only said, “ Edith, what a pity it is that you're not always blushing. You don't know how pretty you look !”

Mr. Herbert looked suddenly up, and half in despair I covered my face with both hands, with another faint, expostulatory “ Catherine !”

“ Nay, Edith, dear, forgive me if I have vexed you,” she said, and putting her arm round me she kissed me so fondly that my anger was gone in a moment, and whispered, half-laughingly, “ Oh, Edith, what a little shame-faced thing you are ! If only I could give you a little of my impudence what a good thing it would be for both of us !”

Then sitting down she worked steadily again for five minutes, while Mr. Herbert continued reading as diligently as before.

"Philip," she said again, presently, "Since you're determined to read, have you any objection to do it aloud?"

"None, whatever, Kate;" and he began at once:—"The geometrical analysis, and the study of the conic sections, as also the consideration of the problems of the duplication of the cube. The finding of two mean proportionals, and the trisection of the angle . . . ."

"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" Catherine cried. "How did you ever think we could understand that?"

"I never thought it for a moment!" and he quietly went on reading.

Catherine looked at him in a kind of mock despair; then tripping across the room she knelt down by his chair.

"Well, Kate, what is it now?"

"Are you never going to shut that book?"

"Certainly, if you wish it!" and he closed the book and laid it down.

She burst into a merry laugh. "Philip, what kind of a humour have you got into to-night? Is this the way to show your gratitude to two young ladies for coming down from their own comfortable room for the sole purpose of being polite to you?"

"Well, that was very kind of them, Kate!"

"You seem to feel it so, Philip."

"I do, indeed."

"And have also, I suppose, been feeling it so deeply all this time, that you have found no way to express your gratitude except by silence?"

"Pardon me, Kate. You forget I have only been aware of the fact for about the space of one minute and a half."

"And you pretend, Philip, that you were so absorbed in your book that you never saw us until a minute and a half ago?"

"Not at all, Kate. I've both seen and heard you from the first minute you came in until now; but the fault lies with you. Why didn't you tell me at once that you came for my benefit?"

"Edith, do you hear him? These are the thanks we get; but never mind, come away with me, and let us leave him alone to the trisection of his angles;" and she was springing up, when he caught her by both hands and held her fast.

"Now get away if you can, Kate!" and he looked so proudly and fondly at her.

"Say something pretty to me, then, and perhaps I'll stay."

"Something pretty? Then I'll say 'Catherine,' for she's the prettiest thing I know;" and he laid the two little hands he held together, and kissed them. And very charming, indeed, she looked,

as she knelt before him, laughing and blushing, and shaking back the long, dark curls that had fallen over her face as she tried to get away from him.

"Look, Kate, there's a gleam of sunshine at last," he exclaimed presently ; "get your shawl, and we'll have our walk yet, in spite of the rain."

And indeed the sun came out brightly for half an hour before sunset, and we did have our walk ; and when we had watched the sun sink, and the last red cloud fade away, we came into the house again, and Catherine sang to us for an hour in the deep twilight. She did so generally every evening, for Mr. Herbert was an enthusiast about music. And after our walks we would gather all together round the piano ; and while Mrs. Herbert sat quietly knitting in her large chair by the fire—for, summer and winter, there was always a fire lighted in the evenings in the drawing-room—Catherine's sweet clear voice would ring through the still room. I used to sit on a low seat beside her, and, half unseen myself, would often gaze in almost wondering admiration at the brother and sister, as the red firelight falling on them made their figures stand out clearly against the darkening background beyond.

The summer passed quickly away, and one September day I heard that Mr. Herbert had decided to go to London in the following week. It was earlier than Catherine had expected, and she was quite out of spirits about it the day she came to tell me, for she was very much attached to him, and her life in ordinary times was dull enough for one with such high spirits as she had. I did what I could to comfort her, which was indeed but little ; for, alas ! to me, too, the news brought sorrow.

On the following day I went early to the hall, that I might have a long evening with Catherine. The day, I remember well, had been very sultry, the air close and heavy, and the branches of the trees were waving silently to and fro, though not a breath of wind seemed stirring. We sat up in the turret room, watching the thunder clouds as they slowly rolled upwards from the horizon, and listening to the sound of the great drops of rain, as they fell one by one on the floor of the balcony. Both in silence, for there is always something fearful in the deep calm before a storm—the hush of nature before the thunder voice speaks. It was a terrible storm. The black clouds opening suddenly, the rain descended, not in drops, but in sheets of water ; the thunder sent forth its muffled roar in one long, continued, endless peal ; the lightning, with its forked flashes, illuminating the sky in all directions. A tempestuous wind swept over all, bowing the largest trees before it in its strength as it passed over them ; sometimes, as a broken

bough fell cracking to the ground, catching it madly up again, and whirling it before it in wild fury.

I stood by the window watching it—there where I had stood so often, looking out on the sunlit scene of green woodland. It was the same scene now, but the sunlight was changed for lightning; the blue sky for thunder clouds; the light breeze had become a stormy wind, that in blind impetuous fury tore up and destroyed all before it, answering with its mournful angry moan the ceaseless growl of the thunder. And a darkness, felt, not seen, seemed to fall upon my heart—the shadow of a coming sorrow. Silently and sadly I stood looking on the desolation without.

The storm had spent itself before evening; but the ground was too wet for us to take our usual walk. We sat—Mr. Herbert, and Catherine, and I—by a window in the drawing-room, which opened to the garden, enjoying the cool air as it blew in upon us. Everything was so green and beautiful after the storm, the blue sky smiling again over all, and the rain, which still hung upon the grass and the trees, glittering like golden dew drops in the western sunlight. Catherine lay upon a couch before the window—a favourite seat of hers in the summer evenings. Mr. Herbert was by her side, and I sat half hidden upon the ground close to her.

“My next Saturday will be spent in a different scene to this, Kate, and with different companions,” Mr. Herbert said, breaking a silence that had lasted some time; and there was some sadness in his voice, for everything around was so still and beautiful, that it was natural to feel sorrow at leaving it.

Catherine’s eyes were full of tears as she looked up into his face.

“Ah, Philip, you will have no need of me there—you will never want me amongst those new companions.”

“Kate, dear, I shall ever want you where I am. You are unjust to yourself and to me.”

He pressed his lips upon her forehead, and she smiled through the tears that still filled her eyes, as she laid her hand in his. I crouched down lower, laying my head upon my knees, that they might not think of me.

“Dear Kate, you must not be so sorrowful, as if my going away was to last for years. Why, it’s little more than a hundred miles from this to London. I can be with you in a day at any time, and never fear but I shall come often.”

“But what short visits they will be compared to this,” Catherine said; “but indeed it’s wrong of me to complain so, and so foolish to vex you with my sorrow.”

“You never vex me, dear. I am almost selfish enough to be



glad in seeing you grieve, for Kate, dear, I never knew until now how dear my sister was to me."

There was a pause, but I did not raise my head, and presently Mr. Herbert spoke again.

"Ah, Kate, if ever I have a house of my own in London how I should like you to come and live with me. But shame on me for saying such a thing," he added, laughing, "as if I expected you to live an old maid for my sake. No, no, my beautiful Kate must do no such thing as that."

"And you, Philip," Catherine exclaimed with animation, "for Heaven's sake don't you be an old bachelor, or I shall never forgive you!"

Mr. Herbert laughed. "Don't look so indignant, Kate. I'm going to make no vows of celibacy. Some ten or twenty years after this, perhaps, I may begin to look out for a wife, but you know my heart is very hard to pierce."

"Are you sure it has not been pierced already, Philip?"

"Ah, Kate, now we get on dangerous ground. Take care, or I shall retort upon you."

The question and answer were both said laughingly, and yet I think there was some seriousness in both of them. They spoke no more after this, and we were all quite silent for some time. I sat quietly upon the ground, with my head still bowed upon my knees, until, after a long time, Catherine laid her hand upon my shoulder, and asked me to close the window, saying that it was getting very cold.

Cold!—and my cheek and brow were burning!

I rose, and closed the window as she told me, standing there a-while to look at the deep blue sky which was bending over us, cloudless and clear and pure, as if, in the earth over which it arched itself there was no sin, or sorrow, or suffering.

I saw him once more after that evening. It was the day before he went, and my father and I dined at the Hall. It was the saddest evening I ever spent there; but sadder—far more bitterly sad it was when we came home that night, and I sat weeping in my room because I could not sleep. Weeping and murmuring—God forgive me!—that with the power given me to love I had been made myself so unlovely and unloveable; longing so that I could hide myself for ever; longing even that I could die.

Oh, there are moments in our lives when we feel as though we *could* not bear; when, even with a great grief before us, whose weight we know must fall on us, we cry aloud that we have not strength, and fall prostrate, crushed even by the shadow of our sorrow. Passionate, despairing moments, when on the earth there

is no help, when we have not faith to believe that there is help in Heaven—help anywhere except in death. To forget—to forget, and be at rest. We have no other prayer ; all words that we feebly try to say come only in the end to that.

In the spring after Mr. Herbert went, a great change came to us. For various reasons my father decided upon removing to London, and one day in May, with deep sorrow and regret, I said good by to my dear Catherine, and we left the home where we had lived for fifteen years. It was no little trial to us both, for my father felt it deeply, too, when the time came.

(To be continued.)

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## ALPHONSE-KARRISMS.

(*Being certain Truths and Fancies, selected principally from ALPHONSE KARR's last work, called "LES FEMMES."*)

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For the information of the English reader, who, content with his own literature, has but little time, and perhaps less inclination, to pay any attention to the literature of other countries, we beg to state that M. ALPHONSE KARR is one of the wittiest and most popular writers in France. A German by birth, he has conquered a place in French literature which many Frenchmen of talent might envy. He is excessively bold in the utterance of his opinions, and as independent as he is bold. He fights against all sides, and we never yet heard of his pen having been sold to champion the cause of any particular party. This is an unusual occurrence, a rare merit indeed in France,—and still rarer to be met with, as with M. Alphonse Karr, in a satirical writer. We are told that as many attempts to bribe him have been made as there have been revolutions in France, that is to say, they have been countless—but Karr, *tirailleur* as he is by literary profession, and fond as he is of firing at all existing institutions, has never allowed Government, or any one else, to pay for his shot. Over the heads of most French literary men you might place a placard, "*à Louer, ou à Vendre,*" but with Karr you might as well attempt to bribe the sun as to purchase his independence. He knows but one

course, which he follows unswervingly from day to day, and not all the nuggets in Australia, heaped them as high as a Paris barricade, would make him deviate one hair's breadth of a principle from it. He is the Chevalier Bayard of the modern French Press—being, as his enemies even will admit, *Sans Peur*, not less than he is, as his friends are always proud to acknowledge, *Sans Reproche*.

We have not the intention, much as we have the wish, of giving here the biography of Alphonse Karr. That pleasure we reserve for some other opportunity, when we shall have a larger field to do full justice to the review of such a subject. The curious, who are anxious, however, to learn something about his many eccentricities (and he has as many as ever fell to the lot of a spoilt genius), and to acquire some knowledge of the many Protean shapes his talent delights at times in assuming, we beg to refer to the pages of the *Mémoires* of Alexandre Dumas. There they will find ample particulars, all amusing, honourable, and romantic, that are sure to gratify their curiosity and to elevate their opinion of the fantastic hero of them.

Alexandre Dumas calls him—and his opinion must far outweigh any praise, let it be ever so extravagant, of our own—"one of the most distinguished of our literary artists"—and he makes use of term "literary artist" purposely, as conveying the highest compliment, and in contradistinction to the term "*littérateur*" or "*homme-de-lettres*," for neither of whom does the author of *Monte Christo* seem to entertain the profoundest respect. "His mind is so peculiarly constituted (says Dumas—and the compliment is whimsically French) that it has the power of investing a Truth with all the charm of a Paradox."

The following extracts are taken from Alphonse Karr's last work, called "*Les Femmes*." We give the extracts—some for their truth, and others for their absurdity—and without any comments of our own, further than that we think the title of the work would have been improved, if the following necessary addition had been appended to it: "*Les Femmes telles qu'elles sont en France*"—many of the observations to be found in the work being so peculiarly Frenchy, that it would be absurd to suppose they could apply to any but French ladies. We think M. Alphonse Karr will agree with us that it is quite a popular delusion to imagine that ladies are the same in all countries. French ladies, for instance—and they may take the exclusiveness, if they please, as a compliment—are especially different to other ladies all over the world.

The following, therefore, must be taken as M. Alphonse Karr's opinions upon "*Les Femmes Françaises* :"—

Some women seem to make every effort to metamorphose themselves into men, and to assume, as far as dress will help them, a masculine appearance. In this way I have seen them sacrifice to this absurd experiment their beautiful hair, which they have cut as close as a convict's; I have seen them add to the long riding-habit, which invests them with so much majesty and elegance, the beaver hat, which is by far the ugliest part of a man's apparel; and, for some time past, I have seen a few of them attempting to put on white waistcoats, black silk handkerchiefs, and big collars as stiffly starched as any man's. I should like to ask these ladies what they would think of a gentleman whom they met riding out in the Bois de Boulogne with a pair of ladies' boots, a lace handkerchief, and scent bottle in his hand, a crape bonnet beautifully ornamented with a Chantilly veil, and flowers, feathers, and ribbons, all streaming about his head, which was dressed in flowing ringlets?

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It is not unusual to see little boys, that is to say children, who one day will become men. They have their tastes and pleasures, peculiar to them as boys. But in all my life I have never seen more than one or two little girls; little girls are women only smaller than other women, but still most decidedly women. At the age of six, they think of pleasing, and they are ready for anything. Watch them in their games apparently the most innocent, they always imagine they are at the theatre, and every now and then they send their little eyes slowly round to judge of their success. A little girl not older than six has already the melancholy air and the dreamy look of a girl of sixteen; this does not mean to say that she is either dreamy or melancholy, any more than that the same appearance will prove that she is so when she will be at the age of sixteen; no, it is only an air which she has chosen in the same way that she chooses a ribbon, because it becomes her. Stop any day in the Tuileries, and study these pretended children at their games. They are not children who are playing to amuse themselves, they are little actresses who are playing a part in order to be admired. Listen how the little dressed-up dolls talk for the benefit of the spectators—see how happy they are to be noticed, and observe with what sidelong glances they repay any little admiration they receive! . . . . From the age of six, a woman has nothing to gain, excepting in height and size. But, if women are never young, then, as a compensation, they are never old.

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But what is an old woman? At what age does a woman become old?

I have questioned many women, old and young, upon this sub-

ject, and I have arrived at the conviction that they know no more than I do. . . . Listen to a woman of the age of twenty talking about old women. She does not speak of them as a traveller who is about to start on a long journey speaks of those who have arrived at the end of it ; she does not speak of them as if they were human beings to whom she must one day bear some sort of resemblance herself ; no, it would seem that they were two species of women perfectly distinct, like the white women and the black women, and that the woman of the age of twenty who is speaking to you belongs to the young species in the same way that she belongs to the white species. Nothing is more common than to hear a woman who is no longer young say, with the greatest contempt, of a woman of her own age, " She's an old woman ! " A woman of the age of twenty calls all the women who are of the age of thirty old, and a woman of thirty is scandalised to see a drawing-room crowded with nothing but women of forty, whilst the latter say, " When I shall be fifty, like Mrs. So-and-so, I shall give up going into society, and certainly shall not wear flowers in my hair." The women of fifty in their turn chatter freely about the giddiness and imprudence of women who only number a few years less than themselves.

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But a woman is never old so long as she can inspire a feeling of love. Besides, what is it to be old ? It surely does not consist in having spent a certain number of years out of the mysterious number which has been allotted to each of us. To be old, is (in my opinion) no longer to possess either beauty or charm. If a woman preserved up to the age of a hundred all the attractions of her youth, she would even then be younger than the woman of twenty who had lost them all. . . . I prefer any day an old woman who is young to a young woman who is old.

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Some good-natured souls, to console the women who are not pretty—or perhaps the latter to console themselves—have at all times endeavoured to decry the influence of beauty. The most ordinary argument employed is the shortness of its duration. But women are rarely deceived with these outbursts of bad faith ; for instance, say of a woman that she is wicked, ill-tempered, peevish, giddy, that she is faithless and not to be trusted—and then add that she is pretty, and you may be sure beforehand that if she cherishes any spite or resentment against you that it will be merely assumed and conventional. But try to offend her in downright earnest ; say that she is sweet-tempered and good, sensible, honourable in all her dealings, graceful in all her views, faultless in every one of her duties—and, after that, add that *she is ugly*,—

and you will then see that her resentment will be perfectly genuine.

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Listen to the questions that are made in society about a woman who is a perfect stranger: "Is she pretty?" is the first question and frequently the only one.

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If a second question is put, it is to discover something to diminish the effect of the first answer, supposing it has been in the affirmative. In short, if the stranger is pretty, there is a hope that she may be without *esprit*. If she has both beauty and *esprit*, there is a chance left that she may have no heart, or that her conduct has not upon all occasions been rigidly correct; but still rest perfectly sure that those defects would be esteemed very lightly, and that scarcely a breath of reproach would be visited upon them, if she could and would, in exchange for them, make the sacrifice of her beauty!

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Many volumes full of antithesis have been written upon the fate of the monarch and the ploughman, but still the distance which separates those two human beings—the one with his sceptre, the other with his cart-whip,—is nothing in comparison to that which exists between a woman who is beautiful and one who is ugly. Only do not consider yourself either very pretty or very ugly upon the mere certificate of your looking-glass. I mean to say that it is utterly impossible for any woman to judge for herself. A woman can only tell what her real beauty is by the impression it produces upon men.

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It is now-a-days an accident, a sort of wonder, in this age of gold, when a man marries a woman simply because she is beautiful.

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It is a source of so much unhappiness, such a calamity for a woman not to possess any beauty that women willingly turn into beauty any little recommendation they may possess. She who is obliged painfully to admit she has no beauty in the face, consoles herself with the thought that it is more than counterbalanced with the beauty of her figure; in the absence of that, she flatters herself that she has a pretty foot, or a rounded arm, or a sweet voice, or an elegant carriage, or a certain undefinable charm and grace, in which her rivals are deficient, or at all events *un je ne sais quoi*, upon which she prides herself, every bit as proudly as the prettiest woman upon her beauty.



No woman is so ugly but what she has a beauty of some sort!

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There is a class of women who are not very susceptible of the praise that is offered to their beauty—and it is those whose beauty is incontestable and universally recognised. The homage you pay them on this score they receive as the payment of a just debt, and they are not in the least grateful to you for paying it. They consider it their due, in the same way that a butcher expects to have his bill paid.

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The friendship of two women is never anything but a plot against a third.

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In the life of a woman every event, every alliance, every friendship, is the pretext for a new dress. A friend gives a ball—a new dress; she marries—a new dress; it is her birthday—a new dress; her husband dies—a new dress; she goes to court—a new dress; her children are confirmed—more new dresses, and so on to the last new dress she puts on at her own death.

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The life of a woman is a series of dresses, and her biography might be written from them.

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If fashions are created by women, why do not women create fashions for themselves? Do they think that those who invent the fashions do not accommodate them to the particular effect of their own charms? They may be sure that a fashion invented by another woman will have no other object than to hide a defect which she may have, or else to exhibit it in others—unless it is to hide a beauty in others and display it to greater advantage in herself. The woman who imposes a new fashion upon others succeeds in dressing not only herself, but every one else, for the aggrandizement of her own individual beauty. She who invented long dresses, managed to hide at the same time her own feet which were flat and heavy, and the feet of all her rivals, some of which are, to my knowledge, extremely small and pretty.

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A woman who loves a man of wit loves him less for the wit which he has than for the wit which is given to him by common repute.

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A woman frequently marries a man, not from any particular love, but merely to prevent any other woman having him. If a woman fell in love with the plague, there would be hundreds of women who would try all they could to seduce the plague away from her.

I tell you, ladies, to place no faith in the petty insults of men, and, above all, not to allow yourselves to be influenced by them; remain as you are, keep your good qualities if you can, but in the name of Heaven, in the name of yourselves, never think of losing your bad ones, for it is by them that you are all powerful, it is by them you reign; it is true that we hate and detest them as much as the soldiers and satellites of a tyrant are hated, still that is no reason why the tyrant should think of disbanding his army.

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As for the men who speak the greatest evil of women, they may be divisible into three classes:—those who do not love them—those who love them too well—and those who are no longer beloved by them.

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As for myself I shall not say which class I belong to—only I privately know it is neither the first nor the third.

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## WHAT HAMET EL BEDAI, THE SCHEREEF, SAW IN THE LAND OF THE MUSCOVITES.

It came to pass, some years ago, that I went to the fair of Nishni Novogorod, which is in the land of the Muscovites, who are unbelievers, and worship pictures of created things. And lo! I took to the fair fur caps and cloaks from Thibet, and woollen garments from Cashmere, and also dates of Bokhara, and our Lord the Prophet (whose tomb I have visited, and whose name is blessed) gave me a ready sale for my merchandise, so that I had soon a girdle full of roubles, which are a coin of the Muscovites. And behold, I made acquaintance with one of the unbelievers, whose name was Demski, and who had brought to the fair garments of white furs, and garments of seal skin. And of a truth, before the fair was over I was greatly troubled in my body, because of the noise, and the crowding, and the anxieties of buying and selling, and by reason of the unwholesome food with which these Muscovites (may Allah enlighten them!) fill themselves; and I was afflicted with a great trembling of the limbs, so that walking fatigued me, even one who had journeyed to Mecca, the riches

whereof may Allah increase. And whereas, when I was in Kleiva, my girdle caused a constriction of the ribs and a shortness of breath, it would now have fallen over the stomach, but the good roubles, of which the Prophet had permitted me to despoil the Muscovites, kept it in its place. And when Demski saw how I walked with difficulty, and was even as a peeled wand for thinness, he said, "Verily, O Hamet, the way to Kleiva is long, and the motion of camels, I have heard, is a sorrow to the bones; it were better for thee to go with me and my merchandise unto Berezow, which is a town on the river Obb, in the province of Tobolsk; for, though the winter is long and cold, yet, when we roll thee up in furs, and give thee the warmest corner of the stove, and cause the pores of thy skin to open by means of the sweating house, thou wilt not think of the snow, nor of the long night."

And I said, "Of a truth, O my friend! the words of the poet are exemplified in thee, for he saith, 'In a brother have I found no love, but a stranger has shown me affection;' and a stranger has been to me more than the son of my mother."

But he said, "These are foolish words; when I come to Kleiva, thou shalt prepare the kabobs and the pilaff for me. And now, O Hamet, make ready thy goods, for on the second day we shall harness the horse to the sledge."

And on the second day Demski loaded the sledge with merchandise, even with dried meat, and with brandy, and with stewed pears (may Allah confound and exterminate them), for of such things do the Muscovites eat. And he spread fur cloaks upon the merchandise, and we sat thereon; and he struck the horse with a whip having three lashes, and lo! we went like horses of the Kurds, and like the camels of the Bedawee. And behold the journey was long, but the novelty thereof sustained me; for, from my youth up, I have loved to see strange places, and to hear of those that live therein.

And when we came to Berezow, we found there Petrovna, the wife of Demski, and Alexandrovitch, his little son; and I gave to her a handkerchief of bright colours, and to him a fez of red cloth, so that they were glad to see me; and I abode with them through the winter. And verily! I saw a strange thing, for the sun appeared not for the space of four months. And when I saw this, I said, "Of a truth this is a land which is forsaken by God, and it is because the people thereof worship the pictures of created things." And I abode much in the house, going only from the stove to the sweating house, and from the sweating house to the stove. And in the sweating house they took from me my clothes, and set me on warm stones, and poured water on stones heated in the fire, until

the house was filled with the steam thereof, and beat my body gently with the twigs of birch, until the perspiration ran from me; and indeed this is of great convenience in that cold land, and relieveth the bowels of the Muscovites. And in the house we talked of the countries we had seen, and of the wonderful works of God, and Demski taught me the game of chess, and I taught him that of dhama, which I had learned of an Osmanlee when I went to Mecca, the riches of which may God increase. And lo! one evening I noticed that Alexandrovitch, the son of Demski, was cutting out the bits of bone wherewith the game of chess is played, and fashioning them into the images of created things; and I saw that the bone wherefrom he was cutting them was that of a large animal, and I said, "O Demski! whence comes that bone, for I have seen here no animal whose bones are of such a bigness, but only a few hares and foxes with white fur?" (For in this accursed country God has withdrawn the light of His countenance from the animals, and there is no colour in them.) And Demski told me that the bone was found in the ice, and that also whole animals were found therein, with the hair and the flesh on them, and that the people thereabouts gathered the bones and sold them, and did the same by the hair, and that amongst them were the bones of the elephant, and even entire elephants, which are animals that I have seen in the land of the Mogul, where the inhabitants (may Allah enlighten them) worship cows. And I said, "O Demski! how come these creatures here; for verily they are animals that live in hot countries, and could not bear the cold of this place, which causeth the blood to stand still, and the fingers to be like the fingers of dead men?" And he said, "Thy question is that of a man of understanding, and verily there was a learned man here whom the Czar (may God preserve him) sent to us—a man of the nation of the Franks, who examined these bones, and looked at the creatures as they lay in the ice, and said unto me and to others, that this land had once been warmer and fit for such creatures, and that these frozen rivers and seas had once flowed, like the great rivers and the ocean which thou hast seen." And I said, "O Demski! this is but foolishness, and God will confound these Feringees, who pry into the origin of things. For these are works of Eblis and of the Jan; and these creatures are shut up in the ice by enchantment, even as Gog and Magog were shut up by Iskander, in the mountains near the Caspian sea. And Gog and Magog are always digging through the mountain to get out, but cannot, by reason of the strong enchantment with which Iskander has enchanted them; nor shall they, because they cannot say 'Inshallah!' that is, God willing! but one day they shall have a boy amongst them named

‘Inshallah,’ and one of them shall say, ‘Inshallah, dig through the rock ;’ and straightway they shall dig their way out and overspread the world, and Dejjal shall come forth to lead them. And who knows but these creatures are shut up by like enchantment, and will come forth one day ? ”

And Demski, and Petrovna, and Alexandrovitch, their son, allowed that I had spoken wisely, and praised me much, so that when supper came I was elated, and eat of the dried meat, and of fish, and also of the stewed pears, which I had never before tasted (may Allah confound them), and drank of the brandy until I shouted and sang, as one should not who has travelled to Mecca (may God establish it and maintain it). And behold, when I lay down on the stove to sleep, I was much pleased that I had spoken so wisely about Eblis and the Jan, and Gog and Magog, and Iskander ; for it beseemeth a Schereef to instruct the ignorant, and one who hath wisdom to impart it to those who have not. So I slept.

But about the middle of the night I felt a heavy weight upon my breast ; and when I awoke, lo ! one of the evil ones stood by me, even a fiend, having the face of a bull, and a hand like the foot of an elephant, and his hand was upon my breast. And he said, “ O Hamet ! arise, and go with me ! ” And I answered, and said, “ O Bull Face ! whither ? ” Then said he, “ Unto the shores of the frozen sea, and unto the palace of Eblis, and the abode of the enchanted creatures, of whom thou spakest before supper.” Then cried I, “ Now are the words of the poet accomplished ; for he said—

“ ‘ Speak no evil of the Jan, for they are always about thee ;

And one of them shall carry thy words to the rest, in the palace of Eblis.”

And the Bull Face grinned. And I arose and went with him out of the house, and he took me by the hand and we ran swiftly, like the mahry on which the Touarick rides forth to plunder. And when I saw that he meddled not with Demski, or Petrovna his wife, or Alexandrovitch his son, neither with any of the people of Berezow, I said, “ See, now, what it is to worship the pictures of created things, for those who do so are even as the Jan, and the Jan regard them as brothers.” And the Bull Face grinned.

And by this time we had come to the shores of the frozen sea ; but the ice was not all of equal strength, nor was the sea entirely covered with ice, but great shapes of ice sailed down it, which were of a blue colour, by reason of the moon. And the fiend would have carried me over, but when he essayed it I was too heavy for him, so that he said, “ Of a truth this wretch hath some holy thing about him that I cannot lift him.” And I remembered with

joy that I had on my heart a piece of cloth, wherewith I had touched the holy stone when I went to Mecca, and I repeated the verses—

“ Keep holy things about thee, and gird thee with sacred spells,  
That thy wickedness may be forgiven, for the sake of that thou wearest.”

And the fiend struck the ice with a stone and made it crack ; and lo ! I heard it cracking and splitting across the sea, until the noise was louder than that of thunder, and the Jan, who were in the palace of Eblis, heard it ; and three of them having faces like hawks, and the claws of eagles, came flying to us ; and the Bull Face said, “ O, Hook Noses, Eblis sent me to bring this wretch to him ; but he is too heavy for me, by reason of some holy thing which he hath about him. Help me to carry him.” And they four took me in their arms and flew ; and when I felt the swiftness of our motion through the air, and thought that the evil ones might drop me on the ice, or into the cold sea, I resolved to treat them courteously ; and I said to one of the Hook Noses who bore up my right shoulder, “ Wherefore, O my Aga ! doth my Lord Eblis abide in this desolate place with creatures forsaken of God ? ” And he answered and said, “ Not choice, but necessity brought us to this place, thou abandoned one ! for Eblis was once Lord of the Morning Star, and God had given him a brightness well nigh equal to the brightness of the sun ; but Eblis wished that his light should be greater, and that men should see his star, even as the sun, all the day long. Wherefore God banished him from the morning star, and shut him up in this place with forsaken creatures, and deprived this place of the sun for half the year, and as for us, we are even as he is.”

Then the Bull Face and the Hook Noses howled for grief, and I was grieved that I had questioned them ; for I said, “ They have a sore burden to bear, and I have reminded them thereof.”

And now they flew with me to the land wherein is the palace of Eblis, and verily it is a land of ice ; for there are neither trees nor plants in it, nor any living herb, nor any running water, but only great rocks and columns of ice, even pillars, like those of Tadmor, which Solomon built in the desert ; and in these columns I saw what will scarce be believed : for I saw all manner of animals, entire and perfect, even elephants, bigger than any that I ever saw in the land of the Mogul, and great deer, and crocodiles, such as are by the Nile in the land of Misraim. These are inclosed in the ice even as the amber on the sea shore incloseth flies, and the expression of their countenances is that of creatures which have died in pain. And I said to them who were with me, “ O Jan ! how



came these creatures here in the ice?" And one of them said, "Of a truth this was once a land with rivers of water, and with trees and plants, both great and small, and these creatures lived therein. But when God sent Eblis hither, he caused the sun to shine on other parts of the earth, and not on this; so that these creatures were all frozen up here as thou seest them, and the breath went out of them." Then, thought I, "Lo! now of a truth Allah has cursed these Franks, for they speak like the Jan." But though there was no sun in this land, there was a light such as I never saw before or since, for it was a light proceeding from no visible cause, but resembling the reflection of a lamp upon a wall; and verily the ice was luminous, and I saw pale flames on the top of every rock and pillar; and the flames were like the mist that surrounds the moon when rain is about to be sent; and the flames were everywhere, even in the ground whereon I walked, and in the air which I breathed. But there was no heat in the flame. And so we came into the hall where Eblis sat, and it was all of luminous ice; and the inhabitants thereof were of ice also; and as I looked at the Jan who had brought me, behold! they, too, were of ice, and pale flames were around all their heads, and at the ends of all their fingers. And their bodies were luminous, so that I could see their hearts beat. And Eblis sat on a frozen throne; and his body looked like a clear opal, and his face like a milk-white cornelian. And there was no light in the palace, or in all that land, but what came from the luminous ice, and from the bodies of the inhabitants thereof. And they set me in the midst. And Eblis said, "What present has my servant Hamet brought to his Lord?" And I answered, "Nay, my Sultan! Verily I am a poor man, and I was taken in the night, and I have brought nothing with me; and, moreover, I am not the servant of my Sultan; but if he will send me back to Berezow, to the house of Demski, I will give him, as a present, fur caps of Thibet, and woollen garments of Cashmere, inasmuch as he needeth them sorely." And thereat the evil ones, even the men of ice, laughed until all their joints cracked horribly. And Eblis said, "Nay, but thou hast served me often, even at the fair of Novogorod, when thou didst sell fur caps for two roubles that were not worth one; and again, no later than last night, when thou didst drink brandy and eat stewed pears." And I said, "Of a truth the fur caps were not good, and the stewed pears are an accursed food; but I am a poor man, and my Lord will accept a small present from me and let me go."

"Yea, verily," said he, "I will take what thou hast about thee." And he turned to a blue fiend who stood near him, and said, "O Blue! take from him the girdle of roubles which is about his

waist." And when I heard this, I thought, "My life is in the hands of God; but if I lose my roubles, of what value is my life? I can but die once, but poverty is a prolonged affliction." So I took courage, and said, "O frozen ones! accursed are your mothers and your sisters, but my roubles ye shall not have," And I took up my garments and ran, and the men of ice ran too, and slid with much swiftness round about me, and caught at me with their slippery hands, and chilled me with their icy breath; and the rocks, and the pillars, and the frozen ground, shot out pale flames at me as I ran; and the creatures which were in the pillars (the expression of whose countenances was that of creatures which have died in pain) writhed themselves in the ice, and grinned at me as I passed; and all the men of ice shouted "Hamet! stop, Hamet! thy roubles, Hamet! thy roubles!" And their words struck against the rocks of ice, and ran along the frozen ground, and along the surface of the sea, so that all that land shouted, "Hamet! stop, Hamet! thy roubles, Hamet! thy roubles!" and lo! my foot slipped on the ice, and I strove to save myself from falling; and behold! I was on my back on the stove in the house of Demski; and it was morning, and he, and Petrovna his wife, and Alexandrovitch their son, were shouting to me, and they said I had been asleep. But how I escaped from the frozen ones I know not; only I think it was the holy relic (even the bit of cloth wherewith I had touched the holy stone) redeemed me from them, even from the power of the Jan. Therefore, let no one doubt henceforth that it is good to go to Mecca, and that Mohamed is the Prophet of God. And when the spring came I saluted Demski, and Petrovna, and their son, and journeyed back to Klaiva, I and my roubles, of which Eblis (may his name be accursed) wished to rob me.

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## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

## HOME.

THE Queen's second visit to Ireland in the early part of September was received with every demonstration of affection and esteem by all classes of her subjects in the sister kingdom. Indeed, the display of loyalty surpassed even that exhibited on the occasion of her first appearance in Dublin. With her characteristic love of art, she inspected with interest and care the wonders of the Great Exhibition, which, in some points, surpassed even its celebrated predecessor in Hyde Park; and the mode in which she testified her approbation of the conduct of its distinguished projector excited universal admiration. Mr. Dargan had refused the honour of a title at the hands of her Majesty, and she sought to recompense his patriotism and spirit in a way more congenial to his tastes. She treated him, in short, with that frank and affectionate cordiality which it so well becomes an enlightened sovereign to display towards a deserving subject, and her conduct was duly appreciated by all who witnessed it. It would be well for Ireland if she had more citizens of the same stamp as Mr. Dargan. Her great want, from time immemorial, has been an industrious and independent middle class; and the example of such a man will tend more, perhaps, to the formation of this class than any measures which it is possible for legislative wisdom to devise. Upon the whole, the Dublin Exhibition may be pronounced to have been a highly successful experiment, notwithstanding the many prognostications of failure which were made regarding it; and we doubt not that it will effectually and permanently promote the cause of industry and art in Ireland.

From Dublin the Queen proceeded northwards to her Highland retreat at Balmoral, where, in the midst of domestic seclusion, she enjoys each autumn a few weeks of repose from the bustle, if not from the cares, of royalty.

The cholera, after lingering through the summer at Berlin, Copenhagen, and Hamburg, has once more appeared amongst us; and we grieve to add that it finds us no less unprepared than on the two former occasions when it visited this island. We have a highly-paid sanitary commission, yet the disgraceful condition of our great towns is the crying nuisance of the age in which we live. The practice of intramural interment, with all its noxious results, is still maintained among us, as though it were one of our most time-honoured institutions. In the metropolis, indeed, thanks to the

energy of Lord Palmerston, a large proportion of the graveyards have been closed ; but in our other great cities little or nothing has been done towards the removal of this giant evil. It is, indeed, remarkable that nations whom we are accustomed to term barbarous have for centuries abandoned this loathsome practice. Nay, we ourselves, in more remote ages, were accustomed to bury our dead beyond the walls of our cities. The practice to which we now so rigidly adhere is a refinement of modern times, invented and perpetuated by ecclesiastical cupidity. It is monstrous that the revenues of Christian ministers should be augmented from so foul a source, and that their interests should, in this instance, be so diametrically opposed to those of the community at large. The toleration of this abuse, in an age of social progress like the present, is truly remarkable, and we trust to see it speedily and permanently swept away. But the dwellings of the living demand the care of the Legislature as well as those of the dead, and although much has been done towards the purification of our great cities of late years, much yet remains to be accomplished. The cellars inhabited by a large proportion of the population of Liverpool, and the densely crowded alleys of Manchester and Glasgow, promise, we fear, an abundant harvest to the approaching pestilence. Hitherto it has been confined to Newcastle, and although its progress has not been rapid, the proportion of deaths among those attacked has been larger than upon either of the former occasions during which it visited England.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come singly ; and the certainty of a deficient harvest, of which there is now, unhappily, no doubt, renders our prospects for the winter anything but satisfactory. The wheat crop throughout the kingdom is now ascertained to be decidedly below the average, and the potato rot has re-appeared. In addition to this, the harvest throughout the South of Europe is believed to be deficient, and France, whence, for the last four years, we have derived our chief supplies, is now compelled to import enormously for her own consumption. The stimulus which this state of things has given to speculation in foreign corn has produced a tightness in the money market which will probably continue to be felt for some time to come. The bullion in the Bank has steadily diminished in amount since the commencement of the present year, notwithstanding the large importations of Australian gold ; and this circumstance has induced the directors to apply the screw in a period of great apparent prosperity. But, in truth, they have no alternative in the matter. So long as our currency remains on its present basis they must watch with anxious care the state of the Bank reserves. Whether it is politic to entrust so great a power as the directors undoubtedly possess to any private

corporation may be questionable. Their control over the money market is not only absolute, but it is wholly irresponsible ; and an error in judgment on the part of the gentlemen who hold their mysterious meetings in the Bank parlour may lead, and we doubt not have led, to the most disastrous results. Meanwhile, the raising of the rate of discount to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. has told materially upon the funds, and upon every kind of stock, and the feeling of distrust in the money market has been seriously aggravated by the increasing difficulties of the Eastern question, and the strong probability of war. We need hardly add that all these untoward circumstances have conspired to render the failure of Mr. Gladstone's financial schemes complete.

The political world at home has been unusually dull during the past month. Sir Fitzroy Kelly addressed his constituents in East Suffolk, and congratulated them upon their improved prospects since he last met them ; but he carefully abstained from all allusion to party politics. Not a word about Free-trade, or Protection, or the state of affairs in the East, passed the lips of the learned knight ; but he very wisely warned his hearers that the present high prices were, in all probability, but temporary, and arose from causes over which legislation had exercised, and could exercise, no control. He recommended them, in short, to make hay while the sun shone, and even the *Times* approved of this advice, though it proceeded from the mouth of an enemy. Mr. Disraeli subsequently addressed the farmers of Buckinghamshire at Aylesbury, but he was even more reserved than his former colleague. He did not even allude to Australia and its bearing on the present agricultural prosperity. He contented himself with delivering a lecture on the duties of farm labourers—a topic upon which the most versatile genius of the age discoursed with astonishing propriety and success. It was a strange theme for the author of *Vivian Grey*, and the brilliant parliamentary debater, but he proved himself fully competent in this new line. He himself distributed premiums to several agricultural patriarchs, whose chief merit appears to have been, that they had large families of children born to them in lawful wedlock, and had brought them up without parochial relief. Mr. Disraeli told his audience that the recipients of these prizes, which varied in value from £1 to £2, had as much reason to feel proud as the nobleman who obtains a blue or green riband from the hands of his sovereign. It was a bold comparison, but it succeeded with the audience to whom it was addressed.

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## COLONIAL.

LITTLE intelligence of interest has reached us from any of our Colonial possessions during the past month, and this circumstance speaks well for the satisfactory condition in general of our fellow subjects beyond the seas. The Kaffirs appear at length to be subdued, and the people of the Cape have now leisure to turn their thoughts to less exciting topics. The new constitution for the Colony has been favourably received, but it would be premature as yet to pronounce any opinion upon its merits. We trust that the Cape legislators, however, will turn their earnest attention without loss of time to a subject which is no less interesting to them than to ourselves. Kaffir wars have cost us thousands of valuable lives, and millions of treasure, and we have a right to insist that every precaution should in future be taken against their recurrence. This we fear can only be effectually done by the establishment of a permanent militia, such as the old Dutch settlers found necessary for their defence. It was through the meddling folly of the Colonial office that this cheap and most effective system of defence was abolished thirty or forty years ago. Before that time Kaffir wars were unknown, and by a prompt recurrence to the wise policy of former times, we hope that the same desirable result may be attained in future years.

From Australia the accounts continue of the same complexion as heretofore. Melbourne is at this moment the most extraordinary town on the face of the globe. So singular a combination of wealth and want were never before seen within so limited a space. Complaints of the hardships endured by that large class of emigrants who are without capital, and who are unaccustomed to manual labour are more loud than ever. But this is an evil which must be left to cure itself. From South Australia we learn that the value of land continues to advance. The town lots put up by the Government were sold as fast as they could be offered, some of them fetching upwards of £100 an acre. The revenue of the Colony, too, was in a most flourishing condition, and the sum of £45,000 had been despatched to the emigration commissioners in London for the introduction of labour. This sum is in addition to £141,000 which is already in the hands of that body on account of South Australia alone.

From Western Australia we learn that the inhabitants continue satisfied with the experiment of convict immigration. Public meetings had been held approving of the measure, and although two thousand convicts had been received in the Colony, there appeared to be an unanimous demand for the continuance of transportation to that quarter. This is so far fortunate for us; but it is



impossible not to foresee that this very limited field must soon be overstocked, and that we shall ultimately be compelled either to find new outlets for our criminal population or to keep the whole of them at home.

The West India news is uninteresting. The people of Jamaica are anxious for the arrival of their new Governor as the business of the island still continues at a stand still. In the meantime they are busily canvassing the merits of the Government plans for the resuscitation of the Colony, and the organ of the Assembly displays towards them a spirit of opposition for which we were certainly unprepared. There can be little doubt the proposed measures fall far short of what the people of Jamaica expected, nay, perhaps, of what they had a right to expect. But we believe them to be good so far as they go, and the Colony might have accepted them with thankfulness as an instalment of what they considered their due from the mother country. We shall very soon learn whether Sir Henry Barkly is likely to succeed in the very difficult and delicate task which he has undertaken. If he fails in his attempt to manage the Assembly, there is but one alternative left. The present state of anarchy cannot be suffered to continue. The constitution of Jamaica must in short be altered to suit the altered state of society in the island, and the Representative Assembly will, in all probability, be suspended, as was proposed under Lord Melbourne's administration in 1839.

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#### FOREIGN.

THE question of peace or war which has kept Europe in suspense for so many months has now assumed a graver aspect than at any former period since Russia put forward her unwarrantable claims to interfere in the internal affairs of the Turkish Empire. Our readers will bear in mind that we have all along taken a less hopeful view of this dispute than our contemporaries in general. We have all along assumed that Russia had not taken so extraordinary a step without due deliberation, and that she was fully prepared to maintain her ambitious policy at all hazards. Hitherto she has been completely successful. She first of all makes certain demands which all Europe declares she has no right to make. Upon these being refused she commits an act of armed aggression upon the territory of the State which refuses to comply with her insolent requisition. A more flagrant violation of public rights has not been committed in Europe since the invasion of Spain by Napoleon. And yet France and England, by their timid and hesitating policy, have appeared to acquiesce in the daring projects of the

Russian Emperor. Instead of resolutely opposing them at first, and meeting force with force if necessary, we have spent four precious months in fruitless negotiation. We have done more than this, for we have even stooped to the humiliation of attempting to persuade our ancient ally, Turkey, to submit to the demands of her grasping neighbour—demands which we have all along pronounced to be unjust. The Sultan refuses to renounce the rights of independent sovereignty though threatened with the open hostility of Russia, and with the displeasure of all his allies if he declines to do so. Who shall say that he is not justified in resisting this unparalleled attempt? And yet his refusal to sign away his independent rights has been suggested by the most powerful organ of public opinion as a good and sufficient reason why we should now back out of all responsibility in the matter and leave the Sultan to his fate. To the credit of the British press, the *Times* alone has ventured to advocate this doctrine. It expresses no doubt the sentiments of a party in the State who possess more influence than they deserve; but we are persuaded that the national voice, if called upon to speak, would pronounce a very different opinion. It is impossible that we can now abandon Turkey without reaching a depth of humiliation which we trust that no one living is destined to witness.

Meanwhile the two Emperors of Russia and Austria have met at Olmutz, on the 23rd of last month, to deliberate on the present serious aspect of affairs. What transpired at this portentous meeting we know not; probably we never shall know. But we can guess, we believe, with tolerable accuracy, both its purport and its result. It must be a paramount object of Russia to detach the Austrian Emperor from the Western Powers in the event of war; and who can doubt that in this attempt Nicholas will succeed? We do not for a moment doubt that Austria has exerted herself in all sincerity to preserve peace throughout the long but fruitless negotiations that have taken place at Vienna. She knows well that of all the great powers she has the best reasons to dread war; and she is probably prepared to make any sacrifices to avoid a calamity that might probably strip her of half her dominions. But in the event of the sword being drawn she has no alternative but to side with Russia. Her recent heavy obligations to that power, as well as her political sympathies, must lead to this result. If we are about to witness another great European contest she must be content to follow the fortunes of the Czar.

The attitude now assumed by the Porte has, in short, re-opened the whole question at issue between the rival powers. The Sultan, on the one hand, considers that he cannot, with safety to himself, make the concessions required of him; the dignity of the Czar, on the other, demands that his terms should be complied with. Under these circumstances it is difficult to see how a compromise

is to be effected. We are led to believe that both parties are equally indisposed to make further concessions, and we may safely assume that both are sufficiently exasperated with the want of success which has attended the labours of diplomacy. As the aggrieved party, Turkey has unquestionably the best right to complain, and it may very soon become impossible to restrain the impatience of the martial tribes who are now assembling on the Danube. From the remotest corners of the empire warriors are daily hastening to the camp of Omar Pasha, burning with zeal in the cause of their religion, and eager to avenge the tarnished honour of the Sultan. The Russian General commanding in the provinces, on the other hand, has recently issued a proclamation, in which he threatens to *exterminate* not only the enemies of his sovereign, but all their allies. With such an amount of exasperation exhibited upon both sides, and daily on the increase, the preservation of peace appears now to be almost hopeless. Russian arrogance on the one hand, and the timidity or incompetence of the Western Cabinets on the other, have brought things to this pass. Upon the future we shall not venture to speculate; but for the present negotiations are at a complete stand-still. It appears that the Vienna conference is broken up, and there are rumours of a misunderstanding between the English and French ambassadors at Constantinople. With regard to the intentions of the British Government, we are kept in profound ignorance. Not a single Cabinet Council has been held since Parliament was prorogued, and the ministers are dispersed throughout the country in pursuit of health and recreation. But the recent intelligence from the East has produced an impression in other quarters, though it appears to be regarded with perfect equanimity by our rulers. A public meeting has been held at Sheffield for the purpose of denouncing the policy of Russia and supporting the Turkish empire in the present crisis. The greatest unanimity prevailed on this occasion, and the resolutions passed concluded with a demand that ministers shall at once take prompt and decisive measures, not only to compel Russia to evacuate the Principalities, but also to reimburse Turkey for the expenses she has incurred in preparing to defend her independence.

This timely expression of popular opinion may teach the two potentates who are now plotting the partition of Turkey at Olmutz, that although they may outwit our diplomatists, and cajole our ministers, they cannot impose upon the good sense of the nation, or outrage with impunity that love of justice which has so long distinguished the British people. We trust that the example of the men of Sheffield will be followed by our other great towns. It is only by such means that our rulers can be roused to a true sense of the gravity of the present crisis.

# THE BRITISH JOURNAL,

&c.

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## A STORY ABOUT A KITE.

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BY WILLIAM DALTON.

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Mr. Dodds was a young man without any particular want. What could he want? He had a nice comfortable little wife (that in itself is no little stock-in-trade to commence business in happiness with), and, thanks to a good situation, the means wherewith to support her. However, this state of things was not to last long. Fortune, feeling envious at his presuming to be an exception to his race, punished him with a legacy; its power was talismanic; no sooner had it touched Mr. Dodds than he began to want directly; he wanted to go into some small way of business—shopkeeping. This new craving the legacy would not immediately allay, for being in the shape of a freehold house, he knew of no means of stocking a shop with it; the transmuting of this legacy into gold soon became a fixed idea in Mr. Dodds' mind. Fortunately he had a friend who was great in his knowledge of the exchangeable value of bricks and mortar; to him he appealed; the result was an immediate offer from that gentleman (Mr. Brown) of £500.

“What! down upon the nail?” asked the ecstatic Mr. Dodds.

“No; not exactly, but £100 down, and a kite for the remainder,” replied Mr. Brown.

“A what?” rejoined the astonished aspirant for shopkeeping.

“What! did you never hear of the bird before, Dodds? You are as green as a young goose. It is well-known among com-

mercial ornithologists ; it has invisible wings, and seldom flies without a hawk in its trail ; it's an acceptance—a bill— as good, you know, as bank paper."

" Oh ! a bill," said Mr. Dodds. " I'll just consult with Mrs. Dodds about the matter."

Mr. Dodds did consult his wife.

" A bill," said that lady ; " it's not ready money, Dodds."

" It's only for four months, and we shan't be ready for the money before," observed the husband.

" Very true, and then there's the hundred down. Well, if Mr. Brown's safe, and I should think he is, having been in business so long, I think we can't do wrong," replied the lady.

The affair was settled ; Mr. Brown's hundred was taken, the bill accepted, and the house sold. Mr. Dodds made his first commercial essay in a small street at the West end of town, and as he had nothing to pay for good-will, a good situation (for he did not resign that), and a £100 in his pocket, he felt himself, as all persons do with their first hundred, a very rich man ; the whole hundred pounds were so mentally laid down in single file to make the most of them, and appeared such a length of coin that he really could scarcely imagine the end ; and even that once imagined, the bill for the other four hundred made the probable want of money so hazy and obscure, that Mr. Dodds seemed to start in life with undimmed prospects. However, notwithstanding his frugality and care, Mr. Dodds soon found himself up his string of sovereigns ; sovereigns like snow melt, leaving no trace behind. In less than three weeks the £100 had dissolved itself into a stock of stationery and books, and had become united to another hundred, a phantom hundred, upon *credit*. For the latter Mr. Dodds had given some small bills, and the more misty his circumstances became the clearer he could perceive the coming-due time for these acceptances of his ; but, notwithstanding, he felt buoyant as a cork upon the waters, and fancied himself going on swimmingly, Mr. Brown's acceptance of £400 appearing to him like the bladders by which swimming aspirants keep their heads above water. When Mr. Brown gave his acceptance it was accompanied with a verbal guarantee of obtaining discount for Mr. Dodds, should the latter gentleman require it. To him Mr. Dodds now applied. " Nothing easier than to alchymise it, my boy," said Mr. Brown ; " there's the man that'll do it for you." Mr. Dodds was to call with this recommendation upon a celebrated " doer" of small tradesmen's bills.

Upon a high stool in a small room, sliced off from

a dingy house that could but ill spare being shorn of its fair proportions, upon the north-western border of Clerkenwell, sat a little man with restless dirty-looking little eyes; small as was this room it was rendered smaller by a set of three counters, over which were strewn the entrails and outer cases of a number of watches. His horological highness had a book before him, into which he was busily entering some memoranda copied from a heap of oblong-shaped papers, which were most tenaciously held down by the thumb of his left hand. Ostensibly this gentleman was a mender of and dealer in watches, really but partially so; his real occupation tended rather to the corroding of human than the cleansing of mechanical movements. In fact, he was much less a cobbler of watches than a cobbler of finance upon a small scale. He was a doer of small bills for small tradesmen, seldom venturing out of the precincts, or at least the tributary streams, that led to his own trade. To his accommodating disposition Mr. Tap owed much of his success in life, though not a little to his tongue, which was as pointed as a fish-hook, and ever, so well baited with fine words, that having once caught it never failed to hold fast the human fish that swam in the same water with him; so well and skilfully was its point baited that little fish were hooked without pain, for when once the bait had taken (and it could be only taken by a gentle nibbling) his luckless victim gorged to repletion. Mr. Tap had many clients—patients would be a better term, for none ever came to him whose circumstances were not in a dropsical condition and required the process of tapping. Mr. Tap was not exactly what you would call a speculative man, for he never let a bird of his fly in the bush without holding two birds in his hand. Report had much busied itself about Mr. Tap. Some said he was rich himself, others that he was but the jackal of a rich man, but yet that indefinite person, everybody, whatever it said, universally believed him to be a modern Croesus. The little tradesmen in his neighbourhood looked upon him as a perch might upon a pike, half enviously, half admiringly, with some little timidity but no positive fear, while they had some independent bristles of their own to protect them; in good truth they endeavoured to model themselves from his interpretation of a pains-taking, careful, cunning genius, and longed for the time when they, like him, might be sucking the honey from such little money-making hives as loan societies, tally concerns, and, as it was darkly hinted, pawnbroking. With his brains immersed more than half up to the middle in discount, Mr. Tap was interrupted by the sudden entry of our friend Mr. Dodds. A new application for discount was so common an event to Mr.



Tap that it did not at all require any shadow to be cast before it to prevent him from feeling, or at least exhibiting, surprise at the advent of Mr. Dodds in his chamber. He regarded Mr. Dodds with no more notice than that of merely shuffling himself from his high stool; his little eyes commenced twinkling away like little stars, or as if they had just received motion from the key of silence which had wound them up to the proper going pitch, and although it was warm weather he rubbed his little hands together as vehemently as if it had been the depth of winter; he then slid sideways, after the fashion of a crab, towards Mr. Dodds.

The cool way in which Mr. Tap received Mr. Dodds' overtures for the negotiation of what the latter gentleman felt to be so large an amount of money terribly awed him. A man who could treat so much money so coolly must be rich indeed. Notwithstanding the awe in which he stood of Mr. Tap, Mr. Dodds could not but help feeling that it was the cruellest thing that had ever happened to a bill of exchange; he felt much puzzled at the old gentleman's movements; he handled the bill so mysteriously. However, after a lengthened examination, Mr. Tap squeaked out, "Aye, yes, all right, Dodds upon Brown—large sum though—don't do such large ones generally, Mr. Dodds, it would swallow up all my little savings in one transaction. Haven't got the money in the house, but, if you'll leave it, I'll make inquiries, and all that sort of thing, and perhaps find a friend who'll advance the cash."

"Leave the bill!" said the astonished Mr. Dodds, who would have thought the request of the loan of his head equally reasonable.

"Leave the bill, my friend; yes, leave the bill, it's customary and usual; can't do it without," replied the old gentleman.

"Very well; what must be must?" rejoined our philosophic friend; "but what are your terms, Mr. Tap. What shall I give you?"

"Eh! eh! eh!" uttered the old gentleman, comically, "time enough to talk about that, after the inquiries, but we shan't quarrel; I never quarrel about such things; call in a week, and I'll let you know."

"A week?" said Mr. Dodds.

"Yes; can't in less time, my young friend;" and with this answer Mr. Dodds took his departure, being conducted to the street-door by Mr. Tap, who kept ferociously rubbing his hands together all the time. The visitor gone Mr. Tap left off the friction, entered Mr. Dodds' demand into his bill-book, took down his hat

from its peg, and sidled himself out of the house ; then his little eyes began to twinkle again, as if they were his own particular twin stars to light him along his dreary path ; as for his hands, he consigned each to its particular pocket, and gradually jerked (for he never walked) himself into the city. Arriving before the entrance of a Joint-stock Bank, he stopped to fetch his hands up from the bottoms of his pockets, as if to prepare them for immediate use ; he entered the establishment, and was soon ushered into the presence of the great man, into one of those rooms, where minutes seemed to be coined into golden coin and bank notes ; the interview was short, but sufficiently long to have been instructive to a bystander, if any such had happened to have been there. Once in the great man's presence, Mr. Tap left off rubbing his hands, as in fact he was obliged to do, to put one in his breast-pocket, from whence he drew his pocket-book, and taking out the bill, handed it to the great man.

"A larger amount than usual, Mr. Tap, but I need not ask you as to the safety of at least *one* of the parties. You have had too much experience, my friend to run much risk," said that personage. "We have not had many of Brown's acceptances lately from you. Smell a rat, aye, Mr. Tap?"

"Smelt it a long time, and have watched it as narrowly as a tom-cat could have done—have seen it work—work—work its way up from the very sewers of Brown's business till it has undermined the whole. Brown's tottering—he'll soon tumble—and when he does fall he'll break all to pieces, depend upon it, sir," replied Mr. Tap, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Expect to be in for much" asked the great man.

"No, no, I should think not ! His signature hasn't been in my bill-book for a long time without a prop upon both sides of it, in the shape of two better names than his own."

"Shrewd man, Mr. Tap, a good man of business ; always keep your transactions in the iron-safe of caution."

"Best patent, isn't it?" replied our little friend. "Tap's patent safe materials for making it, experience and knowledge of mankind, picked up amongst sharp dealers."

"Put to your account, of course?" said the great man touching the handle of a bell—a sufficient hint for Mr. Tap to intrude no longer in this inner department of the money-mill. Mr. Dodds' bill was put to Mr. Tap's account, and stood in his book for £400, less the interest five per cent.—that is as £395. Leaving the bank Mr. Tap jerked himself into Mr. Dodds' own particular neighbourhood, and, much to the latter gentleman's surprise, into

his very shop. Now Mr. Dodds, in the innocence of his heart, regarded this visit as one of much honour to himself, for having embarked his little all in trade, he had thenceforward determined to think, feel, and act as a tradesman should, and therefore it was but natural, that he should look up with respect to such a successful man of business as Mr. Tap. No ensign ever regarded his general with greater awe than did Mr. Dodds Mr. Tap. What Mr. Tap did and said in Mr. Dodds' establishment would take more time than we can at present spare to relate, sufficient to say that in a very fatherly manner he talked to Mr. Dodds about his resources, his prospects, and the value of his stock in trade, so much so that the young tradesman lashed his heart alongside of Mr. Tap, and emptied his stock of ideas and projects into Mr. Tap's lap ; it was Mr. Dodd's very first business confidant, and that gentleman felt extremely lucky. Strange to say—until a long time after Mr. Tap had left his shop—in the midst of their interesting conversation Mr. Dodds had not heard a word of his bill of exchange ; however, he would call upon Mr. Tap in the morning, and he did with a sanguine heart, expecting to receive the money there and then. He found the little man good-tempered as ever, but the action of the little man's head was an extinguisher to Mr. Dodds hopes, for it shook :—" He had not made sufficient inquiries yet—it was a large sum of money—he hadn't seen his friend—but—" and this but stayed the perspiration which was rolling down Mr. Dodds' forehead, as quickly as if a piece of wet flannel had been thrown at him ; " but he would advance him a little money, he would kindly spare Mr. Dodds £50." Mr. Dodds was thankful, but what should Mr. Dodds give Mr. Tap for doing the bill ? Oh, that was another affair, trifling of course, his regular interest and so on, for he loved to assist young tradesmen—he proved it—he showed his bill-book ; there was a great number of bills registered—few, very few above £50.

Mr. Tap was doing an irregular thing in showing other people's affairs, but then Mr. Tap did irregular things—he was an irregular man—he didn't care any more for the three unities of life—action, talking and thinking—any more than the modern poet does for the dramatic unities. He was *one-sided* essentially ; he walked, talked, and thought in a crooked direction ; it was his nearest cut through life, and nobody's business but his own. Never did kinder vulture pick flesh from human bones, or pounce upon its prey with more consideration ; never did alligator frolic upon the banks of old Nile with so much terrible jollity as this human pike floated just

beneath the surface of the stream of humanity, seldom (for his bite was only deadly beneath the surface), was it that the little fish of society jumped high out of the water before him, never without meeting death when it fell again; but who shall gainsay Mr. Tap's kindheartedness, at least after his own fashion; it was no mere milk, but the veritable cream itself of human kindness, that flowed from him. True he had had possession of Mr. Dodds' bill nearly a month, but then that gentleman had received at two separate calls two separate £50, and to have given him all in a lump would have been but injuring the habits of Mr. Dodds. As for the trouble of calling, although he always apologised for giving it, he felt as a trade veteran, that it was but teaching a young man the value of money; but, however, Mr. Dodds had kept the bill by him for a month previous to his consigning it to Mr. Tapp's care.

Another month had now elapsed, and Mr. Dodds began to feel such a pressure from without, that he cast aside all squeamishness and called again upon his friend, Mr. Tap; he did call, when as if the little discounter had measured the exact length and breadth of his client's patience, he boldly offered, notwithstanding the largeness of the amount, to do it there and then, providing Mr. Dodds would take a portion, say one half, of the amount in watches. What objection could Mr. Dodds have—he kept a fancy shop in a good neighbourhood—such an opportunity would probably not occur again? Mr. Dodds winced at the proposition, and shall we write it, at once refused. Well, then, remarked the other side, if Mr. Dodds would object to a proposition so reasonable and so much for his own benefit, for he would have him remember it was very different from a case in which a young lord might be plundered with a compelled purchase of wine; this was a mere trade transaction; but, however, if he wouldn't he wouldn't, and there was an end of the affair; and all Mr. Dodds had to do was to return the money already borrowed. However, this little all, the easy avenue through which Mr. Dodds could escape, was blocked up—it was a dead block—the debt choked the avenue, and he had no besom, in the shape of money, with which to clear it away; and so Mr. Dodds tumbled into the net, his eyes being partially rubbed open in the fall, and so Mr. Dodds consented. But what was Mr. Dodds' horror when he was told that a trifling deduction of one shilling and sixpence was to be sliced from the already maimed balance. Mr. Dodds' brains plunged about most uncomfortably—he wasn't going to put up with this extortion, yet he did not exactly see how he was to help himself; notwithstanding

Mr. Dodds felt as restless as a jibbing horse ; all he could sulkily observe was, that it seemed like extortion, since he knew that bills were discounted for five per cent. by the bankers.

"That's true, my young friend," observed Mr. Tap, "or at least it would be so if yours was a marketable bill, but you see it ain't. Little private transactions like these, between such unknown men as you and I, are hot coals that bankers won't play with for fear of burning down their establishments ; beside there's a great deal of risk."

"Risk, sir?" interposed Mr. Dodds.

"Yes, my young friend, without you are entirely prepared to take this bit of paper up when it falls at your feet supplicating payment, for you see your friend Brown was in this morning's *Gazette*, and you'd like to have a friend now who wouldn't press too hard for payment, wouldn't you?"

As Mr. Tap communicated this information he showed Mr. Dodds the morning paper. To attempt a description of Mr. Dodds' horror would be to rob some future melodrama of an incident. Mr. Tap kindly compromised the affair by insisting upon Mr. Dodds taking £100 in watches, which, with £100 already advanced, and the price of discounting at the rate of eighteen pence in the pound left that gentleman with the pleasant sum of money, but most unexpected balance, of £170 to receive. Mr. Dodds left Clerkenwell with a heavy heart, and the old gentlemen made an entry of the transaction in his book—his pen guided, perhaps, by another old gentleman who ruled it in his heart. Old Time never has such a tight hold of his own forelock, or rolls round so fast, as when he has an appointed time for a payment—round quickly as lightly goes his chariot wheels, and (if a three months' bill) he drops his manuscript quarter at the debtor's door with the very perfectibility of business-like punctuality. It was evening ; the bill drawn by Dodds upon Brown, and discounted by Tap, was coming due on the morrow, and Mr. Dodds smiled dismally at the childish catch, that "to-morrow never comes ;" he would like to have been a child again to have tried it. Mr. Dodds had now been in business long enough to entertain sad notions of the results of a dishonoured bill ; it was his first, and he would as soon have seen dishonoured his first child ; therefore, he had scraped up money from every source, still his scrapings amounted to no more than £200. The morrow was coming, the idea of its approach had worn upon Mr. Dodds, every ink-mark upon the bill had a coming representative, a foreshadowing of a line in his face ; none of England's

primeval invaders ever trembled more before a Saxon bill than did Mr. Dodds.

What little worry his own anticipations spared him was made up for by his good little wife. That night he laid throbbing temples and an aching head upon his pillow; he burlesqued sleep, and made pantomime dreams; bills of exchange, bankers' clerks with huge chains round their necks instead of from their button-holes, bailiffs, and brokers, were strangely jumbled together. He was in a small room, at one end of which was a kind of proscenium, a dark curtain hung before it. Mr. Dodds peered and peered with all his eyes upon the darkened mass, expecting to see it rise, and the performance begin. A lurid glare flitted behind the dark mass, it became lighted up, the curtain took the form of a huge bill of exchange, his own bill, his own autograph, stared him full in the face, little Mr. Tap, with a high sheriff's officer by his side, pointing one long bony finger to the amount. Then all became dark, but Mr. Tap, who flamed forth as brightly from the dark mass as one single giant star upon a dark night, except that the little gentleman took a horrid semi-human shape, and with one effort leaped upon Mr. Dodds' chest. Mr. Dodds tried to cry aloud for help, but the vampire, Mr. Tap, with horrid thirst, began to suck, suck till Mr. Dodds felt the last drain escaping from his veins, when he essayed a kick (this kick was not imaginary like the rest of Mr. Dodds' dream, at least, so Mrs. Dodds used afterwards to say). The motion awoke him, when he felt as if just emerging from a vapour bath, he was suffused with perspiration; Mr. Dodds was awake to sleep no more that night, the time was fast approaching when the bill would be like a wolf at his door; sundry notions flitted through his brain of putting his 200 scrapings in his pocket, shutting up his door, and embarking for America. However, the truth must be told, the bill was dishonoured, Mr. Brown could not pay it, and the entire honour had devolved upon Mr. Dodds. The latter gentleman, with his £200 in his pocket, called upon Mr. Tap, and that gentleman received him with distinguished courtesy, and wondered that Mr. Dodds should have annoyed himself so much about the matter. It was no uncommon occurrence, in fact, it was rather more common than otherwise for people to be unable to take up bills; for his own part, he would readily take the £200 by way of instalment, not only that, but he would give Mr. Dodds £60 back for the watches, if that was a convenience. He could not offer more injustice to himself, as he had such a large stock upon hand; further he would renew the bill for another three months. What could Mr. Dodds



do? What he could not do he knew full well, viz., pay the bill, and, therefore, he felt that he must do just what his vampire friend would have him do, neither more nor less. The result of this interview was, that Mr. Dodds made a loss of £50 upon the watches, and gave another bill for £150, paying for the latter accommodation just a little £10 note down, which his kindhearted old friend told him was £1 5s. less than his usual charge of eighteenpence in the pound would have come to.

The next three months passed away as rapidly as the first, and, to arrive at similar fortune, Mr. Dodds, by untiring perseverance and sacrificing a portion of his little stock, and although it was certain that he did not now feel all the more energetic, he yet stood upon a pedestal of honesty. He again called upon Mr. Tap, who kindly took the £100, allowing Mr. Dodds to renew his bill for £50, just adding, for the accommodation, the trifling sum of £5, which Mr. Dodds did not happen this time to have in cash.

Mr. Dodds started for another three months. It was very hard, indeed, if the last £50 bill would serve him the same as the last feather did the camel. Report wafted through the neighbouring air that young Mr. Dodds' business was upon the decline. One of his friends thought it strange that that which was so short a time before so healthy looking a business, should now seem as if a canker-worm was gnawing at its heart. Though strange, it must be true—something must be very wrong with the internal machinery, from the very squalid appearance of its index, the outer.

Some time previous to the coming due of the third and last bill, kind old Mr. Tap made his appearance in Mr. Dodds' shop; the latter gentleman's temper seemed to be bordering more upon the saturnine than the sanguine; the kind old soul laughed at Mr. Dodds' folly, for every man had his ups and downs in the world, and the quicker a man goes down, the quicker he will go up, like an india-rubber ball, afterwards. That was his motto: he had found it so in his own youthful days; as for the little bill, he didn't expect—he didn't even wish Mr. Dodd to bother about it. Upon which information, Mr. Dodds' spirits revived, and he began to be very jolly about the matter. His blood mounted up his veins like mercury up a thermometer, with this exception, that he stood with his feet upon the freezing point of poverty; his brain became busy with imaginative architecture. This Mr. Tap, after all, might be one of those philanthropic old capitalists, the Howards of trade, who delight in becoming bankers to young tradesmen. True, Mr. Tap had not promised to lend him any given sum of money, but then he hadn't refused as yet, and that was a great deal. Mr.

Dodds and his friend made a jolly night of it. How kindly the old gentleman asked about the external, internal, and all the side management and state of Mr. Dodds' affairs, and how the little old man put down his pipe, and rubbed his little hands together, notwithstanding the old gentleman must have been already very hot from the florid state of his face; when Mr. Dodds told him that for the three months of February, March, and April, he did no business at all, it being out of season; never was there such a kind old man, never was there such a grateful young tradesman. His son wasn't christened yet, and would not John Tap Dodds sound well—wouldn't he try at any rate. So with renewed hope old Time whirled Mr. Dodds right into the middle of his bad season; it was the month of February, the renewed bill for £50 had been overdue for three months, and the old man, true to his promise had not pressed for payment—but one morning, when at breakfast, Mr. Dodds received rather an authoritative demand for payment of the £50, interest, and the lawyer's letter. This was a cruel blow to the sanguine anticipations of Mr. Dodds; but somehow or other a new light flitted over his head, burning too strongly for him to remain longer in darkness as to the proper means of getting out of the claws of his vampire friend. He put his affairs in the hands of his principal creditors—they claimed time from the rest—the debts were small, two years would pay them by instalments; his loss with Brown was in his favour. The only creditor who would not accede to this arrangement was his kind old friend Mr. Tap. Notwithstanding the shortness of time in which the creditors settled the affair, Mr. Tap's enterprising solicitor had run the expenses upon the bill up to £20, which, with the loss made upon the watches, led Mr. Dodd to the discovery that he had paid for the loan of £400 for eight months the trifling sum of £105; this £105 worth of experience was a sad blow to Mr. Dodds, but he was a sturdy man, and what is more, an honest one, and when he became dissevered from his vampire, he ascended the arid atmosphere of circumstances as rapidly as a balloon fresh loose from its fastenings. The strangest portion of the tale is to come, the vampire died—but the vampire lives; Mr. Dodds became one, phoenix-like he arose from the ashes of Mr. Tap, though partly from the ashes of small tradesmen, who like himself in his youthful days, were struggling with the world, but without his fortune—perhaps, honesty and perseverance. Mr. Dodds glories in his profession and cannot see the harm of taking fifty, sixty, or eighty per cent. for the loan of money; by a curious process of reasoning, he proves his success in life from it, and at any rate thinks there

are thousands who think and do as he does. No doubt Mr. Dodds is quite correct, and yet strange to add, Mr. Dodds advises his sons to avoid bills and discount as they would the sure road to ruin ; without, indeed, they become bill doers themselves, when, of course, it is a matter of business and nothing further need be said.

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## NOTES UPON AUSTRALIA.

### SHEEP FARMING.

Aries and Taurus are, figuratively speaking, the signs of the Australian zodiac. Like the patriarchs of Scripture the wealth of the settlers consists in their flocks and herds. The country is admirably adapted for this primitive calling. Vast alluvial plains, covered with rich verdure and succulent herbs, are spread over the interior to a boundless extent. The traveller who crosses these magnificent pastures is forcibly reminded of Virgil's description of the Dardan plains :—

Those ample plains,  
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray ;  
Or through continued deserts take their way,  
And feeding add the length of night to day ;  
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go,  
Nor folds nor hospitable harbour know :  
Such an extent of plain, so vast a space  
Of wilds unknown and of untasted grass.

The extent to which sheep farming has been carried is surprising. In 1851, 146,710 bales were sent to this country which, valued at £20 a bale, gives a total of £2,934,200. It is hardly necessary to point out the benefits this pastoral property confers on us. Australia furnishes double the quantity of wool imported from other quarters of the globe, and should there be a diminution in the supply the operation of one of the most important branches of manufacture will be checked and the comforts of the public considerably abridged.

The number of sheep pastured in Australia may, at a rough calculation, be estimated at 15,000,000 ; this important interest is

well worthy of consideration, almost every class deriving vigour therefrom.

According to the recent depasturing regulations the Government is empowered to grant leases for pastoral purposes not exceeding fourteen years in duration, and permission is granted to cultivate what is necessary for the use of the occupier. Commissioners determine boundaries of runs and decide disputes; the rent of land, first quality, is £1, second ditto 15s., third ditto 10s. per square mile (640 acres). The discoverers of pastures may claim a lease on defining the limits of such runs and stating the quantity of stock to be depastured thereupon. When land is proclaimed as part of a "hundred" leases cease, but when surrendered, compensation is allowed for substantial improvements that may have been made. On the non-payment of rent or conviction of felony, leases become forfeited and land is re-let. The province having become more thickly populated, and land, hitherto used for pastoral purposes being required for purchase, the settled districts have been lately portioned into counties.

Isolation is the essence of pastoral life; on this account squatters annually penetrate farther into the wild interior. These pioneers are generally the older colonists, but those who prefer living in the vicinity of civilization can have transferred to them runs already occupied, which underletting is done for a pecuniary compensation. Runs vary from three to fifteen miles in length and breadth, the larger ones contain about 5,000 to 12,000 sheep, and at the main station, where the owner resides, there are usually wool-sheds, barns, mills, and other premises, with cultivated grounds attached. The out-stations are on the verge of the run, each shepherd having in charge a flock of 700 or 1,000 sheep. Those who intend sheep farming ought to be cautious in the selection of a run and the purchase of stock. Sales by auction are often of a deceptive nature, cattle being sometimes disposed of, which, on account of their wildness, cannot be collected, and sheep are knocked down which are infected with catarrh or foot-rot beyond remedy.

It is not necessary that the sheepowner should be a squatter, for it often happens that capitalists agree to go halves with stockholders. Supposing that 800 ewes are entrusted to a grazier, he, perhaps, sends at the expiration of twelve months 400 fleeces and a table of increase, probably the 800 ewes may have dropped 700 lambs, the 350 would be carried to account, making a total of 750; at the end of the third year the first increase commences breeding, and the subsequent multiplication of stock gives an increasing percentage on the original investment. Sheep being uncertain property it is difficult to form an estimate of their cost, or their pro-

bable returns; we may, however, presume that for the purchase of 500 ewes, and outlay on station, a capital of about £700 would be required, and taking the loss as 5 per cent., and increase at 80 per cent., allowing the wool to cover the expenses of station, at the end of seven years the 500 sheep would have increased to 1,477 ewes, 1,182 lambs, and 1,602 wethers, giving a total of 3,081 sheep and 1,182 lambs.

We are not aware that sheep management in Australia presents any novel features; the two lambing seasons are in March and October, and shearing occurs in November. The wool is then collected, pressed into bags, each capable of holding 250 lbs., which are branded and sent by dray to the nearest port for shipment. The rot and the scab, which often decimate flocks, we have not taken into consideration in our calculations; but though fortunes cannot be made so easily as hitherto, yet sheep properly managed cannot be otherwise than profitable, for if it be as we believe it is generally admitted, that the wool ought to defray the expense of the station, the annual increase must be a clear profit, affording a handsome per centage on the original outlay.

Having premised the probable outlay and return that might be expected, we turn from the proprietors of stock to that somewhat homogeneous class of men, the employed, in colonial lingo called "crawlers."

Shepherding appears to be the usual alternative of the luckless adventurer, while those in legal difficulties commonly seek solace in bucolic pursuits. Such a pursuit might be pleasing to an admirer of nature, or to one ascetically disposed, though, on this account, it must not be imagined that Australian shepherds are in the least sentimental. Instead of Ovid's gentle Corydon, one usually encounters a sturdy, barge-built fellow, dressed in a blue serge shirt, untanned leather nethers, a tobacco, and not a pandean, pipe is in his mouth, while a beard of a month's growth, overshadowed by a felt wide-awake, heightens his desperado appearance. Under the assignment system it was not unusual to see a London thief clothed in kangaroo skins, reclining under the shade of an encalyptus, with a crook bent into the shape of a picklock, and a late writer informs us that the following were shepherds in his district:—An apothecary, a lawyer, a clerk, three sailors, a tailor, a Jew, a Cingalese, a barman, a black fiddler, a dancing-master, and three gentleman's sons. If the above-mentioned discordant characters can discharge the duties of a shepherd, sheep tending cannot be a very difficult occupation. The daily routine is monotonous in the extreme. At sunrise the shepherd leaves the hut and conducts his flock to pasture. During the cool of the

morning they feed with avidity ; at mid-day they rest for a time under the shade of trees and then resume their wandering, which, toward evening, is directed toward home. The shepherd's abode is commonly constructed of posts driven into the ground, the interstices filled up with mud, the roof being made either of shingles or rolls of bark. The floor is, of course, mud, which becomes as hard as concrete. A rough table and clothes chest is the utmost extent of upholstery, and the crockery is limited to plates, knives, and other absolute feeding requisites. Women rarely dwell in these solitudes ; near the settlements they are occasionally to be met with, but instead of industrious matrons they are of dubious stamp.

A hut keeper is the sole companion of the shepherd, who is cook by day and watchman by night. The rations allowed are 10 lbs. of mutton, 10 lbs. of flour, 2 lbs. of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of tea weekly. And these edibles being duly prepared on the shepherd's return, the hut-keeper counts over the flock as they enter the fence, and at dusk repairs to a watch-box, where he remains till dawn. This nomadic course of life is pitiable to contemplate. The absence of women to shed refinement and bestow domestic comfort is owing to the long confirmed vitiated practices of this singular class of men ; most of them make excursions to the nearest township once a-year, where they hold an orgie at a tavern, till they have spent what is due to them, and then quit the society of their gregarious fellow men.

Cattle holding differs totally from sheep farming. There are three methods pursued by cattle owners ; first, renting lands and managing stock, either personally or in charge of an overseer ; the second is to engage a grazier to look after it, allowing him the residue for the expense of station ; the third is to depasture cattle on another's run, paying sevenpence a head for keep. Should one intend squatting, a mixed herd of 300 is sufficient for commencement ; in addition to this outlay many others are necessary, and at least £700 or £1,000 would be required for the undertaking. Cattle have a strong attachment to locality, and for several months after arrival they require to be tailed daily by a stockman and driven into a substantial enclosure at night. One stockman is able to superintend several hundred ; he ought to be well mounted, his occupation being to keep the herd within bounds, note their condition, and watch that none are missing.

In some districts there are cattle, the offspring of those strayed from runs, as wild as the American buffalo, and those not frequently driven in are perilous to capture. On these occasions the stockman requires a sagacious and fast animal, one not mindful of a



three-railed fence or bullock's horn—some horses are said to enjoy the sport. Nothing save potent and repeated lashes of the whip can render cattle the least governable. The stock-whip is a most formidable weapon, the handle is about a foot and a half long, and the thong twelve feet in length; the echo of it sounds like a pistol-shot, and so terrific are the effects of a well applied lash, that one flourish is said to be capable of severing a pewter pot in twain. Stock holding is not quite so profitable as sheep-farming is certainly more animating.

At daybreak, after a most substantial breakfast, the horses being got up and saddled, the whole party, often twenty or thirty horsemen and about one hundred dogs, start into the bush. All the cattle they can find are driven into the camping-ground by twelve o'clock. In a good season (if the herd is quiet), when feed is plentiful, every head will be swept off the run by that hour; but when cattle are wild and grass scarce, they must be got in by degrees, some of the parties tailing them all the time; and this will occasionally occupy weeks.

All the cattle being on the camp, the tug of war commences. They resist being driven into the yard, knowing by experience how they are knocked about when they get there. The horsemen ride at them with their formidable stockwhips, the dogs bite their heels, and hang on their tails, and, what with the bellowing, barking, holloing, and swearing, the riot may be heard miles off by any stray traveller riding over the silent plains and through the open forests. Every now and then a beast or calf bursts out of the herd, and tries to head back to the bush. One or two horsemen are after them as quick as thought; their dogs follow. Many bullocks are so quick in this country that if they get a little start it will take a good horseman to overtake them. The men ride like madmen, taking the fallen logs and great creeks in the ground in their stride; their hats off, hanging by the string on their backs; their long hair and beards strewn on their shoulders, mixed with the gaudy fluttering handkerchiefs in which a stockman delights.

As soon as the beast is pressed, he doubles sharp like a hare, but a good stockman and a good stockhorse doubles just as quick round, like a top. At last, tired out, the bullock is glad to make the best of his way back to the fold, his hide all covered with foam and blood, his eyes glaring, and his tongue hanging out. Some cattle break out like this fifty times between the camp and the yard, and to see a dozen horsemen after half a score of beasts at best pace is a very lively scene.

Cattle usually average fair prices. If there is no other alternative but boiling down, a fat animal well producing two hundred weight

of tallow, will fetch £3, which will clear the expense of rearing ; but with judicious superintendence 25 per cent. profit on the station ought to be obtained. Once a-year a muster takes place for the purpose of ascertaining the condition and number of stock, and likewise for branding and castrating. This occasion is a sort of field day amongst the squatters.

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## THE BLACK DRESS COAT.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THE Black Dress Coat, what a fearful mistake we may frequently make when we judge of a man by his black dress coat—when we consider that it only covers a breast that is positively beaming with happiness—that it is the exclusive emblem of the well-to-do, the badge of rank and wealth—the type of comfort and comparative ease—the sign of respectability and position ; instead of being, as it often is, a sham, a disguise, an every-day domino, and—shall we write it?—a very curse to the wearer ! The black dress coat has two sides to it, we don't mean the inside and the out—but two separate points of view from which it may be regarded as suiting the ~~inner~~ and outward man. For the latter, or natural wearer, it is suggestive of court days—the Opera—the Club—the morning lounge and the evening dinner ; it sits easily on this class, and is its coating-proper, as the shell is to the snail or the oyster, or the hair to the bear—or the covering which nature has ordained to every sluggish animal. To the former it is far otherwise, and it is in this light that we propose to view it. Let us stand at the corner of any crowded thoroughfare—say of St. Paul's Church Yard, and observe the black dress coats as they pass in review before us. It is half-past nine o'clock by the dial of the great cathedral, and the omnibuses are rattling by, full of fresh-coloured and black-coated citizens—they are the well-to-do, who have their villas at Hammersmith, Chelsea, by the Parks, and in other suburban districts. We will let them go quietly on their way and observe only the pedestrians. Who is this little man with a pinched face, who threads his way in and out of the moving mass with the facility of a dog in a crowd ? He is a clerk in a city warehouse, and has a

family inconveniently large for any clerk to keep with anything like comfort, so he can't afford to ride, nor can he afford to live within five or six miles of his place of business, but he must wear a black dress coat; and, although his salary is only thirty shillings a-week, he must appear as respectable as the "principals" in his office, or he would not be permitted to earn even that. Yet the sturdy labourer, in his fustian jacket, who earns something more, if he does not look on him with envy, at least considers he is a gentleman, and so he is—but "society" obliges him to pay very dearly for his gentility. He is followed by a spruce young fellow in his first dress coat—as proud of his tail as a peacock. Now this young fellow is one of six or seven, whose parents are very glad to get him a start in life, so he is giving "the first two years for nothing" to learn the mysteries of a ship-broker's counting-house, and his black dress coat and continuations are another distress to the already pinched family. Passing the other way, going towards Chancery Lane, comes a man in a very shabby black coat, still it is a black coat—and was a new one, once; but when the wearer forgets, if, indeed, *he* ever knew. He is a copying clerk, an engrosser of skins, and being in the law, black "is his only wear." There is no mistaking that black coat, for it has lasted out many suits to the wearer's knowledge, and will last out many more, save and except the Chancery suits.

Here comes a poor fellow leading a sick child—he asks his way of us, and we fall into conversation. He has been to a hospital to ask advice for his little boy—but he could not obtain it—Why? Because he wore a black dress coat. He was told that advice was only given to the poor and necessitous—to servants and mechanicks, for so "the poor and necessitous," it was explained to him, meant. He had learnt the fact before from a mechanic who worked for the same employer as himself, and who could obtain more by his hands than the poor clerk could by his head, but he was considered "professional" and not coming within the rules of the charity—in other words, he wore a black dress coat; so if he wished to have his child cured he must pay his guinea to a physician; how else could the faculty themselves wear black dress coats? Here is a beautiful new black dress coat, single breasted and set off by a cravat of snowy whiteness—the wearer is in the Church. Yes! he is a country curate called up to see the Bishop; he is "passing rich on forty pounds a-year" which he manages to augment a trifle by teaching little boys the classics. How carefully that black coat must be laid away at home and exchanged for the faded dressing-gown. Yet he is forced to appear in public in his black dress coat. He recognises an old companion in a black

coat of the newest cut and fashion, its owner really earns less than himself, but he continues to exist by "calls upon the Governor;" he has been called to the bar, but client has never yet ascended to his chambers on a fourth floor, in Gray's-inn, nor has Touter at the Old Bailey yet given him a brief. Still he must go on wearing black dress coats and running up tailor's bills, and trusting to fate and—"the Governor." As the day advances other black coats appear upon the scene—the literary man who has snatched a few hours repose after his night's work upon some morning paper, is rushing down to the Mansion House, or to some public meeting, to make a report and take the chance of its being inserted, for on that depends his subsistence for to-morrow; if he has been fortunate he wears his black coat with all the ease of a "born" gentleman, but lucky or not he must wear it. He has a profession and a "cloth" to stand up for. There are many, many more, had we leisure or opportunity to become acquainted with them, who hide a sorrowing heart under this garb of respectability—the surgeon struggling in his early career—the artist as yet unknown to fame—the "reduced" gentleman of "better days"—the thousand and one in short who are little better off than the poor wretches who, in crowded attics and unwholesome workshops, first form the garment. Reader, if you be a cottage-dweller, if you live all day amid the ceaseless wheels of some huge factory, if you toil in the open air or till the yielding earth; be your garb stuff or fustian, learn that there is not a golden lining to every Black Dress Coat.

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### DORA'S RIDDLE.

BURIED in reverie of artless wonder,  
 My Dora muses o'er the simple past,  
 Weighing the new-found secrets that surround her,  
 Till Love unfolds the mystery at last.

"What am I? What the object of my being?  
 What puny link in Heaven's wondrous plan?"  
 And Love, dear Dora, thy confusion seeing,  
 Whispers—that haply thou wast made for man.

G. F. G.

# THE RIVAL COUSINS;

OR, MOTHER AND SON.

BY THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILLE.

AUTHOR OF "KARAH-KAPLAN; OR, THE KOORDISH CHIEF," &c. &c.

## BOOK II.—CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR HALLIDON GOES TO A PRIVATE SCHOOL CONDUCTED UPON  
A PECULIAR SYSTEM.

BLANCHE heard the result of the Rector's and her brother's visit with resignation. She felt, indeed, that, although the fact of her marriage might be questioned, and that, consequently, the stain of illegitimacy might be cast upon her child, she had, notwithstanding, much reason to thank Providence that her position was no worse; for, through the unexpected generosity of Lord Rockforest, both herself and her child were not only well but liberally provided for; while, in addition, her brother's career, which had so lately appeared surrounded by the most hopeless gloom, had, through the influence of his new protector, become brightened up with the most auspicious prognostics, for, within a few days after his return to Scarthington, Charles Delamere received his lieutenant's commission and an appointment to a first-class frigate, accompanied with a letter from Lord Rockforest, informing him that a promise had been made from the First Lord of the Admiralty to the effect that as soon as the newly-promoted officer should have served his time he should be advanced to the rank of commander.

The young widow being relieved from all fear of poverty, for she felt assured that Lord Rockforest would never depart from his pledged word, proceeded to take a small house in the neighbourhood of the Rectory and gave herself up entirely to the education of her infant son, in whom were concentrated all her hopes—all her joys. He was, indeed, all and everything to her; she lived as it were in him; she had no thought beyond his future welfare.

During the first several years that followed the death of her husband she received many offers of marriage, some of them of so advantageous a nature that the worthy Rector more than once counselled, nay, entreated, her not to refuse them. Blanche, however, declared it to be her firm resolution never to marry again.

“A woman who has really and truly loved her husband, and such a husband as mine,” she observed, “can never love again. No worldly advantages shall ever induce me to be unfaithful to the memory of Colonel Hallidon. When I gave him my hand it was for ever, and, though death has temporarily parted us, I do not on that account consider myself free to listen to another proposal.”

Brought up beneath the ever-watchful eye of his mother, young Arthur Hallidon increased daily in beauty and strength. At a very early age he gave decided proofs of superior intelligence, and by the time he had reached the age of eleven years his acquirements were such as few boys several years his senior could boast of, although up to that age his sole instructors had been his mother and Mr. Hardy.

Like most youths who have been from their birth subjected entirely to female rule and guidance, Arthur Hallidon was sensitive almost to a fault; a harsh word was apt to bring the tears to his eyes, while an unmerited reproach would almost make him ill. To such a degree was this sensibility carried that Charles Delamere, then a post captain in the navy, declared it to be his firm opinion that the boy was a milksop.

“Let me take him to sea with me,” he observed to his sister, “and make a man of him.”

Blanche clasped her son to her bosom at these words; it seemed to her as if her brother was about to tear away the hope and solace of her life.

“I part with Arthur,” she cried, “and send him to sea. O Charles! how can you be so cruel? Why, the poor boy would die before he had been a week on board.”

“On the contrary; he would cease to be a milksop, or rather he would not become one, which he inevitably will if you continue to bring him up as you are doing.”

“But Arthur is by no means a milksop,” said Blanche, “for he has shown himself a boy of spirit on several occasions. Have you not?” she continued, addressing her son.

“I beat the baker’s boy the other day for torturing a cat,” was the boy’s answer, “and he is bigger than I am by a head.”

“Bravo!” cried his uncle. “That is better than I imagined; there is something to be made out of the lad yet, and the sea is the place to make that something bear fruit; only let me put him on my quarter-deck and you will never repent it.”

“Arthur shall never be a soldier or a sailor,” said his mother; “when he is old enough he shall have the choice between the Church or the bar.”



"I should like to be Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury," observed Arthur gravely.

"Would you not rather be an admiral or a general?" said Captain Delamere, smiling.

"No," cried the boy; "because I hear they swear and are very wicked in a ship, and I know they are so in a regiment, for only the other day I saw a tall serjeant drilling some soldiers and he swore dreadfully at them. Were I to be used so I should die."

"I tell you what, Blanche," exclaimed the Captain, almost angrily, "you had better dress up your boy in girl's clothes, for he is too delicate and sensitive for those he wears. I declare I can hardly believe a word about his thrashing the baker's boy."

"I never told a lie," returned Arthur, in a tone which proved that the sarcasm had struck deep; "go and ask the baker yourself; he told me I had done quite right in helping the poor cat."

"You see how you have hurt his feelings," said Blanche, who knew from the tone of voice in which he had spoken how much Arthur was annoyed.

"I did not mean to insinuate that he was a story-teller," observed the Captain, "but merely wished to remark that it appears quite an anomaly that such a sensitive child should have sufficient pluck to have acted as it appears he has done. But, anyhow, my dear Blanche, although you will not allow your boy to go to sea, let me beg of you to send him to school, where he will mingle with boys of his own age and learn to rough it a little. As he is only twelve years old you need not place him at a public school, but with some one who prepares a few pupils for Eton and any other of the large colleges. I know it will be a sacrifice to separate yourself from Arthur, although but for awhile, but it is a duty you owe him."

It took a long time to determine Blanche to follow her brother's counsel, but Mr. Hardy having entirely coincided with Captain Delamere, she at length accorded a reluctant consent, and Arthur Hallidon was installed at a preparatory school, kept by a clergyman whose living was situated about thirty miles from Scarthington.

Dr. Botheram's establishment bore a high reputation, and the boys educated there were almost entirely composed of the elder and younger sons of what it is the custom to call the aristocracy of England; the school was consequently nicknamed the "House of Lords." To such an extent, indeed, was the exclusiveness of Dr. Botheram carried, that a rumour existed of his having once refused to receive the son of a wealthy tailor of Manchester as a member of his academy, although it was said that the worthy snip had

offered to pay double the usual price for his offspring's board and education. One circumstance, however, somewhat militated against the probability of the rumour being true, as it was well known that, although the learned pedagogue was a fervent adorer of a title, he was also a devoted worshipper at the shrine of Mammon.

Arthur Hallidon being the nephew of a peer, and no doubt of his legitimacy having reached the pure shades of Alverton, his coming was welcomed with great demonstrations of pleasure by Dr. Botheram. The boy was accompanied by his mother, his uncle, and Mr. Hardy, who each took an opportunity of speaking aside to the master of the school.

"Pray excuse me, sir," said Blanche, "for making the observation, but I trust there is no beating or flogging in your establishment."

"On the contrary, madam," was the reply, "we pursue a peculiar system here, and never use either the rod or cane."

"I am very happy to hear it," said the tender-hearted mother, "for you must know, sir, that Arthur is of a most sensitive disposition, and is much more easily managed by gentleness than severity."

"Doctor Botheram," observed the Captain, on finding himself out of ear-shot of his sister and Mr. Hardy, "I wish to let you know that my nephew has been hitherto brought up too mildly, and I am afraid that unless he is made to rough it a little he will turn out a milksop. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," returned the Doctor,; "but do not fear in the slightest degree on the boy's account, for we pursue a peculiar system here."

"My dear sir," remarked Mr. Hardy, on being left a few minutes alone with his fellow divine, "I am perfectly sure that every attention will be paid to the dear boy's moral and religious principles."

"You may be quite easy on that point," was the answer, "for we follow a peculiar system here."

Having received his mother's tears in profusion on his face, as she bade him farewell, and shaking hands with his uncle and Mr. Hardy, Arthur saw with a broken heart the chaise that had borne him to his new abode drive swiftly away and bear from his sight all that he loved in the world; and it was with a strong inclination to burst into tears that he followed Doctor Botheram to the playground in order to be introduced to his schoolfellows and learn the peculiar system pursued in the academy.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the reverend schoolmaster, as he reached a group of youths whose ages varied from about fifteen down to twelve years, "I herewith present to you Mr. Arthur Hallidon, nephew to Viscount Rockforest, who (Mr. Hallidon) is just become a member of your society, to which I trust he will prove an honour."

Several of the boys came forward at these words and shook the new comer by the hand.

"Mr. Mennidees," continued the Doctor, addressing a tall youth of fourteen years of age, "as your new schoolfellow will be placed in your room, I should be much obliged at your taking him under your charge."

"What do you think of the Doctor?" said Mennidees with a smile, as the personage designated returned to the house, "is not he a quiet, polite-spoken fellow?"

"Very," replied Arthur.

"And don't you think you will be very happy here?"

"I hope so," said Arthur, gulping down a rising flood of tears which was very near ebbing over the lids that kept it down.

"A fine thing hope, but very delusive at times," observed Mennidees. "I say, you fellows, here's the new boy flattering himself with the idea that all is as smooth here as it appears."

A general laugh followed these words, which caused Arthur to feel very uncomfortable.

"When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be sapient," cried Mennidees, "as you will find to your cost before you are four-and-twenty hours older. I must not, however, anticipate the joys of the paradise you have entered, so come along with me, as I am to be your master of the ceremonies."

Arthur followed his new friend into the house and was conducted into a large room full of desks and benches.

"Can you read Greek?" inquired Mennidees.

"I can translate *Homer*."

"In that case, can you make out anything of that?" continued Mennidees, pointing to a large printed placard.

Arthur looked at the board for several minutes, and then answered that he understood very little of its meaning.

"It is written in Greek," he observed, "and in a week or so I might make something out of it. What does it mean?"

"It is a list of the rules and regulations of the school," answered the other, "but as they are printed in Greek, few new boys are able to make them out."

"How, then, can one know what to do?" was the natural inquiry of the bewildered Arthur.

"By a stretch of the Doctor's fertile imagination every boy is considered to understand Latin and Greek perfectly, and consequently any infraction of the rules is punished in a peculiar manner."

"But, in that case, I shall certainly be punished," cried Arthur, with a shudder, "for I can scarcely make out a word. Oh, dear!" he continued, "I wish my mother was not gone; but, perhaps you will give me a helping hand."

"It is against the regulations for one boy to assist another," said Mennidees, with a mournful shake of the head, "as you would perceive, did you understand Greek sufficiently, by Article 88."

A sort of vision flashed across young Hallidon's eyes, representing his master with an immense cane in his hand, for, as he had not overheard the conversation between his mother and Dr. Botheram, he was not aware of the absence of that instrument of torture.

"I shall run home," he said in a determined voice.

"No use attempting to cut your stumps," said Mennidees, "you would be caught in a jiffy, and then, my eye—"

"It's very unjust then," cried Arthur; "but, anyhow, I will write home."

"No letters but those of which copies are given us are allowed to be put into the bag."

"What will then become of me?" exclaimed Arthur. "Lend me a dictionary, and I will begin to learn the regulations at once; but as I shall never be able to get through a twentieth part of them without help, what will be done to me if I make any mistakes."

"You will soon find that out. However, as you seem a good sort of a fellow, I'll lend you a copy of the regulations with a translation underneath, written by a pitying-hearted boy who knew enough Greek to enable him to render a service to all new comers; only don't show it to the Doctor."

Arthur felt a desire to throw his arms round his new friend's neck; he, however, restrained his feelings, as he was not aware what might be the regulation relating thereto.

Mennidees was as good as his word, and in a few minutes the new comer was in possession of the much-prized translation, which he was enabled to read through before going to bed. Such, however, was the effect made upon his mind by perceiving the difficulty of implicitly following what was laid down therein, and the

dread of the punishment he would necessarily entail upon himself thereby, that he could scarcely sleep a wink all night.

Oh ! how he wished himself back in his quiet chamber at Scarthington, where the last face he was wont to see, the last words he was wont to hear, were his mother's. Although his schoolfellows were as kind as boys could be, he longed after his mother's presence and her soft kind ways, as the thirsty traveller in the desert longeth after the waterpools which are far away.

And that mother, how she wept all the long, long night, the first that she had ever been separated from her child. Alas ! how much misery and heart-smart is undergone in this civilised island of ours, in order, among other reasons, to prevent boys becoming milksops, under the mistaken notion that a mother is unfit to educate her son. For our part we are convinced that, were Englishmen brought up more at home and less at school, they would lose nothing thereby. No Englishwoman ever taught her child to be a coward or to do a mean action, or to tell a lie, but, on the contrary, all that is noble, brave, loyal, and open-hearted can be learned from that best of teachers, a mother.

The morning after Arthur's arrival at Dr. Botheram's a bell was rung at five o'clock, it being summer, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards the fourteen boys of all ages that composed the establishment were assembled in the school room. Prayers having been read by the Doctor, that personage proceeded to call over the names of his pupils, after which he directed Arthur to approach.

" Mr. Hallidon," he observed, " have you read the list of regulations ? "

" Yes, sir," returned the youth.

" I will not, of course, offer you the offence of asking you whether you understand them, for Mr. Hardy informed me yesterday that you were well grounded in the classics ; all I therefore desire is that you will follow the rules laid down and prove yourself an obedient and docile pupil. For the present, take this *Homer*, and seat yourself by Lord Thomas Mervyn. Gentlemen," he continued, " we continue this morning the second book. Sir William Thornton, have the kindness to begin."

Sir William did as he was ordered, and got on very well until he came to one of the proper names, with which every one who has read *Homer* is aware the second book abounds.

" Where were situated Hyria and Aulis ? " inquired the Doctor.

No answer was returned, but Sir William Thornton turned very red and looked up at the wall opposite as if he were in hopes of seeing some handwriting there.

"What! are you ignorant of the position of Hyria and Aulis?" exclaimed Dr. Botheram.

"I have been trying to make out, sir, but could not."

"Indeed!" said the master with a bitter smile; "indeed! Now, pray, let me advise you to answer my question at once."

"But, sir,——"

"I will have no buts, Sir William; do you choose to answer the question where was situated Hyria and Aulis?"

The youthful baronet was silent.

"I am certain you wish to annoy me by feigning ignorance," said Dr. Botheram. "Once for all, will you answer my question?"

A dead silence followed.

"This obstinacy is too bad; go and sit down, sir. Lord Quintin, proceed. Where were situated Hyria and Aulis?"

"Hyria," replied Lord Quintin very rapidly, and as if speaking by rote, "was a city of Apulia, in the more northern part of the Iapygian peninsula, between Brundasium and Tarentum. Aulis was a town of Bœotia, on the shores of Euripus, and nearly opposite Chalcis."

Instead of any praise being bestowed upon the young nobleman for his ready answer, he was, much to Arthur's surprise, taken to task by his instructor.

"Where did you learn that?" inquired that personage.

"I saw it in Lempriere's Dictionary."

"A *Lempriere*," cried the Doctor in a tone of the bitterest contempt, "and are you so utterly ignorant as to be obliged to consult a *Lempriere*? And, pray, might I inquire where you procured one?"

"I saw it at the bookseller's last time I was at the town," returned Lord Quintin, "and I took the opportunity of looking out all the proper names in the second book, as I wished to prove to you, sir, that it was not my intention to annoy you."

"Oh! you are impertinent, my lord," exclaimed the pedagogue. "Go and sit down by Sir William Thornton, until you choose to alter your line of conduct. Mr. Molyneux, proceed."

As Mr. Molyneux erred in the same manner as Sir William Thornton, the issue was the same as in that case, the Doctor asserting that the boy intended to annoy him.

The other pupils followed in succession; all, however, succeeded in being sent back to their seats, until Arthur heard the Doctor call out his name.

Hardly knowing whether he was standing on his head or his



heels, he began to translate as well as he could ; but so great was the perturbation of his mind, that at the third line he stuck fast.

"Mr. Hallidon !" said Doctor Botheram with a solemn shake of the head, "I am sorry, very sorry, to perceive that the bad example of your schoolfellows has infected you ; a sorry beginning this to attempt to annoy your master on the first morning of your admittance to his pupil-room by pretending ignorance. Mr. Hardy mentioned to me, yesterday, that you had gone through the first four books with him, so that your present conduct is inexcusable. Go, sir, sit down and be ashamed of yourself."

No more pupils remaining to annoy him the Doctor rose from his seat.

"Pretty conduct, gentlemen, this ; but I perceive it to be useless to advise you, for your tempers are so perverse that you are determined to listen to no advice. Were it not for your obstinacy how much pleasanter affairs would be carried on, for, instead of these constant interruptions to your classical studies, the school hours would be the pleasantest of your existence—construing Homer, Virgil, and the other ancient classical poets, what more delightful occupation can there be—but you will not listen to me, and the consequence is, that you not only deprive yourself of much amusement, but you annoy me excessively ; but that is your aim, your intention ; you wish to annoy me and you have succeeded."

At this moment a bell rang.

"There is the call to breakfast," continued Doctor Botheram, rising and shutting the book before him ; "let me hope, gentlemen, that when you return to the schoolroom, it will be with the intention of altering your present line of conduct. Lord Thomas Mervyn, I declare you are smiling !"

"No, sir," exclaimed the youth, who was far more disposed to follow the example of the crying than the laughing philosopher.

"Do not aggravate the case by telling a falsehood, you smiled as I spoke."

"I assure you, sir, I did not."

"Do not contradict me, my Lord, or I'll confine you to the house for a week. You were smiling."

Lord Thomas was silent.

"Oh ! you own to the fact then, you dared to smile while I was speaking ? I tell you what, my Lord, you are a disgrace to the school—you'll be the ruin of your family. Go along, go along, all of you, you incorrigible, obstinate, unruly blockheads !"

The latter commands of the master were joyfully obeyed, and the lads hastened to breakfast, which, to Doctor Botheram's credit

be it observed, was a most substantial meal, and the more enjoyed as his pupils were left entirely alone during its discussion.

"How fierce the old fellow was this morning," observed Sir William Thornton, "I thought at one time he was going to push me down."

"He is not in a sedative humour to-day," said Lord Quintin, "but only in his teasing tantrums, so we were luckily spared the weight of his body."

"The weight of his body?" inquired Arthur, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh! I forgot; this is your first morning," said Lord Quintin, "or you would know that it is a very usual custom of our reverend master, when in a very fierce rage to knock, or rather push, a boy down and then sit upon him."

"And precious heavy he is too," observed Molyneux; "a few minutes of his body are enough to drive all one's breath away."

"For my part I would prefer the flogging system of other schools; the doctor, however, never flogs, and in consequence of his assertions in that respect gains all the mamma's hearts."

During the month succeeding his arrival at Doctor Botheram's, Arthur had occasion to test all the varieties of his master's eccentric humour, from the teasing to the sedative, as the boys termed it. The doctor had, however, his bright days, and then it must be confessed that it was quite a pleasure to listen to his explanations, which were given in such a clear manner that his pupils learned more in one day than they would have done in a week in the generality of private and public schools.

Arthur Hallidon, as has already been observed, was possessed of an extraordinary quick intellect, and in addition was blessed with great powers of observation. He consequently soon learned his master by heart, and by well-timed answers to his questions, even when Doctor Botheram was in his most teasing and sedative moods, managed so as never to be accused either of wishing to annoy his master or of using a *Lempriere*.

In fine, after the first month, he never was sat upon. On his leaving the school for the purpose of being placed at Westminster, his master was so grieved at his departure that he was actually moved to tears.

"Mr. Hallidon," he exclaimed, as he wrung the youth by the hand, "you are destined to be a great man, a very great man; you never require the use of that disgraceful book yclept Lempriere's Dictionary, nor do you ever want the assistance of that dunce's companion, a Gradus; you are never insolent, and, above all, you

never attempt to annoy me ; you never go to sleep in church like some of my pupils, but on the contrary, are always able to give me an excellent analysis of my sermon. Mr. Hallidon, you will prove an honour to your family, to your king, and to your country. Give my best compliments to your excellent mother, to Captain Delamere, and Mr. Hardy, and, God bless you.

*(To be Continued.)*

## THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

### I.

In the bright and open day  
 There are phantoms round us cast,  
 Ask the heart, and it will say  
 These are shadows of the past.  
 Ev'ry trophy that we raise,  
 Ev'ry record that we keep,  
 Call to mind again the days  
 Of the deathless ones who sleep—  
 Of the warrior and the seer,  
 Noble deeds and genius vast ;—  
 They in spirit still are here,  
 Mighty shadows of the past.

### II.

In the dimly-lighted room,  
 When in thought we wander back,  
 Think what memories will come,  
 Filling up life's vacant track ;  
 Thoughts of love too early lost,  
 Forms of friends long passed away,  
 Fortunes won, and tempest toss'd,  
 Buried hopes of life's young day !  
 All we struggled to obtain,  
 And yet vainly hoped would last ;  
 Till we seem to live again  
 In the shadows of the past.

## PENTLANDS.

BY MISS HUME MIDDLEMASS.

GOLDEN tinted autumn was gradually stealing over green foliaged summer ; though scarcely yet had the trees, which grew in luxuriant splendour round Pentlands, received more than a slight tinge of brown. The soft air of approaching evening breathed a mystic charm over the scene. Situated in a valley, surrounded by hills, on whose sides the now yellow-eared corn waved its blades gently in the setting sun. Pentlands was a lovely and a calm retreat. The house was buried among the trees, through which here and there might be seen its red walls glimmering.

Quickly and with an irregular step a figure was moving in a grove, on each side of which large chesnut trees reared their lofty heads. She paused not to gaze on the evening landscape, as occasionally a view of the distant hills opened before her. Her hands were tightly compressed ; her head, which was uncovered, half reclined upon her shoulder, while fire and passion were expressed in her fine ardent countenance. Her jet black hair hung in graceful confusion, and formed a striking contrast to her pure white dress. Hers was a face that never had been girlish. The woman had sprung up in that warm nature before the child was dead. The bloom of first youth had passed away and she had probably witnessed thirty summers come and go, and in that span of years she had seen earthly hopes fade like those summer flowers, whilst earthly trials and sorrows had elevated her mental powers, and added strength and decision to her beauty.

She wandered on, as though under the enthrallment of some inward inspiration ; her lips were now tightly closed, then a smile would play round them, while they would move gently as though she addressed some one in her dreams. The reverie was a strange one ; occasionally an expression of intense pain would contort her features, which would be succeeded by a placid smile, or, perhaps, a thrill of passionate delight.

An hour passed thus till a sonorous and deep-toned voice uttered "Leona," and she started. Every bright ray of happiness had fled, and her usual look of calm resignation was impressed upon her countenance. He who interrupted her dreams was a man her junior by some years, fresh, gay, happy, the thoughtlessness of untried youth was stamped upon his brow. He seized her hand and raised it with fervour to his lips.

"My guardian spirit!" he exclaimed, "Leona, I could almost call you mother, did I not love you far too madly."

"Foolish boy," she gently answered, and a sad smile twined round her mouth.

"You were dreaming again," he continued; "say, Leona, was I recollected in those dreams?"

"I was thinking of the past," she replied, "of my earliest recollections, in those happy childish days, before the iron gate was closed, which separated me for ever from my sainted mother, and I sat alone within those convent walls, while the first world-shaft pierced my infant heart."

He pressed the hand he still held in his.

"Banish the world and its heartlessness from your thoughts, my Leona, love and happiness await you here! If there be that in the history of the past which oppresses you forget it."

"To forget would be to die!" she answered slowly, "rather let the consciousness of having once been loved shed a gleam of sunshine over my lonely path."

"Lonely? Leona!" and there was a tone of upbraiding in the accent.

"Forgive me, Courtenay, I know you love me, but your love can never be like *his*. You are my son, my younger brother; you can cheer my solitary path, but there will still be a void within my heart that can never be filled until it ceases to vibrate."

Courtenay Russell's laughing features became serious in their gaze, a look of agonising disappointment crossed his brow. His companion knew not the pang her last words had caused, she knew not that there was beating so near her a heart wild in its feeling of adoration for her. Leona Craven was Courtenay Russell's cousin, his mother died when he was very young, and she had filled that parent's place to him. When a child he had looked up to that young girl as to a mother; but after years of absence her beauty burst upon his more matured soul and awakened within him an ardent love. She regarded him with an elder sister's affection—no more. Courtenay had wandered among the lovely and the beautiful in far off lands, but there was a fascinating grace about Leona Craven which surpassed them all.

Five years had elapsed since they met, and, owing to their residence in different countries, few letters even had passed between them. One of Courtenay's first visits was to Pentlands, and it was with almost a mother's pride that Leona beheld the noble boy return a handsome and a generous man.

They walked on some time in silence, till Courtenay declared the

evening was damp and led Leona to the house. An air of elegant comfort reigned throughout. As Leona appeared at the door of a richly furnished and already lighted room, a girl of about fourteen years of age bounded from the sofa to meet her. Long fair hair hung in luxuriant ringlets over her shoulders, while happiness beamed from her soft blue eyes.

"My Eppie," exclaimed Leona in a tone of gladness, as she folded the fragile form of the delicate and fairy child in her arms. "My Eppie I had not hoped to see you back so soon."

"Lady Montieth is very ill and ordered abroad," replied the child, "so Sir Charles sent me home. I am so glad to come back to you again. No one loves me at Clarendon House as you do," and she nestled her head yet more closely to Leona's shoulder.

Courtenay Russell paused on the threshold, this young girl was a stranger to him. He knew not that Pentlands' mistress had so fair a companion. On a sudden Eppie observed him and blushed as she started from Leona's arms.

"My children must learn to know each other," said the lady smiling. "Come, Courtenay, in future you must accept Eppie Willoughby for a sister."

The young man was lost in astonishment, while Eppie, with a still heightened colour, said with childish *naïveté*—

"I look upon you already as a brother, Mr. Russell, because I know my own good Leona loves you as her son."

He gazed on the simple graceful child with a look which seemed to say he knew that far too well. He turned away and a soft voice, it was Leona's, whispered as he passed. "You shall know all, but for my sake promise to love that child." He bent and kissed the child's white brow, as with emphasis and warmth he said

"My sister!"

An expression of happiness for an instant crossed Leona's features, as she looked upon those two young beings, the wreck of her earthly love. A few hours later Eppie retired for the night, and the cousins were left alone.

"Tell me, Leona, who is Eppie Willoughby?" asked Courtenay as the door closed on the child's retreating form.

"An orphan linked strongly to my life's history. She is the legacy of a love I once fondly hoped would accompany me on my earthly pilgrimage, and as such, though her presence caused me much painful pleasure, yet I would not part from her."

"Tell me of your youth, Leona, if the subject be not too pain-



ful. You arrived suddenly in my father's house and I was told to call you cousin—but your early life was never mentioned. I soon learnt to love you so well that I forgot to question whence you came. Besides your sorrow-struck brow awed my young heart, and I dared not have asked you of your childhood."

"My father was your mother's brother," she commenced, "but he was not like your gentle, patient mother, Courtenay. He was proud, overbearing, and stern, even in my baby hours I feared him. Whilst travelling in Italy he saw the beautiful Comtessa della Rizza. Her high talents and her enthralling loveliness fascinated him. He married her. I was their only child. Naples was my birth-place, and there I spent my childhood's earliest, happiest hours. How well do I recollect the look of suffering on my mother's pale young brow; the pious resignation, the tenderness, the devotedness of her almost broken heart, for my father forsook her as quickly as a capricious child does his new toy; even now I feel her hand upon my head, and know the earnestness of her love for me. Religion was innate in her heart. She believed, she hoped, she loved, and faith taught her to bear her burthen meekly. How often have I knelt by her whilst my infant tongue lisped forth a prayer for him who had deserted his wife and child. Her eyes would beam with love on me while the tears glistened in them, and her voice would falter when she led my infant strains, as though she struggled with a sorrow which exceeded her power of resignation. Thus do I remember a mother whom I idolised, for thus only did I behold her. I was the only tie that bound her to earth, and even my caresses were to be snatched from her. My father harshly interfered, said I was idling away my youth's best years, and must enter a convent to be educated. I was torn from my mother's arms to be initiated in book lore, and to be taught the accomplishments the world demands of her children. It was my mother alone who educated my heart and imbued me with some of her own piety. And these early impressions the world's combat has not totally effaced. She seemed to cast a heavenly atmosphere around me, and to associate all my feelings with a God. But I was to be taken from her loving arms for ever. I was to hear her gentle, admonishing voice no more; no more to feel I had a mother's hand to guide me, a mother's heart to love me. I left her, and she died. One wild embrace before that massive gate was closed, and I never saw my broken-hearted, cherished mother more. For days I lay crushed in a state of hopeless despair. The sisters of the convent were harsh, unloving, and severe; one only pitied and consoled me,

the placid Sister Agatha. To her I confided the history of my young griefs, for her gentleness reminded me of the pure being whose love I yearned for. I had been in the convent some months when they one day brought me a black dress and said my mother was dead. I sat alone in my little cell and wept bitterly when I thought I was not there to sooth my mother's dying moments with a daughter's love. Excitable by nature my grief was highly wrought, and at last I fell seriously ill. My life was despaired of, and it was the tranquil Sister Agatha who poured balm into my wounded heart, and with kindness and love recalled me from the verge of the grave to battle on yet longer on this scene of earthly warfare. She, too, died ere I left the convent, and I shed many tears of regret as I hung the *immortelles* on the unornamented railing which surrounded her quiet tomb.

"My father I never saw; he had returned to his family in England, and at last, when I was about to complete my seventeenth year, he summoned me to join him. My convent life had not been happy, yet I wept as I left those dark old walls; they had been my home for many years, and as such I heaved for them a birthday sigh. I stayed a week with an aunt of my mother, and then I bid my native Naples a long farewell, and sailed for the bleak shores of England. After a tedious and a stormy passage I arrived, but a new blow awaited me—my father was dead! A paralytic stroke had carried him suddenly off, in the world of souls, to be judged for the sins he had committed towards the gentlest being who ever trod this earth's briery paths. Your father met me, Courtenay, and in his house the orphan girl found a happy home. How well I remember when you first raised your tiny, laughing face to mine and called me "cousin;" from that hour I loved you, and sought to fill the place your mother's death had rendered void."

"You did, Leona," said the young man passionately; "you were my mother, sister, friend, my all. Oh, how can I repay my debt of gratitude to you?"

"I have been amply repaid by your love, dear Courtenay. Yes, those were happy days, though I sometimes sighed for the sunny climate of my native Italy; but your father's cheerful countenance, and your own bright, happy face, recalled me from wandering visions of southern lands to the real happiness I then experienced. I lived thus till you left us, Courtenay, and then began a new era in my life. The warm passions innate in me but slumbered, the hour approached when they should be awakened. Captain Willoughby came on a visit of a few days to my uncle, and those days

decided the destiny of my future years. An hour in his society, and I felt there would be no more darkness, no more coldness in my soul; his image henceforth would be its lamp—its fire. With intensity he returned my passion, but when he held my trembling hand in his and whispered words which made me hope my life would no longer be a lonely one, I dare scarcely believe but that I was existing in the artificial bliss of some short-lived poet's dream. Even as a vision did those fleeting weeks pass by, and memory alone echoes back the sounds that then gladdened my heart. Memory, the only imperishable pleasure of man, is now all that remains of hours that I can recal no more. During weeks of agony Bernard Willoughby lay a victim to a raging fever. He was a widower. Eppie was his only child, and in his ravings, when delirium was at its height, he would mingle our names together and invoke blessings on our heads. The wild and sunken eyes, the pale, drawn countenance, the parched lip, all told that death was near. Heaven was about to punish me; I had loved him with too great idolatry. In one lucid hour he pointed to Eppie, who stood weeping by his pillow, and said faintly, 'Be a mother to my child, Leona, when her father is no more.' Convulsed with grief I promised him I would. Soon afterwards he fell asleep. They told me he was dead, but my senses refused to believe it. I sat for hours in tearless grief and gazed upon him, vainly thinking the fever was at the turn. At last I touched the clay-cold corpse, and then only was the truth fully revealed to me. I fell inanimate on the floor, and only awoke to consciousness to regret that death had not struck me too."

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She sat some moments silent, her head buried in her hands. The tears glistened in Courtenay's eyes; he pitied her, but he knew too well hers was a grief he could not alleviate. She roused herself suddenly and continued:—

"You know all, my cousin. This house was left me by my father, and after my loss, when my uncle's sisters went to live with him I came here with Eppie. She has cheered my solitude and given my life an aim. She is the only link which connects the present with the cherished past."

Leona paused. Courtenay looked at her sorrowfully, but answered not.

"Good night," she said, as she affectionately kissed the boy she once had fondled on her knee, and rising, left the room. Courte-

may felt his love visions were dispelled. Leona Craven never could be his. From that hour he must struggle with his feelings and overcome them. He wandered in the grounds and sought to calm the agitation her words had excited within him, but it was in vain. A sleepless and a feverish night awaited him. Time and absence only could obliterate her image from his mind. The next day saw him far on his road from Pentlands. Leona divined his feelings and she honoured them.

The Lady Monteath, Eppie had returned from visiting when she first saw Courtenay Russell was her father's sister; a cold, proud worldling, who took no further notice of her orphan niece besides occasionally inviting her to spend a few days with her own children, and right glad was the fairy child when she returned to her dear home at Pentlands. Leona lived on with Eppie a calm, domestic life, regarding a recollection of the past as one of the brightest treasures of the present. Thus did weeks and months roll on. Eppie, under Leona's fostering care, was budding forth into a woman, rich in mental grace. Beloved by all around her, she was the ministering angel to the poor near Pentlands. The tranquil, silent tear would trickle down her fair young cheek as she watched some death-bed scene or heard a tale of sorrow that she could not mitigate. Yet the sensitive girl was not prone to melancholy; ecstatic tears would glisten in her large blue eyes as she listened glowingly to some deed of heroism. Courtenay Russell travelled once again in other lands; new scenery and new associates aided his strong resolution to conquer the first real attachment his heart had ever formed, and he at last returned to England and to Pentlands free. He had not forgotten Leona Craven; death alone could blot out her form from his mind. But as he stood before her he dare look in her face unabashed; his heart did not throb more wildly, his nerves remained unshaken. It was the son returned from long wanderings, who held his dearly-loved mother's hand in his and told her of his exploits. Courtenay had not been long at Pentlands before he discovered Eppie was but a reflection of Leona's self, subdued by the less-exciting temperature of northern climes and uncrushed by the heavy hand of sorrow. Leona saw that the last earth-dream she had formed was likely to be realised, and that before her body returned to its parent dust all she loved best on earth would be united. She witnessed with delight the timid, loving Eppie seeking protection from Courtenay's powerful, manly arm. She blessed her children with a mother's feelings, and once again a ray of happiness shone over her sor-

rowing heart as she saw Eppie led from the altar Courtenay Russell's blushing bride.

For many years she lived on with her loved ones, their companion, their mother, their guide. Many were the tears they shed the day that Leona Craven was summoned to another home, and the greatest void their hearts could feel was visible in all their old familiar haunts. But they knew that she was happy, that she had long prepared for death, she had hailed it with joy when it approached, and while words of praise were lingering on her lips her soul had fled into the pure regions of light.

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LINES.

FAIREST and first of the faces that charmed me,  
                   What art thou now?  
 Toss'd on the sea of Life, Death has becalm'd thee,  
                   Cold is thy brow.

Quench'd is the light that sat brightly upon it;  
   Quench'd is the eye that flash'd proudly beneath:  
 Hate cannot agitate—Love cannot soften it.  
   Hate, Love and Passion lie conquered in Death.

This is no time, then, for mournful upbraiding:  
   False though thou wert to me, thou art forgiven!  
 Life is all waste to me: Pleasure all fading:  
   Soon shall I mount to thee, faithful in Heaven.

G. F. G.

## A WORD IN SEASON.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice?  
She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of  
the paths.

She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in  
at the doors.

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

PROVERBS, viii., 1, 2, 3, 4.

Yes; Wisdom doth cry—as she ever did. And, as she ever did, she still crieth in vain. Men will not learn understanding from the past; nor the sons of man take counsel from the present; else, how might they be instructed! how might they be taught whilst they have time for such saving knowledge! How many notable instances are there recorded, both, in ancient and modern history, to impress the past on them, that wisdom is better than riches—and virtue stronger than power—but, still they go on in their self-selected career, to fall as others have done before them, and will, to the end of time!

Some, the most striking, must be familiar, even to the most superficial scholar, as “household words,” yet, probably, from their very familiarity, the less likely to be dwelt upon so as to produce a salutary effect on the mind; it being patent, that, that of which we have the most intimate acquaintance, we find the least beneficial—the strange and the rare, being duly really valued and desired by the cloyed, yet craving heart. Hence, we read, as if they were the merest inventions of imagination, some of the most startling truths ever treasured in the crypt of veracity, to warn and admonish him, who “thinketh he standeth, to take heed lest he fall;” for example, did Croesus, the vain-glorious King of Lydia, when he thought to astonish and overawe Solon, the Greek philosopher, by the display of that wealth which was, indeed, astounding, and to extort from him the admission, that, in consequence of its enviable possession he must be the happiest man then breathing, ever imagine that in a short time after, he should lose all that he so exulted in, and that, when bound to the stake by order of the victorious Cyrus, recalling the words of the almost despised sage to mind, he should rend the very skies with his lamentations for having so long neglected to profit by them, so as



to convert his enemy into a friend, and obtain the boon of life from him?

Did the beautiful wife of Mithridates, king of Pontus, expect, when her throbbing brow was encircled with the regal diadem, that ere long she should use it as a means of death when ordered to quit this world by that very king, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the foes before whom he fled; and that, when it failed to strangle her, she should cast it contemptuously on the ground, spit upon it, and revile it for not befriending her in so pitiable a necessity?

Did Tigranes, the most arrogant and most powerful monarch of Asia—he, who, when frantic with pride, and intoxicated with unchecked prosperity, compelled several kings to wait upon him, and especially four to accompany him on foot, meanly clad, when he rode out on horseback, covered with gold and jewels, and when seated on his throne on public occasions, to stand on each side of it, in an attitude of abject humility—ever anticipate that in his turn, he also should lay aside his royal robes, and yield up his kingly tiara and his kingly sword to the lictors of Pompey? And did that Pompey, who, from his exploits, was without flattery termed the GREAT—who, in his train, when at Damascus, counted twelve kings all at once rendering him homage—who went from conquest to conquest, with as it were, miraculous success—he, for whom wealth opened all her stores, and gratitude prepared all her rewards, ever conceive it possible that forsaken by fortune, and abandoned by victory, he should fly day and night in disguise, to avoid that death, which was still inevitable; and that his mutilated remains, cast disdainfully on a foreign shore, should only be spared further indignities through the loyal humanity of a poor manumitted slave, and a worn out veteran, who, in proud emulation, erected a funeral pile from the waifs and strays on that deserted shore to consume his headless trunk?

Did Nero, when, to gratify a diabolical caprice, he fired the city of imperial Rome, and afterwards raised on its smouldering ashes a palace whose gigantic magnificence and elaborate splendour made the senses of its beholders ache by its dazzling grandeur—think, that ere the flames which he had so wantonly kindled, were well-nigh extinguished by the blood-stained waters of the Tiber—that ere the walls of that stupendous palace were well-nigh settled upon their unhallowed foundations—the dust of its Paros-marble columns and porticoes, dispersed by the winds of that heaven, so lately glowing as if in anger, red with the reflection of his impious sacrifice; that, to escape the ignominious doom of the common malefactor, to which an outraged and justly indignant

popalace condemned him, he should seek his sole refuge from disgrace and despair, in a self-inflicted death ?

Did Mary, the lovely and luckless Queen of Scots, ever imagine in the height of her prosperity, the terrible reverse awaiting her ? Did she, at the sight of whose beauty the warrior's heart was flushed, and the poet's muse inspired, ever foresee, in one of those prescient and depressing reverses, which will occasionally take possession of even the most resilient and sanguine minds, the dark and dismal shadow looming in that fearful future, when, with faded cheek, hair grey, eyes bleary, and limbs crippled, she should be dragged like a felon to the block after a tedious and cruel captivity ?

And did that other equally lovely and equally luckless queen, Marie Antoinette, she, who was once described "as the most delightful vision that ever lighted on this orb," ever dream, that when "she was decorating and cheering the sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy, "that she should be hurled from a throne ere her glory had attained its meridian ; cast into a noisome prison, and then, in ragged and soiled garments, be exhibited to the common mob—and then, amid the scoffs, the blasphemy, the ribaldry of a lawless and infuriated multitude, be paraded in a common cart through those streets, the countless heads of whose inhabitants, with one accord so lately bowed in adoration at her presence—to perish by the common hangman—her last moments embittered by the thought of her massacred husband—her, perhaps, shortly-to-be-massacred children — her last prayers drowned in the shouts of exultation of her murderers ? Would she not have believed that such a picture, could her fancy have depicted it, was but the demoniac suggestion of some envious fiend ? Would she not have felt that "a thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even the shadow of a threatened insult ?" But alone and lonely, with arms pinioned, and head bare, she was hurried to her fate, with no eye to weep her timeless end, no hand to be lifted up for mercy for her, no voice to implore peace for her beyond the grave !

And did he, who made as it were stepping-stones of the heads of decapitated princes, to cross the streams of blood which deluged the capital whose empire he aimed at, ever, with a fugitive glance, contemplate that barren promontory, like a little cloud of portent, skirting the extreme verge of his otherwise most resplendent and speckless horizon, at which future voyagers would point, as their vessel retreated from its inhospitable shore, as the goal of his am-

bition—the last home of that despotic Napoleon, whose name had filled Europe with disquietude and apprehension?

Did he, in the altitude of power, ever even dream of that overthrow which shook, as an earthquake, almost the entire universe? Did he ever, indeed, dream, in the arrogance of that supercilious and down-crushing power, that, at no remote date from its highest supremacy, he should have been so completely divested of it—that in his sorrow and humiliation, it should be asked, in the words of inspiration—it should be verified in the denunciation of Isaiah—“They that see thee, shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, and did shake kingdoms?”

Did he, who was received on his return from Italy, after the battle of Marengo, by a dense and enthusiastic population, as a veritable conqueror—“shouts of welcome and congratulation resounding from the gardens, the courts, the quays, by which the palace of the Tuileries was surrounded; when high and low illuminated their houses, and scarcely one single Frenchman abstained from participating in the universal joy”—ever conceive that that triumph would be as a tale that is told, a sound of fury signifying nothing?

Did he, whose coronation was so gorgeous in splendour—so magnificent in display, as to resemble more the dazzling vision of a luxuriant and poetic fancy than the real and substantial culmination of mortal glory and success—ever think of the dark and dismal change which was to eclipse its radiance—ever feel, as by intuition, how soon that glory was to depart from his house—how soon, like a wounded eagle, he should perch on the bleak and sterile rock of St. Helena, to perish there by the canker of that corroding chagrin which ate into his very bowels?

Did he expect that this would be the end of all his daring schemes—the limit of his boundless ambition? Did any one, whose most signal reverses of fortune I have only briefly alluded to, expect them? Do we ourselves expect any that may overtake us? Do we live in preparation for them? Do we not rather live as if prosperity was immovable, and life eternal? Yet, many of us rose from nothing, and shall sink again to nothing; and, before the final doom is accomplished of that—“dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return.” And even those who are born to great possessions—who inherit the lands of their fathers—who inhabit the houses called after their own names, would be wise to consider that their riches may yet make to themselves wings and flee away; or if still theirs—that they are often but a snare and a pitfall—that they tempt to sin, and lead to

destruction—for, “How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.”

And again:—

“I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him but he could not be found.”

And so, alas, it is too frequently with the mere worldling, when he is overtaken by misfortune or death, that the place which once knew him, that is, stood in awe of him, shall know him no more for ever. Riches are not to be absolutely despised. Riches are not to be absolutely condemned, but their possessors should remember that they are bestowed for a special purpose, for diffusion, for alleviation, for the **GLORY** of God, as well, as for the **HONOUR** of man. And in this our day more peculiarly should it be recollected, that where much is given much will be required; that this rush for gold, this domineering Mammon-worship, now influencing and enervating all classes, will expedite some awful catastrophe, some impending retribution, unless we pause in our headlong career, to dedicate our spoil to the amelioration of poverty and suffering—unless we use it as an agent of that heavenly charity which penetrates to the imprisoned captive, which seeks out the widow and the fatherless, and him that hath no helper; and which feels, that whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that He will **REPAY** him thereof.

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## A CONTRADICTION.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTATIUS GRÜN.)

As o'er her lovely mouth I bent  
And caught her gentle breath,  
Of bier and tombstones much I dreamt,  
Of parting, too, and death.

And now I stand beside her grave  
I dream of greetings true—  
Of that sweet kiss, the first she gave,  
And of her cheek's bright hue.

Y. S. N.

## A BOLD ESSAY ON LIARS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

WE profess some sort of veneration for the corporation of liars. In our eyes the order is almost august. Not to speak of the influence which it has exercised on society since the first fib broke the tranquillity of Paradise—of the feuds it has generated, with all the pretty accompaniments of war and bloodshed—of the treaties it has fashioned—of the promises it has eluded—of the duties it has frittered away, there is an air of mysterious grandeur around its origin more ancient than that which invests the tombs of the Pharaohs. Talk not of historic traditions, thou pedant—prattle not of opened sarcophagi—invoke not, before our nostrils, the forms of recovered mummies, about which, after all, we may be so widely adrift in our conjectures; *here* we have something which throws their pretensions into the shade as surely as the great Pyramid eclipses the tiny form of Joseph Tomkins of London, who is at this moment turning his snub nose upwards to its apex, and wondering what tourists can find in the unsightly mass to induce them to leave their homes.

This sect (for they may be termed a sect) had raised its temples before the first cinerary was shaped, or the first priest had poured out his virgin libation. Other orders are but of yesterday—mushroom pretenders—Perkin Warbecks—fictitious Dauphins—in their claims to an ancient origin. When its doctrines were in full operation in the Chambers of Egyptian Colleges, where were the foundations of knights Teutonic or Templar; the rosy visages of monk and friar; the sleek aspects of later churchmen, plethoric with port and pluralities; the mixtures of medicine; the intricate labyrinths of law? These high priests of the same worship were still in darkness, like Peter Lilly's discourses, and the history of the Cock-lane Ghost.

This stream alone can trace its source to the year of the earth *one*, in succession—a small fountain—a narrow rivulet, scarcely observed as it stole along—a river broadening and deepening as it washed the walls of cities and marts, where Greek or Phœnician traders outwitted each other almost as successfully as the bulls and bears on our own Exchange, till by degrees it became a very sea in the latter days, when hypocrisy rose in the market, over-reaching, sidled off under the title of ingenuity; deceit took its place in the category of the fine arts; honesty, in its homely

jerkin, was voted unfit for the ruffs and velvet bravery of court gallants; physicians were empowered to send their patients prematurely to Paradise; and lawyers, undergoing the alchemy of wig and gown, were privileged to defeat the ends of justice for the sake of their clients and five guineas. And now, gentle folks, what is the extent of our order? Wherever a pigeon is to be plucked—a diplomatist to be “gammoned”—a creditor to be “done”—a bale of damaged goods to be pushed off—a horse deprived of one eye, blind of the other, and with an unlucky disposition to imitate the pursiness of Falstaff, to be sold—*there, there* is it represented.

Many writers, to show their erudition, are accustomed, in discussions similar to that on which we are engaged, to lose themselves in surmises about periods of which we have no authentic record. From this necessity we are fortunately free—no Pelasgi riddles to solve—no hieroglyphics to decipher—no discrepancies to reconcile—no anachronisms to explain away. We are in a field where the materials around us are plentiful as “the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa.” If we had not forgotten, to a tolerable extent, our classical lore, as well as the ferula which was the “open sesame” to our understanding in the days of birdnesting and hexameters, we might introduce, with a small flourish, thin and modest as the squall of a penny clarion, a few of the cunning rogues who, for ten long years, bickered and revelled alternately before well-walled Troy; but why introduce Odusseus, whom so many *chevaliers d'industrie*, in modern times, have infinitely surpassed, or speak of the intestinal barracks of the wooden horse, when so many hobbies, equally false, are exhibiting their action every day.

No, no; we will leave these old worthies to their slumbers, and deal with the moving, breathing race, who jostle us in the streets, churches, and courts of law. Lies, like the atmosphere itself, are all-pervading. The arts which embellish life, the laws which give it form and development, the ambition which imparts vitality to it—all seem to have arisen under their shadow. They have jogged on together, shadow and substance; the affection has been more than fraternal. Like death, the genius of lies acknowledges no distinctions. Its favours are not the heritage of a class; Duke Fitz-Hum, in Portman-square, shares them with the hosier in Cheapside. It acknowledges as its beloved subjects alike the partisan who sold his opinion, the bishop who sold his scruples, the mercer who sold his lace at an exorbitant rate.

Liars are a privileged body, but, like theft at Sparta, the adroitness of the act and still more the rank of the individual, determine its delinquency. Lie with brazen face, and unfaltering tongue, and



dare-devil abandon, and you will not be without your reward ; but let your tongue tremble and betray the hidden devil who is prompting your words, and your fate is sealed. Instead of a bold, reckless, dashing, unprincipled knave, around whose head society is disposed to throw something of the severe grandeur of a fallen angel, you become a pitiful knave, to whose form every projecting toe may be applied without let or reclamation. A minister *may* lie with impunity, that is *court necessity* ; but woe to Smith, who, fresh from Lincolnshire, has come to London “to seek his fortune” (more often sought than found), if, after three days of hunger and cold, he should procure a loaf under false pretences from some too credulous baker. For the one is honour, power, decorations, and a retiring pension ; and for the other—the famished man—the wholesome exercise of the treadmill and the ghostly admonitions of the chaplain, who, after devouring daily his Southdown, wonders what can induce men to steal :—

A saint in buckram’s twice a saint in lawn.

The variety of liars is infinite as the stars in heaven, or Joseph Hume’s speeches. Men and women of all classes and ages rank under the same category—from the sovereign’s conscience holder to Jemmy Diddler, who purveys the oats for his sovereign’s stud ;—from the duke, who dines on venison at his own expense, to the peasant—that burly lout in the smock frock and felt hat—who is swinging himself over the stile, who dines at the expense of the duke’s preserves ;—from the simpering courtier to the youth in fustian ;—from Lady Frizzle, who drives a coach in the Park, to Mrs. Muggins in the adjoining lane, who drives a trade in parsnips and potatoes.

All, too, have distinctive looks, “the same, and yet how different.” No two liars arrive at the same conclusion by the same route. The lie may be a good, substantial, sound-bottomed, well-to-do-in-the-world lie, racy and vernacular as the cider of Devonshire, or the white-bait of Blackwall ; it may be, to a remarkable degree, credible. Some simple and ingenuous narrative of a shower of rain which never fell, or the embraces of a love-sick Phyllis who never wore mortal calico or flounced in material bustle, or a release from a bore (it is respectable to speak of bores, the number of such minnows indicates the dignity of the prey) who never strutted in earthly habiliments ; but let any other individual attempt a similar story, and, a rump and dozen to an old song, the two modes of narrative will have as little in common as figs and fire-irons. Never is the idiosyncrasy of a man more marked than in the concoction of a falsehood. There are no

rules for regulating the process. The Aristotelian code overlooked the matter; Longinus makes no allusion to it; Quintilian laid down no rules on the subject; and thus adventurous spirits are left to wander "at their own sweet wills." We would more readily undertake the classification of the stars in our hemisphere than the arrangement of the infinite species comprehended under the genus lie.

There are, the lie diplomatic, patented by a well-known statesman; the lie boastful, redolent of Gascony; the lie fashionable, patronised by Brummel, and the lie apologetic, much used by urchins after robbing orchards; the lie ostentatious, much in vogue at Lord Mayor's feasts, and the lie good-humoured, such as "rare Charles" not unfrequently adopted to amuse his friends; the lie malicious, consecrated to aged spinsters, and the lie interminable, under the tutelary guardianship of long-winded bachelors; but why run ourselves out of breath in attempting to enumerate things which are innumerable, or to reduce to fixed laws that which, like the little Signior at Constantinople, is above all law. The list as it stands, is sufficiently long and almost as instructive as a catalogue of ethics, for of such materials is this world framed. No card-castles these for the amusement of an hour; no Chinese pagoda of lath and plaster, raised to refresh the imagination of the retired cit, but the solid enduring materials, out of which the substantive interests of men are fashioned, which have been operative since the first tree gladdened the wilderness, and which, in all probability, will be unceasingly in activity till this terrestrial sphere shall prepare to don its *bonnet de nuit*, and swear, like Colman's Toby, that it is "high time for bed."

The lie ministerial is the most Protean of the class to which it belongs, eternally assuming new shapes with every change of circumstances—holding out a flag of truce to conceal the weapon lurking behind it—ogling a neighbouring state at the moment it is plotting its destruction—menacing perdition, while it is scarcely able to maintain its own position; in short, exercising the make-believe with as much gravity of purpose and countenance as a boy at school might evince when he is desirous of appropriating to his own personal gratification the edible property of his neighbour. Downing street is peculiarly favourable to the growth of this production; its mild atmosphere shields it from "all weather harms;" *attachés* watch over it; peers are its wet nurses (a previously-alluded-to statesman's fond and affectionately maternal look as he arranged the bib and tucker of some sucking protocol was peculiarly edifying to young mothers); secretaries of state hang over its cradle, to soothe with gentle lullabies its infantine slumbers;

and bulletins, as mysteriously important as the Eleusinian secrets, announce at intervals its progress to maturity.

Peculiar immunities are accorded to this species. The lie—the lie in itself is nothing. Let it be successful and it will be applauded even by the Sir Thomases and Sir Johns, who have been as regular as Shrewsbury clock in their attendance on committees during the whole of their Parliamentary lives, and whose especial pride it is to have around them fat fields, and on their table fat mutton, and behind their chairs fat butlers, and to convey on fat cobs to a sessions' meeting of their fat neighbours their own fat and unctuous persons. We say that if the lie be successful it will win the approbation even of these pillars of morality—these sworn supporters of Church and State (words, by the way, which they bear about with them as a retreat in any case of emergency, as a snail carries its shell, or a porcupine its bristles)—these saints in blue coats and gilt buttons, who shake the old parish church by their responses, for they find it comfortable to their consciences to show to the gaping congregation, that in the eye of that Great Being whose presence hallows the pile, the squire with his gold-headed cane is of no more value than the peasant with his oaken staff; and that the squire's daughters—those lay-figures stuck up in the corner pew for the display of Madame Devy's finery—find it as necessary to humble themselves for an hour-and-a-half hebdomadally as their maid Kitty, who consents to be scolded seventeen times a-day for twelve pounds sterling per annum and their cast-off clothes.

The minister is not, however, always successful; the sweet voices of these worthies are not to be had for nothing; if they do roar with stentorian lungs it is a hint which would not be misunderstood by a certain senator at nine, p.m. Not that they could be swayed by anything save conviction, *but* they have heard of such things—far-off visions of the delectable mountains—as snug places dedicated to work, and still snugger places where that uneuphonious word is as unknown as continence in a Spanish monastery;—quiet havens, where their eldest booby, Adolphus, might twirl his moustachios and smoke his cigar without smoking his father, or little Billy might at leisure trim his wing for a flight to Downing-street and the Treasury benches. The old fellow has some claims on Government and why should *he* be omitted during the distribution of the loaves and fishes. Oh! sly Sir Roger! this eye has been sweeping the horizon for the prospective apparition of a pension or peerage at every vote he has ever given. This is the secret of his reverence for a successful ministerial lie. Woe to a falling cabinet! how the old man's note is changed. A new light breaks on him;

he discovers that political morality *must* be supported; that political chicanery must be held up to scorn, &c. &c., and so ——— the game is played.

But come along with us to that *salon*, transporting yourself backwards for a few years. It is a levee held by that old man in the centre of the apartment. He is the most perfect specimen of the diplomatic liar the world has yet seen. Thin, aged, decrepid, with every lineament impressed by dissipation and yet evincing a superiority to it—alternately dropping an image and interrupting a platitude—realising the fable of the Golden and Silver Shields, on one side showering *bon mots*, and on the other dropping molten sarcasms; he is the very apotheosis, the consummate Fridolon, the Belvedere Apollo of the class to which he belongs. His whole life has been a practical lie. He has been a bishop and an infidel—a lecturer on morality and a profligate *roué*; he has served all masters and been useful to all, and has contrived to flourish while they successively fell. He lied in support of the republic, he lied in support of the monarchy, he lied in support of the empire; he *would* lie in support of the Devil himself, but that he has been doing coolly, steadily, effectively, continuously, during his whole career. The mere lust of power is gone. Ambition and vanity have been amply satiated. He *now* lies for amusement, as a defence against *ennui*, by a moral necessity of action, as Uncle Toby, with the aid of his antient, conducted the siege of Dendermond; as an octogenarian plays at chess; as Lane's invalid Walton angles from his easy chair in the tub placed before him, or, to use an illustration more in keeping with our subject, as Mazarin passed his last sleepless hours, surrounded by his mistresses and minions, in directing the game which he could no longer play in person—not for glory, for it sets no bones; not for wealth, for of that he has enough; not for his country, for he is too cosmopolitan to indulge in any romantic notions, but for the “fun of the thing.”

But we must change our note, most patient reader, and proceed to the liar medical, who is, perhaps, the most dangerous of the class. No door is strong enough to “keep him out.” Fever or hypochondria makes its appearance, and back fly the bars to admit the bearer of returning health. In he comes, and with him his Pandora's box. The paroxysms of illness are not the season for plying his secondary office. A gouty man, however malicious by nature and habit, is scarcely prepared to listen to a story of his neighbour's offences or backslidings, while he is damning the world and his nurse, or thinking of Paradise and the parish clergyman. Suffering wonderfully improves a man's benevolence, and has more effect on his charity than the sermons of a hundred deans or

bishops. It would be too much even for the obstinate malice of a disappointed spinster to inquire into the frailties of her next-door neighbours, while groaning under an attack of rheumatic fever. It is during the period of convalescence, when the evil spirits have just passed off, and M. A. is congratulating himself that his bones are not yet quite calcareous, and Miss B. is thanking God and Dr. Camomile that she is not numbered among the celestials ; it is in this hour of interest and chicken-broth that the medical gossip opens his battery. How easy to insinuate a hint against C's solvency while complimenting a mercantile bachelor, not yet quite insensible to the charms of his calf and shoulders, on his rapid improvement in appearance, or to shake his head knowingly at the mention of the name of Miss P., and hint that sentimental walks in solitary lanes, and romping country dances with hell-cap officers, are not particularly prudent while feeling the pulse of that inveterate blue and virago, Miss T. The heart is then so open to all impressions that the sick chamber becomes the very head-quarters of scandal.

Within its perfumed walls the materials of all social disputes assume form, whether they refer to the "member" or bell-ringer, the mayor or mercer, the taste of a turban or the integrity of a reputation ; in every thing in short which can shake the peace of a ward, a village, or a market-town. The prime agent in all this, however, is out of view, for his fees are at stake in the matter ; he moves the puppets, but he only speaks by hints and inuendoes. He suborns nature in his favour, for he knows at what moment a patient is in a condition favourable for the reception of a lie or exaggerated impression, and doses him with the aforesaid commodities as he doses him with the contents of his laboratory. He has just been with the head of the Blues—"pulse irregular, bilious, irritable, good—throw into him the conduct of his personal enemy, old Smithers, to whom I owe a grudge for that affair about the party-wall ; when taken to be well shaken." The old gentleman is particularly easily taken and equally well shaken by the intelligence which he receives, and vows vengeance *instantly*. "You (a particular emphasis on you titillates a man amazingly) ought to be above petty disputes ; arrange matters amicably ; do not (oh ! cunning Esculapius) resort to personal violence ; horse-whips sufficient to flay a bullock are to be had at Dickens' the saddler's, at a very reasonable rate, but the first functionary ought to respect the laws." A week afterwards two elderly gentlemen, scant of wind and perspiring like the walls of a Russian bath, are found belabouring each other as if in the performance of a moral duty, in the usually quiet streets of Addleboro.

If we had not been hitherto somewhat too prolix we should have had a word to say of the legal liar, who, after receiving a confession of the guilt of his client, still maintains, in the face of an abashed jury, his innocence.

Of the lie marvellous, indulged in by tourists and such small deer; and, though last not least, of the lie oriental, appropriated by Tiffin and Bungalow, and tiger-hunting nabobs, but we have "said our say," to which, we doubt not, our readers will heartily say "Amen." One word at parting, good reader, for a fool, says the aphorism, may sometimes instruct a wise man. If you are a merchant, anxious to die a *millionnaire*, *lie*; if you are a lawyer, anxious at some future time to occupy the woolsack, *lie*; if you are a curate, anxious to die a bishop, *lie*; if you are a diplomate, anxious to die an ambassador, *lie*; if you are a statesman, willing to be attached to your country and £8,000 a-year, *lie*; if you are an honest man, anxious to obtain bread, *lie*; if you are a rogue, anxious to obtain plunder, *lie*; to all and each of you, if you are desirous of the pomps and dignities and rewards of this world, we would emphatically repeat the advice.

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### ONCE SEEN, AND NE'ER FORGOT.

ONCE and but once I've seen thy face;  
 Since then, how oft I've lov'd to trace  
     That beauteous vision!  
 Sometimes thy form I seem to clasp—  
 Then fitfully it shuns my grasp,  
     In soft derision.

As one whom some delicious strain  
     Of melody, unheard before,  
 Hath once enchanted—he would fain  
     Recall that melody once more:  
 But ever, as he longs to greet  
     The ling'ring note that haunts his soul,  
 The broken chords refuse to meet  
     And form again the wondrous whole—



So ever, when intent I study  
 The floating mem'ries that enthrall  
 My love-bound heart—the cheek so ruddy—  
 The graceful tresses as they fall  
 O'er shoulder fair, o'er neck so tender—  
 The eyes that pierc'd me with their splendour,  
 And forc'd my will to quick surrender—  
 Though faithfully the Fancy paint  
 Thy sep'rate features, yet my soul  
 'Neath Beauty's burden seems to faint  
 It cannot, dare not, gaze upon the whole.

O for some potent charm to banish  
 The envious shadow as it rises—  
 To catch the phantom ere it vanish—  
 To engrave in stone the faint surmises  
 Of all thy graces !  
 How many faces  
 In former times have *seem'd to shine* !  
 Yet none have dazzled me—save *thine* !

Could I but see thee *once* again !  
 Could I but touch thy hand *once* more !  
 Could I but gaze as gaz'd I *then*,  
 And feel as *once* I felt before !  
 Could I—nay, start not—once for all,  
 Enjoy that bliss beyond recall—  
 To press thy ruby lip to mine,  
 To lay my fever'd cheek to thine ;  
 To breathe thy breath, to feel thy smile  
 That I may bear it afterwhile,  
 'Tis all I ask. Deny not this—  
 One moment's fleeting happiness.

This the most potent charm will be  
 To bind capricious Memory !  
 My heart shall nurse the fond reflection,  
 In ever-living *recollection*  
 Of what thou wast—in *hope* to see  
 Once more thy face  
 And in it trace  
 One little spark of love for me.

G. F. G.

## CHILDHOOD OF NAPOLEON I.

DEDICATED TO OUR BOY READERS.

## THE GROTTTO.

ONE fine day in the month of August, 1776, two little girls, between five and six, were gathering flowers in a beautiful garden of Ajaccio. Magnificent alleys of trees stretched almost to the beach, and in the distance, like a continuation of the garden, appeared the lovely little island of Sanguiniora.

The two little ones had arrived in front of a dark grotto excavated in a wild and gigantic cliff.

"Eliza," said the younger of the two children, "do not go any farther; that ugly grotto frightens me, it seems ready to swallow us."

"How foolish to be afraid, Panoria; that is Napoleon's grotto."

"Napoleon's! Eliza; did your Uncle Fesch really give that dark place to Napoleon, and is he brave enough to go into it?"

"It was never *given* to Napoleon, but as he spends the greater part of his time in it, we all call it 'Napoleon's Grotto.'"

"Does he really come here alone, Eliza?"

"Alone, to be sure. The moment he leaves his studies he runs to his dear grotto, and gets up much earlier than we do that he may have more time to spend in it."

"Santa Madonna! What can he find to do there, Eliza?"

"He talks."

"To himself? What nonsense, Eliza."

"How polite you are, Panoria; do you think I should tell an untruth? He comes here every day and stays for hours, talking to himself the whole time. I often come and listen."

"And what does he say? Do tell me."

"He talks about—but let us make haste and get our nose-gays ready, you know we must have large ones."

"Why did you not take those flowers I showed you on the other side of the garden, Eliza? They were much finer than these."

"Yes, but they belong to Uncle Bonaparte."

"Well, and are his more sacred than those of your Uncle Fesch?"

"Yes, indeed, Panoria."

"Why?"

"Because they are Uncle Bonaparte's"

"Is that a reason?"

"The best I can give you."

"Well I am sure it is a very stupid one ; I cannot——"

"How rude you are, Panoria ; it cannot be a stupid reason, since it is mamma's."

"Your mamma's ?"

"When we make a noise or quarrel they tell us to be quiet, because it disturbs Uncle Bonaparte ; and when any reward is given to us, they always say 'it is because Uncle Bonaparte is satisfied with you.'"

"Is it because he is Dean of Ajaccio that every body fears him ?"

"Fears him ? It is not fear, Panoria. I cannot explain, I do not know exactly what it is ; but you know papa is not rich enough to pay masters for us, and he is too busy to attend to us himself, so Uncle Bonaparte has become our tutor. He is rather severe, sometimes he gives us a whipping for such little, little faults ; but upon the whole——"

"You call that being only rather severe, Eliza ?"

"Yes. Are you never whipped, Panoria ?"

"No, indeed ; my mamma says it is the fashion in Corsica to whip children ; but our family is Greek, you know."

"Ah ! I had rather be Greek than Corsican then, for it is a nasty thing to be whipped."

"I am sure, Eliza, your brother Napoleon does not submit to that."

"Oh, but he does, though ; he never says a word, he does not even cry. Joseph and Lucien scream terribly if they are touched."

"But do tell me, Eliza, what Napoleon says in the grotto when he is alone ?"

"Hush ; here he comes ; let us get behind those lilacs, and you shall hear."

"But Severia will be looking for us."

"Oh, Severia will be gone another hour, she has to pick the ripe fruit in Uncle Bonaparte's garden."

And our two little girls, slipping between the rock and the lilacs, the foliage completely hid them from the sight, their little black eyes peeping between the leaves in quest of some one.

The boy, who was then walking towards the grotto, was robust and strong. A large head, short stature, with an uncommon expression of countenance and a fine open forehead, gave him an extraordinary appearance ; while his eyes, though not beautiful, were yet so singularly bright that they took away the somewhat disagreeable look which characterised him.

Whether scolded or caressed that eye ever retained its impassive-

bility; ever bright, it seemed desirous of diving into the soul to examine the thoughts passing there. The most observing, scrutinising eye could hardly stand the proud and firm look of that singular boy.

Napoleon was walking slowly, his eyes fixed on the sea, as if studying the motions of the waves. To see him thus grave and sedate, the shortness of his stature and his youth were forgotten. He resembled those men we see in the country whose height is diminished by distance; his little arms were placed behind, in imitation of his Uncle Bonaparte, and, by times, he raised his head and seemed to delight in the breeze of the sea. In his whole person there was a mixture of pensive gravity and juvenile folly.

On approaching the grotto he appeared more serious. It was there he reflected, there he divulged his little sorrows, far from suspecting two little mischievous girls were watching and listening.

"Here, I am the master!" said he, as he entered the grotto. "Here, I am at home; no one commands me," and throwing himself carelessly on a rude seat, he continued, "To-day is the 15th August, 1776. I am seven to day; at seven one is not a man, I know, still at seven one is no longer a child.

"I wish I had been born a Spartan; or, were I the master, all the children should be brought up as Spartans. Among them at my age a boy was taken out of the hands of the women and placed among men; but in our house everybody meddles with education—men and women—papa, Uncle Bonaparte, Uncle Fesch, mamma, Brother Joseph, or Eliza, yet she is younger than I am a whole year; even Paulette must say her word. Ah, if I were the master!"

"Well, what would you do if you were the master?" said Eliza, thrusting her pretty head into the grotto.

"First, you should do penance for listening at the doors," said Napoleon, ashamed of being caught speaking to himself.

"Please, brother, there are no doors," replied Eliza.

"Then it is a great deal more naughty, Eliza," answered little Bonaparte, who did not like the excuse; it is——"

"Eliza! Panoria! Eliza! Panoria! Where can those children have hid themselves?"

Eliza, having replied "here," with her small, sharp voice, a tall, dark woman was seen advancing towards them; she was dressed in green cloth, her hair turned up behind and fastened with a silver bodkin. She carried on her arm a basket filled with pears, grapes, and figs.

"Ah, you have been to Napoleon's grotto," said she, as she came nearer.

"A pear, Severia," exclaimed Napoleon, running out of the grotto and thrusting boldly his hand into the basket.

"Santa Madonna, dear child, they are from your Uncle Bonaparte's garden; do not touch them," said Severia, stepping back.

"Ah!" said Napoleon, and drew back his hand as suddenly as if a bee had stung him.

Panoria burst into a loud laugh.

"What a funny house; when once they have said 'Uncle Bonaparte' they have said everything. He is the scarecrow of the Bonapartes. Are you, too, afraid of Uncle Bonaparte, Severia?"

"No more than I am," replied Napoleon boldly.

"No more than you, Napoleon? However, you did not dare to touch a pear," observed Panoria.

"Because I did not choose, Panoria."

"Because you did not dare, Napoleon."

"I did not choose, Panoria."

"Well, take it, I defy you!"

"I don't choose."

"You are a boaster, Napoleon, and before Uncle Bonaparte I wager you are not more courageous than Eliza or Paulette."

Severia, who had walked on, turned to see if the children followed, "Come quickly," said she to them.

"You think I have no courage," said Eliza in answer to her little playfellow; "come home with me, and if I do not eat Uncle Bonaparte's fruit you may call me a coward. Besides, it is an excellent opportunity, mamma is gone to pay a visit a long way off and will not come back till to-morrow."

"Oh, yes; and I mean to help you to eat them," replied Panoria, and both running after Severia, soon came up with her and Uncle Bonaparte's fruit, which their eyes never quitted till they saw them deposited in a cupboard in the dining-room.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

NAPOLEON remained some time in his grotto; but the sun beginning to decline, and announcing the hour of supper, he thought of returning home. On entering, as he was very thirsty, he directed his steps to the dining-room, and opening the door quickly, he heard a great noise; two doors of a cupboard shutting rapidly, then a little noise, resembling a flight of birds, by the glass door into the garden; a little corner of a white frock told plainly enough that

it was not birds, but one of the little girls ; which Napoleon did not take the trouble to ascertain. He quietly opened the cupboard in order to get something to drink. The basket of fruit, half empty, caught his eye, and such was his stupefaction on beholding such an enormous crime, it made him forget the motive which brought him the cupboard.

"Santa Madonna!" exclaimed he, joining his little hands, "Santa Madonna! who has been wicked enough to touch Uncle Bonaparte's fruit?"

As he was thus in contemplation before the fatal basket, a voice, which sounded rather gruff, awoke him from his reverie.

"What are you doing there, Napoleon? You know that you must not help yourself to supper."

It was Uncle Bonaparte in person, a good-natured looking old gentleman, nearly bald, rather a common face, remarkable for the same eagle eye which distinguished Napoleon in after years.

"I have taken nothing, uncle," said Napoleon.

Suddenly he remembered, that having been found standing near the basket, he would certainly be suspected, he coloured deeply.

My little readers may have experienced this; the fear of being suspected of having committed a wicked action often produces the same effect as guilt itself. Thus it was with Napoleon. His confusion was so perceptible, that his uncle could not prevent himself from saying—

"Tell no lies, Napoleon!"

"I never do," replied the nephew, proudly.

This the Dean took for impudence, and calmly answered, "I cannot guess your misdeed, but it will soon be discovered. If you have done wrong, confess it frankly, and you will be pardoned. Look into the glass, you betray yourself."

"It is my face that lies, not I," replied the child."

"What were you doing here alone?"

"I was thirsty and came here to drink, uncle."

"There is no harm so far, but after, friend?"

"That is all."

"Have you drunk?"

"No, uncle, not yet."

The old gentleman shook his head. "You came to drink, and yet have not done so; there is something under that, Napoleon; take care, if it be discovered by any other means than by your avowal, you may hope for no pardon."

The arrival of Charles Bonaparte, M. Fesch, and Joseph, the elder brother of Napoleon, stopped the conversation; they began to



talk politics, and that grave occupation took the Dean's attention from his little nephew, who did not stir from his place, so indignant was he to find himself suspected of what he had not committed.

An exclamation from Severia, who, in taking something from the cupboard, perceived the basket of fruit, drew the attention to her quarter.

"Santa Madonna! who has touched this basket?"

"Ah, the mystery is discovered," said the Dean, turning to Napoleon; "it was my fruit that tempted you."

"I have not touched it," said Napoleon, becoming deadly pale.

"Call the other children!" said the Dean.

In a moment a pretty little family, composed of five children—three boys and two girls—formed a lovely group in a corner of the dining-room. The solemnity with which they had been assembled, and the grave countenances of the elder members of the family, together with the sullen looks of Napoleon and the important looks of Joseph, the eldest, made the little ones quite anxious as to the results of this mystery.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE EXAMINATION.

"WHICH of you, my children, has been so naughty as to touch your uncle's fruit?" inquired Charles Bonaparte, looking towards his children.

"Not I! Not I," answered they all at once; but it might have been remarked that Eliza's voice trembled, and her reply was low and indistinct.

"What is your answer, Napoleon?"

"I said already, papa, that I had not touched the basket," answered Napoleon, proudly.

"It is a falsehood," said Severia, who, being an old and faithful servant, sometimes took the liberty of speaking her mind.

"If you were not a woman!" said the little boy with a threatening gesture.

"Be silent, Napoleon," said the father severely.

Severia continued, "I have not left the anteroom since I came from the garden, and no one but you and the Dean came in here during that time. His reverence," said she, curtsying to the old gentleman, "did not touch it, I am sure."

"I wish I had," said the old man, "I should have been spared the pain of seeing Napoleon persist in his wickedness."

"Could no one enter by the window?" observed Napoleon in a low voice, as if afraid, in pleading his own cause, he should betray any one.

"No, no, Napoleon," continued Severia, "no one came in there; no one touched the fruit except yourself," and she stepped forward as if to take hold of him, but he ran behind his uncle's chair, saying, "uncle, indeed I am not guilty."

"You had better confess than tell falsehoods," said the father.

"But I did not touch that basket, I assure you, uncle," said the little boy, looking into the old man's face with his eyes full of tears.

"Confess your fault and you will be pardoned," whispered Joseph; "shall he not, uncle, if he acknowledge his fault?"

"Undoubtedly, nephew; for every sin there is a pardon."

"But I have nothing to acknowledge. I swear I did not touch the basket."

"Napoleon," said the Dean, who as chief of the house of Bonaparte, had the pre-eminence in the family of Charles, "Napoleon, I give you five minutes, by my watch, to confess your fault; you see my kindness; there is no doubt as to your guilt, but I open a door of mercy, take advantage of it. It is now five minutes to seven, when the clock strikes if you have not confessed you shall be whipped."

"The whip is for dogs and horses, not for children," said the child indignantly.

"And for children who are disobedient and tell falsehoods."

"Then it is unjust to give it to me; I have told no falsehood."

During this discussion supper had been preparing, and having been placed on the table, the elder members of the family and Joseph took their seats. The five minutes had long been past, when Pauline, tired of seeing her brother so unhappy, went near, and standing on tiptoe to reach his ear, whispered, "No one is looking at you, run away; the door is open."

"No, I will not," said Napoleon indignantly.

"But you will be whipped. Shall I go and beg pardon for you?"

Napoleon laid his hand upon his sister's shoulder as if to fix her to her place.

"Pauline, leave your brother, he is a naughty boy." Turning to his son, Charles Bonaparte continued, "you have had time to reflect, sir; come and ask pardon, and let there be an end of this."

Napoleon did not move.

"Do you not hear me?"

"Pardon me, papa." Joseph rose from table and took his brother's hand to lead him forward, but Napoleon resisted.

"How obstinate of you, brother; what prevents you from asking pardon?"

"I have done nothing wrong."

"Ah, you persist," said the father. "Severia, take the little rebel to the kitchen and whip him severely."

Severia took Napoleon in her arms in spite of his resistance, and a minute after the sound of a martinet in office reached the dining-room, but not a complaint from the little sufferer.

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#### CHAP. IV.

##### THE FRIEND.

I THINK I have already told my little friends, that Madame Letitia had gone to spend some days with one of her friends; her husband that evening was to go to join her, accompanied by Joseph, Eliza, and Lucien.

Before leaving the dining-room, he ordered their modest carriage to be prepared, and followed by the Dean and his brother-in-law, M. Fesch, he passed through the ante-room on his way to the garden.

Morose and proud as before, Napoleon stood in a corner.

"Well, Napoleon," said the father, "I hope you are conquered, and ready to ask your uncle's pardon."

"I did not touch that fruit!"

"Again!" said the father; "a little fellow like you shall not be master of the whole family. Since blows have no effect we must try something else; I am going to join your mother and shall return in three days; during that time, unless you ask your uncle's pardon, you shall have nothing but bread and water."

"He may have a little cheese with his bread, may he not, papa?" inquired little Pauline.

"Yes, but no broccio."

"Oh, yes, broccio, papa; it is the best cheese in Corsica."

"That is my reason for saying he is not to have any." He then looked at Napoleon as if he hoped to hear a word of repentance or a look of supplication, but obtaining nothing but the same surly silence, he walked away.

"Poor Napoleon!" said Pauline, when her father was gone, "why did you not ask pardon?"

"Because I am not guilty."

"Do you never mean to ask it?"

"Never!"

"But you will always have bread and water and cheese which is not broccio."

"I cannot help it; I am not the master."

At that instant Joseph, Lucien, and Eliza crossed the ante-room on their way to the garden.

"Good by, Napoleon," said Joseph. "Good by, proud one," said Lucien. Eliza passed without speaking.

For three whole days had Napoleon been living on bread, water, and cheese, when Madame Bonaparte returned from her visit with her husband and three children. Panoria, Eliza's little companion, was waiting for her at the gate; she went in with them to the drawing-room.

"How do you do, uncle?" said the Signora Letitia to the Dean, who met her at the hall door; "where are Napoleon and Pauline?"

"Here I am," said Pauline, jumping to catch a kiss.

"And Napoleon?"

"He has not been good; he is there behind the door; he is sulky."

"I am sad, but not sulky," said the little boy, going up to his mother.

"Has he confessed?" asked Charles Bonaparte.

"No," said the Dean, "I have never seen such obstinacy."

"What has he done?" asked the Signora Letitia, looking at her son.

The Dean related the story of the basket of fruit; when he came to the obstinacy of Napoleon in refusing to confess that he had eaten the fruit, Panoria exclaimed, "I daresay he did not confess; poor fellow, he was not guilty; he had not eaten the fruit."

"Who had then?" asked the Dean.

"I and Eliza," replied Panoria, without hesitation.

An exclamation of surprise escaped from the whole family.

"Poor boy!" said the Dean, taking Napoleon in his arms and kissing him tenderly, "why did you not tell?"

"I suspected Eliza, but I was not sure; besides I should not have told on Panoria's account; she had not told a falsehood."

You can easily imagine how much Napoleon was caressed, and how much they all endeavoured to make amends for the grief they had caused him. As for Eliza, she was punished first for her greediness; then, for what was still worse, for her bad heart in having left her brother to suffer in her place.

This little circumstance produced a change in the family. They began to observe the extraordinary disposition of Napoleon. The Dean especially became particularly fond of him. He loved to

study the feelings of the child, to develop his premature intelligence. His nephew's fortune not permitting him to send his children to school, he became their instructor. Through the faults of his age, the virtuous priest had been able to distinguish in the little boy a presage of his future grandeur. On his deathbed, as if he could see into the future, he pronounced the following memorable words :—" It is unnecessary to think of Napoleon's lot ; he will make his own fortune. Joseph, you are the oldest of the family, but your brother will be the head of it. Remember this !"

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## GOVERNESS-SHIP IN ENGLAND.

BY ROSE SEYMOUR.

A VISIT was paid me the other day by a young and much esteemed friend, a singularly gifted girl ; who, in consequence of a series of domestic calamities, had been compelled to quit the home of her childhood—the society of beloved relatives—of congenial and cultivated minds, endeared by all the fond recollections that the happiest home circle could afford, to seek a livelihood among strangers in the honourable exercise of her talents. She related to me on this occasion, the result of the applications she had made for engagements a few days before.

" Well, Florence," I said, after our first greetings were over, " you did not succeed in obtaining the desired situation ? I am very anxious to hear how it happened."

" Why, really, my dear Rose, I am afraid I am weak enough to be getting disheartened—there seem to be so many objections, I am almost tired of applying."

" Nay, love, you must not allow yourself to feel thus—I should like to hear some of the objections ; though what can possibly be an objection, except your age, I am, perhaps, too partial to you to imagine.

" Ah, but so much—so very much, is required from a governess now. You shall have a few of my adventures. I have had two to-day which are pretty fair samples of the rest. I went first this morning to Lowndes Square, where I called yesterday, at the

time named by the lady as most convenient to herself. I was told she 'was not at home,' but had left word for any who might call to 'come again to-morrow.' It was a long walk from my residence and the day being very sultry, I own I felt vexed at the unnecessary trouble given me. To-day, however, I had the good fortune to find her at home. I was requested to 'wait' in the drawing room, which I did for so long a period that I imagined myself forgotten, till a young lady entered and laying down a basket, informed me that her 'sister would receive me shortly,' and at once retired. Although fearful of being too late for my next appointment, I continued to wait until at length a servant requested me to walk up stairs. I did so, and there waited another quarter of an hour before the lady condescended to make her appearance; during which interval I had sufficient leisure to observe the extreme, nay severe simplicity of all about me. Not a trace of ornament, not even a flower was to be seen. Religious volumes were piled round the tables with due regard to juxta-position; a gilded Bible and Prayer Book, kept for effect no doubt, were conspicuously placed in the centre. No painting or engraving graced the walls, far less was a chimney-glass visible. My meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the lady herself. She was a grave formal-looking personage, whose mere appearance was enough to banish all idea of comfort in her presence—the cap she wore looked unutterably serious. She sailed into the room with a doubtful acknowledgment of my presence, seated herself imposingly in a capacious dignified-looking arm-chair, taking no further notice of me, so I reseated myself and awaited her inquiries in silence. After a critical survey of my appearance, she began:—

"You are too young for the responsible office of a governess. Have you lived in any private family?"

I replied that I had.

"Do you teach German as well as Latin?"

I answered, "No; that I was not aware she required it."

"For my younger children, oh, no; but for my two eldest daughters, aged nineteen and twenty, I am desirous should continue to study those languages with their sisters' governess."

I stated that as she had not mentioned this in the register, I was unprepared to meet such a requirement in addition to the four younger pupils named, and rose to take leave—she prevented me.

"Stop, Miss—Miss *Graves* (Grey was on my card you know). You teach drawing?"

I replied that I did, and I had no hesitation in undertaking pupils of any age in that art.



"Humph! And French, you are of course perfectly mistress of that language. Italian—you undertake that?"

"Not conversationally, but grammatically."

"And music—do you teach any other instrument than the piano?"

"I do not."

"Singing of course, and English thoroughly; geology, and conchology with botany, are studies I particularly desire my daughters to understand. I have a great dislike to the frivolous employments of the day; I never allow my children to embroider or waste their precious time in nonsense of that kind. You understand me, Miss Gay?" affecting again forgetfulness of my name.

I assented, and the lady continued.

"I hope you lived in decidedly religious families—truly religious people—decidedly religious?"

The remembrance of the truly Christian and noble-minded G—— caused me some irritated feeling at the bare idea of questioning piety like theirs, and I replied—

"They were a family, Madam, practically as well as theoretically religious."

"I am indeed grateful to hear it—and your terms, Miss Graves or Grey?"

I named them.

"Oh, dear, they are far too high! If I might suggest, you would do well to abate them—for though you may be competent to undertake pupils of seven or eight years of age, it is impossible, utterly impossible, that at your age you are capable of more."

I replied that my eldest pupil was nearly fourteen, and her parents were fully satisfied of my ability to continue her instructress.

"Ah, well, I saw at the first glance you were too young. I have seen three ladies considerably your seniors, one of whom I have not the slightest doubt will fully meet my expectations—indeed, I may say I decided upon engaging her yesterday. Good morning, Miss Gay;" and the lady forthwith bowed me out in anything but a 'gay' humour at the total want of consideration which had given me a long and hot walk, and detained me so unreasonable a time, when her selection was previously made, out of mean vulgar curiosity. That the charge of pupils, six in number, four of whom were to be instructed in English, French, Latin, the piano, and drawing, with the rudiments of Italian, whose characters and manners were to be formed by their governess; that such a charge was considered too highly rated by me at fifty pounds per annum—a sum for which the lady could not have had one child so



merely wiser but better members of society than they were before. My standard of education is a high one, and I am convinced that it is impossible to commence too early the work of self control. No event in childhood is too trifling to work either for good or evil in the character of the child. I would never pass over the slightest appearance of evil, the most trifling deviation from truth, or the least approach to ill temper. I consider great firmness essential to a governess, but not severity, and I would have my pupils observe my rules, not because they fear, but because they love me. Still, in applying these principles to various tempers, it is impossible but that cases will occur in which, to preserve her word and her rules unbroken, the governess must have authority to enforce both. Let her once yield to her pupils, and her influence is for ever destroyed. Seeing, therefore, that in Lady B——'s house it would be beyond my power to act consistently, I declined the engagement on these grounds, to her ladyship's utter amazement."

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Christian mothers ! for it is such professedly, and such only, who call forth the exercise of female talent in this age, in the capacity of my friend. Christian mothers ;—do you reflect when you seek such to educate your little ones that you consign into the hands of strangers the most sacred trust you can repose in human beings ? Do you reflect that it is chiefly under the eye of their governess their characters are formed either for good or evil ? Do you remember they are training for immortality, and that, according to the fidelity with which "the governess" fulfils her mission, in all human probability much of the future misery or happiness of your offspring will depend ? If you do consider this, and in this age of enlightenment it would seem incredible to doubt it, why is it that you so outwardly scorn the being you inwardly so implicitly trust ? Do you answer, her position is the cause. Her position, as one worthy of so sacred a trust, demands your highest respect. Her abilities render her deserving of your esteem, and she is undoubtedly, and in all respects, the lady, or she is unfit to educate your daughters for such a station. Women of England you are, or claim to be, religious ; you nobly responded to the call which urged you to raise your voices against the oppression of the untaught negro in the sister country. But did none among you feel how truthful was the remark flung back on you, "Before you can be free to exclaim against the slavery of America, let there be nothing like it in your school-rooms—when you reform them, we will reform the cabins of our slaves ?"

Hundreds of young, refined, and delicate females, educated in ease and luxury, are now, by reverses and by your own influence,

devoting their youth and energies, their talents and genius, to instruct your children, perhaps in two or three languages—music, drawing, and other accomplishments—watching over the dispositions, whose surveillance you refuse, and often aiding beloved and indigent relatives, on such a miserable stipend as £30 per annum, a salary considerably less than that of the cook who dresses your daily meals. What you call “a high, or liberal” one is not more, nay, much less than the education of one child at a fashionable boarding school would cost you per annum—than it has cost the parents of your governess.\* Your domestics have the means of providing for old age or illness; the delicate, well-educated female, who dedicates her youth to your school-room, is banished from your board, as unworthy the honour you give the instructors of your sons, cut to the quick by pointed slight and premeditated neglect, and has, too often, no other prospect than monotony for the present, and beggary in the future. Is this a true statement of facts in this age of improvement and reform, this boasted nineteenth century?

Let the annals of “the governess,” and the consciences of English parents reply to the truth, and let it not continue to stain a name which should be above all reproach, the proud titles of the matrons—the Christian matrons of England.

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\* There is no doubt but the same spirit of avarice or covetousness which rules in the world in all other things at present, prevails here. Forty or fifty pounds each per annum at a common boarding school for four or five daughters is a considerable sum, compared to thirty or forty pounds to a governess, besides the pleasure of conscious ignorance triumphing over talent. We heard the other day of a rich woman, who scarcely knew her own language, quarrelling with an accomplished governess because she did not make her pupil introduce a “*e* with a tail to it,” meaning a cedilla *c*, which she observed in a printed French epistle, although it was nowhere required. She expected that her daughters should “know how to use all kinds of letters, as well as those of other people.”—ED.

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## REVIEWS.

*Alderman Ralph. A History of the Borough and Corporation of Willowacre.* G. Routledge, and Co. Two Vols.

WE have here a smart satire upon corporate boroughs, and one which is equally applicable either before or after the Reform Bill ; a remarkably well limned picture, filled with living, speaking, life-like portraits of the members of a certain noodle Corporation, who ruled over a certain borough of Willowacre, and which we are told is situated somewhere within ten miles of the German ocean. Considered as a novel, the work is weak and deficient both in incident and construction, for plot, indeed, there is none ; but we take it, the author's aim is to satirize the abuses existing in corporate boroughs, past and present, but chiefly the first class. As such we hail it with considerable pleasure, as an addition to the literature that teaches facts by means of fiction. The frame-work of the story is made out of a certain prolonged litigation about the right of ownership to a certain bridge between the Corporation and a neighbouring baronet. By the following we shall see

What the story's all about and where the action's laid :—

“ There was a bridge over the Slowflow, and by the gates of it stood a toll-house, in which dwelt Gregory Markpence, the sole member of that party to which every other inhabitant of the borough of Willowacre was opposed. The reasons of their opposition were simple and compound. Simple, inasmuch as every man, woman, and child, who wished to cross the bridge, must pay a small coin to Gregory before passing through the gate ; and therefore every man, woman, and child in Willowacre was opposed to the party of Markpence. Gregory's temper ought also, perhaps, to be classed among the simple reasons of their opposition to him, for it was surly and forbidding, and not a day passed but some passenger over the bridge had to complain of it.

“ The compound reasons, like all compound things, will need to be described with a little more circumlocution. On the side of the river, opposite to Willowacre, lay the broad manor of Barleyacre, which adjoined the pleasant village of Meadowbeck, and was the property of Sir Nigel Nickem, a baronet who boasted of Norman ancestry, and dwelt in a distant county.

“ About the period of the Stuart restoration, one of the Nickems,

so said the individual party of Markpence, had built the bridge over the Slowflow, and established the right of taking tolls. It was the hereditary opinion, however, of the aldermanic house of Trueman, that there was some juggle in this important transaction. A corporate document, goodly Mr. Ralph affirmed, as his fathers had affirmed before him, was once in existence, proving, first, that the corporation of the ancient borough of Willowacre, although then too poor to sustain the whole cost of the bridge, had borne three-tenths of it; secondly, that the family of Nickem was not entitled at any time to the sum total of the tollage, but only to seven-tenths of it; and thirdly, that the right of toll was not established for ever, but only for a given number of years, which term of years he (Mr. Alderman Ralph) believed had long ago legally expired.

"Gregory Markpence was thus regarded as the representative of an antiquated imposture, and the agent of extortion. Believing fully in the legal right of his patron, he, on the other hand, considered the inhabitants of Willowacre as a crew who would play the part of freebooters, and trample on the Nickem right of tollage if they dare. With this belief he never thanks any of the people of Willowacre for their coin, even when it was most civilly tendered; and if they hesitated, he showed them his teeth and demanded it sternly."

Now it so happened that the corporate dignitaries were in the habit of spending their evenings exclusively, in the aristocratic parlour of the Wheatsheaf Tavern. One night the assembly were surprised by the sudden appearance in their sanctum, of Mr. Gregory Markpence, who insisted, low fellow that he was, upon being served with ale in the presence of the convivial aldermen, whereat the latter were much annoyed, but constitutionally could not help it. However, the whole borough takes up the insult offered to its dignitaries and proceed to demolish the toll-keeper, his toll-house and bridge. The first escapes, but the latter two are destroyed. Now as the bridge is claimed both by the baronet and the borough, the former of whom takes the tolls, a dispute is immediately commenced as to who shall rebuild it. The baronet is sent for, and the deputation of the corporation who wait upon him upon the subject in dispute, afford us a fair sample of the author's very graphic power of description and a fair satire upon one of our London sights, no less indeed than:—

#### AN IMITATION OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"First walked two of the Mayor's attendants, styled 'Ser-



geants of the Mace,' or, 'Men of Maintenance.' These wore the Willowaore corporation livery of dark blue faced with red; but instead of a common hat with a simple gilt-thread band round it, the one wore a huge headpiece of fur of an oval shape, which had been presented to the corporation by the last Richard as a 'cap of maintenance;' and the other had on a still more ancient and still more dusty disfigurement of a conical shape, somewhat like a fool's cap, save that it lacked the bells. The date at which this 'cap of maintenance' had been given by regal hand to the corporation of Willowaore, was lost. There was a tradition that it was the gift of the first Edward, the royal 'Longshanks;' and a wild belief prevailed among the vulgar, that it was a present from the unequalled Alfred, so ancient, it was affirmed, was the corporation of Willowacre! A very large gilt mace, also a gift from the last Richard, the royal 'Crookback,' was borne by one sergeant; and a smaller and very handsome silver mace, 'presented' by the second Charles, the 'royal rascal,' but paid for by the corporation, was carried by the other.

"The second pair of Mayor's attendants ought, it seems, to have been the first in order of procession; but in the haste with which they were got together, the men neglected to 'take precedence.' These also wore the customary livery, with the exception of their hats, which had been exchanged for gilded helmets with waving plumes, the one of black feathers, the other of white. This pair were called the 'Mayor's halberdiers,' for they carried very tall partisans or halberds, the heads of which were of polished steel.

"Behind these two pairs of Mayor's attendants came Mr. Town Clerk, wearing his fringed black velvet cloak and preserving a grave face with great difficulty. His little worship, Mr. Nicholas Backstitch, 'in full costume,' that is to say, with a red velvet tippet added to his black silk gown, and gold chain, and carrying his chin almost horizontally, to the hazard of losing his large cocked hat, strutted next. Then came Aldermen Trueman and Siftall, and next Aldermen Poundsmall and Plomblin, clad in their white-furred scarlet cloaks. Jerry Dimple, and four other common councillors, in their cloaks of black cloth, followed; and the borough constable, with his cocked hat and staff in hand, served for a rear-guard.

"Gazers stood at every door and window; and the worshipful Nicholas Backstitch felt very proud of the corporate pomp in which he was the highest personage, although the lookers-on laughed, some in their sleeves and some outright, at the obsolete show. The principal window in the first floor of the Red Lion Inn bowed

out considerably over the inn door, and commanded a view of the street up which the antique procession gravely moved; Sir Nigel Nickem having hastily swallowed his wine and biscuit, in expectation of the deputation, stepped restlessly to the bow window, and looked into the street through his quizzing glass.

" 'Why, what the devil is all this, Threap? Look here!' he exclaimed, and the lawyer quickly left his papers on the table, and, with his pen in his hand, sprung to the window.

" 'Good Lord!' cried the lawyer; 'why, they are coming in their grandest style! It is the deputation, Sir Nigel!'

" 'The deputation! ha, ha, ha! Is that the corporation jester then, with the big fool's cap? And what is it that the other fellow wears? Is it a corn measure? No, a coal measure, I suppose, as your town here is a river-port. Helmets, by Jove! helmets and plumes! But what's that other thing? A monkey? By my soul, they are a merry set, these corporation grandees! A jester and a monkey!'

" 'That is not a monkey, but the mayor, Sir Nigel.'

" 'The mayor! what, that little animal with a yard of chin? He must be some poor tailor, then.'

" 'He is a tailor, and a *poor* tailor, too.'

" 'Eh?' said the baronet, dropping his eye-glass and glancing sharply at the lawyer, as he marked the peculiar emphasis of his reply; '*poor*? I understand you, Threap. Might be purchased by a little patronage, eh? Thank ye, Threap! But who is this fine, burly-looking old fellow in the red cloak?' he asked, plying his quizzing-glass again. 'Upon my honour, he would make a splendid yeoman of the guard in a royal procession!'

" 'That's the real top-sawyer in the corporation, Sir Nigel. It is the senior alderman, Mr. Ralph Trueman, the rich mercer. His father, grandfather, and great grandfather were aldermen before him.'

" 'By Jove! he might be a nobleman, by the build and gait of him!' interrupted the baronet; 'well, now, I should think a man like that will be reasonable. He must have a natural respect for property, and will not abet these lawless proceedings.'

" 'Beg your pardon, Sir Nigel! That is just the man most likely to be your enemy. You must mind how you deal with him.'

" 'So!' said Sir Nigel, with a changed look, 'I could not have supposed he would prove formidable. But that's what they all mean to be by this array, no doubt. Spears, by Jove! Why they look as if they were going to war in the middle ages. All this is

meant to overawe me, I suppose. The stupid asses! Ha, ha, ha! Well, let us sit down and look grave, Threap. They are coming in at the door.' "

How the dispute terminates we do not feel ourselves bound to relate, but must leave the reader to discover for himself. This work is another addition to the cheap two-volume series of fiction issuing from this house.

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*Tit for Tat for Juvenile Minds, with additions of Prose and Verse for more Mature Intellects, in Advocacy of Peace Principles.*  
W. and F. Cash.

A MEDLEY of prose and verse, letters and extracts; a well printed and neatly bound little compilation of amiably intended verses, which young people will read, and a host of letters addressed to the high and mighty of various lands advocating universal peace, which young people will not read, and which if they do they will not at all understand. The *brochure* is, however, a sufficient illustration of the earnestness of its author in what we must consider, at least, at present, an ungrateful theme.

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*The Chinese Revolution.* H. Vizetelly.

THIS is another specimen of the enterprise and tact of the house from which it is issued, being, strictly speaking, a book for the time, and contains, in nearly 200 pages of closely printed matter, an epitomised history of China—a completely detailed account of the last and greatest revolution the world has yet known. It is an admirable compilation of abstracts from all the known publications which have emanated from the insurgents (or patriots), and, indeed, from every other source touching upon the same subject, and withal handsomely illustrated.

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*The Alain Family.* A Tale of the Norman Coast. By ALPHONSE KARR. Illustrated. Ingram and Cooke.

THE public, at least the novel-reading public, have to thank Mr. Robert Brough, so well known as a popular dramatist, for this admirable translation of the freshest and most healthy story we have yet perused from the pen of a French novelist. A tale full of action, replete with incident and life-like character. The Alains are a family of fishers living on the Norman coast. Each individual character is so graphically portrayed, yet so rich with real, unbooklike life, that the *tableau*, as a whole, possesses a grand simplicity that we are unaccustomed to meet with in books

of this class. As the clever novelist wrote, so has Mr. Brough rendered it into our vernacular, replacing the idiom of the Norman with that of our own with so much nicety, that the reader, when absorbed in the interest of the tale, will forget that he is not at one of our own small fishing towns.

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*Scenes in the Life of Christ.* By the Rev. H. CHRISTMAS, M.A., &c. &c. &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

CRITICISM on such a subject being beyond our province, we will merely inform our readers that this is a neatly bound and elegantly printed series of seven lectures, respectively entitled, "Christ in the Temple," "On the Mount," "In the Desert," "On the Sea," "By the Wayside," "In the Garden," and "On the Cross," delivered by the above reverend and learned gentleman, and who is so well known for his pulpit eloquence and literary effusions, on the Thursday Mornings during the past Lent, in the Parish Church of St. Peter's, Cornhill. We should imagine that they have been published at the desire of the congregation—a fact, added to the lecturer's literary reputation, highly significant of their merits, and no small recommendation to the notice of sermon readers in general.

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## A COMPARISON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RÜCHERT.)

HOPE upon hope is wreck'd and lost,  
But the heart lives hoping on,—  
Wave upon wave is foaming toss'd,  
Yet the sea keeps rolling on.

By the waves' unceasing ebb and flow,  
Of the ocean's inmost life we know,—  
And the hopes fresh springing day by day  
Tell how the hearts deep pulses play.

Y. S. N.

## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

## HOME, COLONIAL, AND FOREIGN.

WHILE the Queen and her Royal Consort have been entertaining her illustrious visitors and exhibiting to them the wonders of the Crystal Palace now progressing at Sydenham, her subjects have been anxiously awaiting the opening of the Oriental bomb-shell. It has at last burst, and to the joy of most, and the astonishment of all, the Turks, officered by Europeans and equipped with Minie rifles, have been performing prodigies of valour by driving back the Russians, thereby considerably clipping the claws of the great bear, who will find it more difficult to develop his will—hereditary from the one left by Peter the Great though it may be—than he imagined. It is only to be hoped that the Turks in the first flush of victory may not keep themselves unprepared for the mighty retaliation no doubt now in preparation for them by Nicholas. Upon this war an able writer remarks the following singular coincidence:—

“The plague of Russia is upon us. It is singular enough, and we have not seen it remarked elsewhere, that this plague always breaks out in conjunction with another. Russia and the cholera go hand in hand in their invasions. The first time that Europe was startled by a visitation from the Asiatic cholera was in the year 1835, when the Czar had poured his merciless legions into Poland, and was crushing the spirit of that gallant nation. Cholera broke loose again in 1848 and 1849, and so did the Emperor Nicholas. In April, 1848, when cholera was making its way towards the west, the Emperor of Russia was fulminating his wrath against the German, French, and Hungarians, in a remarkable proclamation, half political and half religious, which was noticed in this journal at the time. The Emperor denounced the ‘devastating plague’ of freedom, declared his intention to encounter it on whatever side it might present itself, and warned the nations that they had but to submit, for ‘God was on his side.’ In 1853, the cholera and the Emperor are again at work; and we have yet to learn which of the two shall cause the greater misery and desolation, or whether political science and the sense of right and justice—nerving the hands and inspiring the hearts of millions—will be able to cope as effectually with the one plague as sanitary science is likely to do with the other.

The most noticeable event of the month has been the closing of Ireland's greatest and happiest experiment, the Great Exhibition of Dublin; and all honour to the royal personage who took the initiative in these world's spectacles, and who, by setting such an example, has done more real good to our neighbours of the Emerald Isle than centuries of legislation. What Irishman would refuse a statue of the Prince, side by side with the noble Dargan—the more noble for his refusal of a pettier nobility. Truly the posthumous honour may be the greatest, but the present one is very pleasant to its object, and rather more grateful; and, after all, it is easy to pull it down again if the nation really discover these most improbable of chances—that future vices, of which at present there are not the least symptoms, outweigh current virtues.

This brings us to another statue, the erected of many centuries—a statue of the early liberties of England, a monument of the victories of the many Saxons over their few tyrants—we mean, of course, the Corporation of London, really, only a small portion of London. The cry is to crush it. It is easy to talk thus. Why not polish, purify, remodel, and enlarge it. London, the real city, extends from Hyde-park corner far beyond Bow bells—alter, modify, do all you will, but do let us have our race of Whittingtons as well as our race of cats. Take away all the gewgaw and childish processions, if only for the benefit of Astley's, at which house the kind of thing is done on a grander scale, but still let us have our chance of becoming a Whittington if we promise to dress a little more like modern gentlemen than ancient mountebanks. The class that will suffer most, after all, by the alteration is the pick-pockets, and, upon the whole, we do not much care about protection for them.

The Scottish patriots are positively put down by the appearance of a new Richmond in the field, and whose aim is—will the reader believe it?—the total repeal of the Union and the erection of Scotland into an independent republic. This gentleman, John Steill by name, puts forth the following profound remarks upon that union, the success of which has been so often urged in defence, and, perhaps, led to that more unfortunate one with Ireland:—

“The Union between England and Scotland,” he says, “was one of the blackest transactions in history; and, like every other measure originating in selfishness, fraud, and injustice, that Union is producing its natural fruits, and promises very soon to realise the worst consequences that our Scottish ancestors anticipated from it—to become, in short, a positive practical nuisance.” . . . “I see in it (the Union) the reduction of my country to a state of vassalage which no man ought to brook, and which is the more



intolerable when one reflects on the treasure wasted, the blood spilt, and the heroism displayed by our forefathers, to guard their posterity against those very evils of which we have daily cause to complain. And, indeed, in thinking indignantly over these things, I often wonder whether I am treading on Scottish soil, and if it can be possible that the people I am surrounded by are the descendants of those who fought at Banockburn and Stirling-bridge."

. . . "The voice of our Scottish members in the mis-named British Senate is drowned amidst the clamours of iron-hearted Tories, bloated corruptionists, and hordes of venal creatures, who have been sent by the pure and enlightened constituencies of England to manage the business of the realm, and to bear down all opposition before them. Nay, such is the direful effect of the Union on the progress of Scotland, that (without stopping to enumerate the instances in which it has been manifested of late), though the aspirations of the Scotch after national regeneration were to be of the most magnificent description, and enforced in Parliament by the patriotic fire and fervid eloquence of another Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, John Bull would laugh at such projects, just because he did not understand them, and was too much of an Englishman, and too little of a Scotchman, to have a soul to be moved by them."

And so logically onwards the worthy patriot argues till he concludes with a project for a republic.

The Colonial news is not of more than average importance. From Australia we learn that there is a decided improvement in the social condition of the colony. In place of crime being so rampant that life and property were insecure, even in the streets of the metropolis, we find a far more healthy state of things.

There is a strong disposition on the part of emigrants from large towns in Britain to cast themselves wholly on those means of subsistence which the larger towns here afford them. They dread the bush; and they are not adapted to country pursuits. Such of them as have trades find little difficulty in procuring employment at very high wages; but there is a large class who seem to be fitted for nothing except dealing in a small way. Hence, the city and suburbs are crowded with numbers of small shops beyond all proportion to the surrounding population.

We have the following news from the diggings:—

"From Ballarat some astonishing lumps have turned up, and great excitement has followed thereon. In Bendigo matters are progressing steadily, notwithstanding the new and competing fields around it. It is evident, from the number continuing at work at this field, that all diggers are not so easily led away from a steady

certainty to a doubtful new field. At M'Ivor nearly all the diggers have left for the Goulburn. From Korong all the diggers have gone, and the storekeepers are following. At the Ovens matters are going on pretty steadily, the quantity coming to Melbourne being rather over that sent to Sydney."

Not the least interesting to a fair portion of our readers is the improved prospects of the fair sex. The prospect for females of every class is decidedly improving. The unfixed habits of the population, and the absence of the means of domestic comfort, have hitherto tended to prevent men from thinking of undertaking new responsibilities; but these things are also passing away, and with a more stable condition of society, and the increase of domestic appliances, will naturally come the desire for domestic comfort and for the amenities of social life. The prospect before eligible women, in a department which we believe sometimes to occupy their thoughts, may be inferred from the single fact that in this, the richest colony in the world, the males outnumber the females to the enormous extent of about fifty-seven thousand. Think of that, fair ladies! A husband to be chosen from amongst a desolate surplus of fifty-seven thousand!

News from India informs us of an outbreak in the Burmese Empire, nominally by banditti, but really headed by the brother of the king. And the newspapers call these poor people insurgents and rebels. Really it is scarcely fair to call people names for simply endeavouring to regain their stolen property.

One foreign event of mark is the sudden death of the Queen of Portugal, who has thus prematurely closed a troublous and ungrateful reign.

From China we hear of nothing but the progress of the what, in the earlier stages of their outbreak, were called rebels, now insurgents, and, at the next step of success, will be patriots.

Not inappropriately (we think) under our present heading, and for the information of a large portion of our readers, may we insert a contribution from a lively and intelligent friend of ours

#### ALL ABOUT THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Editor,

Having no particular speciality of my own, that is no aptitude, or too much laziness for anything else, and not by any means scorning your liberal pecuniary offers, I herewith intend to rush into criticism (playwrights, managers, and actors beware!); not that I have been unaccustomed to the business, but then I

was somehow always unfortunate; perhaps it was because I was honest and stuck out for originality, that is I always praised everything my brother critics abused, and the contrary. As for the public, like a true critic, I never gave them a thought. My mission was to teach—theirs, to be taught; yet, strange to say, we never could agree, for when I praised (I admit it was not often), the public, would you believe it, positively condemned. When I attempted my duty of leading their taste, by laboriously and in detail pointing out defects, they as invariably praised. Now do you think I could endure this, I who never had a piece (of the many I have written) condemned—or indeed even produced. No—at the close of last season, I retired in disgust, *i. e.* I rushed into the nearest hair-dresser's, lowered the heat of my brain, by having my head shaved; and as "my occupation was gone," got my claws cut, and have slumbered ever since, at least critically, but the sound of Mr. Smith's brazen trumpet (you may remember he blew it very loudly), aroused me, and like an anaconda tired of its torpidity, I awoke, hungry for new plays and fresh actors, to eat, or critically speaking, "cut up." But as you object to vinegar unmixed with honey, and in consideration of that which no critic can stand against—my wages, I will endeavour for the future, to be goodnatured as well as honest, just leaving defects, as much as possible to the discrimination of a discerning public.

But first, of Mr. Smith's great trumpet. It was a very loud blast, especially to my brethren who would not put their faith in Gustavus Brooke the great tragedian, who would obstinately cram immense old Drury (which has of late been voted fit for nothing—but a workhouse, or a bath and wash-house establishment), from the floor to the chandelier, *i. e.* as near as they could get to it. Well, the public would be delighted with Brooke and with Mr. Smith, and so helped the actor into vast popularity; and as for Mr. Smith, the same discriminating public is now wondering at and crowing with delight at the feats of Mr. Ryland, who balances five basins while on a horse at full speed, the astonishing brothers Elliot, who toss two tubs about with their feet while laying upon their backs, to say nothing of Mr. Russell who makes himself the apex of a pyramid of decanters of his own building. As for Mr. Eaton Stone his feats of horsemanship baffle all description. What a change is all this from the legitimate; what a treat for our country cousins!

Phelps, the clever and indefatigable, has resumed the baton at Sadler's Wells, and as usual opened the season with a legitimate piece, and realised, as far as mortal could, the most wondrous of

nocturnal visions, *viz.* "The Midsummer Night's Dream," and in such a manner that must have astonished (had he been alive—for of course then he would have been there) its author, the world's dream hero. Of his own acting of Bottom, I can only say that Mr. Phelps surpassed himself, and sent his great audience home with aching sides.

Everybody knows, and therefore I need not say what Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood have done with Sadler's Wells, but I may say that a celebrated tragedian bearing an ancient histrionic name (Mr. J. W. Wallack) has done the same with the theatre in Church-street, Marylebone. Everything English is divided into classes—caste. The Marylebone, was *low*—hey presto! and the talismanic wand of the present management has made it *high*, the decorations and comforts of the house being quite fit for "carriage" people, whether they *do* or *do not* visit; if they do not, all I can say is, that I pity them for they will find it difficult to find as great a Lady Macbeth, or a Mrs. Haller, as Mrs. J. W. Wallack, who by the way you of course know made, to use theatrical language, a tremendous hit—and a legitimate one too—in the first mentioned part, on the first night of her appearance in this country. Again, I say, I pity any one who misses the chance of seeing a great actress—to say nothing of her very clever husband and manager.

Mr. Wigan has opened the Olympic under high aristocratic patronage, and as far as I can at present judge, is deserving of it all and more. I say more, if only for the fact of his having secured the services of Mr. Robson, whom I now pronounce—and what I say is decisive—is one of the best actors of his day, and *will* become the greatest *artiste* of his age, providing of course he does not, like most young men, let a great deal of praise render him careless.

Of course everybody has been to the Haymarket Theatre, to see and welcome Buckstone, if not they ought to go, if only to gratify their eyes with the brilliant decorations of the house, to say nothing of the new operetta, by Mr. Fitzwilliam, and a great deal of Mr. Vandenhoff, the new and best Hamlet of late years.

The Adelphi, as usual, is overflowing every evening. No wonder, from the bill of fare, which offers more for money than any other house on this side of the Thames. Perhaps the most remarkable piece of acting to be seen at present, is the incident of the broken arm in the "Discarded Son," by Mr. Leigh Murray, whose great artistic powers seem to develop the more with every new character, to say nothing of his exact and inimitable portraiture of a cavalry officer, which, with Keeleys', in the "Camp at Chobham" has drawn thousands.

Of the Lyceum, I have only to record an opening, and promise of great attractions for the future; as if forsooth much attraction was wanted, in association with the two Matthews', to forget all about their ladies.

I must not forget to mention that the Polytechnic has considerably added to its list of amusements by a new entertainment, from the pen of the popular song-writer, Mr. J. E. Carpenter. It is entitled "The River, the Road, and the Rail." Mr. Carpenter may be remembered also as a highly-talented lecturer, his entertainment of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," having run nearly twelve months among our country cousins. They cannot do better than run after him to the Polytechnic, if they wish to while away an hour pleasantly.

Now, Mr. Editor, although, being my first letter on this subject, I have been more desultory than I could have wished, yet I have at least performed my promise of being good natured.

DREADNOUGHT.











